

UNIVERSITÉ SORBONNE NOUVELLE – PARIS 3

ED 514 - École doctorale des Études Anglophones, Germanophones et Européennes

(EDEAGE) EA 4398 – PRISMES (TRACT)

et

ED 268 - Langage et langues : description, théorisation, transmission

UMR 7528 – Mondes iranien et indien

THÈSE DE DOCTORAT

Discipline : Études du monde anglophone (Traductologie)

Amir SEDAGHAT

Le soufisme de Roumi reçu et perçu dans les mondes anglophone et francophone : Étude des traductions anglaises et françaises

Tome II : Fascicule de textes de référence

Thèse dirigée par

Madame Christine RAGUET

et

Monsieur Yann RICHARD

Soutenue le 15 décembre 2015

Jury :

M. Mohammad Ali AMIR-MOEZZI, Professeur à l'École Pratique de Hautes Études

M. Serge CHAUVIN, Professeur à l'Université Paris-Ouest

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Glossaire d'abréviations

1) Références des ouvrages de Rumi :

M.) : Extrait du *Masnavi* suivi par un chiffre latin indiquant la référence de l'extrait dans cette thèse (exemple : M. II)

Q.) : Qazal du *Divân* suivi par un chiffre latin indiquant la référence de l'extrait dans cette thèse (exemple : Q. II)

R.) : Robâ'i du *Divân* suivi par un chiffre latin indiquant la référence de l'extrait dans cette thèse (exemple : R. II)

Di : Suivi par le numéro du poème selon l'édition de Foruzânfar (exemple : Di : n°37)

Ma : Suivi par un chiffre latin correspondant au numéro du *Livre* du *Masnavi* selon l'édition de Nicholson (exemple : Ma II)

2) Références des ouvrages de traduction :

A) : Suivi par un chiffre indiquant une traduction anglaise présentée par ordre chronologique de parution (exemple : A2)

F) : Suivi par un chiffre indiquant une traduction française présentée par ordre chronologique de parution (exemple : F2)

Ac : ARBERRY Arthur.J., *Classical Persian Literature*

Am : ARBERRY Arthur J., *Mystical poems of Rūmī*

Ap : ARBERRY Arthur J., *Persian Poems, an Anthology of verse translations*

Ar : ARBERRY Arthur J., *The Ruba'iyat of Jalal al-Din Rumi*

At : ARBERRY A. J. , *Tales from the Masnavi*

Bb : BARKS Colman, *Rumi: Bridge to the Soul*

Be : BARKS Colman, *The Essential Rumi*

Bo : BARKS Colman, *Open Secret*

Bs : BARKS Colman , *The Soul of Rumi*

Bt : BARKS Colman, *This Longing*

Bu : BARKS Colman , *Unseen Rain*

Cow : COWAN James , *Rumi's Divan of Shems of Tabriz*

Chi : CHITTICK William , *The Sufi Path of Love*

Erc : ERGIN Nevit Oguz, *Crazy As We Are*

Erf : ERGIN Nevit Oguz , JOHNSON Will., *The Forbidden Rumi*

Erm : ERGIN Nevit Oguz *Magnificent One*

Erj : ERGIN Nevit Oguz ,JOHNSON Will; , *The Rubais of Rumi: Insane With Love*

GaFa : GAMARD Ibrahim , FARHADI Rawan , *The Quatrains of Rumi*

Hal : HARVEY Andrew , *Love's Fire: Re-creations of Rumi*

Helr : HELMINSKI Kabir Edmund , *Love's Ripening*

Hel : HELMINSKI Kabir Edmund , *Love is a Stranger*

- Her** : HELMINSKI Kabir Edmund, *The Rumi Collection an Anthology of [...]*
- Hom** : HOMAYOUNFAR Kambiz , *Love Mad: Poems of Rumi*
- Jam** : JAMBET Christian , *Soleil du réel*
- Khf** : KHALILI Nader , *Rumi, Fountain of fire*
- Khd** : KHALILI Nader , *Rumi, Dancing the Flame*
- Kud** : KUDSI Ahmed , *Le Mesnevi, 150 contes soufis*
- Lr** : LEWIS Franklin D., *Rumi Past and Present, East and West*
- Ls** : Lewis Franklin D. , *Swallowing the Sun*
- Lel** : ANVAR Leih , *Rûmî la religion de l'amour*
- Maw** : MAFI Maryam, *Rumi: Whispers of the Beloved*
- Mag** : MAFI Maryam , *Rumi: Gardens of the Beloved*
- Moj** : MOJADDEDI Jawid , *The Masnavi, Book one and two*
- Nid** : NICHOLSON Reynold Alleyne , *Selected poems from the Dīvāni Shamsi Tabrīzi*
- Nim** : NICHOLSON Reynold Alleyne , *The Mathnawī of Jalālu 'ddīn Rūmī*
- Nir** : NICHOLSON Reynold Alleyne , *Rûmî: Poet and Mystic*
- Red** : REDHOUSE James W., *The Mesnevī ...*
- Sab** : SABERI Reza , *A thousand years of Persian rubāiyāt*
- Saf** : SAFĀ Zabihollah, *Anthologie de la poésie persane paru in Djalâl al-Dîn Mawlavi grand penseur et poète persan*
- Sch** : SCHIMMEL Annemarie, *Look! This is Love*
- Shg** : SHIVA Shahram , STAR Jonathan, *A Garden Beyond Paradise*
- Shr** : SHIVA Sharam, *Rendering the Veil*
- Shh** : SHIVASHaram, *Hush, Don't Say Anything to God*
- Sta** : STAR Jonathan , *In the Arms of the Beloved*
- SWJ** : Sir William Jones, *The Collected Works of Sir William Jones*
- Taj** :TAJADDOD Mahin , *Le livre de Chams de Tabriz*
- Tch** : TCHELEBI Assaf Hâlet, *Roubâ'yât*
- Vm** : VITRAY-MEYEROVITCH (de) Eva, *Mathnawî : la Quête de l'Absolu*
- Vo** : VITRAY-MEYEROVITCH (de) Eva, *Odes mystiques (Dîvân-e Shams-e Tabrîzî)*
- Vr** : VITRAY-MEYEROVITCH (de) Eva, *Rubâi'yât*
- Whi** : WHINFIELD Edward Henry , *Masnavi i ma'navi: the spiritual couplets ...*
- Will** : WILLIAMS Alan, *The First Book of the Masnavi-ye Ma'navi*
- Wil** : WILSON C.E., *The Masnavī, by Jalālu 'd-Dīn Rūmī. Book II*

Remarques

En ce qui concerne la numérotation des lignes, lorsque le chiffre apparaît en marge gauche, il reproduit la numérotation de la traduction telle qu'elle a été publiée. Toutefois, il arrive que la traduction ne contienne pas de numérotation. Dans ce cas, nous avons indiqué le numéro de ligne correspondant à la numérotation de la version de Nicholson et de Foruzânfar (pour les qazals et les quatrains), où ce chiffre apparaît dans la marge droite du texte.

Toutes les notes infrapaginales numérotées de ce fascicule sont celles des traducteurs telles qu'elles apparaissent dans l'édition publiée des textes traduits. Le peu de notes qui sont les nôtres est indiqué par « * ». Il est à signaler que la plupart des notes des traducteurs citées se trouvent dans le fascicule des « Textes de référence ». Cependant, si les notes sont trop nombreuses ou trop longues, elles ont été supprimées. Nous avons aussi tenté d'imiter la graphie et la mise en page des textes, ainsi qu'elles apparaissent dans l'œuvre originale et dans les traductions.

Ce tome est constitué de trois parties principales, chacune consacrée à une des formes poétiques de Rumi : les extraits du *Masnavi e Ma'navi*, à savoir les poèmes sous forme de *masnavi* (distique), sont répertoriés dans la partie A, les qazals sélectionnés du *Divân e Şams e Tabrizi* les suivent dans la partie B, et l'ensemble s'achève par la dernière partie, la partie C, réservée aux *robâ'iâts* (les quatrains).

Chaque extrait de l'œuvre originale est suivi par les traductions anglaises (indiquées par la lettre 'A' et le numéro correspondant) et les traductions françaises (indiquées par la lettre 'F').

A) Masnavi e ma'navi

M. I) Neynâme : Ma I, lignes 1-35

نی نامه

بشنو از نی چون حکایت می‌کند	از جدایی‌ها شکایت می‌کند ¹
کز نیستان تا مرا ببریده‌اند	از نفیرم مرد و زن نالیده‌اند
سینه خواهم شرحه شرحه از فراق	تا بگویم شرح درد اشتیاق
هر کسی کو دور ماند از اصل خویش	باز جوید روزگار وصل خویش
5 من به هر جمعیتی نالان شدم	جفت بدحالان و خوش‌حالان شدم
هرکسی از ظن خود شد یار من	از درون من نجست اسرار من
سرّ من از ناله من دور نیست	لیک چشم و گوش را آن نور نیست
تن ز جان و جان ز تن مستور نیست	لیک کس را دید جان دستور نیست
آتش است این بانگ نای و نیست باد	هر که این آتش ندارد، نیست باد
10 آتش عشق است کاندر نی فتاد	جوشش عشق است کاندر می فتاد
نی حریف هرکه از یاری برید	پرده‌هایش پرده‌های ما درید
همچو نی زهری و تریاقی کی دید	همچو نی دمساز و مشتاقی کی دید
نی حدیث راه پر خون می‌کند	قصه‌های عشق مجنون می‌کند
محرم این هوش جز بی‌هوش نیست	مر زبان را مشتری جز گوش نیست
15 در غم ما روزها بیگانه شد	روزها با سوزها همراه شد
روزها گر رفت گو رو باک نیست	تو بمان ای آن‌که چون تو پاک نیست
هر که جز ماهی ز آبش سیر شد	هرکه بی روزیست روزش دیر شد
در نیابد حال پخته هیچ خام	پس سخن کوتاه باید والسلام
بند بگسل باش آزاد ای پسر	چند باشی بند سیم و بند زر
20 گر بریزی بحر را در کوزه‌ای	چند گنجد قسمت یک روزهای
کوزه چشم حریصان پر نشد	تا صدف قانع نشد پر در نشد
هر که را جامه ز عشقی چاک شد	او ز حرص و عیب کلی پاک شد
شاد باش ای عشق خوش سودای ما	ای طیبیب جمله علت‌های ما
ای دواى نخوت و ناموس ما	ای تو افلاطون و جالینوس ما
25 جسم خاک از عشق بر افلاک شد	کوه در رقص آمد و چالاک شد
عشق جان طور آمد عاشقا	طور مست و خر موسی صاعقا
با لب دمساز خود گر جفتمی	همچو نی من گفتنی‌ها گفتمی
هر که او از هم‌زبانی شد جدا	بی‌زبان شد گرچه دارد صد نوا
چون‌که گل رفت و گلستان درگذشت	نشنوی زان پس ز بلبل سرگذشت
30 جمله معشوق است و عاشق پرده‌ای	زنده معشوق است و عاشق مرده‌ای
چون نباشد عشق را پروای او	او چو مرغی ماند بی‌پر، وای او
من چگونه هوش دارم پیش و پس	چون نباشد نور یارم پیش و پس

¹ Cette ligne est enregistrée ainsi dans toutes les éditions postérieures à celle de Nicholson :

بشنو این نی چون شکایت می‌کند از جدایی‌ها حکایت می‌کند

آینه غماز نبود چون بود
 زانکه زنگار از رخسار ممتاز نیست
 بعد از آن، آن نور را ادراک کن^{*2}
 خود حقیقت نقد حال ماست آن

عشق خواهد که این سخن بیرون بود
 آینه‌ات دانی چرا غماز نیست
 رو تو زنگار از رخ او پاک کن
 بشنوید ای دوستان این داستان 35

A1) SWJ in Ap: p. 118-119

Hear, how yon reed in sadly pleasing tales
 Departed bliss and present woe bewails!
 'With me, from native banks untimely torn,
 Love-warbling youths and soft-ey'd virgins mourn.
 O! Let the heart, by fatal absence rent,
 Feel what I sing, and bleed when I lament:
 Who roams in exile from his parent bow'r,
 Pants to return, and chides each ling'ring hour.
 5 My notes, in circles of the grave and gay,
 Have, hail'd the rising, cheer'd the closing day:
 Each in my fond affections claim'd a part,
 But none discern'd the secret of my heart.
 What though my strains and sorrows flow combin'd!
 Yet ears are slow, and carnal eyes are blind.
 Free through each mortal form the spirits roll,
 But sight avails not. Can we see the soul?
 Such notes breath'd gently from yon vocal frame:
 Breath'd said I? no; 'twas all enliv'ning flame.
 10 'Tis love, that fills the reed with warmth divine;
 'Tis love, that sparkles in the racy wine.
 Me, plaintive wand'rer from my peerless maid,
 The reed has fir'd, and all my soul betray'd
 He gives the bane, and he with balsam cures;
 Afflicts, yet soothes; impassions, yet allures.
 Delightful pangs his am'rous tales prolong;
 And Laili's frantick lover lives in song.
 Not he, who reasons best, this wisdom knows:
 Ears only drink what rapt'rous tongues disclose.
 A. Nor fruitless deem the reed's heart-piercing pain:
 See sweetness dropping from the parted cane.
 15 Alternate hope and fear my days divide:
 I courted Grief, and Anguish was my bride.
 Flow on, sad stream of life! I smile secure:
 Thou livest! Thou, the purest of the pure!
 Blest is the soul, that swims in seas of love,
 And long the love sustain'd by food above.
 With forms imperfectly can perfection dwell?
 Here pause, my song; and thou, vain world, farewell.
 Rise vig'rous youth! be free; be nobly bold:
 Shall chains confine you, thou they blaze with gold?
 20 Go; to your vase the gather'd main convey:

^{*2} Cette ligne n'existe pas dans l'édition de Nicholson.

What were your secrets? The pittance of a day!
 New plans for wealth your fancies would invent;
 Yet shells, to nourish pearls, must lie content.
 The man, whose robe love's purple arrows rend
 Bids av'rice rest, and toils tumultuous end.
 Hail, heav'nly love! true source of endless gains!
 Thy balm restores me, and thy skill sustains.
 Oh, more than Galen learn'd, than Plato wise!
 My guide, my law, my joy supreme arise!
25 Love warms this frigid clay with mystik fire,
 And dancing mountains leap with young desire.

A2) Red, p.1-3

FROM reed-flute³ hear what tale it tells;
 What plaint it makes of absence' ills:
 "From jungle-bed since me they tore,
 Men's, women's, eyes have wept right sore.
 My breast I tear and rend in twain,
 To give, through sighs, vent to my pain.
 Who's from his home snatched far away,
 Longs to return some future day.
 I sob and sigh in each retreat,
5 Be't joy or grief for which men meet.
 They fancy they can read my heart;
 Grief's secrets I to none impart.
 My throes and moans form but one chain,
 Men's eyes and ears catch not their train.
 Though soul and body be as one,
 Sight of his soul hath no man won.
 A flame's the flute's wail; not a breath,
 That flame who feels not, doom him death.
 The flame of love, 'tis, prompts the flute,
10 Wine's ferment, love; its tongue not mute.
 The absent lover's flute's no toy;
 Its trills proclaim his grief, his joy.
 Or bane, or cure, the flute is still;
 Content, complaining, as you will.
 It tells its tale of burning grief;
 Recounts how love is mad, in brief.
 The lover lover's pangs best knows;
 As ear receives tongue's plaint of woes.
 Through grief, his day is but a dawn;
15 Each day of sorrow, torment's pawn.
 My days are waste; take thou no heed,
 Thou still are left; my joy, indeed.

³ The reed-flute is the sacred musical instrument of the Mevlevī dervishes, commonly known as the Dancing Dervishes, from their peculiar religious waltz to the sound of the reed-flute, &c., with outstretched arms and inclined head, in their special public services of commemoration. They love the reed-flute as the symbol of a sighing absent lover.

Whole seas a fish will never drown;
 A poor man's day seems all one frown.
 What boot from counsel to a fool?
 Waste not thy words; thy wrath let cool.
 Cast off lust's bonds; stand free from all.
 Slave not for pelf; be not greed's thrall.
 Pour rivers into one small gill,
20 It can but hold its little fill.
 The eye's a vase that's ne'er content;
 The oyster's filled ere pearl is sent.⁴
 The heart that's bleeding from love's dart,
 From vice of greed is kept apart.
 Then hie thee, love, a welcome guest;—
 Physician thou to soothe my breast.
 Thou cure of pride and shame in me;
 Old Galen's skill was nought to thee
 Through love, this earthly frame ascends
25 To heaven; a hill, to skip pretends.
 In trance of love, Mount Sinai shakes,
 At God's descent; 'and Moses quakes.'⁵
 Found I the friend on whom I dote,
 I'd emulate flute's dulcet note.
 But from my love, while torn away,
 Unmeaning words alone I say.
 The spring is o'er; the rose is gone;
 The song of Philomel is done.
 His love was all; himself, a note.
30 His love, alive; himself, dead mote.
 Who feels not love's all-quick'ning flame,
 Is like the bird whose wing is lame.
 Can I be quiet, easy, glad,
 When my delight's away? No! Sad.
 Love bids my plaint all bonds to burst.
 My heart would break, with silence curst.
 A mirror best portrays when bright;
 Begrimed with rust, its gleam grows slight.
 Then wipe such foul alloy away;
35 Bright shall it, so, reflect each ray."
 Thou'st heard what tale the flute can tell;
 Such is my case; sung all too well.

A3) Whi: p.3-5

HEARKEN to the reed-flute, how it complains,
 Lamenting its banishment from its home:

"Ever since they tore me from my osier bed,

⁴ There is a poetical Eastern notion by dewdrops or raindrops falling into that pearls are formed in the oysters them at a certain season.

⁵ Qur'ān vii. 139, where the words are: "And Moses fell down, swooning."

My plaintive notes have moved men and women to tears.
 I burst my breast, striving to give vent to sighs,
 And to express the pangs of my yearning for my home.
 He who abides far away from his home
 Is ever longing for the day he shall return.
 My wailing is heard in every throng,
 In concert with them that rejoice and them that weep.
 Each interprets my notes in harmony with his own feelings,
 But not one fathoms the secrets of my heart.
 My secrets are not alien from my plaintive notes,
 Yet they are not manifest to the sensual eye and ear.
 Body is not veiled from soul, neither soul from body,
 Yet no man hath ever seen a soul."

5

This plaint of the flute is fire, not mere air.
 Let him who lacks this fire be accounted dead!
 `Tis the fire of love that inspires the flute⁶,
 `Tis the ferment of love that possesses the wine.
 The flute is the confidant of all unhappy lovers;
 Yea, its strains lay bare my inmost secrets.
 Who hath seen a poison and an antidote like the flute?
 Who hath seen a sympathetic consoler like the flute?
 The flute tells the tale of love's bloodstained path,
 It recounts the story of Majnun's love toils.
 None is privy to these feelings save one distracted,
 As ear inclines to the whispers of the tongue.
 Through grief my days are as labor and sorrow,
 15
 My days move on, hand in hand with anguish.
 Yet,, though my days vanish thus, `tis no matter,
 Do thou abide, O Incomparable Pure One!⁷

10

But all who are not fishes are soon tired of water;
 And they who lack daily bread find the day very long;
 So the "Raw" comprehend not the state of the "Ripe;"⁸ T
 herefore it behoves me to shorten my discourse.

Arise, O son! burst thy bonds and be free!
 How long wilt thou be captive to silver and gold?
 Though thou pour the ocean into thy pitcher,
 It can hold no more than one day's store.
 The pitcher of the desire of the covetous never fills,
 The oyster-shell fills not with pearls till it is content;
 Only he whose garment is rent by the violence of love
 Is wholly pure from covetousness and sin.

20

⁶ Love signifies the strong attraction that draws all creatures back to reunion with their Creator.

⁷ Self-annihilation leads to eternal life in God the universal Noumenon, by whom all phenomena subsist. See Gulshan i Raz, I. 400.

⁸ "Raw" and "Ripe" are terms for "Men of externals" and "Men of heart" or Mystics.

Hail to thee, then, O LOVE, sweet madness!
 Thou who healest all our infirmities!
 Who art the physician of our pride and self-conceit!
 Who art our Plato and our Galen!
 Love exalts our earthly bodies to heaven, 25
 And makes the very hills to dance with joy!
 O lover, 'twas love that gave life to Mount Sinai,⁹
 When "it quaked, and Moses fell down in a swoon."
 Did my Beloved only touch me with his lips,
 I too, like the flute, would burst out in melody.
 But he who is parted from them that speak his tongue,
 Though he possess a hundred voices, is perforce dumb.
 When the rose has faded and the garden is withered,
 The song of the nightingale is no longer to be heard.
 The BELOVED is all in all, the lover only veils Him;¹⁰ 30
 The BELOVED is all that lives, the lover a dead thing.
 When the lover feels no longer LOVE's quickening,
 He becomes like a bird who has lost its wings. Alas!
 How can I retain my senses about me,
 When the BELOVED shows not the light of His countenance?

LOVE desires that this secret should be revealed,
 For if a mirror reflects not, of what use is it?
 Knowest thou why thy mirror reflects not?
 Because the rust has not been scoured from its face.
 If it were purified from all rust and defilement,
 It would reflect the shining of the SUN OF GOD.¹¹ 35

O friends, ye have now heard this tale, 35
 Which sets forth the very essence of my case.

A4) Nim, p. 5-6

Listen to the reed how it tells a tale, complaining of separations
 Saying, "Ever since I was parted from the reed-bed, my lament hath caused man and woman
 to moan.

I want a bosom torn by severance, that I may unfold (to such a one) the pain of love-desire.
 Every one who is left far from his source wishes back the time when he was united with it.

5 In every company I uttered my wailful notes, I consorted with the unhappy and with them
 that rejoice.

Every one became my friend from his own opinion; none sought out my secrets from within
 me.

My secret is not far from my plaint, but ear and eye lack the light (whereby it should be
 apprehended).

Body is not veiled from soul, nor soul from body, yet none is permitted to see the soul.

⁹ Alluding to the giving of the law on Mount Sinai. Koran vii. 139.

¹⁰ All phenomenal existences (man included) are but "veils" obscuring the face of the Divine Noumenon, the only real existence, and the moment His sustaining presence is with-drawn they at once relapse into their original nothingness. See *Gulshan i Raz*, I. 165.

¹¹ So Bernard of Clairvaux. See *Gulshan i Raz*, I. 435.

This noise of the reed is fire, it is not wind: whoso hath not this fire, may he be naught!

10 'Tis the fire of Love that is in the reed, 'tis the fervour of Love that is in the wine.

The reed is the comrade of every one who has been parted from a friend: its strains pierced our hearts¹².

Who ever saw a poison and antidote like the reed? Who ever saw a sympathiser and a longing lover like the reed?

The reed tells of the Way full of blood and recounts stories of the passion of Majnún.

Only to the senseless is this sense confided: the tongue hath no customer save the ear.

15 In our woe the days (of life) have become untimely: our days travel hand in hand with burning griefs.

If our days are gone, let them go!—'tis no matter. Do Thou remain, for none is holy as Thou art!

Whoever is not a fish becomes sated with His water; whoever is without daily bread finds the day long.

None that is raw understands the state of the ripe: therefore my words must be brief.

Farewell!

O son, burst thy chains and be free! How long wilt thou be a bondsman to¹³ silver and gold?

20 If thou pour the sea into a pitcher, how much will it hold? One day's store.

The pitcher, the eye of the covetous, never becomes full: the oyster-shell is not filled with pearls until it is contented.

He (alone) whose garment is rent by a (mighty) love is purged of covetousness and all defect.

Hail, O Love that bringest us good gain—thou that art the physician of all our ills,

The remedy of our pride and vainglory, our Plato and our Galen!

25 Through Love the earthly body soared to the skies: the mountain began to dance and became nimble.

Love inspired Mount Sinai, O lover, (so that) Sinai (was made) drunken and Moses fell in a swoon.

Were I joined to the lip of one in accord with me, I too, like the reed, would tell all that may be told;

(But) whoever is parted from one who speaks his language becomes dumb, though he have a hundred songs.

When the rose is gone and the garden faded, thou wilt hear no more the nightingale's story.

30 The Beloved is all and the lover (but) a veil; the Beloved is living and the lover a dead thing.

When Love hath no care for him, he is left as a bird without wings. Alas for him then!

How should I have consciousness (of aught) before or behind when the light of my Beloved is not before me and behind?

Love wills that this Word should be shown forth: if the mirror does not reflect, how is that?

35 Dost thou know why the mirror (of thy soul) reflects nothing? Because the rust is not cleared from its face.

A5) Nir: p.31

THE SONG OF THE REED¹⁴

¹² Literally, "rent our veils"

¹³ Literally, "(in) the bonds of"

¹⁴ *Math.* l, r. The opening lines of the poem strike a keynote that recurs insistently throughout. The Persian reed-flute (*nay*) has always been associated with the religious services of the Maulawi Order, in which music and dancing are prominent features. Riimi uses it as a Symbol for the soul emptied of self and filled with the

Hearken to this Reed forlorn,
Breathing, even since 'twas torn
From its rushy bed, a strain
Of impassioned love and pain.

“The secret of my song, though near,
None can see and none can hear.
Oh for a friend to know the sign¹⁵
And mingle all his soul with mine!

‘Tis the flame of Love that fired me,
‘Tis the wine of Love inspired me.
Wouldst thou learn how lovers bleed,
Hearken, hearken to the Reed!”

A6) At : p.21-22

*The lament of the reed-flute is a symbol of the soul's sorrow at
being parted from the Divine Beloved*

Listen to this reed, how it makes complaint, telling a tale of separation: “Ever since I was cut off from my reed-bed, men and women all have lamented my bewailing. I want a breast torn asunder by severance, so that I may fully declare the agony of yearning. Every one who is sundered far from his origin longs to recapture the time when he was united with it. In every company I have poured forth my lament, I have consorted alike with the miserable and the happy: each became my friend out of his own surmise, none sought to discover the secrets in my heart. My secret indeed is not remote from my lament, but eye and ear lack the light to perceive it. Body is not veiled from soul, nor soul from body, yet to no man is leave given to see the soul.”

This cry of the reed is fire, it is not wind; whoever possesses not this fire, let him be naught! It is the fire of love that has set the reed aflame; it is the surge of love that bubbles in the wine. The reed is the true companion of everyone parted from a friend: its melodies have rent the veils shrouding our hearts. Whoever saw poison and antidote in one the like of the reed? Whoever saw sympathizer and yearner in one the like of the reed? The reed tells the history of the blood-bespattered way, it tells the stories of Majnun's hopeless passion. Only the senseless is intimate with the mysteries of this Sense; only the heedful ear can buy what the tongue retails. Untimely the days have grown in our tribulation; burning sorrows have travelled along with all our days; Yet if our days have all departed, bid them be gone-- it matters not; only do Thou abide, O Thou incomparably holy! Whoever is not a fish is soon satiated with His water; he who lacks his daily bread, for him the day is very long. None that is inexperienced comprehends the state of the ripe, wherefore my words must be short; and now, farewell!

A7) Be: p. 17-19

Listen to the story told by the reed,
of being separated.

Divine spirit. This blessed soul, during its life on earth, remembers the union with God which it enjoyed in eternity and longs ardently for deliverance from the world where it is a stranger and exile.

¹⁵ i.e. a soul of its own kind. Only the mystic understands the mystic.

"Since I was cut from the reedbed,
I have made this crying sound.

Anyone apart from someone he loves
understands what I say.

Anyone pulled from a source
longs to go back.

At any gathering I am there,
mingling in the laughing and grieving,

5

a friend to each, but few
will hear the secrets hidden /

within the notes. No ears for that.
Body flowing out of spirit,

spirit up from body: no concealing /
that mixing. But it's not given us

to *see* the soul. The reed flute
is fire, not wind. Be that empty."

Hear the love-fire tangled
in the reed notes, as bewilderment

10

melts into wine. The reed is a friend
to all who want the fabric torn

and drawn away. The reed is hurt
and salve combining. Intimacy

and longing for intimacy, one
song. A disastrous surrender

and a fine love, together. The one
who secretly hears this is senseless.

A tongue has one customer, the ear.
A sugarcane flute has such effect

15

Because it was able to make sugar
in the reedbed. The sound it makes

is for everyone. Days full of wanting,
let them go by without worrying

that they do. Stay where you are

inside such a pure, hollow note.

Every thirst gets satisfied except
that of these fish, the mystics,

who swim an ocean of grace
still somehow longing for it!

20

No one lives in that without
being nourished every day.

But if someone doesn't want to hear
the song of the reed flute,

it's best to cut conversation
short, say goodbye, and leave.

A8) Her: p.146-147

Song of the Reed

Listen to the reed and the tale it tells,
how it sings of separation:
Ever since they cut me from the reed bed,
my wail has caused men and women to weep.

I want a heart that is torn open with longing
so that I might share the pain of this love.
Whoever has been parted from his source
longs to return to that state of union.

At every gathering I play my lament. 5
I'm a friend to both happy and sad.
Each befriended me for his own reasons,
yet none searched out the secrets I contain.

My secret is not different than my lament,
yet this is not for the senses to perceive.
The body is not hidden from the soul,
nor is the soul hidden from the body,
and yet the soul is not for everyone to see.

This flute is played with fire, not with wind,
and without this fire you would not exist.
It is the fire of love that inspires the flute. 10
It is the ferment of love that completes the wine.

The reed is a comfort to all estranged lovers.

Its music tears our veils away. Have you
 ever seen a poison or antidote like the reed?
 Have you seen a more intimate companion and lover?

It sings of the path of blood;
 it relates the passion of Majnun.
 Only to the senseless is this sense confided.
 Does the tongue have any patron but the ear?

Our days grow more unseasonable, 15
 these days which mix with grief and pain. . .
 but if the days that remain are few,
 let them go; it doesn't matter. But You, You remain,
 for nothing is as pure as You are.

All but the fish quickly have their fill of His water;
 and the day is long without His daily bread.
 The raw do not understand the state of the ripe,
 so my words will be brief.

Break your bonds, be free, my child!
 How long will silver and gold enslave you? 20
 If you pour the whole sea into a jug,
 will it hold more than one day's store?

The greedy eye, like the jug, is never filled.
 Until content, the oyster holds no pearl.
 Only one who has been undressed by Love
 is free of defect and desire.

O Gladness, O Love, our partner in trade,
 healer of all our ills, Our Plato and Galen,
 remedy for our pride and our vanity.

With love this earthly body could soar in the air; 25
 the mountain could arise and nimbly dance.
 Love gave life to Mount Sinai, O lover.
 Sinai was drunk; Moses lost consciousness.

Pressed to the lips of one in harmony with myself,
 I might also tell all that can be told;
 but without a common tongue, I am dumb,
 even if I have a hundred songs to sing.

When the rose is gone and the garden faded,
 you will no longer hear the nightingale's song. 30
 The Beloved is all; the lover just a veil.
 The Beloved is living; the lover a dead thing.

If Love withholds its strengthening care,

the lover is left like a bird without wings.
 How will I be awake and aware
 if the light of the Beloved is absent?

Love wills that this Word be brought forth.
 If you find the mirror of the heart dull,
 the rust has not been cleared from its face.
 O friends, listen to this tale,
 the marrow of our inward state.

35

A9) Lr: p.362-364

Listen
 as this reed
 pipes its plaint
 unfolds its tale
 of separations:

Cut from my reedy bed
 my crying
 ever since
 makes men and women
 weep

I like to keep my breast
 carved with loss
 to convey
 the pain of longing --
 Once severed
 from the root,
 thirst for union
 with the source
 endures

I raise my plaint
 in any kind of crowd
 in front of both
 the blessed and the bad
 For what they think they hear me say, they love me --
 None gaze in me my secrets to discern
 My secret is not separate from my cry
 But ears and eyes lack light to see it.

5

Not soul from flesh
 not flesh from soul are veiled,
 yet none is granted leave to see the soul.
 Fire, not breath, makes music through that pipe --
 Let all who lack that fire be blown away.
 It is love's fire that inspires the reed

10

It's love's ferment that bubbles in the wine
 The reed, soother to all sundered lovers --
 its piercing modes reveal our hidden pain:
 (What's like the reed, both poison and physic,
 Soothing as it pines and yearns away?)
 The reed tells the tale of a blood-stained quest
 singing legends of love's mad obsessions.

Only the swooning know such awareness
 only the ear can comprehend the tongue
 In our sadness time slides listlessly by
 the days searing inside us as they pass.
 But so what if the days may slip away?
 so long as you, Uniquely Pure, abide.

15

Within this sea drown all who drink but fish
 If lived by bread alone, the day seems long
 No raw soul ever kens the cooked one's state
 So let talk of it be brief; go in peace.

Break off your chains
 My son, be free!
 How long enslaved
 by silver, gold?
 Pour the ocean
 in a pitcher
 can it hold more
 than one day's store?
 The jug, like a greedy eye,
 never gets its fill
 only the contented oyster holds the pearl

20

The one run ragged by love and haggard
 gets purged of all his faults and greeds
 Welcome, Love!
 sweet salutary suffering
 and healer of our maladies!

cure of our pride
 of our conceits.
 Our Plato
 Our Galen!
 By Love
 our earthly flesh
 borne to heaven
 our mountains
 made supple
 moved to dance
 Love moved Mount Sinai, my love,
 and it made Moses swoon [K7:143]

25

Let me just touch those harmonious lips
and I, reed-like, will tell what may be told

A man may know a myriad of songs
but cut from those who know his tongue, he's dumb
Once the rose wilts and the garden fades
the nightingale will no more sing his tune.

The Beloved is everything -- the lover a veil
The Beloved's alive -- the lover carrion. 30
Unsuccored by Love, the poor lover is
a plucked bird
Without the Beloved's
surrounding illumination
how perceive what's ahead
and what's gone by?

Love commands these words appear;
if no mirror reflects them
in whom lies the fault?
The dross obscures your face 34
and makes your mirror
unable to reflect

A10) Moj: p.4-6

Now listen to this reed-flute's deep lament
About the heartache being apart has meant:
'Since from the reed-bed they uprooted me
My song's expressed each human's agony,
A breast which separation's split in two
Is what I seek, to share this pain with you:
When kept from their true origin, all yearn
For union on the day they can return.
5 Among the crowd, alone I mourn my fate,
With good and bad I've learned to integrate,
That we were friends each one was satisfied
But none sought out my secrets from inside;
My deepest secret's in this song I wail
But eyes and ears can't penetrate the veil:
Body and soul are joined to form one whole
But no one is allowed to see the soul.'
It's fire not just hot air the reed-flute's cry,
If you don't have this fire then you should die!
10 Love's fire is what makes every reed-flute pine,
Love's fervour thus lends potency to wine;
The reed consoles those forced to be apart,
Its notes will lift the veil upon your heart,

Where's antidote or poison like its song,
 Or confidant, or one who's pined so long?
 This reed relates a tortuous path ahead,
 Recalls the love with which Majnun's heart bled:
 The few who hear the truths the reed has sung
 Have lost their wits so they can speak this tongue.
15 The day is wasted if it's spent in grief,
 Consumed by burning aches without relief--
 Good times have long passed, but we couldn't care
 When you're with us, our friend beyond compare!
 While ordinary men on drops can thrive
 A fish needs oceans daily to survive:
 The way the ripe must feel the raw can't tell,
 My speech must be concise, and so farewell!

Unchain yourself, my son, escape its holds
 How long will you remain a slave of gold?
20 You've tried to fit inside a jug the sea--
 It only has a day's capacity
 A greedy eye is never satisfied,
 Shells only when content grow pearls inside,
 While men whose clothes are ripped to shreds by love
 Are cleansed of greed like this to rise above.
 Be joyful, love, our sweetest bliss is you,
 Physician For all kinds of ailments too,
 The cure for our conceit and stubborn pride
 Like Plato here with Galen,* side by side;
25 Through love the earthly form soars heavenward,
 The mountain dances nimbly like a bird:
 Love made Mount Sinai drunken visibly,
 So Moses fell and swooned* immediately!
 With my own confidant if I'd been paired,
 Just like the reed, such stories I'd have shared:
 Without a kindred spirit there to hear
 The storyteller's voice must disappear,
 And if the rose should vanish from its sight
 The nightingale* will keep its beak shut tight
30 The loved one's all, the lover's lust a screen,
 A dead thing, while the loved one lives, unseen.
 When shunned by love you're left with emptiness,
 A bird without its wings knows such distress:
 'How can my mind stay calm this lonely night
 When I can't find here my beloved's light?'
 Love wants its tale revealed to everyone,
 But your heart's mirror won't reflect this sun.
 Don't you know why we can't perceive it here?
 Your mirror's face is rusty--scrape it clears

A11) Will: p.7-9

- Listen to this reed as it is grieving;
it tells the story of our separations.

'Since I was severed from the bed of reeds,
in my cry men and women have lamented.

I need the breast that's torn to shreds by parting
to give expression to the pain of heartache.

Whoever finds himself left far from home
looks forward to the day of his reunion.

5 I was in grief in every gathering;
I joined with those of sad and happy state.

Each person thought he was my bosom friend,
but none sought out my secrets from within me.

My secret is not far from my lament,
but eye and ear have no illumination.

There's no concealment of the soul and body,
yet no one has the power to see the soul.

The reed-flute's sound is fire, not human breath.
Whoever does not have this fire, be gone!

10 The fire of love is burning in the reed;
the turbulence of love is in the wine.

The reed is friend to all who are lovelorn;
its melodies have torn our veils apart.

Whoever saw a poison and a cure,
a mate and longing lover like the reed?

The reed tells of the road that runs with blood;
it tells the tales of Majnun's passionate love.

This sense is closed to all except the senseless,
and words are all the ear can ever purchase.

15 In all our grief the days turned into nights,
the days fell into step with searing pains.

If days are gone, say "Go! There is no fear,
and stay, O You who are uniquely holy."

His flood deluges all except the fish;
the day is long for him who has no bread.

The raw can't grasp the state of one who's cooked,
so this discussion must be brief - farewell!

Be free, my son, and break your chains asunder!
How long will you be slave to gold and silver?

20 If you should pour the sea into a pitcher,
how much will it contain? At best, a day's worth!

The greedy eye's a pitcher never filled;
the pearl won't fill the discontented shell.

They will be wholly cleansed of greed and faults
whose clothes are torn to shreds by lovers' passion.

Rejoice, O Love, that is our sweetest passion,
physician of our many illnesses!

Relief from our pomposity and boasting,
O You who are our Plato and our Galen!

25 For Love the earthly body soared to heaven,
the mountain took to dancing and to skipping.

When Love approached Mount Sinai's soul,
O lover,
Sinai was drunk and "Moses fell aswoon."

If I were pressed to my companion's lips,
then like the reed I'd tell what must be told.

A man cut off from fellow native-speakers
is tongue-tied, though he has a hundred songs.

And when the rose is gone, the garden faded,
you will no longer hear the nightingale.

30 The lover is a veil, All is Beloved,
Beloved lives, the lover is a corpse.

When Love no longer has a care for him
he's like a wingless bird - alas for him!

How can I understand the things around me
when my companion's light is not around me?

But love demands that these words shall be spoken;

how can a mirror be without reflection?

Do you know why your mirror tells of nothing?
The rust has not been taken from its surface.

35 Reflect upon this story, my dear friends;
its meaning is the essence of our state.

F1) Saf : p. 53-55

LA PLAINTÉ DE LA FLÔTE

Écoute le roseau qui conte son histoire;
des séparations il se plaint, en disant:
« Depuis que de la roselière on m'a retranché;
homme, et femme ont épanché leur plainte au moyen de mes sons.
Je veux un sein déchiré par la séparation :
afin de lui révéler la douleur de la nostalgie,
car tout être qui demeure éloigné de son origine
recherche le moment où il la rejoindra.
En toute société je me mis à gémir;
des affligés et des heureux je fus compagne;
chacun fut mon ami, selon son intérêt ;
sans chercher mes secrets au tréfonds de moi-même.
Or mon secret n'est pas séparé de ma plainte,
mais cela n'est perçu par l'œil ni par l'oreille.
Rien ne voile à l'âme le corps ni ne voile l'âme au corps;
Et cependant la vue de l'âme à personne n'est accessible.»
Cette plainte du roseau, c'est un feu ce n'est point
du vent; qu'il n'ait donc point l'existence, celui qui n'a point ce feu !
C'est le feu de l'amour; qui pénétra la flûte,
la ferveur de l'amour qui pénétra le vin.
La flûte accompagne quiconque est séparé de l'être aimé:
ce sont les accents de la flûte qui dévoilent nos secrets.
Être à la fois, comme la flûte, et l'antidote et le poison,
l'amoureux et le confident, qui donc a vu jamais cela ?
De l'amour, la flûte décrit l'itinéraire tout sanglant
et de Medjnoun elle raconte les aventures amoureuses.
On ne peut concevoir ce sens que lorsque l'on est hors de sens ;
mais ce qui se dit par la langue n'a d'autre amateur que l'oreille.
Or si le gémissement de la flûte était sans fruit,
elle ne remplirait pas de douceur tout l'univers,
Que de jours se sont terminés alors que nous étions chagrins !
nos jours pour compagne de route eurent les brûlantes tristesses.
Donc, si les jours s'en sont allés, dis-leur: Allez! Je ne crains rien!
Mais toi qui n'as pas ton pareil en pureté, reste avec nous !

F2) Vm : p.53-55

Écoute le ney (la flûte de roseau) raconter une histoire, il se lamente de la séparation:
« Depuis qu'on m'a coupé de la jonchaie, ma plainte fait gémir l'homme et la femme.

« Je veux un cœur déchiré par la séparation pour y verser la douleur du désir.
 « Quiconque demeure loin de sa source aspire à l'instant où il lui soit à nouveau uni.
5 « Moi, je me suis plaint en toute compagnie, je me suis associé à ceux qui se réjouissent comme à ceux qui pleurent.
 « Chacun m'a compris selon ses propres sentiments, mais nul n'a cherché à connaître mes secrets.
 « Mon secret pourtant n'est pas loin de ma plainte, mais l'oreille et l'œil ne savent pas le percevoir
 « Le corps n'est pas voilé à l'âme, ni l'âme au corps ; cependant nul ne peut voir l'âme.
 « C'est du feu, non du vent, le son de la flûte : que s'anéantisse celui à qui manque cette flamme !
10 « C'est le feu de l'Amour qui est dans le roseau, c'est l'ardeur de l'Amour qui fait bouillonner le vin.
 « La flûte est la confiance de celui qui est séparé de son Ami : ses accents déchirent nos voiles.
 « Qui vit jamais un poison et un antidote comme la flûte ? Qui vit jamais un consolateur et un amoureux comme la flûte ?
 « La flûte parle de la Voie ensanglantée de l'Amour, elle rappelle l'histoire de la passion de Madjnûn.
 « A celui-là seul qui a renoncé au sens est confié ce sens : la langue n'a d'autre client que l'oreille.
15 « Dans notre affliction, les jours sont devenus moroses ; nos jours cheminent avec les peines brûlantes.
 « Si nos jours se sont enfuis, qu'importe ! Demeure, ô Toi à la sainteté de qui nul n'est comparable !
 « Quiconque n'est pas un poisson devient abreuvé de Son eau ; quiconque est privé du pain quotidien trouve la journée longue.
 « Celui qui n'a point d'expérience ne peut comprendre l'état de celui qui sait ; mes paroles doivent donc être brèves. Adieu ! "
 Ô mon fils, brise tes chaînes et sois libre ! Combien de temps demeureras-tu esclave de l'argent et de l'or ?
20 Si tu déverses la mer dans une aiguière, que contiendra-t-elle ? La ration d'une journée : L'aiguière, l'œil de celui qui est avide, ne devient jamais remplie : la coquille de l'huître n'est remplie de perles avant d'être brisée.
 Seul celui dont l'habit est déchiré par un grand amour est purifié de la cupidité et de tous les défauts.
 Salut, ô Amour, qui sous apportes tes bienfaits, toi qui es le médecin de tous nos maux, Le remède à notre orgueil et à notre vanité, notre Platon et notre Galien !
25 Par l'Amour, le corps terrestre a pris son essor vers les cieux : la montagne se mit à danser et devint agile.
 L'Amour inspira le mont Sinaï, ô amoureux ! de sorte que le Sinaï fut enivré et que Moïse tomba foudroyé.
 Si j'étais joint à la lèvre de quelqu'un qui fût en accord avec moi, moi aussi, comme le pipeau, je dirais tout ce qui peut être dit ;
 Mais quiconque est séparé de celui qui parle, son langage devient muet, même s'il a cent mélodies.
 Quand la rose aura disparu et le jardin fané, tu n'entendras plus l'histoire du rossignol.
30 Le Bien-Aimé est tout, l'amant n'est qu'un voile ; le Bien-Aimé est vivant, et l'amant chose morte.
 Quand l'Amour ne se soucie plus de lui, il reste comme un oiseau sans ailes. Hélas pour lui !

Comment pourrais-je avoir conscience de ce qui est devant ou derrière moi quand la Lumière de mon Bien-Aimé n'est pas devant et derrière moi?

L'Amour veut que cette Parole soit manifestée : si le miroir ne reflète rien, quelle en est la cause ?

Sais-tu pourquoi le miroir de ton âme ne reflète rien ? Parce que la rouille n'a pas été enlevée de sa face.

35 Ô mes amis, écoutez cette histoire : en vérité, c'est l'essence même de notre état spirituel.

F3) Lel: p.59-61

Écoute la flûte de roseau, écoute sa plainte
 Des séparations, elle dit la complainte:
 Depuis que de la roselière, on m'a coupée
 En écoutant mes cris, hommes et femmes ont pleuré
 Pour dire la douleur du désir sans fin
 Il me faut des poitrines lacérées de chagrin
 Ceux qui restent éloignés de leur origine
 Attendent ardemment d'être enfin réunis
 Moi, j'ai chanté ma plainte auprès de tous 5
 Unie aux gens heureux, aux malheureux, à tous
 Chacun à son idée a cru être mon ami
 Mais personne n'a cherché le secret de mon âme
 Mon secret pourtant n'est pas loin de ma plainte
 Mais l'œil ne voit pas et l'oreille est éteinte
 Le corps n'est pas caché à l'âme ni l'âme au corps
 Ce sont les yeux de l'âme seuls qui pourraient le voir
 Le chant de cette flûte, c'est du feu, non du vent
 Quiconque n'a pas ce feu, qu'il devienne néant!
 C'est le feu de l'amour qui en elle est tombé 10
 Et si le vin bouillonne, c'est d'amour qu'il le fait
 La flûte est la compagne des esseulés d'amour
 Et nos voiles, par ses notes, connaissent la déchirure
 La flûte est le poison et l'antidote aussi
 Elle est l'amant, elle est l'Aimé, elle est ainsi
 La flûte dit le récit du chemin plein de sang
 Et les histoires des fous d'amour et des amants
 Il faut avoir perdu la raison pour comprendre
 Mais la langue n'a que l'oreille comme cliente
 En ce chagrin brûlant, nos jours se sont perdus
 Les jours sont devenus compagnons des brûlures 15
 Voyant que les jours passent, dis: « Qu'ai-je à craindre?
 Reste, toi, qui n'a pas d'égal en pureté! »
 Son eau vient à suffire si on n'est pas poisson,
 Si on n'a pas de pain, les jours semblent plus longs
 Un immature ne peut saisir l'état du mûr
 Il ne faut plus rien dire alors, il faut se taire !
 Défais tes liens, sois libre, ô mon fils! Jusqu'à quand
 Resteras-tu prisonnier de l'or et de l'argent?
 Si tu verses l'océan dans une seule cruche

- عاشقی پیداست از زاری دل
 110 علت عاشق ز علت‌ها جداست
 عاشقی گر زین سر و گر زان سرست
 هرچه گویم عشق را شرح و بیان
 گرچه تفسیر زبان روشن‌گرست
 چون قلم اندر نوشتن می‌شناخت
 115 عقل در شرحش چو خر در گل بخت
 آفتاب آمد دلیل آفتاب
 از وی ار سایه نشانی می‌دهد
 سایه خواب آرد ترا همچون سمر
 خود غریبی در جهان چون شمس نیست
 120 شمس در خارج اگر چه هست فرد
 شمس جان کو خارج آمد از اثر
 در تصور ذات او را گنج کو
 چون حدیث روی شمس‌الدین رسید
 واجب آید چون‌که آمد نام او
 125 این نفس جان دامنم برتافته‌است
 کز برای حق صحبت سال‌ها
 تا زمین و آسمان خندان شود
 لا تکلفنی فانی فی الفنا
 کل شیء قاله غیر المفیق
 130 من چه گویم یک رگم هشیار نیست
 شرح این هجران و این خون جگر
 قال اطعمنی فانی جائع
 صوفی این‌الوقت باشد ای رفیق
 تو مگر خود مرد صوفی نیستی
 135 گفتمش پوشیده خوش‌تر سرّ یار
 خوش‌تر آن باشد که سرّ دلبران
 گفت مکشوف و برهنه بی‌غلول
 پرده بردار و برهنه گو که من
 گفتم ار عریان شود او در عیان
 140 آرزو می‌خواه لیک اندازه خواه
 آفتابی کز وی این عالم فروخت
 فتنه و آشوب و خون‌ریزی مجوی
 این ندارد آخر از آغاز گوی
- نیست بیماری چو بیماری دل
 عشق اصطرلاب اسرار خداست
 عاقبت ما را بدان سر رهبرست
 چون به عشق آیم خجل باشم از آن
 لیک عشق بی‌زبان روشن‌ترست
 چون به عشق آمد قلم بر خود شکافت
 شرح عشق و عاشقی هم عشق گفت
 گر دلیلت باید از وی رو متاب
 شمس هر دم نور جانی می‌دهد
 چون بر آید شمس انشئ القمر
 شمس جان باقی کش امس نیست
 می‌توان هم مثل او تصویر کرد
 نبودش در ذهن و در خارج نظیر
 تا در آید در تصور مثل او
 شمس چارم آسمان سر در کشید
 شرح کردن رمزی از انعام او
 بوی پیراهان یوسف یافته‌است
 بازگو حالی از آن خوش حال‌ها
 عقل و روح و دیده صد چندان شود
 کلت افهامی فلا احصی ثنا
 ان تکلف او تصلف لا یلیق
 شرح آن یاری که او را یار نیست
 این زمان بگذار تا وقت دگر
 واعتجل فالوقت سیف قاطع
 نیست فردا گفتن از شرط طریق
 هست را از نسبه خیزد نیستی
 خود تو در ضمن حکایت گوش‌دار
 گفته آید در حدیث دیگران
 بازگو دفعم مده ای بوالفضول
 می‌نخسیم با صنم با پیرهن
 نه تو مانی نه کنارت نه میان
 برنتابد کوه را یک برگ کاه
 اندکی گر پیش آید جمله سوخت
 بیش ازین از شمس تبریزی مگوی
 رو تمام این حکایت بازگوی

A1) Red: I. p.8-11

The Prince and the Handmaid.

[...]

Urbanity's requirements thus bested,

70 Our prince the stranger to a chamber led.
 The maiden's tale and case he there unfolds.,
 The patient, next, unveiled, the guest beholds.
 Complexion, pulse, *egesta*, all are seen;
 Disposing causes, symptoms, sought, I weep.
 Then he: "The remedies till now adduced,
 Have detrimental been, no good produced.
 The case has been from first misunderstood. 105
 Protect us, Heaven! A blundering brotherhood!"

He saw her trouble; thence divined her ill.
75 Her secret kept he; hidden held it still.
 The sickness was not caused by bile or spleen.
 The scent of perfume's better smelt than seen.
 He traced her suffering to a mind oppressed;
 Her body sound, her soul a wish suppressed.
 Her hesitations made him guess her love;
 The symptoms plain,—her heart was sick, poor dove!

A lover's smart is not from fleshly pine; 110
 A probe is love; it sounds hearts' depths, divine.
 Let love proceed from this or other cause,

80 It matters not; heavenward it mortals draws.
 However well we strive love to portray,
 We blush thereat, when love our hearts doth sway.
 Words make most matters plain and manifest;
 But love unspoken speaks whole volumes best.
 When pen took up from zeal the writing trade,
 In love's description, oh! such blots it made!
 Our wits in love's affairs stand sore perplexed; 115
 Love only can elucidate love's text.

The sun alone can well explain the sun.
85 Wilt see't expounded? Turn to him alone.
 A shade, 'tis true, of him gives some small hint;
 The shining sun surpasses all comment.
 A shade, like evening chitchat, sends to sleep,
 From sun's effulgence does full knowledge leap.
 That day-orb, still, each eve sets, here below;
 The soul-sun, God, shines in eternal glow. 120
 'Mong things extern that orb has not a peer;
 But mock suns we can make, our nights to cheer.

90 No thought, no picture can its sheen portray.
 Can mind His glorious essence comprehend?
 His presence, then, to image who'll pretend?

Of poet's verse when God's the holy theme,
 Its minished head the sun may hide, 'twould seem.
 At mention of His name each breast must find,

A duty 'tis His grace to call to mind.
The breath of life He to this body gave, 125

With Him to reunite, should mercy save.
These years I've conversed with Him. Life serene!
95 One repetition more! O blissful scene!
How pleasant heaven and earth their smiling hold!
He offers soul, mind, eye, a hundredfold!

Beyond my strength, O try me not these days!
My reason'd fail to falter forth Thy praise.
The song of man, when uninspired by Thee,
Mere fulsome, flattering trash is seen to be.
Bid me describe, whose every nerve is seared, 130
A lover's woe, whom mistress never cheered.
His lonesomeness, the anguish of his breast,
100 Not here I'll paint; elsewhere it may be best.
He cries: "O succour me; I faint, I pant;
And quickly; lest delay the dagger plant!"

The Mystic¹⁷ true relieves each moment's need;
"To-morrow"'s not a point in his pure creed.
Art not persuaded so? The proverb scan:
"Delay's the thief of time;" say: "bane of man."
Love's sweetest favours are conferred by stealth; 135
Its darksome hints are treasured mines of wealth.
The tale's most pleasant to a lover's ears,
105 That tells of joys he's tasted, ills he fears.

Speak, meddler, then, in plain, unvarnished guise;
No subterfuge employ; deal not in lies.
The veil tear off, dissimulation lost:
"When unadorned, beauty's adorned the most."
Should my sweet love unveil'd her charms display,
Thy smirks and smiles would all be borne away.
Thy suit prefer; use moderation still; 140
A blade of grass ne'er overturns a hill.
The sun that lights and warms this nether world,
110 If brought too near, had all to ruin hurled.
Seek not to sow dissension in the earth;
Vaunt not the Sun of Tebrīz¹⁸ holy birth.
Contention's never-ending. Better far,
Commit to memory this wordy war.

¹⁷ The word "sūfī," used in the original, is probably the Greek σοφός but is explained as meaning, literally; "clad in woollen," from "sūf," wool. Metaphorically, in common use, it means: a pious man.

¹⁸ The holy Sheykh Shemsu-'d-Dīn, of Tebrīz, is meant; who was a friend of the author for many years, visiting Qonya at intervals, where he was put to death (in A.D. 1262?). See the "Anecdotes," Chap. iv.; especially No. 17.

A2) Whi: p. 7-12

STORY I. The Prince and the Handmaid.

A prince, while engaged on a hunting excursion, espied a fair maiden, and by promises of gold induced her to accompany him. After a time she fell sick, and the prince had her tended by divers physicians. As, however, they all omitted to say, "God willing¹⁹, we will cure her," their treatment was of no avail. [...]

Description of Love.

A true lover is proved such by his pain of heart; 109
 No sickness is there like sickness of heart.
 The lover's ailment is different from all ailments; 110
 Love is the astrolabe of God's mysteries.
 A lover may hanker after this love or that love,
 But at the last he is drawn to the KING of love.
 However much we describe and explain love,
 When we fall in love we are ashamed of our words.
 Explanation by the tongue makes most things clear,
 But love unexplained is clearer.
 When pen hastened to write,
 On reaching the subject of love it split in twain.
 When the discourse touched on the matter of love,
 Pen was broken and paper torn.
 In explaining it Reason sticks fast, as an ass in mire; 115
 Naught but Love itself can explain love and lovers!
 None but the sun can display the sun,
 If you would see it displayed, turn not away from it.
 Shadows, indeed, may indicate the sun's presence,
 But only the sun displays the light of life.
 Shadows induce slumber, like evening talks,
 But when the sun arises the "moon is split asunder."²⁰
 In the world there is naught so wondrous as the sun,
 But the Sun of the soul sets not and has no yesterday.
 Though the material sun is unique and single, 120
 We can conceive similar suns like to it.
 But the Sun of the soul, beyond this firmament,
 No like thereof is seen in concrete or abstract.²¹
 Where is there room in conception for His essence,
 So that similitudes of HIM should be conceivable?

*Shamsu-'d-Din of Tabriz importunes
 Jalalu-'d-Din to compose the Masnavi.*

The sun (Shams) of Tabriz is a perfect light,
 A sun, yea, one of the beams of God!
 When the praise was heard of the "Sun of Tabriz,"

¹⁹ As enjoined in Koran xviii. 23. One cannot converse with a strict Mosalman for five minutes without hearing the formu-la, "In sha Allah Ta'alla," or D. V.

²⁰ Koran liv. l.

²¹ There is a tradition, "I know my Lord by my Lord."

The sun of the fourth heaven bowed its head.
Now that I have mentioned his name, it is but right
To set forth some indications of his beneficence.

That precious Soul caught my skirt, 125
Smelling the perfume of the garment of Yusuf;
And said, "For the sake of our ancient friendship,
Tell forth a hint of those sweet states of ecstasy,
That earth and heaven may be rejoiced,
And also Reason and Spirit, a hundredfold. "

I said, "O thou who art far from 'The Friend,'
Like a sick man who has strayed from his physician,
Importune me not, for I am beside myself;
My understanding is gone, I cannot sing praises.
Whatsoever one says, whose reason is thus astray, 130
Let him not boast; his efforts are useless.
Whatever he says is not to the point,
And is clearly inapt and wide of the mark.
What can I say when not a nerve of mine is sensible?
Can I explain 'The Friend' to one to whom He is no Friend?
Verily my singing His praise were dispraise,
For 'twould prove me existent, and existence is error.²²
Can I describe my separation and my bleeding heart?
Nay, put off this matter till another season."

He said, "Feed me, for I am an hungered,
And at once, for 'the time is a sharp sword.'
O comrade, the Sufi is 'the son of time present.'²³
It is not the rule of his canon to say, 'To-morrow.'
Can it be that thou art not a true Sufi?
Ready money is lost by giving credit."

I said, "'Tis best to veil the secrets of 'The Friend.'
So give good heed to the morals of these stories.
That is better than that the secrets of 'The Friend'
Should be noised abroad in the talk of strangers." 135
He said, "Without veil or covering or deception,
Speak out, and vex me not, O man of many words!
Strip off the veil and speak out, for do not I
Enter under the same coverlet as the Beloved?"

I said, "If the Beloved were exposed to outward view,
Neither wouldst thou endure, nor embrace, nor form.
Press thy suit, yet with moderation; 140

²² 5. See *Gulshan i Raz*, l. 400. In the state of union self remains not.

²³ The Sufi is the "son of the time present," because he is an Energumen, or passive instrument moved by the divine impulse of the moment. "The time present is a sharp sword," because the divine impulse of the moment dominates the Energumen, and executes its decrees sharply. See *Sohravardi* quoted in *Notices et Extraits des MSS.*, xii. 371 note.

A blade of grass cannot, pierce a mountain.
 If the sun that illumines the world
 Were to draw nigher, the world would be consumed.²⁴
 Close thy mouth and shut the eyes of this matter,
 That, the world's life be not made a bleeding heart.
 No longer seek this peril, this bloodshed;
 Hereafter impose silence on the 'Sun of Tabriz.'”

He said, “Thy words are endless. Now tell forth
 All thy story from its beginning.”

A3) Nim: p. 9-11

The story of the king's falling in love with a handmaiden and buying her.

[...]

How the king led the physician to the bedside of the sick girl, that he might see her condition.

101 When that meeting and bounteous (spiritual) repast was over, he took his hand and conducted him to the harem.

He rehearsed the tale of the invalid and her illness, and then seated him beside the sick (girl). The physician observed the colour of her face, (felt) her pulse, and (inspected) her urine; he heard both the symptoms and the (secondary) causes of her malady.

He said, “None of the remedies which they have applied builds up (health): they (the false physicians) have wrought destruction.

105 They were ignorant of the inward state. I seek refuge with God from that which they invent.”

He saw the pain, and the secret became open to him, but he concealed it and did not tell the king.

Her pain was not from black or yellow bile: the smell of every firewood appears from the smoke.

From her sore grief he perceived that she was heart-sore; well in body, but stricken in heart. Being in love is made manifest by soreness of heart: there is no sickness like heartsickness.

110 The lover's ailment is separate from all other ailments: love is the astrolabe of the mysteries of God.

Whether love be from this (earthly) side or from that (heavenly) side, in the end it leads us yonder.

Whatsoever I say in exposition and explanation of Love, when I come to Love (itself) I am ashamed of that (explanation).

Although the commentary of the tongue makes (all) clear, yet tongueless love is clearer.

Whilst the pen was making haste in writing, it split upon itself as soon as it came to Love.

115 In expounding it (Love), the intellect lay down (helplessly) like an ass in the mire: it was Love (alone) that uttered the explanation of love and loverhood.

The proof of the sun is the sun (himself): if thou require the proof, do not avert thy face from him!

If the shadow gives an indication of him, the sun (himself) gives spiritual light every moment.

²⁴ "When its Lord appears in glory to the Mount of existence, Existence is laid low, like the dust of the road." Gulshan i Raz, I. 195.

The shadow, like chat in the night-hours, brings sleep to thee; when the sun rises the moon is cloven asunder.

There is nothing in the world so wondrous strange as the sun, (but) the Sun of the spirit is everlasting: it hath no yesterday.

120 Although the external sun is unique, still it is possible to imagine one resembling it;

The spiritual Sun, which is beyond the aether, hath no peer in the mind or externally.

Where is room in the imagination for His essence, that the like of Him should come into the imagination?

When news arrived of the face of Shamsu'ddīn (the Sun of the Religion), the sun of the fourth heaven drew in its head (hid itself for shame).

Since his name has come (to my lips), it behoves me to set forth some hint of his bounty.

125 At this moment my Soul²⁵ has plucked my skirt: he has caught the perfume of Joseph's vest.

(He said): "For the sake of our years of companionship, recount one of those sweet ecstasies, That earth and heaven may laugh (with joy), that intellect and spirit and eye may increase a hundredfold."

(I said): "Do not lay tasks on me, for I have passed away from myself (*fanā*); my apprehensions are blunted and I know not how to praise.

Everything that is said by one who has not returned to consciousness, if he constrains himself or boastfully exaggerates, is unseemly.

130 How should I—not a vein of mine is sensible—describe that Friend who hath no peer?

The description of this severance and this heart's blood do thou at present leave over till another time."

He said: "Feed me, for I am hungry, and make haste, for Time is a cutting sword.

The Súfī is the son of the (present) time, O comrade: it is not the rule of the Way to say 'To-morrow.'

Art not thou indeed a Súfī, then? That which is (in hand) is reduced to naught by postponing the payment."

135 I said to him: "It is better that the secret of the Friend should be disguised: do thou hearken (to it as implied) in the contents of the tale.

It is better that the lovers' secret should be told in the talk of others."

He said: "Tell it forth openly and nakedly and without unfaithfulness: do not put me off, O trifler!

Lift the veil and speak nakedly, for I do not wear a shirt when I sleep with the Adored One."

I said: "If He should become naked in (thy) vision, neither wilt thou remain nor thy bosom nor thy waist.

140 Ask thy wish, but ask with measure: a blade of straw will not support the mountain.

If the Sun, by whom this world is illumined, should approach a little (nearer), all will be burned.

Do not seek trouble and turmoil and bloodshed: say no more concerning the Sun of Tabriz!"

This (mystery) hath no end: tell of the beginning. Go, relate the conclusion of this tale.

A4) Nir: p.175-176 (Ma I : lignes 123-143)

THE DOCTRINE OF RESERVE²⁶

²⁵ Husàmu'ddīn.

²⁶ Math. I, 123.

WHEN news arrived of the face of Shamsu'ddin, the sun in the Fourth Heaven hid itself for shame.²⁷

Since his name has come to my life, it behoves me to give some hint of his bounty.

My soul plucks my skirt: she has caught the perfume of Joseph's vest.²⁸

She said: "For the sake of our years of companionship, recount one of those sweet ecstasies, That earth and heaven may laugh with joy, that intellect and spirit and eye may increase a hundredfold."

I said: "Do not lay tasks on me, for I have passed away 'from myself (*fana*); my apprehensions are blunted, I know not how to praise.

'Tis unseemly, if one who has not yet returned to consciousness constrain himself to play the braggart.²⁹

How should I-not a vein of mine is sensible-describe that Friend Who hath no peer?

The description of this desolate bleeding heart let me leave over till another time."

She answered: "Feed me, for I am hungry, and make haste, for the 'moment' (*waqt*) is a cutting sword.³⁰

The Sufi is the son of the 'moment' (*ibnu 'l-waqt*), O comrade: 'tis not the rule of the Way to say 'To-morrow.'³¹

Art not thou a Sufi, then? That which is in hand is reduce to naught by postponing the payment."

I said to her: "Better that the secret of the Friend should be disguised: do thou hearken to it as implied in contents of the tale.

Better that the lovers' secret should be told (allegorically) in the talk of others."³²

She said: "Tell it forth openly and nakedly and without unfaithfulness: do not put me off, O trifler!

Lift the veil and speak nakedly. I do not wear a shirt when I sleep with the Adored One."

I said: "If He should become naked in thy vision, neither wilt thou endure nor thy bosom nor thy waist.

Ask thy wish, but ask with measure: a blade of straw cannot support a mountain.

If the Sun, by whom this world is illumined, approach a little nearer, all will be burned up.

Do not seek trouble and turmoil and bloodshed: say more concerning the Sun of Tabriz!"

A5) At: p.25

The king and the sick servant-girl, on the redemptive power of love

[...]

That assembly and bountiful banquet being concluded, the king took him by the hand and led him into the harem; he recited to him the history of the sick girl and her sickness, then seated him down beside the patient. The doctor examined her colour, her pulse and her urine and

²⁷ "The face of Shamsu'ddin," referring to Shams-i Tabriz... and metaphorically to the manifestation (*tajalli*) of God in the Perfect Man

²⁸ "My soul," said by the commentators to signify Husamu'ddin, with whom the poet feels himself mystically one. "The perfume of Joseph's vest," smelt from afar by Jacob (*Qur'an* XII, 94), describes spiritual rapture.

²⁹ The Sufi, when really "God-intoxicated," is unconscious of the boastful words that may fall from his lips.

³⁰ *Waqt*, a technical term for the "moment" of immediate mystical experience, is compared to a sharp sword, because "it cuts the root of the future and the past."

³¹ "The son of the moment" should live only in the present, whether he be an adept, whose "moment" is "the eternal Now," or a novice who must learn that nothing good will come of him if he looks beyond his actual state and hopes to provide for the morrow.

³² Even to the elect, the mysteries of gnosis can only be communicated _ for "he who knows God is dumb" _ through a screen of symbolism; and elsewhere Rumi shows that he, like every Sufi Shaykh, is aware of the danger of any attempt to divulge them to outsiders.

listened attentively to her symptoms and the causes of her illness. Then he declared, 'Not one of the remedies which they have applied is a true restorative, they have only served to destroy. They were utterly ignorant of her inward state: God preserve me from their concoctions!

He perceived the nature of her pain, and her secret malady was entirely revealed to him, but he kept it hidden and did not tell the king. It was not the bile, black or yellow, which was the root of her disorder; the smell of every underwood becomes apparent in its smoke, and he saw from her sore sorrow that it was her heart that was sore. Her body was well enough, but she was afflicted in her heart; a sure sign of being in love is when the heart is sore--there is no sickness like heart-sickness. The lover's infirmity stands apart from all other infirmities: love is the astrolabe of God's mysteries. So the physician said to the king, 'Empty the house, drive away everyone, kinsfolk and strangers alike. I wish to ask this girl a few questions; let none be listening in the porticos.'

[...]

A6) Moj: Book One: p. 10-13

How a king fell in love with a sick slave girl and tried to cure her

[...]

101 They served the feast, the king then took his hand
And led him to the harem as was planned,

The king leads that doctor to the patient so he can see how she is
Recounting all the sick girl had been through,
He sat him down so he could witness too;

Her pulse and pale complexion first he checked,
Discovering the cause through its erect.

The drugs that they'd prescribed were like a curse,
Sapping her strength and making her feel worse

105 They'd failed to see the ailment deep within--
God save us from what theft are dabbling in!

He saw her pain, her secret was revealed,
But from the king he kept it all concealed,

Her pain n'as not from bile the doctor learned:
The scent of wood is from its smoke discerned;

Her grief revealed that it was from her heart--
Physically fine, her heart was torn apart:

Being a lover means your heart must ache,
No sickness hurts as much as when hearts break,

110 The lover's ailment's totally unique,

Love is the astrolabe of all we seek.

Whether you feel divine or earthly love,
Ultimately we're destined for above

To capture love whatever words I say
Make me ashamed when love arrives my way,

While explanation sometimes makes things clear
True love through silence only one can hear:

The pen would smoothly write the things it knew
But when it came to love it split in two,

115 A donkey stuck in mud is logic's fate--
Love's nature only love can demonstrate:

Sunshine reveals its nature in each ray.
So if it's proof you want just look this way!

Shadows can indicate what's shining bright
But it's the sun which fills your soul with light,

Shadows like late-night chat make people doze,
*The moon was split*³³ when that divine sun rose!

Eternal sun--there's nothing quite so strange,
The soul's sun has no past, it doesn't change,

120 There's only one sun there before your eyes
But similar suns you still can visualize,

The soul's sun though is from a loftier sphere,
You'll not find any similar suns down here--

How can his essence ever be perceived
For things comparable to be conceived!

When news about my Shamsoddin³⁴ first came
The heaven's highest sun withdrew through shamed

I'm now compelled through uttering Shams's name
To tell you of his gifts and spread his fame:

125 Hosamoddin has flung me by my skirt
So I can breathe in scent from Joseph's shirt:³⁵

³³ *The moon was split*: Koran 54: 1, usually interpreted as a reference to the miraculous splitting of the moon by the Prophet Mohammad, through it has also been considered a reference to a portent of the end of time.

³⁴ *Shamsoddin*: the first direct reference in the *Masnawi* to Rumi's teacher, Shams-e Tabrizi; *shams* means 'sun', hence the word-play.

He asked me, 'Life-long friend, please share with me
From your rich stock a single ecstasy,

To raise a smile from both the land and sky,
To make each person's soul expand and fly.'

*Don't give me duties now I've passed away.
My senses dulled, I've no clue how to pray,*

*For anything a drunk might sing is wrong
Whether he's meek or boastful in his song:*

130 Since all my veins now pulse with drunkenness³⁶
How can I represent his loftiness?

Describing separation's torture then
Is best postponed until we speak again.'

He said, '*I'm hungry and must now be fed!*
"Time is a cutting sword" the Prophet said,

*The sufi is the present moment's son.
Talk of "tomorrow" sufis learn to shun--*

Are you not then a sufi as I'd thought?
Delaying payment turns your wealth to naughty!'

135 'The loved one's secret's best kept veiled,' I said.
'Listen to it in ecstasy instead.

The lover's secret that's been kept concealed
Is best through tales of other loves revealed.'

'Tell it unveiled and naked, candidly,
You tricky man, don't try distracting me!

Be frank and lift the veil, you ditherer.
I wear no nightshirt when in bed with her!'

I said, 'If the beloved strips for you,
You'll be effaced, your waist and body too!

140 Please don't request what you can't tolerate:
A blade of straw can't hold a mountain's weight,

³⁵ *So I can breathe in scent from Joseph's shirt:* the scent of Joseph's shirt was perceived by his father Jacob before it even reached him, informing him that Joseph was still alive and restoring sight to his eyes after he had gone blind through weeping over his favourite son's disappearance (see further Koran 12: 93-6).

³⁶ *Drunkenness:* this term is used in sufi literature to mean intoxication due to love.

And if the sun which gives us light should near
 All things would burn and leave no traces here--

Don't try to make more strife for everyone,
 Ask nothing more about Tabriz's Sun!

The tale is incomplete, begin anew,
 Narrate the rest, as only you can do!

A7) Will: p.16-19

THE KING WHO FALLS IN LOVE WITH A SLAVE-GIRL AND BUYS HER

[...]

101 Now when their feast were over,
 The king escorted him into the harem.

The King Takes the Physician to the Sick Girl to See Her Condition

He told the tale of illness and the patient,
 then seated him beside the sickly girl

He saw her parlor, checked her pulse and urine,
 and listened to her symptoms and her functions.

He said, 'None of the drugs they have prescribed
 will build her up -- they have destroyed her health.

105 They did not understand her inner state:
I seek God's refuge from what they contrive.'

He saw the pain and opened up the secret
 but did not tell the king and kept it hidden.

Her pain was not from black or yellow bile:
 the scent of wood is sent up in its smoke.

He saw in her distress her broken heart:
 her body healthy but her heart in chains.

The sign of being in love's an aching heart;
 there is no suffering like the suffering heart.

110 The lover's suffering's like no other suffering:
 love is the astrolabe of God's own mysteries.

No matter whether love is of this world
 or of the next, it steals us to that world.

Whatever words I say to explain this love,
 when I arrive at love, I am ashamed.

Though language gives a clear account of love,
yet love beyond all language is the clearer.

The pen had gone at breakneck speed in writing
but when it came to love it split in two.

115 The explaining mind sleeps like an ass in mud,
for love alone explains love and the lover.

The sun alone is proof of all things solar:
if you need proof, do not avert your face.

Although the shadow gives a hint of it,
the sun bestows the light of life at all times.

The shadow brings you sleep like bedtime stories.
and when the sun comes up, *'the moon is cloven.'*

There's nothing like this sun in all the world.
the spiritual Sun's eternal- never setting.

120 Although the outward sun may be unique,
still you can contemplate another like it

And yet the sun from which the aether comes
has no external or internal likeness.

How can imagining contain His essence,
and likeness of Him come into conception?

When news came of the face of Shamsoddin
the sun in highest heaven hung its head.

It's necessary, since his name is with us.
to give some hint of his munificence.

125 Upon this breath my soul has scorched my skirt
and caught the perfume of the shirt of Joseph,

Saying, After all our years of comradeship,
explain one of the states of ecstasy,

So that the mind and sight and spirit grow
a hundredfold, and heaven and earth may laugh.'

*Do not impose on me, for I am dead:
my senses dulled, I cannot take things in.*

For all that's said by one not yet awake,

In modesty or boasting, is illicit.

130 What can I say -- no vein of mine is sober --
to explain that Friend who is beyond a friend?

But now, heave off until some other time
this talk of parting and this bleeding heart!

*He said, 'Give me to eat, for I am hungry,
and quick! Time is indeed a cutting sword.*

The Sufi is the son of Time, my friend;
tomorrow's no condition of the Way

You, are you not indeed yourself a Sufi?
Nothing will come from such procrastination.'

135 I told him, 'Best to hide God's mysteries,
and pay attention to what's in the tale!

It is to be preferred that lovers' secrets
are spoken of in tales of other folk.'

He said, 'Tell it unveiled, the naked truth!
The declaration's better than the secret.

Hold back the veil and speak the naked truth!
I don't lie down with clothes on with my lover.'

I said, 'If He were naked in your sight,
you'd not survive, nor would your breast nor waist.

140 Ask for your wish, but ask with moderation:
a blade of straw cannot support a mountain.

The Sun, by which this world's illuminated.
will burn the lot if it comes any closer!

Don't seek out trials and griefs and shedding blood!
From now on, no more talk of Shams of Tabriz!'

There is no end to this. Begin again,
and go recite the ending of this tale.

F1) Vm: p.59-61

Histoire du roi devenu amoureux d'une jeune esclave et l'achetant

[...]

Comment le roi conduisit le médecin au chevet de la jeune fille malade, afin qu'il puisse l'examiner

101 Lorsque cette réunion et ce festin eurent pris fin, il le saisit par la main et le conduisit au harem.

Il lui raconta l'histoire de la malade et de sa maladie, et le fit asseoir au chevet de la jeune fille.

Le médecin observa la couleur de son visage, lui prit le pouls et examina son urine ; il entendit le récit des symptômes et des signes de sa maladie.

Il déclara : « Aucun des remèdes qui ont été appliqués ne rend la santé : ces faux médecins n'ont causé que ruine.

« Ils étaient ignorants de l'état intérieur. Je cherche refuge en Dieu contre ce qu'ils inventent. »

Il vit la souffrance, et le secret devint clair pour lui, mais il le dissimula et ne dit rien au roi. Sa douleur ne provenait pas de la bile noire ou jaune : l'odeur d'un feu de bois apparaît dans la fumée.

Cette douleur amère lui fit comprendre qu'elle souffrait dans son cœur ; son corps était bien portant, mais son cœur était touché.

Être amoureux se manifeste dans la peine du cœur : nul mal n'est comparable à la douleur du cœur.

110 La souffrance de l'amoureux est différente de toutes les autres souffrances : l'amour est l'astrolabe des mystères de Dieu.

Que l'amour vienne du côté de la terre ou qu'il vienne des cieux, à la fin il nous emmène là-bas.

Quoi que je puisse dire pour parler de l'Amour et pour l'expliquer, quand j'arrive à l'Amour lui-même, j'ai honte de mon explication.

Bien que le commentaire de la parole rende les choses claires, l'amour sans paroles a plus de clarté.

Tandis que la plume se hâtait pour écrire, elle s'est brisée dès qu'elle est arrivée à l'Amour. En parlant de l'Amour, l'intellect gît impuissant, tel un âne couché dans la boue : c'est l'Amour seul qui a donné l'explication de l'amour et du sort des amoureux.

La preuve du soleil est le soleil même : si tu recherches la preuve, n'en écarte pas ton visage ! Si l'ombre en fournit un indice, le soleil lui-même donne à chaque instant la lumière spirituelle.

L'ombre, comme une histoire contée pendant la nuit, t'apporte le sommeil ; quand le soleil se lève « *la lune se fend* ³⁷ ».

Il n'est rien en ce monde d'aussi merveilleusement étrange que le soleil, mais le Soleil de l'esprit est éternel : il n'a point d'hier.

120 Bien que le soleil physique soit unique, il est possible, cependant, d'en imaginer un qui lui ressemble ;

Le Soleil spirituel, qui est au-delà de l'éther, n'a point d'égal dans l'esprit ou extérieurement. Comment son Essence pourrait-elle être contenue dans l'imagination, de telle sorte qu'on puisse se la représenter ?

Quand les nouvelles arrivèrent de la face de Shams-od-Dîn³⁸, le soleil du quatrième ciel se cacha de honte.

Puisque son nom est venu sur mes lèvres, il me convient de donner quelque idée de sa générosité.

³⁷ LIV, 1.

³⁸ Maître spiritual de Rûmî.

A ce moment, mon Âme a saisi le pan de ma robe : elle a perçu le parfum de la chemise de Joseph³⁹,

Disant : « En souvenir de nos années d'amitié, raconte l'une de ces douces extases, « Afin que la terre et le ciel puissent se mettre à rire, que l'intelligence, l'esprit et la vision soient centuplés. »

Je dis : « Ne m'impose pas de telles tâches, car je suis hors de moi-même (*fanâ*) ; mes perceptions sont émoussées et je ne sais comment célébrer des louanges.

« Tout ce qui est dit par celui qui n'est pas revenu à la conscience de soi, s'il se contraint, ou exagère en se vantant, n'est pas convenable.

130 « Comment pourrais-je, alors qu'aucune parcelle de mon être n'est lucide, décrire cet Ami qui n'a point son pareil ?

« La description de cette séparation et de ce cœur ensanglanté, renonces-y à présent jusqu'à une autre fois.»

Il dit : « Nourris-moi, car je suis affamé, et hâte-toi, car le Temps est un glaive tranchant.

« Le soufi est le fils de l'instant, ô mon ami : ce n'est pas la règle de la Voie que de dire : "Demain".

« N'es-tu donc pas un soufi, en vérité ? Ce qui est dans ta main est réduit à néant si tu retardes le paiement. »

Je lui dis : « Mieux vaut que le secret de l'Ami soit dissimulé : prends-en connaissance grâce à cette histoire.

« Mieux vaut que le secret des amants soit conté par autrui. »

Il dit : « Déclare-le ouvertement, sans ambages et sincèrement : ne cherche pas d'échappatoire, ô impertinent!

« Lève le voile et parle nûment, car je ne porte pas de chemise quand je dors avec mon Adoré. »

Je dis : « S'il t'apparaissait sans voiles, tu ne resterais pas, ni aucune partie de toi-même.

140 « Formule ton désir, mais avec mesure : un brin de paille ne peut supporter une montagne.

« Si le Soleil qui illumine le monde s'approchait d'un peu plus près, tout serait consumé.

« Ne recherche pas le trouble, le bouleversement, l'effusion de sang: ne dis plus rien du Soleil de Tabriz⁴⁰! »

Ce mystère n'a pas de fin : parle du commencement. Raconte la conclusion de cette histoire.

F2) Kud : p.16-17

La belle servante

[...]

Tout en lui racontant son histoire, il accompagna le vieux sage auprès de la servante malade.

Le vieillard observa son teint, lui prit le pouls et décela tous les symptômes de la maladie.

Puis, il dit:

« Les médecins qui t'ont soignée n'ont fait qu'aggraver ton état car ils n'ont pas étudié ton cœur.»

Il eut tôt fait de découvrir la cause de la maladie mais n'en souffla mot. Les maux du cœur sont aussi évidents que ceux de la vésicule. Quand le bois brûle, cela se set. Et notre médecin comprit rapidement que ce n'était pas le corps de la servante qui était affecté mais son cœur.

³⁹ Joseph, XII, 94

⁴⁰ Le nom du maître de Rûmî signifie littéralement « le Soleil de Tabriz ».

Mais quel que soit le moyen par lequel on tente de décrire l'état d'un amoureux, on se trouve aussi démuné qu'un muet. Oui! notre langue est fort habile à faire des commentaires mais l'amour sans commentaires est encore plus beau. Dans son ambition de décrire l'amour, la raison se trouve comme un âne, allongé de tout son long dans la boue. Car le témoin du soleil c'est le soleil lui-même.

[...]

F3) Lel : p.72-74

« Comme un roi tomba amoureux d'une esclave qui tomba malade et les dispositions qu'il prit concernant sa santé. »

[...]

Et après le festin, le prit par la main 100
Et le mena jusqu'au harem

« Le Roi emmène le médecin au chevet de la malade. »

Il lui conta le récit de la malade

Et de sa maladie

Puis au chevet de l'Aimée souffrante

Il le mena

Celui-ci constata sa pâleur

Et prit son pouls

Regarda les symptômes

Et entendit les causes

« Tous les remèdes donnés

Dit-il

N'ont pas restauré

Mais détruit la santé

Ils n'ont rien su 105

De son état intérieur

Que Dieu nous garde

De leurs diagnostics erronés !»

Il vit la douleur

Et en perçut le secret

Mais n'en dit rien au Roi

Sa maladie ne venait pas

De la bile jaune ou noire

L'odeur de chaque bois

Se sent dans sa fumée

Dans le mal qui la rongait

Il vit le cœur en jeu

Le corps allait très bien

Le mal tenait le cœur

Aucune maladie

N'est comme

Le mal d'amour 110

La maladie d'amour

Est un mal bien à part

Car l'amour est l'astrolabe
 Des secrets de Dieu
 Qu'il soit d'ici-bas ou de là-bas
 L'amour au bout du compte
 Nous guide vers l'autre côté
 Quoi que je dise
 Pour définir l'amour
 Quand j'arrive à l'amour
 Je ne sais plus quoi dire
 Bien que les mots qu'on dit
 Éclaircissent les choses
 L'amour pourtant
 Sans parole est plus clair
 Alors que la plume
 Se pressait pour écrire
 Arrivée à l'amour
 En deux elle s'est brisée
 Voulant la définir, la raison
 Comme un âne
 S'endormit dans la boue
 Seul l'amour peut dire
 Ce que c'est que l'amour
 Le soleil est lui-même
 La preuve du soleil
 Si tu cherches la preuve
 Ne détourne pas le regard
 Si l'ombre est un signe
 Du soleil éclatant
 Le soleil lui-même
 Éclaire l'âme à chaque instant
 Comme une causerie du soir
 L'ombre te mène au sommeil
 Mais quand se lève le soleil
 Alors, la lune se fend
 Il n'y a rien au monde
 De si extraordinaire que le soleil
 Le soleil de l'âme éternelle
 Qui n'a pas de passé
 Car le soleil visible
 Même s'il est unique
 On peut imaginer
 Des semblables à lui
 Mais le soleil qui a fait
 Être l'éther
 N'a son pareil ni dans le visible
 Ni dans l'esprit
 Comment son essence
 Prendrait place dans l'imaginaire?
 Pour que l'on puisse
 Imaginer son pareil?

115

125

- 1750 وحی آمد سوی موسی از خدا
 تو برای وصل کردن آمدی
 تا توانی پامنه اندر فراق
 هر کسی را سیرتی بنهادام
 در حق او مدح و در حق تو سم
 1755 ما بری از پاک و ناپاکی همه
 من نکردم امر تا سودی کنم
 هندوان را اصطلاح هند مدح
 من نگردم پاک از تسبیحشان
 ما زبان را ننگریم و قال را
 1760 ناظر قلیبم اگر خاشع بود
 زانک دل جوهر بود گفتن عرض
 چند ازین الفاظ و اضممار و مجاز
 آتشی از عشق در جان بر فروز
 مو سیا آداب دانان دیگرند
 1765 عاشقان را هر نفس سوزیدنیست
 گر خطا گوید ورا خاطی مگو
 خون شهیدان را ز آب اولیترست
 در درون کعبه رسم قبله نیست
 تو ز سرمستان قلاوزی مجو
 1770 ملت عشق از همه دینها جداست
 لعل را گر مهر نبود باک نیست
- بندهی ما را ز ما کردی جدا
 یا برای فصل کردن آمدی
 ابغض الاشیاء عندی الطلاق
 هر کسی را اصطلاحی داده‌ام
 در حق او شاهد و در حق تو سم
 از گرانجانی و چالاکی همه
 بلک تا بر بندگان جودی کنم
 سندیان را اصطلاح سند مدح
 پاک هم ایشان شوند و درفشان
 ما روان را بنگریم و حال را
 گرچه گفت لفظ ناخاضع رود
 پس طفیل آمد عرض جوهر غرض
 سو ز خواهم، سوز با آن سوز ساز
 سربسر فکر و عبارت را بسوز
 سوخته جان و روانان دیگرند
 بر ده ویران خراج و عشر نیست
 گر بود پر خون شهید او را مشو
 این خطا را صد صواب اولیترست
 چه غم از غواص را پاچپله نیست
 جامه‌چاکان را چه فرمایی رفو
 عاشقان را ملت و مذهب خداست
 عشق در دریای غم غمناک نیست

وحی آمدن موسی را علیه السلام در عذر آن شبان

- بعد از آن در سر موسی حق نهفت
 بر دل موسی سخنها ریختند
 1775 چند بی‌خود گشت و چند آمد بخود
 بعد ازین گر شرح گویم ابله‌بست
 و ر بگویم عقلها را بر کند
 چونک موسی این عتاب از حق شنید
 بر نشان پای آن سرگشته راند
 گام پای مردم شوریده خود
 1780 یک قدم چون رخ ز بالا تا نشیب
 گاه چون موجی بر افرازان علم
 گاه بر خاکی نبشته حال خود
 عاقبت دریافت او را و بدید
 هیچ آدابی و ترتیبی مجو
 1785 کفر تو دینست و دینت نور جان
 ای معاف یفعل الله ما یشا
- رازهایی گفت کان ناید به گفت
 دیدن و گفتن بهم آمیختند
 چند پرید از ازل سوی ابد
 زانک شرح این وراى آگهیست
 و ر نویسم بس قلمها بشکند
 در بیابان در پی چوپان دويد
 گرد از پره‌ی بیابان بر فشاند
 هم ز گام دیگران پیدا بود
 یک قدم چون پیل رفته بر وریب
 گاه چون ماهی روانه بر شکم
 همچو رمالی که رملى بر زند
 گفت مژده ده که دستوری رسید
 هر چه می‌خواهد دل تنگت بگو
 آمنى وز تو جهانی در امان
 بی‌محابا رو زبان را بر گشا

<p>من کنون در خون دل آغشته‌ام صد هزاران ساله زان سو رفته‌ام گنبدی کرد و ز گردون بر گذشت آفرین بر دست و بر بازوت باد اینچ می‌گویم نه احوال منست نقش تست آن نقش آن آینه نیست درخور نایست نه درخورد مرد همچو نافر جام آن چوپان شناس لیک آن نسبت بحق هم ابترست کین نبودست آنک می‌پنداشتند چون نماز مستحاضه رخصتست ذکر تو آلوده‌ی تشبیه و چون لیک باطن را نجاستها بود کم نگردد از درون مرد کار معنی سبحان ربی دانیی مر بدی را تو نکویی ده جزا تا نجاست برد و گلها داد بر در عوض بر روید از وی غنچه‌ها کمتر و بی‌مایه‌تر از خاک بود جز فساد جمله پاکبها نجست حسر تا یا لیتنی کنت تراب همچو خاکی دانه‌ای می‌چیدمی زین سفر کردن ره‌آوردم چه بود در سفر سودی نبیند پیش رو روی در ره کردنش صدق و نیاز در مزیدست و حیات و در نما در کمی و خشکی و نقص و غبین در تزايد مرجعت آنجا بود آفلی حق لا یحب الاقلین</p>	<p>گفت ای موسی از آن بگذشته‌ام من ز سدره‌ی منتهی بگذشته‌ام تازیانه بر زدی اسپم بگشت محرم ناسوت ما لاهوت باد 1790 حال من اکنون برون از گفتنتست نقش می‌بینی که در آینه‌ایست دم که مرد نایی اندر نای کرد هان و هان گر حمد گویی گر سپاس 1795 حمد تو نسبت بدان گر بهترست چند گویی چون غطا برداشتند این قبول ذکر تو از رحمتست با نماز او بیالودست خون خون پلیدست و بی می‌رود کان بغیر آب لطف کردگار در سجودت کاش رو گردانیی کای سجودم چون وجودم ناسزا این زمین از حلم حق دارد اثر تا بپوشد او پلیدیهای ما پس چو کافر دید کو در داد و جود از وجود او گل و میوه نرست گفت واپس رفته‌ام من در ذهاب کاش از خاکی سفر نگزیدمی چون سفر کردم مرا راه آزمود زان همه میلش سوی خاکست کو روی واپس کردنش آن حرص و آز هر گیا را کش بود میل علا چونک گردانید سر سوی زمین میل روحت چون سوی بالا بود 1815 ور نگو سازی سرت سوی زمین</p>
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A1) Whi : p. 121-125*⁴²

STORY VII. *Moses and the Shepherd.*

Next follows an anecdote of Bilkis, Queen of Sheba, whose reason was enlightened by the counsels of the Hoopoo sent to her by King Salomon. Outward sense is as opposed to true reason as Abu Jahl was to Muhammad; and when the outward senses are replaced by the true inner reason, man sees that the body is only foam, and the heart the limitless ocean. Afterwards comes an anecdote of a philosopher who was struck blind for cavilling at the verse, "What think ye? If at early morn your waters shall have sunk away, who will then give

*⁴² Whinfield ne traduit pas toujours en respectant la forme des vers. Il utilise une combinaison de prose (notamment pour résumer le récit) et de vers (pour imiter la graphie du texte original).

you clear running water?"⁴³ This is succeeded by the story of Moses and the shepherd. Moses once heard a shepherd praying as follows: "O God, show me where thou art, that I may become. Thy servant. I will clean Thy shoes and comb Thy hair, and sew Thy clothes, and fetch Thee milk." When Moses heard him praying in this senseless manner, he rebuked him, saying, "O foolish one, though your father was a Mosalman, you have become an infidel. God is a Spirit, and needs not such gross ministrations as, in your ignorance, you suppose." The shepherd was abashed at his rebuke, and tore his clothes and fled away into the desert. Then a voice from heaven was heard, saying, "O Moses, wherefore have you driven away my servant? Your office is to reconcile my people with me, not to drive them away from me. I have given to each race different usages and forms of praising and adoring me. I have no need of their praises, being exalted above all such needs. I regard not the words that are spoken, but the heart that offers them. I do not require fine words, but a burning heart. Men's ways of showing devotion to me are various, but so long as the devotions are genuine, they are accepted."

Religious forms indifferent

A voice came from God to Moses,
 "Why hast thou sent my servant away?
 Thou hast come to draw men to union with me,
 Not to drive them far away from me.
 So far as possible, engage not in dissevering;
 'The thing most repugnant to me is divorce.'⁴⁴
 To each persan have I allotted peculiar forms,
 To each have I given particular usages.
 What is praiseworthy in thee is blameable in him,
 What is poison for thee is honey for him.
 What is good in him is bad in thee,
 What is fair in him is repulsive in thee.
 I am exempt from all purity and impurity,
 I need not the laziness or alacrity of my people.
 I created not men to gain a profit from them,
 But to shower my beneficence upon them.
 In the men of Hind the usages of Hind are praiseworthy,
 In the men of Sind those of Sind.
 I am not purified by their praises,
 'Tis they who become pure and shining thereby.
 I regard not the outside and the words,
 I regard the inside and the state of heart.
 I look at the heart if it be humble,
 Though the words may be the reverse of humble.
 Because the heart is substance, and words accidents,
 Accidents are only a means, substance is the final cause.
 How long wilt thou dwell on words and superficialities?
 A burning heart is what I want; consort with burning!
 Kindle in thy heart the flame of love,
 And burn up utterly thoughts and fine expressions.

⁴³ Koran lxvii. 30.

⁴⁴ A tradition.

O Moses! the lovers of fair rites are one class,
 They whose hearts and souls burn with love are another.
 Lovers must burn every moment,
 As tax and tithe are levied on a ruined village.
 If they speak amiss, call them not sinners;
 If a martyr be stained with blood, wash it not away.
 Blood is better than water for martyrs,
 This fault is better than a thousand correct forms.
 No need to turn to the Ka'ba when one is in it,
 And divers have no need of shoes.
 One does not take a drunken man as a guide on the way,
 Nor speak of darns to torn garments.
 The sect of lovers is distinct from all others,
 Lovers have a religion and a faith of their own.
 Though the ruby has no stamp, what matters it?
 Love is fearless in the midst of the sea of fear.

Beware, if thou offerest praises or thanksgivings,
 And know them to be even as the babble of that shepherd;
 Though thy praises be better compared with his,
 Yet in regard to God they are full of defects.
 How long wilt thou say, 'They obscure the truth,
 For it is not such as they fancy'?
 Thy own prayers are accepted only through mercy,
 They are suffered as the prayers of an impure woman.
 If her prayers are made impure by the flow of blood,
 Thine are stained with metaphors and similitudes.
 Blood is impure, yet its stain is removed by water;
 But that impurity of ignorance is more lasting,
 Seeing that without the blessed water of God
 It is not banished from the man who is subject to it.
 O that thou wouldst turn thy face to thy own prayers,
 And become cognizant of the meaning of thy ejaculations,
 And say, 'Ah! my prayers are as defective as my being;
 O requite me good for evil!'"

A2) Wil : p.149-158

Moses- On him be peace!-objects to the prayer of a shepherd.

Moses saw a certain shepherd by the way who was saying, "O God, O God !

Where are you? that I may become your servant ; that I may sew your sandals, (and) comb your hair.

That I may wash your clothes, and kill your vermin; that I may bring you milk, O mighty Being.

That I may kiss your little hands, (and) rub your little feet, (and when) the time of sleeping comes I may sweep out your little room, --

O You for whom (all) my goats be sacrificed! O You 'in commemoration of whom are all my cries and shouts!"

In this fashion the shepherd was foolishly speaking, (when) Moses said, "To whom are these (words) of yours (addressed), man?"

He answered, "To that person who created us; by whom this earth and sky were manifested."

Moses exclaimed, "Hark you! you are a foolish blunderer; you are not a Muslim indeed, you are an infidel (in speaking so).

What nonsense is this? what blasphemy and raving? Press a piece of cotton into your mouth.

The stench of your blasphemy has made the world stinking; your blasphemy has turned the brocade of religion into old rags.

Sandals and socks are suitable for you; -- how are such things proper for a majestic Sun? If you do not abstain from these words, a fire will come and consume the people.

(Nay), if a fire has not come upon you what is this smoke? what is this blackening of your soul and rejection of your heart ?

If you know that God is the Ruler and Judge, how can you think nonsense and familiarity proper (as regards Him)?

The friendship of a foolish person is indeed enmity. God, most High, is independent of such service as this.

To whom do you say (all) this? To your paternal or maternal uncle? (Are) body and wants among the attributes of the Lord of Majesty and Glory?

He who grows and increases drinks milk; he puts on sandals who requires feet (as part of his being).

And if these words of yours are (meant) for (His) slave, -- (for) him of whom God has said, 'He is I, and I indeed am he ;

(For) him with regard to whom (God) has said, '*Verily, I was sick, and you did not visit (Me) : I became ill ; he alone did not ;*'--

(For) him who became (the object of the grace), '*He hears by Me, and he sees by Me ;*' -- as applied to (him), that slave, these (words of yours) are also foolish.

To speak disrespectfully to the elect of God causes the heart to perish, and is recorded as wickedness.

If you call a man Fatima--although men and women are all of one kind--

He will try as far as possible to kill you, although he be good tempered, mild, and quiet.

(The name) Fatima is praise as applied to women, (but) if you use it to a man it is (like) a lance-thrust.

(To attribute) hands and feet (to us) is praise as regards us, (but to attribute them to God) is pollution in connection with His purity.

(The shepherd) said: "O Moses, you have closed my mouth, and you have burnt my soul with repentance."

He tore his garments, and heaved a burning sigh; he went off into a desert and departed.

God, most High, reproves Moses -On him be peace!- on account of the shepherd.

An inspiration came to Moses from God (to this effect): "You have separated my slave from me.

Have you been sent in order to unite, or have you been sent in order to separate?

As far as possible, do not enter upon separation; *the most hateful of things to Me is repudiation.*

I have put in every one a particular character; I have given to every one a particular mode of expression.

From him it is praise, but from you it would be blame; from him it is honey, but from you it would be poison.

I am independent of all purity and impurity; (I am independent) of all sluggishness and alacrity (in religion).

I have not commanded (to worship) in order to receive some profit (Myself), but in order to bestow a kindness upon (My) slaves.

From the Hindus the mode of speech of Hindustan is praise (of God); from the Sindians the mode of speech of Sind is praise.

I do not become pure through their ascription of praise; it is they who become pure and scatterers of pearls.

I do not look at the tongue or speech; I look at the soul and condition.

I inspect the heart as to whether it be humble; though the speaking of the words be not humble.

Because the heart is the essence, (and) speaking (is) an accident; and of course the accident is a (mere) attendant, (whilst) the essence is the object and aim.

Enough of these words, conceptions, and figurative expressions! I wish for ardour, ardour!
Content yourself with this ardour!

Light up a fire of love in your soul, (and) burn entirely thought and expression.

Those conversant with forms, O Moses, are of one kind; those whose souls and hearts are burnt are of another.

Every moment lovers are burnt (in the fire of love). Taxes and tithes are not exacted from a ruined village.

If (the lover) transgress in speech, call him not a transgressor; if the martyr be covered with blood do not wash him.

Blood is fitter for martyrs than water: this (unintentional) fault is better than a hundred correct acts (of another).

Inside of the 'Ka'ba' there is no observance of the 'qibla.'--What harm (is there) if the diver has not snow-shoes?

Do not seek guidance from those who are intoxicated! Why do you order those who tear their garments to mend garments?

The religion of Love is apart from all religions: God is the religion and sect of Lovers.

If the ruby have not the sun it is not perfect. Love in the sea of trouble is not troubled."

A revelation is vouchsafed to Moses excusing the shepherd.

After this, God secretly revealed to the heart of Moses secrets which cannot be described:

They poured down words upon the heart of Moses; they mixed together vision and speech.

Often did he become unconscious of himself and effaced in God; often did he return to himself! Often did he fly from past towards future eternity!

If I (try to) explain beyond this it is foolish, because the explanation of this is beyond human intellect.

And if I should (try to) speak (of this), it would tear up people's intellects; and if I were to write (it) it would break up many pens.

When Moses heard this reproof from God he ran into the desert in pursuit of the shepherd.

He hastened on (guided) by the foot-prints of the distracted man; he scattered dust from the desert ways.

The foot-prints of distracted people in truth are distinguished from those of others: --

One step like the castle straight along; one step taken obliquely like the bishop.

Sometimes like a wave exalting (his) crest ; some- times proceeding on (his) stomach like a fish.

Sometimes writing his condition upon dust, like a geomancer who draws up a figure of geomancy.

At last he found and saw him; the giver of glad tidings said to him, " License has reached you (from God).

Do not seek any forms or method; say whatever your afflicted heart wishes.

Your blasphemy is religion, and your religion is light of the soul; you are secure and a whole world is secure through you."

O you who rest in the security of (the announcement), ' *God does that which He wills,*' go and speak without ceremony."

He said, " O Moses, I have passed beyond that: I am now bathed in the blood of my heart.

I have passed beyond the Sidratu 'l-muntahâ: I have travelled a hundred thousand years' journey over on that side (of it).

You whipped my horse and he sprang away: he gave one leap and passed over the heavens.

The Divine Nature has become the intimate of my human nature: -- praise be to your hand and arm!

My condition is now beyond description: this which I am saying is not (descriptive of) my condition."

Yon see the image which is in a mirror; that image is your image, it is not the mirror.

The air which the reed-player breathes into the reed -- is it proper to the reed? Nay, it is proper to the man who plays.

Know well, forget not, that whether you speak praise or thanksgiving you should consider it as the foolish (words) of the shepherd.

Though your praise be better compared with that, still yours in connection with God is also worthless.

How often will yon say when they have raised the veil, "This was not what they had thought it."

This acceptance of your invocation is from (God's) mercy: it is that He permits it, (even) as (the Law allows) the prayers of a woman suffering from menorrhagia.

Blood is mingled with and stains her prayers, (and) your invocation is stained with comparison and (attempted expression of His) mode (of being).

Blood is unclean, it may (however) be removed by a little water; but the heart has impurities Which, except by the water of the grace of the Omnipotent, are not obliterated from the heart of the man of action.

Would that you would turn your face to (reflection upon) your adoration, (and) know the meaning of Praise to my Lord!

This acceptance of your invocation is from (God's) mercy: it is that He permits it, (even) as (the Law allows) the prayers of a woman suffering from menorrhagia.

Blood is mingled with and stains her prayers, (and) your invocation is stained with comparison and (at- tempted expression of His) mode (of being).n 94

Blood is unclean, it may (however) be removed by a little water ; but the heart has impurities

Which, except by the water of the grace of the Omnipotent, are not obliterated from the heart of the man of action.

Would that you would turn your face to (reflection upon) your adoration, (and) know the meaning of Praise to my Lord!

That you would say, "Oh, unworthy is my adoration (of Thee), even as my existence! Do Thou give something good in return for an evil!

This earth bears a sign of God's clemency in taking impurities, and giving roses as the produce;

In covering our foulnesses, and causing rose-buds to grow from them in exchange.

Hence when the infidel sees that in generosity and liberality he is less and poorer than the earth:

That flowers and fruit grow not from his being; that he attains to nothing but the corrupting of all pure things,--

He says, "I have retrograded in (my) course; *bitter regret! oh, would I had been earth !*

Would I had not journeyed from the earthy quality! that like the earth I had gathered some grain!

When I journeyed forth and the road tried me; what present did I bring from this journeying?

It is through all that tendency of his towards the earth that he sees no benefit before him in the journey.

His turning his face back is greed and avidity ; his looking to the Road is truth and humble petitioning.

Every plant which has an inclination upwards is increasing, living, and growing ;

When it has turned its face towards the earth, it is diminishing, drying up, falling off, and decaying.

When the inclination of your spirit is upwards, you will increase and advance till you return. To those Heights.

But if you hang your head, (if) your head (incline) towards the earth, you are one who declines ; -God loves not things which decline.

A3) Nim: Moses and the Shepard, p.310-315

How Moses, on whom be peace, took offence at the prayer of the shepherd.

Moses saw a shepherd on the way, who was saying, "O God who chooseth (whom Thou wilt),

Where art Thou, that I may become Thy servant and sew Thy shoes and comb Thy head? That I may wash Thy clothes and kill Thy lice and bring milk to Thee, O worshipful One; That I may kiss Thy little hand and rub Thy little foot, (and when) bedtime comes I may sweep Thy little room,

O Thou to whom all my goats be a sacrifice, O Thou in remembrance of whom are my cries of ay and ah!"

1725 The shepherd was speaking foolish words in this wise. Moses said, "Man, to whom is this (addressed)?"

He answered, "To that One who created us; by whom this earth and sky were brought to sight."

"Hark!" said Moses, "you have become very backsliding (depraved); indeed you have not become a Moslem, you have become an infidel.

What babble is this? what blasphemy and raving? Stuff some cotton into your mouth! The stench of your blasphemy has made the (whole) world stinking: your blasphemy has turned the silk robe of religion into rags.

1730 Shoes and socks are fitting for you, (but) how are such things right for (One who is) a Sun?

If you do not stop your throat from (uttering) these words, a fire will come and burn up the people.

If a fire has not come, (then) what is this smoke? Why has your soul become black and your spirit rejected (by God)?

If you know that God is the Judge, how is it right for you (to indulge in) this doting talk and familiarity?

Truly, the friendship of a witless man is enmity: the high God is not in want of suchlike service.

1735 To whom are you saying this? To your paternal and maternal uncles? Are the body and (its) needs among the attributes of the Lord of glory?

(Only) he that is waxing and growing drinks milk: (only) he that has need of feet puts on shoes.

And if these words (of yours) are (meant) for His servant, of whom God said, 'He is I and I myself am he';

(For him) of whom He (God) said, 'Verily, I was sick and thou didst not visit Me,' (that is), 'I became ill, not he (the sick man) alone';

(For him) who has become seeing by Me and hearing by Me— this (talk of yours) is foolish nonsense even in regard to that servant.

1740 To speak irreverently to one chosen of God causes the heart (spirit) to perish and keeps the page (record) black.

If you should call a man 'Fátima'—though men and women are all of one kind—

He will seek to murder you, so far as it is possible (for him), albeit he is good-natured and forbearing and quiet.

(The name) Fátima is (a term of) praise in regard to women, (but) if you address it to a man, 'tis (like) the blow of a spearhead.

Hand and foot are (terms of) praise in relation to us; in relation to the holiness of God they are pollution.

1745. (The words) He begat not, He was not begotten are appropriate to Him: He is the Creator of begetter and begotten.

Birth is the attribute of everything that is (a) body: whatever is born is on this side of the river,

Because it is of (the world of) becoming and decay and (is) contemptible: it is originated and certainly requires an Originator."

He (the shepherd) said, "O Moses, thou hast closed my mouth and thou hast burned my soul with repentance."

He rent his garment and heaved a sigh, and hastily turned his head towards the desert and went (his way).

How the high God rebuked Moses, on whom be peace, on account of the shepherd.

1750 A revelation came to Moses from God—"Thou hast parted My servant from Me.

Didst thou come (as a prophet) to unite, or didst thou come to sever?

So far as thou canst, do not set foot in separation: of (all) things the most hateful to Me is divorce.

I have bestowed on every one a (special) way of acting: I have given to every one a (peculiar) form of expression.

In regard to him it is (worthy of) praise, and in regard to thee it is (worthy of) blame: in regard to him honey, and in regard to thee poison.

1755 I am independent of all purity and impurity, of all slothfulness and alacrity (in worshipping Me).

I did not ordain (Divine worship) that I might make any profit; nay, but that I might do a kindness to (My) servants.

In the Hindoos the idiom⁴⁵ of Hind (India) is praiseworthy; in the Sindians the idiom of Sind is praiseworthy.

I am not sanctified by their glorification (of Me); 'tis they that become sanctified and pearl-scattering (pure and radiant).

I look not at the tongue and the speech; I look at the inward (spirit) and the state (of feeling).

1760 I gaze into the heart (to see) whether it be lowly, though the words uttered be not lowly, Because the heart is the substance, speech (only) the accident; so the accident is subservient, the substance is the (real) object.

How much (more) of these phrases and conceptions and metaphors? I want burning, burning: become friendly with that burning!

⁴⁵ I.e. The local and traditional forms of speech used in the practice of religion.

Light up a fire of love in thy soul, burn thought and expression entirely (away)!

O Moses, they that know the conventions are of one sort, they whose souls and spirits burn are of another sort."

1765 To lovers there is a burning (which consumes them) at every moment: tax and tithe are not (imposed) on a ruined village.

If he (the lover) speak faultily, do not call him faulty; and if he be bathed in blood, do not wash (those who are) martyrs.

For martyrs, blood is better than water: this fault (committed by him) is better than a hundred right actions (of another).

Within the Ka'ba the rule of the qibla does not exist: what matter if the diver has no snow-shoes?

Do not seek guidance from the drunken: why dost thou order those whose garments are rent in pieces to mend them?

1770 The religion of Love is apart from all religions: for lovers, the (only) religion and creed is -- God.

If the ruby have not a seal (graven on it), 'tis no harm: Love in the sea of sorrow is not sorrowful.

How the (Divine) revelation came to Moses, on whom be peace, excusing that shepherd.

After that, God hid in the inmost heart of Moses mysteries which cannot be spoken.

Words were poured upon his heart: vision and speech were mingled together.

How oft did he become beside himself and how oft return to himself! How oft did he fly from eternity to everlastingness!

1775 If I should unfold (his tale) after this, 'tis foolishness (in me), because the explanation of this is beyond (our) understanding;

And if I should speak (thereof), 'twould root up (men's) minds; and if I should write (thereof), 'twould shatter many pens.

When Moses heard these reproaches from God, he ran into the desert in quest of the shepherd.

He pushed on over the footprints of the bewildered man, he scattered dust from the skirt of the desert.⁴⁶

The footstep of a man distraught is, in truth, distinct from the footsteps of others:

1780 (At) one step, (he moves) like the rook (straight) from top to bottom (of the chessboard); (at) one step he goes crossways, like the bishop;

Now lifting his crest like a wave; now going on his belly like a fish;

Now writing (a description of) his state on some dust, like a geomancer who takes an omen by drawing lines (on earth or sand).

At last he (Moses) overtook and beheld him; the giver of glad news said, "Permission has come (from God).

Do not seek any rules or method (of worship); say whatsoever your distressful heart desires.

1785 Your blasphemy is (the true) religion, and your religion is the light of the spirit: you are saved, and through you a (whole) world is in salvation.

O you who are made secure by *God doeth what so He willeth*, go, loose your tongue without regard (for what you say)."

He said, "O Moses, I have passed beyond that: I am now bathed in (my) heart's blood.

I have passed beyond the Lote-tree of the farthest bourn, I have gone a hundred thousand years' journey on the other side.

⁴⁶ i.e. he made great haste.

Thou didst ply the lash, and my horse shied, made a bound, and passed beyond the sky.

1790 May the Divine Nature be intimate with my human nature -- blessings be on thy hand and on thine arm!

Now my state is beyond telling: this which I am telling is not my (real) state."

You behold the image which is in a mirror: it is your (own) image, it is not the image of the mirror.

The breath which the flute-player puts into the flute--does it belong to the flute? No, it belongs to the man (the flute player).

Take good heed! Whether you speak praise (of God) or thanksgiving, know that it is even as the unseemly (words) of that shepherd.

1795 Though your praise is better in comparison with that, yet in relation to God it too is maimed (feeble).

How often will you say, when the lid has been raised⁴⁷, "This was not what they were thinking (it was)!"

This acceptance (by God) of your praise is from (His) mercy: it is an indulgence (which He grants), like (the indulgence granted in the case of) the prayers of a woman suffering from menorrhagia.

Her prayers are stained with blood; your praise is stained with assimilation and qualification. Blood is foul, and (yet) it goes (is washed away) by a (little) water; but the inward part (the inner man) hath impurities

1800 Which fail not (are not removed) from the interior (the heart) of the man of works except by the water of the grace of the Maker.

Would that in your bowing low in prayer you would turn your face (to attentive consideration) and apprehend the meaning of "Glory to my Lord!"

Saying, "Oh, my prostration (in prayer), like my existence, is unworthy (of Thee): do Thou give good in return for evil!"

This earth has the mark of God's clemency, in that it got filth and gave flowers as the produce;

In that it covers our pollutions, (and that) buds grow up from it in exchange.

1805 Therefore, when the infidel saw that in giving and lavishing he was meaner and unwealthier than the earth,

(That) flowers and fruit did not grow from his being, (and that) he sought (and achieved) nothing but the corruption of all purities,

He said, "I have gone backwards in (my) course. Alas! would that I had (still) been earth!

Would that I had not chosen to travel away from earthiness, (and that) like a clod of earth I had gathered some grain!

When I travelled, the Way tried me: what was the present I brought (home) from this travelling?"

1810 'Tis from all that propensity of his towards earth that he sees before him no profit in the journey.

His turning his face back is that greed and cupidity (of his); his turning his face to the Way is sincerity and supplication.

Every herb that has a propensity for (moving) upwards is in (the state of) increase and life and growth;

When it has turned its head towards the earth, (it is) in (the state of) decrease and dryness and failure and disappointment.

When the propensity of your spirit is upwards, (you are) in (the state of) increase, and that (lofty) place is the place to which you will return;

⁴⁷ i.e. when you shall see things as they really are.

1815 But if you are upside down, (with) your head towards the earth, (then) you are one that sinks: God loves not them that sink.

A4) At: 40, p.132-134

Moses and the shepherd, on the indulgence of God

ONE day Moses encountered a shepherd on the way! And heard him saying: 'O God who electest whomsoever Thou wilt, where art Thou, that I may become Thy servant and stitch Thy shoes and comb Thy head, wash Thy clothes and kill Thy lice and bring Thee milk, O most worshipful! Kiss Thy little hand and rub Thy little foot, sweep Thy little room when bedtime comes, O Thou to whom may all my goats be a sacrifice, O Thou in remembrance of whom I cry ah and ah!

The shepherd was talking nonsense after this fashion. Moses said 'to him, 'Whom are you addressing?'

'Him who created us,' the shepherd answered. 'Him by whom this earth and heaven were brought to sight.'

'Ah, you have become indeed a backslider!' Moses said. 'You have ceased to be a Muslim, you have become an unbeliever. What is this babble, this unbelief and gibberish? Stun ' some cotton-wool into your mouths The whole world stinks with the stench of your blasphemy; your blasphemy has turned to rags the silk robe of religion. Shoes and socks-- such things are suitable for you, but how are they fit for the Sun Divide? if you do not stop up your throat from saying such words, a fire will come and burn up all the people.'

'Moses, you have stitched up my mouth and burned my soul with repentance,' the shepherd said. Heaving a sigh, he rent his garment and hastily set forth into the desert.

Thereupon a revelation came to Moses from God: 'You have put asunder My servant from Me. Did you come in order to unite, or to tear apart? Take no step to separate, so far as you are able; the most hateful of all things to Me is divorce. I have ordained for every man a manner of conduct; I have given to every man his own way of expression. In regard to him it is praiseworthy; in regard to you it is blame-worthy; in regard 'to him it is honey, in regard to you it is poison. I am independent of all purity and uncleanness; I am far above all sloth and alacrity. I made not any commandment that I might make profit, but that I might be bountiful to My servants. To Indians the usage of Hind is praiseworthy, to Sindians the usage of Sind is praiseworthy; I am not sanctified by their magnificats, it is they who are sanctified so that they scatter pearls. I do not regard the tongue and the speech; I regard the inward soul and the spirit's state. I look into the heart, whether it be humble even though the words spoken be far from humble. For the heart is the substance; speech is only the accident; therefore the accident is adventitious, the substance is the true object. How many more of these phrases, these concepts, these metaphors? What I want is banning, burning ; attune yourself to burning I Kindle a fire of love in your soul, burn utterly all thought and expressions!'

Thereafter God hid in Moses' secret heart such mysteries as cannot be spoken.

When Moses heard this rebuke from God he ran into the desert in quest of the shepherd, driving on over the foot-prints of that man distraught, scattering dust from the skirt of the desert.

Finally Moses overtook and sighted the shepherd. He gave him the good tidings.

'Licence has come from God. Search not after any particular rules or order of worship; whatever your distressed heart desires, declare it. What I called your blasphemy is in fact true religion, and your religion is the light of the spirit. You are saved, and through you a whole

world is in salvation. "God does whatsoever He wills": these words have set you free; go, loose your tongue in whatever manner you please.'

'Moses, I have gone beyond that,' said the shepherd. 'Now I am weltering in my heart's blood. I have transcended the "Lote-tree of the Boundary "; I have gone a hundred thousand years' journey beyond. You applied the whip; my horse shied, bounded, and passed beyond the sky. May the Divinity be intimate with my humanity: blessings be ' upon your hand and upon your arm! My state now is beyond all telling; this that I am telling is not my true state.'

Beware and beware! Whether you praise God or give thanks to Him, know that your lauds are as the foolish words of that shepherd. Though your praise is superior in comparison with his, yet in relation to God it too is halting and maimed. God's accepting your commemoration is of His abounding mercy.

A5) Bt: p.19-22

Moses and the Shepherd

Moses heard a shepherd on the road praying,

"God,

where are You? I want to help You, to fix Your shoes
and comb Your hair. I want to wash Your clothes
and pick the lice off. I want to bring You milk,
to kiss Your little hands and feet when it's time
for You to go to bed. I want to sweep Your room
and keep it neat. God, my sheep and goats
are Yours. All I can say, remembering You,
is *ayyyy* and *ahhhhhhhhh*."

Moses could stand it no longer.

"*Who* are you talking to?"

"The One who made us,

and made the earth and made the sky."

"Don't talk about shoes

and socks with God! And what's this with *Your little hands and feet*? Such blasphemous familiarity sounds like you're chatting with your uncles.

Only something that grows needs milk. Only someone with feet needs shoes. Not God! Even if you meant God's human representatives, as when God said, 'I was sick, and you did not visit me,' even then this tone would be foolish and irreverent.

Use appropriate terms. *Fatima* is a fine name for a woman, but if you call a man *Fatima*, it's an insult. Body-and-birth language are right for us on this side of the river,

but not for addressing the Origin,
not for Allah."

The shepherd repented and tore his clothes and sighed
and wandered out into the desert.

A sudden revelation

came then to Moses. God's Voice:

*You have separated Me
from one of my own. Did you come as a Prophet to unite,
or to sever?*

*I have given each being a separate and unique way
of seeing and knowing and saying that knowledge.*

*What seems wrong to you is right for him.
What is poison to one is honey to someone else.*

*Purity and impurity, sloth and diligence in worship,
these mean nothing to Me.*

I am apart from all that.

*Ways of worshipping are not to be ranked as better
or worse than one another.*

Hindus do Hindu things.

*The Dravidian Muslims in India do what they do.
It's all praise, and it's all right.*

*It's not Me that's glorified in acts of worship.
It's the worshippers! I don't hear the words
they say. I look inside at the humility.*

*That broken-open lowliness is the Reality,
not the language! Forget phraseology.
I want burning, burning.*

Be Friends

*with your burning. Burn up your thinking
and your forms of expression!*

Moses,

*those who pay attention to ways of behaving
and speaking are one sort.*

Lovers who burn

are another."

Don't impose a property tax
on a burned out village. Don't scold the Lover.
The "wrong" way he talks is better than a hundred

"right" ways of others.

Inside the Kaaba
it doesn't matter which direction you point
your prayer rug!

The ocean diver doesn't need snowshoes!
The Love-Religion has no code or doctrine.
Only God.

So the ruby has nothing engraved on it!
It doesn't need markings.

God began speaking
deeper mysteries to Moses. Vision and words,
which cannot be recorded here, poured into
and through him. He left himself and came back.
He went to Eternity and came back here.
Many times this happened.

It's foolish of me
to try and say this. If I did say it,
it would uproot our human intelligences.
It would shatter all writing pens.

Moses ran after the shepherd.
He followed the bewildered footprints,
in one place moving straight like a castle
across a chessboard. In another, sideways,
like a bishop.

Now surging like a wave cresting,
now sliding down like a fish,
with always his feet
making geomancy symbols in the sand,
recording
his wandering state.

Moses finally caught up
with him.

"I was wrong. God has revealed to me
that there are no rules for worship.

Say whatever
and however your loving tells you to. Your sweet blasphemy

is the truest devotion. Through you a whole world
is freed.

Loosen your tongue and don't worry what comes out.
It's all the Light of the Spirit."

The shepherd replied,

"Moses, Moses,

I've gone beyond even that.

You applied the whip and my horse shied and jumped out of itself. The Divine Nature and my human nature came together.

Bless your scolding hand and your arm.
I can't say what has happened.

What I'm saying now
is not my real condition. It can't be said."

The shepherd grew quiet.

When you look in a mirror,
you see yourself, not the state of the mirror.
The flute player puts breath into a flute,
and who makes the music? Not the flute.
The Flute player!

Whenever you speak praise
or thanksgiving to God, it's always like this
dear shepherd's simplicity.

When you eventually see
through the veils to how things really are,
you will keep saying again
and again,

"This is certainly not like
we thought it was!"

A6) Moj: p. 101-106

Moses condemns the prayer of a shepherd

Once Moses overheard a shepherd pray:

'O God! O Gods' he heard this shepherd say.

1725 'Where do you live that I might serve you there?

I'd mend your battered shoes and comb your hair,
And wash your clothes, and kill the lice and fleas.

And serve you milk to sip from when you please;
I'd kiss your little hand, and rub your feet,

And sweep your bedroom clean and keep it neat;
I'd sacrifice my herd of goats for you

This loud commotion proves my love is true.'

He carried on in this deluded way,

So Moses asked, 'What's that I hear you say?'

1730 I speak to my Creator there on high,

The One who also made the earth and sky.'
 Moses replied, 'You've truly lost your way;
 You've given up the faith and gone astray.
 It's gibberish and babble, stupid twit;
 You'd better learn to put a cork in it!
 Your blasphemy pollutes the atmosphere
 And tears to shreds that silk of faith so sheer.
 While socks and shoes might be superb for you,
 How can they fit the sun? Have you a clue?
1735 If you don't shut your mouth immediately.
 A fire will burn up all humanity!
 You don't believe? Then please explain this smoke.
 And why your soul turned black when you just spoke
 If you're aware that He is God, our Lord,
 Why act familiar when that is abhorred?
 Such stupid friendship's truly enmity;
 The Lord's above such acts of piety
 For relatives reserve your generous deeds
 God has no body, nor material needs:
1740 Milk is for creatures who must drink and eat;
 Shoes are for those who have a need for feet.
 Even when you address his chosen slave
 Select your words with care, don't misbehave,
 Since God has said, "I'm he and he is I;
*When I was ill you never once stopped by:*⁴⁸
 He wasn't left alone with his disease,
 That servant who *through me both hears and sees.*"⁴⁹
 Don't talk to saints without the reverence due!
 It blocks your heart, and blots your record too.
1745 If you address a man by Fatema's⁵⁰ name,
 Though man and woman are inside the same,
 He'll still seek vengeance for it if he can,
 Even if he's a calm and patient man
 That glorious name which women all revere
 Can wound a man more deeply than a spear.
 While hands and beet are great for you and me,
 They'd just contaminate God's purity--
*He was not born, nor does the Lord beget,*⁵¹

⁴⁸ *When I was ill you never once stopped by*: this is part of a saying of the Prophet Mohammad, which describes God as asking Mankind this question at the Resurrection (see further note to v. 293 above). They are bewildered by the suggestion that they could have visited God when He was sick, and so God explains that if they had visited the sick people whom they had ignored they would have found Him there. Appropriately perhaps for this context, a variant of this hadith identifies Moses rather than all Mankind as those being addressed by God.

⁴⁹ *through me both hears and sees* : this is part of possibly the best-known Sacred Tradition, or saying of the Prophet in which he presents a message from God in his own words. God affirms that his worshippers continue to draw close to Him through extra acts of devotion until they eventually see and hear through Him, and thus subsist through Him.

⁵⁰ *Fateme*: the highly revered daughter of the Prophet Mohammad and his first wife Khadija. She became the wife of the Prophet's cousin and disciple Ali, and the mother of the Prophet's grandsons Hasan and Hosayn.

But reproducing beings are in his debt.
1750 Those with a body were once born, and must
 Remain until death in this realm of dust;
 That is because we wither and decay;
 Unlike our Maker we must fade away.'
 The shepherd said, 'Your words have struck me dumb.
 Regret non burns my soul, and I feel numb.'
 He breathed a heavy sigh and ripped his cloak,
 Then in the desert disappeared like smoke.

God rebukes Moses for what he said to the shepherd

A revelation came down instantly:
 'You have lust turned a slave away from me
1755 Was not to lead to union why you came?
 Is causing separation now your aim?
 As Car as possible don't separate
*Above all else divorce is what I hate.*⁵²
 I've given each one his own special ways
 And his unique expressions when he prays;
 What he thinks virtuous you deem scandalous:
 This person's meat to you seems poisonous.
 I stand immune to all impurity;
 Men's pride and cunning never bother me.
1760 I don't command for my own benefit,
 But so my slaves themselves can gain from it.
 For Indians their own dialect sounds best.
 But folk from Sind think theirs the loveliest.
 I'm not made any purer by their praise;
 They gain in eloquence and godly ways.
 And I pay no attention to their speech,
 But their intentions and the heights they reach
 I know when men's hearts have humility.
 Even if they should speak too haughtily.'
1765 The heart's the essence, words are mere elects:
 The heart's what matters, hot air He rejects.
 I'm tired of fancy ' terms and metaphors;
 I want a soul which burns so much it roars!
 It's time to light one's heart with pure desire,
 Burn thought and its expression with this fire!
 How far apart the meek and well-behaved
 From ardent lovers, who may seem depraved.
 Each moment lovers burn themselves away:
 A ruined village has no tithes to pay
1770 Don't pick at faults and call him a disgrace,
 Don't wash the blood upon the martyr's face!

⁵¹ He was not born, nor does the Lord beget: Qur'an 112:3, in a short chapter which asserts emphatically that God is one, eternal, and incomparable.

⁵² *Above all else divorce is what I hate*: part of a saying of Prophet Mohammad, which emphasizes how displeasing the separation of husband and wife through divorce is to God.

It suits a martyr better that he bleeds.
 And that's worth more than countless pious deeds.
 Men in the Kaaba end the *qebla*⁵³ rule
 What use are boots when swimming in a pool?
 You don't seek guidance from those drunken men.
 So why insist they mend their rags again?
 God's lovers stand beyond all faiths, as they
 Are shown by God Himself a higher way.
1775 A gem which lacks a seal remains a gem;
 Though sorrows rain down, love's not changed by them.

A revelation comes to Moses, excusing the shepherd

Then in the depths of Moses God concealed
 Such secrets that can never be revealed;
 Into his heart poured words, pure and refined,
 Transparent just like speech and sight combined.
 He lost his wits and then found them anew,
 From pre- to post eternity he flew.
 If I describe this it will be in vain;
 What lies beyond words how can I explain?
1780 This mystery u auld smash your brain to bits;
 When writing it the firmest stylus splits.
 Once Moses had heard God's reproach, he ran
 Towards the desert, searching for that man;
 He followed footprints that the shepherd laid,
 Scattering dust throughout the track he'd made.
 Footprints of drunkards are a special kind,
 Distinct from those the sober leave behind:
 He starts lust like a rook, steps straight ahead,
 Then bishop like diagonally instead,
1785 Sometimes lust like a Have's crest rising high
 And then as if a fish has slithered by;
 Occasionally he'd write his thoughts in sand
 Like fortune-tellers reading what is planned.
 On reaching the poor shepherd finally,
 Moses announced, 'I bring you God's decree:
 Don't bother with good manners any more,
 But let your heart express what's in its core!
 Your unbelief is faith, your faith God's light;
 The world through you is also safe and bright.
1790 Absolved by God, *Who does what He should will*,⁵⁴
 Speak out, and don't be scared I blame you stills!
 He said, 'I passed that stage right at the start;
 I'm drenched in blood now from my love-torn heart!
 I've passed *that lote tree found at heaven's end*,⁵⁵

⁵³ *Qebla*: see Glossary

⁵⁴ *Who does what He should will*: Qur'an 14: 27. See further note to v.1623 above.

A thousand spheres beyond, I still ascend.
 You cracked the whip, which made my stallion vault
 Above the heavens with a somersault!
 May God stay close to human beings like me,
 And may He bless your hand eternally!⁵⁶
1795 With words my current state can't be expressed;
 What I have said give lust a hint at best.'
 The image in the mirror which you see
 Is yours and not the mirror's obviously;
 The breath inside the reed its player's blown
 Is not the reed's but the reed-player's own
 Whenever you should praise God, be aware
 It's like this shepherd's crazy sounding prayer:
 Though yours seems better and more accurate,
 Still, for the Lord, they're both inadequate;

1800 So when the veil is lifted don't protest:
 'What's now revealed we never could have guessed.'
 Through kindness he hears *zeker*⁵⁷ you dedicate
 And women's prayers though they still menstruate:⁵⁸
 Blood makes her prayer impure, likewise in you
 Your doubts and questioning pollute prayers too;
 Polluting blood is washed au ay with ease;
 Within you there are worse impurities,
 Which, if you lack His water of pure grace,
 Will not be rubbed off from your inner face
1805 When you're prostrate, if only your attention
 Were on the meaning of the prayers you mention
 Say, 'Just like my existence, it's worth naught;
 You give good things for bad things I have brought! '
 Earth has the mark of God's great clemency:
 With dung it raises flowers seasonally.
 Thus it will hide our filthy, smelly shit
 And, in return, buds start to grow from it.
 An infidel saw that he he was behind
 Mere soil in giving help and being kind:
1810 From his existence flowers didn't grow,
 And so to pure things he became a foe.
 He said: 'I'm going backwards as days pass;
*If only I'd remained mere dust! Alas!*⁵⁹

⁵⁵ *that lote tree found at heaven's end*: Qur'an 53: 13-18, where, in a passage about the Prophet Mohammad's ascension to heaven, it refers to a lote tree marking the utmost reach of heaven and the limits of human understanding.

⁵⁶ *And may He bless your hand eternally*: this is probably intended as an allusion to the miraculous transformation of Moses's hand mentioned in Qur'an 20: 22, 28: 132. See note to v. 52 above.

⁵⁷ *Zeker* : see glossary.

⁵⁸ *And women's prayers though they still menstruate*: women are considered to be ritually impure when they are menstruating, and are therefore unable to perform the ritual prayer according to Islamic law.

⁵⁹ *If only I'd remained mere dust! Alas!*: Qur'an 78: 40, where it represents what the sceptics will be thinking once the Resurrection at the end of time actually starts to happen. See further note to v. 293 above

If only I'd not chosen then from clay
 To change, I would still nurture seeds today!
 While travelling it, my journey much has taught,
 But on returning I have brought back naught.'
 His inclination was towards the earth,
 So in the journey he saw little worth.
1815 Turning away is lust and greediness,
 Turning to Him is truthful neediness.
 Each plant which longs to reach above soon grows
 And flourishes with life that God bestows.
 But those that bend towards the ground will be
 Sapped of their strength and wither rapidly:
 If your soul longs to soar up through the sky,
 You will gain much and soon return on high,
 But if your head points downwards, don't forget:
 You'll sink, and God loves not *the ones that set!*⁶⁰

A7) Lr: Poem 29, p.371-373 et Ls : p.16-18

Moses, peace be upon him, and his rejection of the shepherd's prayer

MOSES SAW a shepherd on the road
 who kept crying out: O God, O Lord
 Where do I find you, that I might serve?
 sew your moccasins, and comb your hair
 wash your clothes for you, and kill your lice
 bring milk for you, O Lord Mjestic!
 Kiss your little hands and rub your feet
 and at bed time sweep your place to sleeps
 May my goats all be your sacrifice,
 in whose name I call my hoes and hoes.. .
 "Who's that you're talking with?" asked Moses,
 hearing shepherd voice such silly hopes.
 "With the one who's fashioned us," he said.
 "And made earth and heavens come to light."
 "What wretched state you're in!" said Moses.
 "What islam or blasphemy is that?
 Total nonsense, what delusions, false!
 Stuff and stop your mouth with cotton coarse!
 You fill the world with stench of blaspheme
 and tear faith's silken garb to tatters.
 Fit for you are boots and moccasins,
 but seemly for the Sun? Are such things?!
 If you do not bite your lip and tongue,
 flames will touch all creatures, singe the world.
 If no flames fell, what's this ashen soot?
 Spirit blackened and soul rejected.

⁶⁰ *the ones that set*: Qur'an 6: 76. See note to vv. 299-300 above.

If you know for sure that God is Judge,
how can you buy impudence and mud?

Witless friends work just like enemies --
God on high such service does not needs
You speak like this with aunt and uncle --
God's grandeur needs no ease and comforts
Only sucklings, growing boys, drink milk
Only bare feet are for slippers fit
And this, God's saying, means His servants:
 My servant is Me and I am him
 I fell ill, you did not visit me.
 It offended Me and not just him
To talk like this, even of servants
is wrong, if they "Hear and see through Me."

This talk's even nonsense in respect
of servants who "Hear and see through me."
Don't speak rudely with these men of God;
it dulls your heart, turns your pages black.
If you call some man by "Fatima"
though men and women are one specie
though this man's a calm one and serene
he'll try to slit your throat
To a woman "Fatima" is praise
to a man this cuts him like a knife
Hand and foot in our respect may fit
It's -- respecting God's transcendence -- spill
He's *He neither glues birth nor was born*⁶¹
He creates both mother and her son
We speak of birth for forms corporal
birth flows through our world material
formed of composition and decay
contingent on a Primal Mover.
 The shepherd said, "Moses, you sewed shut
 my mouth and scorched my soul with regret."
 He rent his cloak, unleashed a hot sigh,
 bowed head into the desert, and went.

Revelation came from God to Moses:
 You've torn My servant from My presence
 Were you sent in order to unite
 or to distinguish and divide?
 Avoid if you can separation
 "More hateful still to Me, estrangement"
 I to all their qualities assign
 and give a form to their expression
 What to some is praise, to you is blame

⁶¹ [K112 3]

What's honey to his taste, your poison
 Above pure/impure I'm sanctified
 far above all suave-and boorish-ness
 I command My servants worship Me
 not for My profit, but to bless them:
 Hindus praise Me in the Hindu tongue
 Sindis praise Me in the Sindi tongue
 I'm not made pure by their remembrance
 but pure, full of pearls, do they become
 We've no regard for words or language
 We look for spirit and behavior
 We see the heart and if that's humble
 ignore the words used, brash or mumbled.

F1) Vm: p.400- 405

Comment Moïse (sur lui la paix) fut offensé par la prière du berger

1720 Moïse vit en route un berger, qui disait : « Ô Dieu qui choisis qui Tu veux,
 « Qui es-Tu, que je puisse devenir Ton serviteur, et coudre Tes sandales et peigner Tes
 cheveux?
 « Que je puisse laver Tes vêtements, et tuer Ta vermine et T'apporter du lait, Ô mon Adoré ;
 « Que je puisse baiser Ta petite main et frotter Tes petits pieds, et, au moment du coucher,
 balayer Ta petite chambre,
 « Ô Toi à qui toutes mes chèvres sont offertes en sacrifice ; ô Toi en souvenir de qui sont
 tous mes gémissments! »
 Le berger disait de cette façon des paroles insensées: Moïse dit : « Homme, à qui parles-
 tu ? »
 Il répondit : « A Celui-là qui nous a créés, par qui cette terre et ce ciel ont été rendus visibles.
 »
 « Prends garde! dit Moïse. Tu es devenu tout à fait pervers ; en réalité, tu n'es pas devenu un
 musulman, tu es devenu un impie.
 « Qu'est-ce que ces sottises? Qu'est-ce que cette impiété et cette folie? Mets-toi du coton dans
 la bouche!
 « La puanteur de ton blasphème a rendu le monde entier puant ; ton impiété a mis en haillons
 la robe de soie de la religion.
1730 « Des souliers et des bas sont bien pour toi, mais comment de telles choses
 conviendraient-elles à un Soleil?
 « Si tu ne cesses pas de prononcer de telles paroles, un feu viendra pour brûler les gens.
 « Si un feu n'est pas venu, qu'est cette fumée? Pourquoi ton âme est-elle devenue noire et
 ton esprit repoussé par Dieu ?
 « Si tu sais que Dieu est le Juge, comment cette conversation stupide et cette familiarité
 pourraient-elles être justes pour toi ?
 « En vérité, l'amitié d'un imbécile est inimitié : le grand Dieu n'a pas besoin d'un tel service.
 « A qui parles-tu ainsi ? A tes oncles paternels et maternels ? Le corps et ses besoins sont-ils
 parmi les attributs du Seigneur de majesté ?
 « Seul celui qui se développe et grandit boit du lait ; seul celui qui a besoin de pieds met des
 souliers.

« Et si tes paroles concernent Son serviteur, celui dont Dieu a dit : "Il est Moi et Je suis lui" ;
 ;
 « Celui dont Dieu a dit : "En vérité, J'étais malade et tu ne M'as pas rendu visite" ; c'est-à-dire : "Je suis devenu malade, non pas lui seulement" ;
 « Pour "celui qui est devenu voyant par Moi et qui entend par Moi" - tes paroles sont insensées même en ce qui concerne ce serviteur.
1740 « Parler sans respect à l'Élu de Dieu fait périr l'esprit et rend la page noire.
 « Si tu appelles un homme "Fâtima" - bien que les hommes et les femmes soient tous d'une seule espèce -
 « Il cherchera à te tuer, si cela lui est possible, bien qu'il ait bon caractère, qu'il soit patient et calme.
 « Le nom de Fâtima est un compliment pour les femmes, mais si vous l'employez à l'égard d'un homme, c'est comme le coup d'une lance.
 « La main et le pied sont des mots de louanges en ce qui nous concerne ; par rapport à la sainteté de Dieu, ils sont impurs.
 « Il n'a pas engendré et Il n'est pas engendré Lui convient : Il est le Créateur de Celui qui engendre et de celui qui est engendré.
 « La naissance est l'attribut de tout ce qui est corporel ; tout ce qui est né est de ce côté de la rivière,
 « Parce qu'il appartient au monde du devenir et du déclin et est méprisable ; cela a une origine et certainement nécessite Quelqu'un qui soit son origine:.. »
 Le berger dit : « Ô Moïse, tu m'as fermé la bouche, et tu as brûlé mon âme de repentir. »
 Il déchira ses vêtements, poussa un soupir, se tourna précipitamment vers le désert, et s'en alla.

Comment le Dieu Très-Haut fit des reproches à Moïse (sur lui la paix) à cause du berger

1750 Une révélation vint à Moïse de la part de Dieu : « Tu as séparé mon serviteur de Moi.
 « Es-tu venu pour unir, ou bien es-tu venu pour diviser ?
 « Autant que tu le peux, ne fais pas un pas vers la séparation ; de toutes les choses, la plus détestable à Mes yeux est le divorce⁶².
 « J'ai octroyé à chacun une façon d'agir ; j'ai donné à chacun une forme d'expression.
 « En ce qui le concerne, c'est digne de louanges et en ce qui te concerne, cela mérite le blâme ; quant à lui, c'est du miel, et quant à toi du poison.
 « Je suis indépendant de toute pureté et impureté, de toute paresse et de toute diligence (dans le culte).
 « Je ne l'ai pas ordonné pour en tirer profit, non, mais afin d'accorder un bienfait à Mes serviteurs.
 « Pour les Indiens, la langue de l'Inde est digne de louanges ; pour les gens du Sind, la langue du Sind.
 « Je ne suis pas sanctifié par leur glorification ; ce sont eux qui deviennent sanctifiés et purs.
 « Je ne regarde pas la langue et la parole, je regarde l'esprit et la disposition.
1760 « Je regarde dans le cœur pour voir s'il est vil, bien que les paroles prononcées puissent ne pas être viles,
 « Car le cœur est l'essence, la parole n'est que l'accident ; aussi l'accident est-il accessoire, l'essence est ce qui compte.

⁶² Hadîth.

« Combien encore de ces phrases, de ces idées, de ces métaphores? C'est la brûlure que je désire, la brûlure ! Deviens l'ami de cette brûlure!

« Allume dans ton âme le feu de l'amour, détruis par le feu la pensée et l'expression.

« Ô Moïse, ceux qui connaissent les conventions sont d'une sorte, ceux dont les âmes et les esprits brûlent sont d'une autre sorte. »

Pour les amoureux, la flamme existe à chaque instant : l'impôt et la dîme ne sont pas pour le village en ruine.

Si l'amoureux parle de façon fautive, ne l'appelle pas fautif ; et s'il baigne dans son sang, ne lave pas les martyrs.

Pour les martyrs, le sang est préférable à l'eau ; cette faute était préférable à cent œuvres pies. A l'intérieur de la Ka'ba, il n'est pas d'orientation vers la *qibla* ; qu'importe si le plongeur ne possède pas de bottes?

Ne cherche pas la direction chez ceux qui sont ivres ; pourquoi ordonner à ceux dont les habits sont en morceaux de les raccommoier ?

1770 La religion de l'amour est différente de toutes les religions ; pour les amoureux, la religion et la foi, c'est Dieu.

Si le rubis ne comporte pas de sceau, peu importe ; l'amour, dans une mer de chagrins, n'est point chagriné.

Comment la révélation divine vint à Moïse (sur lui la paix) pour excuser ce berger

Après cela, Dieu mit au tréfonds du cœur de Moïse des mystères dont on ne peut parler.

Des paroles furent déversées sur son cœur : vision et paroles étaient mélangées.

Combien de fois devint-il hors de lui-même et combien de fois revint-il à lui-même! Combien de fois s'envola-t-il de l'éternité à la pérennité !

Si je racontais tout cela après lui, ce serait folie de ma part, car l'explication en est au-delà de notre compréhension ;

Et si j'en parlais, cela déracinerait les esprits des hommes ; et si j'écrivais à ce sujet, cela briserait bien des plumes.

Quand Moïse entendit ces reproches de la part de Dieu, il courut dans le désert à la recherche du berger.

Il s'avança sur les traces de pas de cet homme bouleversé, il fit se lever la poussière du désert.

Le pas d'un homme affolé est, en vérité, distinct des pas des autres ;

1780 A un pas, il se meut comme la tour tout droit du haut en bas (de l'échiquier) ; à un pas il se dirige de travers comme le fou ;

Tantôt levant sa crête comme une vague ; tantôt rampant sur son ventre comme un poisson ;

Tantôt écrivant la description de son état sur la poussière, comme un géomancien qui tire un augure en dessinant des lignes sur le sable.

Enfin, Moïse le retrouva et l'aperçut ; le porteur de bonnes paroles lui dit : « La permission est venue de la part de Dieu.

« Ne recherche aucune règle ni méthode d'adoration ; dis tout ce que ton cœur affligé désire.

« Ton blasphème est la véritable religion, et ta religion est la lumière de l'esprit : tu es sauvé, et grâce à toi un monde tout entier est sauvé.

« Ô toi qui es en sécurité grâce à *Dieu fait ce qu'Il veut*, va, parle à cœur ouvert, sans t'inquiéter de ce que tu dis. »

Il dit : « Ô Moïse, je suis passé au-delà de cela : je suis à présent baigné dans le sang de mon cœur.

« Je suis passé au-delà du jujubier de la limite⁶³, j'ai fait un voyage de cent mille ans de l'autre côté.

« Tu as brandi le fouet, et mon cheval a fait un écart, a bondi, et est passé au-delà du ciel.

1790 « Puisse la Nature divine devenir intime avec ma nature humaine

--que les bénédictions soient sur ta main et ton bras !

« A présent, mon état est au-delà de ce que j'en puis dire : ce que je décris n'est pas mon véritable état. »

Tu aperçois ton image qui est dans le miroir ; c'est ta propre image, non l'image du miroir.

Le souffle que le joueur de ney (flute) met dans le ney appartient-il au ney ? Non, il appartient à l'homme.

Prends garde, prends garde! Que tu prononces des louanges ou des actions de grâce, sache que c'est pareil aux paroles inconvenantes de ce berger.

Bien que ta louange soit meilleure, en comparaison, cependant par rapport à Dieu, elle aussi est infirme.

Combien de fois dis-tu, quand le voile a été levé : « Ce n'était pas comme on le croyait. »

Cette acceptation par Dieu de ta louange vient de Sa miséricorde ; c'est comme la permission qu'Il accorde dans le cas des prières d'une femme souffrant d'hémorragie.

Ses prières sont souillées de sang ; ta louange est entachée de *tashbih*⁶⁴ et de qualification.

Le sang est sale, mais il s'en va avec de l'eau ; mais l'intime de l'homme a des impuretés

1800 Qui, sauf par l'eau de la grâce du Créateur, ne sont pas retirées du cœur de l'homme qui commet des actions.

Puisses-tu dans ta prosternation tourner ton visage et comprendre le sens profond de « Gloire à mon Seigneur! »

Disant : « Oh, ma prosternation comme mon existence sont indignes (de Toi) : accorde-moi, Toi, le bien en échange du mal ! »

Cette terre porte l'empreinte de la clémence de Dieu, en ce qu'elle reçoit l'ordure et produit des fleurs ;

En ce qu'elle recouvre nos impuretés, et que des bourgeons croissent à leur place.

C'est pourquoi, lorsque l'impie a vu qu'il était dans ses dons et ses largesses moindre et plus pauvre que la terre,

Que des fleurs et des fruits ne poussaient pas de son être, et qu'il ne cherchait rien d'autre que la corruption de toutes les puretés,

Il dit : « Je suis allé à reculons dans mon trajet. Hélas ! Que ne suis-je encore de la terre !

« Puissé-je n'avoir pas choisi de voyager à partir de la terre et, comme une motte de terre, avoir pu recueillir des semences !

« Quand je voyageais, la Voie me mit à l'épreuve : quel présent ai-je rapporté de ce voyage ? »

C'est à cause de cette inclination qu'il a pour la terre qu'il ne voit devant lui aucun profit dans le voyage.

Le fait qu'il tourne son visage en arrière est ce désir et cette cupidité qu'il a ; tourner son visage vers la Voie est la sincérité et la supplication.

Chaque herbe qui tend à s'élever vers le haut est en train de s'accroître, de vivre, de grandir ;

Quand elle tourne sa tête vers le sol, elle est en train de décroître, de se dessécher, de se faner, de dépérir.

Quand la tendance de ton esprit est vers les hauteurs, tu es en train de croître, et c'est là le lieu où tu retourneras,

⁶³ Cf. *Qor'an*, LIII, 14.

⁶⁴ Anthropomorphisme.

Mais si tu es à l'envers, la tête vers la terre, tu es quelqu'un qui sombre : Dieu n'aime pas ceux qui sombrent.

M. IV) Hekâyat e şahvatrândan e kaniz xar : Ma V, lignes : 1333-1429

داستان آن کنیزک کی با خر خاتون شهوت می‌راند و او را چون بز و خرس آموخته بود شهوت راندن آدمیانه و کدویی در قضیب خر می‌کرد تا از اندازه نگذرد خاتون بر آن وقوف یافت لکن دقیقه‌ی کدو را ندید کنیزک را ببهانه براه کرد جای دور و با خر جمع شد بی‌کدو و هلاک شد بفضیحت کنیزک بیگانه باز آمد و نوحه کرد که ای جانم و ای چشم روشنم کیر دیدی کدو ندیدی ذکر دیدی آن دگر ندیدی کل ناقص ملعون یعنی کل نظر و فهم ناقص ملعون و اگر نه ناقصان ظاهر جسم مرحوم‌اند ملعون نه‌اند بر خوان لیس علی الاعمی حرج نفی حرج کرد و نفی لعنت و نفی عتاب و غضب)

<p>از وفور شهوت و فرط گزند خر جماع آدمی پی برده بود در نرش کردی پی اندازه را تا رود نیم ذکر وقت سپوز آن رحم وان روده‌ها ویران شود مانده عاجز کز چه شد این خر چو مو علت او که نتیجه‌ش لاغریست هیچ کس از سر او مخبر نشد شد تفحص را دمام مستعد زانک جد جوینده یابنده بود دید خفته زیر خر آن نرگسک بس عجب آمد از آن آن زال را که به عقل و رسم مردان با زنان پس من اولیتر که خر ملک منست خوان نهادست و چراغ افروخته کای کنیزک چند خواهی خانه روفت کای کنیزک آدمم در باز کن</p>	<p>یک کنیزک یک خری بر خود فکند آن خر نر را بگا خو کرده بود یک کدویی بود حیل‌سازه را در ذکر کردی کدو را آن عجوز گر همه کیر خر اندر وی رود خر همی شد لاغر و خاتون او نعل‌بندان را نمود آن خر که چیبست هیچ علت اندرو ظاهر نشد در تفحص اندر افتاد او به جد جد را باید که جان بنده بود چون تفحص کرد از حال اشک از شکاف در بدید آن حال را خر همی‌گاید کنیزک را چنان در حسد شد گفت چون این ممکنست خر مهذب گشته و آموخته کرد نادیده و در خانه بکوفت از پی روپوش می‌گفت این سخن</p>	<p>1335</p> <p>1345</p>
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[...]

A1) Nim : vol. 3 p. 82-87

Story of the maidservant who cum asino herae suae libidinem exercebat et eum tanquam caprum et ursam docuerat libidinem more humano exercere et veretro asini cucurbitam affigebat ne modum excederet. Her mistress discovered it but did not perceive the device of the gourd; making a pretext, she sent the maid away to a distant place and cum asino concubuit sine cucurbita and perished shamefully. The maid came back late and lamented, crying, " O my soul and O light of my eyes, veretrum vidisti, cucurbitam non vidisti; penem vidisti, illud alterum non vidisti." (According to the Tradition) every deficient one is accursed, i.e. every deficient insight and understanding is accursed; for those deficient in respect of the outward eye are objects of (Divine) mercy and are not accursed. Recite (the Verse), It is no crime in the blind. (In their case) He (God) has removed the crime, He has removed the curse, and He has removed the reproach and the wrath.

Ancilla quaedam ob multam libidinem immodicamque nequi- tiam asinum super se injecit.

Asinum ad coitum assuefecerat : asinus ad concubitum hominis viam invenerat.

1335 Technarum fabricatrici cucurbita erat, quam veretro ejus affligebat ut servaret modum.

Cucurbitam peni indiderat ilia anus ut trudendi tempore dimidium penis iniret;

Si totum asini veretrum earn iniret, uterus ejus et viscera diruerentur.

The ass was becoming lean, and his mistress remained helpless, saying, "Why has this ass become as (thin as) a hair?"

She showed the ass to the shoeing-smiths and asked, "What is his ailment of which the result is leanness?"

1340 No ailment was discerned in him, no one gave information concerning the secret (cause) thereof.

(Then) she began to investigate in earnest: she became prepared to investigate at every moment.

The soul must needs be devoted to earnest endeavour, for the earnest seeker will be a finder.

Postquam rem asini perscrutata est, ancillulam narcisso similem vidit sub asino cubantem.

Through a crack in the door she saw what was going on: the old woman marvelled greatly thereat.

1345 (Vidit) asinum futuentem ancillam sicut viri ratione et more (concumbunt) cum feminis.

She became envious and said, "Since this is possible, then I have the best right, for the ass is my property.

The ass has been perfectly trained and instructed: the table is laid and the lamp is lighted."

Feigning to have seen nothing, she knocked at the door of the room (stable), saying, "How long will you be sweeping the room, O maid?"

She spoke these words as a blind (and added), "I have come, O maid: open the door."

[...]

F1) Vm, livre cinquième, p. 1172-1177

Histoire de la servante qui avec un âne herae sua libidinem exercebat et eum tanquam caprum et ursam docuerat libidinem more humano exercere et veretro asini cucurbitam affligebat ne odum excederet. Sa maitresse le decouvrit, mais ne perçut pas à quoi servait la courge ; prenant un prétexte, elle envoya la servante a un lieu éloigné et cum asino concubuit sine cucurbita et mourut honteusement. La servante revint tard et se lamenta, pleurant : « Ô mon âme, ô lumière de mes yeux, veretrum vidisti, cucurbitam non vidisti ; penem vidisti, illud alterum non vidisti. » (Selon la Tradition prophétique), celui qui est déficient est maudit, c'est-à-dire que chaque intuition et compréhension déficientes sont maudites ; car ceux qui sont déficients en ce qui concerne l'œil extérieur sont les objets de la Miséricorde divine et ne sont pas maudits. Récite (le verset) : Il n'y a pas de faute à reprocher à l'aveugle⁶⁵ (Dans leur cas) Dieu a effacé le crime, II a effacé la malédiction, et II a effacé le reproche et le courroux.

Ancilla quaedam ob multam libidinem immodicamque nequitiam, asinum super se iniecit.

Asinum ad coitum assuefecerat : asinus ad concubitum hominis viam invenerat.

Technarum fabricatrici cucurbita erat, quam veretro ejus affligebat ut servaret modum.

Cucurbitam peni indiderat illa anus ut trudendi tempore dimidium penis iniret ;

Si totum asini veretrum earn iniret, uterus ejus et viscera diruerentur.

L'âne maigrissait, et sa maîtresse restait impuissante, disant : « Pourquoi cet âne est-il devenu mince comme un cheveu? »

⁶⁵ XLVIII, 17.

Elle montra l'âne aux maréchaux-ferrants et demanda : « Quelle est cette maladie dont la conséquence est la maigreur ? »

On ne lui découvrit aucune maladie, personne ne put lui indiquer la raison.

Alors, elle se mit sérieusement à chercher ; elle devint prête à se livrer à des investigations à tout moment.

L'âme doit se consacrer à des efforts sérieux, car le chercheur sérieux trouvera.

Après qu'elle eut recherché ce qu'il en était de l'âne, elle vit sa petite servante couchée sous l'âne.

Par une fente de la porte, elle vit ce qui se passait : la vieille femme fut stupéfaite.

(Vidit) asinum futuentem ancillam sicut viri ratione et more (concupunt) cum feminis.

Elle devint envieuse et dit : « Puisque cela est possible, alors j'y ai davantage de droit, car l'âne est ma propriété. »

L'âne a été parfaitement dressé et éduqué : la table est mise et la lampe allumée.

Feignant n'avoir rien vu, elle frappa à la porte de l'écurie, disant : « Combien de temps resteras-tu à balayer, ô servante ? »

Elle disait cela comme prétexte et ajouta : « Je suis là, ô servante, ouvre la porte. »

[...]

F2) Kud : p.124-126

Désir

Une esclave, sous l'empire du désir, avait appris à un âne à faire l'amour avec elle et l'animal y avait pris goût. L'esclave utilisait une courge afin de contrôler les assauts de l'âne. C'est-à-dire qu'au moment de l'union, cette chienne enfilait la courge sur le membre de la bête afin de n'en recevoir que la moitié car, sans cette précaution, son vagin et ses intestins eussent été déchirés.

La maîtresse de l'esclave s'étonnait de voir son âne dépérir de jour en jour. Nul vétérinaire ne découvrait le secret de cette maladie. Or, un jour, par la fente de la porte, elle aperçut son esclave sous l'âne. A cette vue, elle tomba dans l'admiration et aussi dans la jalousie.

« Comment cela est-il possible ? Je mérite cela bien plus qu'elle ! N'est-ce pas mon âne après tout ? »

L'âne était passé maître dans sa besogne. La table était mise et les bougies allumées. La maîtresse joua les innocentes et frappa à la porte. [...]

M. V) Ma IV, ligne : 511

خاله را خايه بدي خالو شدي اين به تقدير آمدست ار او بدي

A1) Nim : vol. 4 p. 300

Mateterae si testiculi essent, ea avunculus esset : this is hypothetical – “if there were.”

F1) Vm: p.866

« Si ta tante était un homme, elle serait ton oncle » – ceci est hypothétique : « si elle était... ».

M. VI) Ma I, ligne : 1207

پس زبان محرمی خود دیگرست همدلی از همزبانی بهترست

A1) Nim : vol. 2, p. 67

Therefore the tongue of mutual understanding is different indeed: to be one in heart is better than to be one in tongue.

A2) Lr: p.22

The lingo the like-minded share is best!
Better a common heart than common tongue!

A3) Moj: Book one, p.76

The tongue of intimacy is set apart
Beyond mere words, it's being one at heart

A4) Will: p.76

For intimacy's language is quite different,
It's better sharing hearts than sharing language.

F1) Vm: p.127

« Si ta tante était un homme, elle serait ton oncle » – ceci est hypothétique : « si elle était... ».

B) *Divân e Šams* : Qazals

Q. I) Nid n°8 : ce qazal n'existe pas dans le *Divân*

مرد خدا سیر بود بی کباب	مرد خدا مست بود بی شراب
مرد خدا را نبود خوردو خواب	مرد خدا واله و حیران بود
مرد خدا گنج بود در خراب	مرد خدا شاه بود زیر دلخ
مرد خدا نیست ز نار و ز آب	مرد خدا نیست ز باد و ز خاک
مرد خدا بارد در بی سحاب	مرد خدا بحر بود بی کران
مرد خدا دارد صد آفتاب	مرد خدا دارد صد ماه و چرخ
مرد خدا نیست فقیه از کتاب	مرد خدا عالم از حق بود
مرد خدا را چه خطا و صواب	مرد خدا زان سوی کفر است ودین
مرد خدا آمد عالی رکاب	مرد خدا گشت سوار از عدم

A1) Nid : VIII, p.28-31 *⁶⁶

The man of God is drunken without wine,
 The man of God is full without meat.
 The man of God is distraught and bewildered,
 The man of God has no food or sleep.
 The man of God is a king 'neath darvish-cloak,
 The man of God is a treasure in a ruin.
 The man of God is not of air and earth,
 The man of God is not of fire and water.
 The man of God is a boundless sea,
 The man of God rains pearls without a cloud.
 The man of God hath hundred moons and skies,
 The man of God hath hundred suns.
 The man of God is made wise by the Truth,
 The man of God is not learned from book.
 The man of God is beyond infidelity and religion,
 To the man of God right and wrong are alike.
 The man of God has ridden away from Not-being,
 The man of God is gloriously attended.
 The man of God is concealed, Shamsi Din;
 The man of God do thou seek and find!

A2) Cow : n°8, p. 65

The man of God remains drunk without wine,
 The man of God is replete without meat.

The man of God is distraught and confused,

⁶⁶ Cette édition de Nicholson est en réalité une traduction commentaire. Chaque poème est accompagné, en annexe, des commentaires très détaillés indiquant le mètre du poème, les allusions, le sens des mots, etc. Nous les avons exclus de ce fascicule, faute d'espace.

The man of God is hungry and fatigued.

The man of God is a king in pauper's clothes
The man of God is a treasure in a ruin.

The man of God is neither air nor earth
The man of God is not of fire nor water

The man of God is a boundless ocean,
The man of God rains pearls on a clear day

The man of God has countless moons and skies,
The man of God has unnumbered suns.

The man of God draws wisdom from truth,
The man of God learns without books.

The man of God is beyond unbelief and religion,
To the man of God right and wrong are the same

The man of God has escaped from un-being,
The man of God is waited on in glory.

Wild One, the man of God is in hiding,
You look for the man of God everywhere!

A3) Sch : p. 67-69

THE MAN OF God is drunken without wine,
The man of God is full without roast meat.
The man of God is all confused, distraught,
The man of God needs neither food nor sleep.
The man of God: a king in dervish's frock,
The man of God: a treasure in the dust.
The man of God is not of air nor earth,
The man of God: of water not, nor fire.
The man of God, he is a boundless sea,
The man of God rains pearls without a cloud.
The man of God has hundred moons and skies,
The man of God has hundred radiant suns.
The man of God knows through the Truth Divine,
The man of God is learned without books.
The man of God: no heresy, nor faith,
The man of God knows not of wrong or right.
The man of God rode from Not-Being, look!
The man of God comes here in glorious state.
The man of God is hidden, Shamsuddin!
The man of God: You seek and find him, heart!

A4) Shg : p.129**THE MAN OF GOD**

The man of God
Is drunk, but drinks no wine;
He is full, but eats no meat.

The man of God
Spins with ecstasy,
And doesn't care about food or sleep;
He is a king beneath a simple cloak,
A diamond amidst the falling ruins.

The man of God
Is not of air, nor earth;
Not of fire, nor water.
He is the pearl of a shoreless sea,
A cloudless sky dripping with nectar.
He is a boundless heaven,
With a hundred moons
And a hundred suns shining.

His wisdom
Is born of the supreme truth,
Not from the pages of a book.
He is beyond faith and doubt,
He knows not right nor wrong.

The man of God
Has bid farewell to Nothingness
And has returned in all his glory.

The man of God is well-hidden.
O my soul, Go! Find him in your heart!

F1) Vo : n° IV, p.443

L'homme de Dieu est enivré sans vin,
L'homme de Dieu est rassasié sans pain.
L'homme de Dieu est éperdu, bouleversé.
L'homme de Dieu ne mange ni ne dort.
L'homme de Dieu est un roi sous son froc,
L'homme de Dieu est un trésor dans les ruines.
L'homme de Dieu n'est pas fait d'air et de terre,
L'homme de Dieu n'est pas fait de feu et d'eau.
L'homme de Dieu est un océan sans limites,
L'homme de Dieu fait pleuvoir des perles, sans nuage.
L'homme de Dieu possède cent lunes et firmaments,
L'homme de Dieu possède cent soleils.
L'homme de Dieu est rendu sage par la Vérité suprême,

L'homme de Dieu n'est pas rendu savant par les livres.
 L'homme de Dieu est au-delà de l'impiété et de la religion,
 Pour l'homme de Dieu, juste et injuste sont semblables.
 L'homme de Dieu a chevauché hors du Non-être,
 L'homme de Dieu est servi avec dignité.
 L'homme de Dieu est caché, ô Shams-od-Dîn !
 Va chercher l'homme de Dieu, toi, et trouve-le !

Q. II) Di : n°37

یار تویی غار تویی خواجه نگهدار مرا	یار مرا غار مرا عشق جگرخوار مرا
سینه مشروح تویی بر در اسرار مرا	نوح تویی روح تویی فاتح و مفتوح تویی
مرغ که طور تویی خسته به منقار مرا	نور تویی سور تویی دولت منصور تویی
قند تویی زهر تویی بیش میازار مرا	قطره تویی بحر تویی لطف تویی قهر تویی
روضه امید تویی راه ده ای یار مرا	حجره خورشید تویی خانه ناهید تویی
آب تویی کوزه تویی آب ده این بار مرا	روز تویی روزه تویی حاصل دریوزه تویی
پخته تویی خام تویی خام بمگذار مرا	دانه تویی دام تویی باده تویی جام تویی
راه شدی تا نبدی این همه گفتار مرا	این تن اگر کم تنندی راه دلم کم زندگی

A1) Ls : p.66-67 *⁶⁷

I HAVE THIS friend
 I have this cave
 I am gutted by love⁶⁸
 you are that friend
 you are that cave
 my lord, don't cast me off
 you are Noah you are numen
 you are conqueror you are conquest
 you are the breast laid open
 I stand at the door of mysteries⁶⁹
 you are light
 you are festival
 you are fortune, God-confirmed

*⁶⁷ À l'image des traductions de Nicholson, Lewis accompagne chaque traduction de notes détaillées indiquant tout au moins le mètre. À l'exception de ce qazal, ces notes ne figurent pas dans ce fascicule.

⁶⁸ [K9:40] The two friends in the cave is an allusion to an episode mentioned in Koran 9:40, describing Muhammad's flight from Mecca with Abu Bakr. As the pagan Meccans pursued Muhammad, attempting to kill him, they hid in a cave. A spider is said to have spun a web over the entrance, making it appear as though no one had entered the cave for some time, so the pursuers did not look inside.

⁶⁹ [K94:1] "The breast laid open": from Koran 94: 1 refers in the first instance to revelation sent down by God when Muhammad was in trying circumstances, which caused his breast to dilate with joy. The biographical tradition also preserves a story about an angel opening up the chest of Muhammad to remove his heart, wash it to purify it from sin, and replace it.

From the last line, we may conclude that this poem was intended to accompany a session of turning (*samâ'*). It apparently dates to one of the two times Shams disappeared from Konya.

you're the bird of Mount Sinai
 I the wounded captive in your beak

a drop you are
 the sea you are
 grace you are
 wrath you are
 sugar, poison you are you are
 do not afflict me any longer!

You are the solar sign
 the house of Venus
 the paradise of hope
 let me in, my Friend

You are daylight
 you are fasting
 you are the wages of our begging
 You are water you are jug
 let this lover drink!

You are bait
 you are the trap
 You are wine
 you are the cup
 you are cooked
 you are raw
 Please do not leave me raw!
 If this flesh would stop its spinning
 my heart would not be robbed so dizzy
 you left town
 so I would not prattle on incessantly

A2) Helr : p. 147-148

You, You, You

Beloved, You are my cave.
 You are the fire of love that consumes me.
 The beloved is You; the cave is You.

The Prophet Noah is You; spirit is You.
 The conqueror and the conquered.
 This chest torn into pieces is You.
 The one knocking at the door of the secret is me.

You are the light; You are the celebration.
 The protection of those who are protected,
 the bird over Mount Sinai is You.
 The exhausted prey in its beak is me.

The drop is You; the ocean is You.
 The gift and the wrath are You.

The sugar is You; the poison is You.
Grant me no more pain.

The signs of the Sun are You.
The house of Mercury is You.
The path of hope is You.
Grant me the Way.

The day is You; the fasting is You.
The result of my begging is You.
Water is You; the ewer is You.
Give me the water this time.

The grain is You; the trap is You.
The wine bottle is You; the cup is You.
The cooked is You; the raw is You.
Don't leave me uncooked.

If this body becomes more refined,
the pathways inside my heart pump more freely.
Become my path completely, so there will be
so much less for me to say.

A3) Shg : p.96-97

DON'T LEAVE ME UNBAKED

Be a lover for me, a cave for me,
The sweet burn of love for me.
O master, protect me!

You are Noah, you are the soul,
 You are the slayer and the slain.
You are the treasure of knowledge-
O master, open your secret door for me!

You are the light and the celebration;
 The land rejoicing in victory.
You are the great bird of Mount Sinai-
O master, don't drop me from your beak!

You are the ocean, and the shore;
 A kind word, and a heart
 Filled with despair.
You are the sugar and the poison
O master, more sugar and less poison!

You are the orb of the Sun,
 And the house of Venus,

You are the light of hope
 That touches the world.
 O master, open up and let me see you!

You are the pain of hunger
 And the crumbs of every beggar.
 You are the water overflowing.
 O master, fill my empty cup!

You are the bait and the trap,
 The wine and the glass.
 You are the heat
 And the bread in the oven.
 O master, don't leave me unbaked!

This body is not fast enough
 To reach the end
 Of Love's path.
 Let me enter that emptiness-
 O master, take away all these words of mine.

F1) Vo : p.69-70

O compagnon, compagnon de la Caverne⁷⁰ ! Amour qui dévore le cœur !
 Tu es mon compagnon, tu es ma caverne : ô Maître, garde-moi !
 Tu es comme Noé, mon sauveur, tu es mon âme, tu es le vainqueur et le vaincu,
 Tu es le cœur blessé, et moi je suis devant la porte des Secrets.
 Tu es la lumière, tu es la joie, tu es la fortune triomphale.
 Tu es l'oiseau du Mont Sinaï, et moi j'ai été blessé par ton bec.
 Tu es la goutte d'eau et tu es l'océan, tu es la grâce et tu es le courroux,
 Tu es le sucre et tu es le poison, ne me chagrine pas davantage !
 Tu es la demeure du soleil, tu es le palais de Vénus,
 Tu es le jardin de l'espoir, montre-moi la route, ô compagnon !
 Tu es le jour, tu es le jeûne, tu es l'aumône ;
 Tu es l'eau, tu es l'aiguière : donne-moi à boire.
 Tu es le grain, tu es le filet, tu es le vin, tu es la coupe,
 Tu as la maturité et l'immaturité ; fais-moi mûrir.
 Si mon corps était moins exigeant, il créerait moins d'obstacles à mon cœur,
 Il serait devenu soumis, il ne me faudrait pas tant de paroles.

F2) Taj : p.109-110

À MOI L'AMI

A moi l'ami, à moi la grotte,
 A moi l'amour mangeur de foie⁷¹,

⁷⁰ Cf. p. 270, n. 1.

Tu es l'ami, tu es la grotte,
Ô mon maître, protège-moi.

Tu es Noé⁷², es l'esprit,
Tu es victorieux et vaincu.
Tu es le cœur qu'on ouvrit sur
La porte des secrets; pour moi⁷³.

Tu es la lumière, la fête,
Tu es le bonheur triomphant,
Tu es l'oiseau sur le mont Tour,
Je suis accablé de ton bec.

Tu es la goutte et l'océan,
Tu es la bonté, la colère,
Tu es le sucre, le poisson
Ne me rends pas plus malheureux.

Tu es la chambre du Soleil,
Tu es la maison de Vénus,
Tu es le jardin de l'espoir,
Ô ami, laisse-moi entrer.

Tu es le jour, tu es le jeûne,
Tu es le fruit de la misère⁷⁴,
Tu es l'eau et tu es le vase,
Donne-moi de l'eau cette fois.

Tu es le grain, tu es le piège,
Tu es le vin, tu es la coupe;
Tu es cru, tu es cuit aussi,
Moi, ne me laisse pas tout cru.

Que ce corps moins enveloppé
Vole moins le chemin du cœur,
Pour moi s'ouvrirait le chemin⁷⁵

⁷¹ L'amour qui attriste. Se manger le sang du foie (*khun-é djegar khordan*) signifie, au sens figuré, s'attrister.

⁷² La gnose islamique considère l'arche de Noé comme le vaisseau mystique du salut.

⁷³ À propos des secrets (*asrâr*) le sixième imam des chi'ites, l'imam Dja'far Sâdeq dit : « Notre cause est un secret qui reste voilé; un secret que seul peut enseigner un secret, un secret par-dessus un secret, un secret qui reste enveloppé dans le secret » (Trad. H. Corbin, op. cit., t. I. p. 189).

⁷⁴ La misère absolue, but de tous les derviches.

⁷⁵ On peut rappeler quelques vers de Thérèse d'Avila :

*Que ma joie soit dans les pleurs,
Le bondissement mon repos.
Que ma paix soit ma douleur
Et l'accablement mon bien-être
Que mon amour soit dans les bourrasques
Et mon amour soit dans la blessure,
Que ma vie soit dans la mort
Et dans les mépris ma faveur...*

Fermé par toutes mes paroles.

Q. III) Di : n°95

چه نغزست و چه خوبست چه زیباست خدایا	زهی عشق زهی عشق که ما راست خدایا
چه پنهان و چه پنهان و چه پیداست خدایا	چه گرمیم چه گرمیم از این عشق چو خورشید
که جان را و جهان را بیاراست خدایا	زهی ماه زهی ماه زهی باده همراه
زهی کار زهی بار که آن جاست خدایا	زهی شور زهی شور که انگیخته عالم
زهی گرد زهی گرد که برخاست خدایا	فروریخت فروریخت شهنشاه سواران
ندانیم ندانیم چه غوغاست خدایا	فتادیم فتادیم بدان سان که نخیزیم
دگر بار دگر بار چه سوداست خدایا	ز هر کوی ز هر کوی یکی دود دگرگون
چه بندست چه زنجیر که برپاست خدایا	نه دامیست نه زنجیر همه بسته چراییم
گریبست گریبست ز بالاست خدایا	چه نقشیست چه نقشیست در این تابه دلها
که اغیار گرفتست چپ و راست خدایا	خمشید خموشید که تا فاش نگردید

A1) Ls : p.139

EXQUISITE LOVE, what exquisite love we have	O God!
How fine, how good, how beautiful,	O God!
How warm, how warm this sun-like love keeps us -	
How hidden, hidden, yet how manifest,	O God!
The moon, the exquisite moon, and exquisite wine -both here with us	
adorning the spirit and the material world,	O God!
What ferment, what exquisite ferment the world stirs up	
What exquisite works, what exquisite fruits they have there	O God!
The king of king of knights has had a great fall, had a great fall	
kicking up an exquisite dust, what exquisite dust	O God!
We've fallen, how we have fallen - never to get up again	
We don't know, don't know what all this commotion is,	O God?

From every lane, each and every lane: a smoke of different colors	
Once more and again once more, what mad passion is this	O God?
Neither trap nor fetter, so why are we in this bind?	
What bonds, what fetters chain our feet	O God?!
What plans, and O what plans in the sizzling of these hearts?	
It's strange, it's so strange, coming from above	O God!
Silent, you are silent, that it may not be revealed	
for unknown persons hem us in left and right	O God

F1) Vo : p.121-122

Quel merveilleux amour, quel merveilleux amour est le nôtre, ô mon Dieu !
 Qu'il est exquis, qu'il est bon, qu'il est beau, ô mon Dieu !

Combien nous brûle, combien nous brûle cet amour pareil au soleil !
 A la fois caché, caché et apparent, ô mon Dieu
 Ô lune, ô lune, ô vin qui l'accompagne,
 Par quoi l'âme et le monde sont remplis de grâce, ô mon Dieu !
 Ô ferveur, ô ferveur que le monde fait surgir.
 Quelle chose merveilleuse est-ce là, ô mon Dieu !
 Il est tombé, il est tombé, ce roi des cavaliers.
 Combien de poussière, combien de poussière s'est élevée, ô mon Dieu !
 Nous sommes tombés, nous sommes tombés de telle sorte que nous ne pouvons pas nous lever.
 Nous ne savons pas, nous ne savons pas quel est ce tumulte, ô mon Dieu.
 De chaque quartier, de chaque rue, monte une autre fumée.
 Quelle est encore, quelle est encore cette noirceur, ô mon Dieu ?
 Il n'existe ni piège, ni chaînes. Pourquoi sommes-nous tous captifs ?
 Quelle est cette entrave, quel est ce boulet à nos pieds, ô mon Dieu ?
 Quelle empreinte, quelle empreinte dans le cœur qui brûle !
 C'est étrange, c'est étrange, c'est d'en haut qu'elle vient, ô mon Dieu !
 Silence, silence, afin que vous ne soyez pas découverts,
 Car les étrangers nous entourent de toutes parts, ô mon Dieu !

F2) Jam : n°91, p.202-203

Le bel amour, le bel amour qui est nôtre, ô Dieu!
 Quelle merveille! et qu'il est bon! et qu'il est beau, ô Dieu!

Comme nous brûlons !que nous brûlons de cet amour comme un soleil!
 Comme il se cache, comme il se cache ! et comme il se montre, ô Dieu!

Lune gracieuse ! lune gracieuse ! vin délicieux son compagnon
 Qui sauvent rime et le monde, ô Dieu !

Passion souveraine! Passion souveraine enflammée dans le monde!
 Chose admirable! Oh qu'elle vive! Elle est là ô Dieu!

Il a glissé à terre, il a glissé à terre, le roi des cavaliers!
 Heureuse poussière ! heureuse poussière qu'il a soulevée, ô Dieu!

Nous sommes tombés, nous sommes tombés à ne pas nous relever.
 Nous ne savons pas, nous ne savons pas quelle rixe, ô Dieu!

De chaque rue, de chaque rue, comme une fumée d'autre sorte!
 Une autre fois I une autre fois! quelle est cette noirceur, ô Dieu?

Il n'est filet ni chaîne : pourquoi sommes-nous tous liés?
 Quel lien! quelle chaîne! quelle entrave à nos pieds, ô Dieu!

Quelle figure empreinte! quelle figure !dans le cœur mis en feu!
 C'est merveille !c'est merveille !elle vient d'en haut! ô Dieu!

Faites silence! faites silence! qu'au jour vous ne soyez exposés
Car ceux qui nous sont étrangers, à droite, à gauche nous tiennent, ô Dieu !

Q. IV) Di : n° 436

گفتا چه کار داری گفتم مها سلامت	گفتا که کیست بر در گفتم کمین غلامت
گفتا که چند جوشی گفتم که تا قیامت	گفتا که چند رانی گفتم که تا بخوانی
کز عشق یاوه کردم من ملک و شهامت	دعوی عشق کردم سوگندها بخوردم
گفتم گواه اشکم زردی رخ علامت	گفتا برای دعوی قاضی گواه خواهد
گفتم به فر عدلت عدلند و بی غرامت	گفتا گواه جرحست تردامنست چشمت
گفتا که خواندت این جا گفتم که بوی جانن	گفتا که بود همره گفتم خیالت ای شه
گفتا ز من چه خواهی گفتم که لطف عامت	گفتا چه عزم داری گفتم وفا و یاری
گفتا چه دیدی آن جا گفتم که صد کرامت	گفتا کجاست خوشتر گفتم که قصر قیصر
گفتا که کیست رهن گفتم که این ملامت	گفتا چراست خالی گفتم ز بیم رهن
گفتا که ز هد چه بود گفتم ره سلامت	گفتا کجاست ایمن گفتم که ز هد و تقوا
گفتا که چونی آن جا گفتم در استقامت	گفتا کجاست آفت گفتم به کوی عشقت
از خویشتن برآیی نی در بود نه بامت	خامش که گر بگویم من نکته‌های او را

A1) Nid : XIV, p.55-57

He said: 'Who is at the door?' Said I: 'Thy humble slave.'
He said: 'What business have you?' Said I: 'Lord, to greet thee.'
He said: 'How long will you push?' Said I: 'Till thou call.'
He said: 'How long will you glow?' Said I: 'Till resurrection.'
I laid claim to love, I took oaths
That for love I had lost sovereignty and power.
He said: 'A judge demands witness as regards a claim.'
Said I: 'Tears are my witness, paleness of face my evidence.'
He said: 'The witness is not valid; your eye is corrupt.'
Said I: 'By the majesty of thy justice they are just and clear of sin.'
He said: 'What do you intend?' Said I: 'Constancy and friendship.'
He said: 'What do you want of me?' Said I: 'Thy universal grace.'
He said: 'Who was your companion?' Said I: 'Thought of thee, O King.'
He said: 'Who called you here?' Said I: 'The odour of thy cup.'
He said: 'Where is it pleasantest?' Said I: 'The Emperor's palace.'
He said: 'What saw you there?' Said I: 'A hundred miracles.'
He said: 'Why is it desolate?' Said I: 'From fear of the brigand.'
He said: 'Who is the brigand?' Said I: 'This blame.'
He said: 'Where is it safe?' Said I: 'In abstinence and piety.'
He said: 'What is abstinence?' Said I: 'The path of salvation.'
He said: 'Where is calamity?' Said I: 'In the neighbourhood of thy love.'
He said: 'How are you there?' Said I: 'In steadfastness.'
I gave you a long trial, but it availed me nothing;
Repentance lights on him who tests one tested already.
Peace! if I should utter forth his mystic sayings,

You would go beside yourself, neither door nor roof would restrain you.

A2) Am : tome I, n°50, p.44-45 *76

He said, "Who is at the door?" I said, "Your humble slave." He said, "What is your business?" I said, "Lord, to greet you."

He said, "How long will you drive?" I said, "Until you call." He said, "How long will you boil?" I said, "Till the resurrection."

I laid claim to love, I swore many oaths that for love's sake I had lost kingship and nobility.

He said, "For a claim the *cadi* requires witness." I said "My witness is my tears, my sign the pallor of my cheeks."

5 He said, "Your witness is invalid; your eye is wet-skirted." I said, "By the splendour of your justice, they are just and without fault."

He said, "Who was your companion?" I said, "Your fantasy, O King." He said, "Who summoned you hither?" I said "The scent of your cup."

He said, "What is your intention?" I said, "Fidelity and friendship." He said, "What do you desire of me?" I said, "Your universal grace."

He said, "Where is it most agreeable?" I said, "Caesar's palace." He said, "What did you see there?" I said, "A hundred miracles."

He said, "Why is it desolate?" I said, "For fear of the highwayman." He said, "Who is the highwayman?" I said, "This blame."

10 He said "Where is safety?" I said, "In abstinence and godliness." He said, "What is abstinence?" I said, "The way of salvation."

He said, "Where is calamity?" I said, "In the street of your love." He said, "How fare you there?" I said, "In perfect rectitude."

Silence! For if I were to utter his subtleties you would come forth from yourself, neither door nor roof would remain to you.

A3) Be: p. 77-78

TALKING THROUGH THE DOOR

You said, "Who's at the door?"

I said, "Your slave."

You said, "What do you want?"

"To see you and bow."

"How long will you wait?"

"Until you call."

"How long will you cook?"

"Till the Resurrection."

We talked through the door. I claimed
a great love and that I had given up

*76 Les notes du traducteur sont regroupées en annexe de l'ouvrage et sont numérotées d'après l'ordre des distiques.

5. "Wet-skirted": i.e. defiled and impure, of course with tears of blood.

6. F has the misprint *jānat* for *jāmat*.

8. A play on *gasr* (palace) and *Qaisar* (Caesar).

what the world gives to be in that love.

You said, "Such claims require a witness."

I said, "This longing, these tears."

You said, "Discredited witnesses."

I said, "Surely not!"

You said, "Who did you come with?"

"The majestic imagination you gave me."

"Why did you come?"

"The musk of your wine was in the air."

"What is your intention?"

"Friendship."

"What do you want from me?"

"Grace."

Then you asked, "Where have you been most comfortable?"

"In the palace."

"What did you see there?"

"Amazing things."

"Then why is it so desolate?"

"Because all that can be taken away in a second."

"Who can do that?"

"This clear discernment."

"Where can you live safely then?"

"In surrender."

"What is this giving up?"

"A peace that saves us."

"Is there no threat of disaster?"

"Only what comes in your street,
inside your love."

"How do you walk there?"

"In perfection."

Now silence. If I told more of this conversation,
those listening would leave themselves.

There would be no door,
no roof or window either!

A4) Cow : p. 77-78

He asked: 'Who is at the door?' I replied: 'Thy humble slave'

He asked: 'Why are you here?' I replied: 'To greet you, Lord.'

He asked: 'How long will you push?' I replied: 'Until you call me.'

He asked: 'How long will you glow?' I said: 'Until the resurrection.'

Thus did I lay claim to Love, taking oaths
That for Love I had given up all sovereignty

He said: 'Regarding your claim, a judge demands witness.'

I replied: 'Tears are mine, my pale race I submit as evidence

He said: 'The witness is invalid; your eye corrupt.'

I replied: 'By your majesty, they're clear of sin.'

He asked: 'What are your intentions?' I replied: 'Constancy and friendship.'

He asked: 'What do you want of me?' I replied: 'Your universal grace.'

He asked: 'Who was your friend?' I replied: 'The thought of you, O King.'

He asked: 'Who called you here?' I replied: 'The odour of your cup.'

He asked: 'Where is it most pleasant?' I replied: 'In the Emperor's palace.'

He asked: 'What did you see there?' I replied: 'A hundred miracles.'

He asked: 'Then why is it so desolate?' I replied: 'For fear of the robber.'

He asked: 'Who is the robber?' I replied: 'This feeling of blame.'

He asked: 'Where is it safe?' I replied: 'In abstinence and piety'

He asked: 'What is piety?' I said: 'The path to salvation.'

He asked: 'Where is calamity?' I said: 'In the neighbourhood of your Love.'

He asked: 'How do you live there?' I said: 'In steadfastness.'

Subjecting you to a long trial, it helped me little;
Repentance shines on him who tests one already tested.

O peace! if I should shout aloud his mysteries
Neither door nor roof would restrain you.

A5) Her : p.197-198

WHO ARE YOU AND WHAT DO YOU WANT?

He said, "Who is at the door?"

I said, "Your humble slave."

He said, "Why have you come?"

I said, "To offer salaams."

He said, "How long will you wait?"

I said, "Until you call."

He said, "How long will you boil?"

I said, "Until you resurrect me."

I laid claim to love, swore oaths of love,
and told how I lost all power and position for love.

He said, "The judge asks to see your witness."

"These tears, these pale cheeks."

"Your witness has bloodshot eyes and cannot be trusted."

I said, "By your high justice, they are just and true."

He said, "Who was your companion?"

"Your gift of imaginal vision."

"What called you here?"

"The fragrance of your cup."

"What do you want?"

"Faithfulness and intimacy."

"What do you want from me?" He said.

"Your subtle grace," I said.

"Where is the greatest pleasure?"

"In Caesar's palace," I said.

"And what did you see there?"

"A hundred fascinations."

He said, "Then why is it so desolate?"

"For fear of thieves."

"Who is the thief?" He said.

"Whatever challenges our vanity⁷⁷," I said.

"Where is safety?" He said.

"In abstinence⁷⁸ and pure consciousness of God."⁷⁹

"What is abstinence?"

I said, "The way of peace."

"Where is catastrophe?"

"In the street of Your love."

"How do you travel there?" He asked.

"With integrity," I said.

Silence. If I were to utter more,
you would be completely gone.
left without a door or roof.

A6) Sta : p.98

Who Is at My Door?

He said, "Who is at my door?"

I said, "Your humble servant."

He said, "What business do you have?"

I said, "To greet you, O Lord."

He said, "How long will you journey on?"

I said, "Until you stop me."

He said, "How long will you boil in the fire?"

I said, "Until I am pure."

"This is my oath of love.

For the sake of love

I gave up wealth and position."

⁷⁷ *Melamet.*

⁷⁸ *Zuhd.*

⁷⁹ *taqwa*: fearing nothing but God.

He said, "You have pleaded your case
but you have no witness."

I said, "My tears are my witness;
the pallor of my face is my proof."

He said, "Your witness has no credibility;
your eyes are too wet to see."

I said, "By the splendor of your justice
my eyes are clear and faultless."

He said, "What do you seek?"

I said, "To have you as my constant friend."

He said, "What do you want from me?"

I said, "Your abundant grace."

He said, "Who was your companion on the journey?"

I said, "The thought of you, O King."

He said, "What called you here?"

I said, "The fragrance of your wine."

He said, "What brings you the most fulfillment?"

I said, "The company of the Emperor."

He said, "What do you find there?"

I said, "A hundred miracles."

He said, "Why is the palace deserted?"

I said, "They all fear the thief."

He said, "Who is the thief?"

I said, "The one who keeps me from you."

He said, "Where is there safety?"

I said, "In service and renunciation."

He said, "What is there to renounce?"

I said, "The hope of salvation."

He said, "Where is there calamity?"

I said, "In the presence of your love."

He said, "How do you benefit from this life?"

I said, "By keeping true to myself."

Now it is time for silence.

If I told you about His true essence

You would fly from your self and be gone,
and neither door nor roof could hold you back!

The secret Heart-Ravisher has been exposed!

I have found traces of his footsteps all around.

If He is not God, He is the one sent by God.

O musician of my soul,
 play His song
 play His song with every breath.

A8) Sch : p. 83-85

HE SAID: "Who's knocking at my door?"
 Said I: "Your humble servant!"
 Said He: "What business have you got?"
 Said I: "I came to greet You!"
 Said He: "How long are you to push?"
 Said I: "Until You'll call me!"
 Said He: "How long are you to boil?"
 Said I: "Till resurrection!"
 I claimed I was a lover true
 and I too many oaths
 That for the sake of love I lost
 my kingdom and my wealth!
 He said: "You make a claim-the judge
 needs witness for your cause!"
 Said I: "My witness is my tears,
 my proof my yellow face!"
 Said He: "The witness is corrupt,
 your eye is wet and ill!"
 Said I: "No, by Your eminence:
 My eye is sinless clear!"
 He said: "And what do you intend?"
 Said I: "Just faithful friendship!"
 Said He: "What do you want from me?"
 Said I: "Your grace abundant!"
 Said He: "Who traveled here with you?"
 Said I: "Your dream and phantom!"
 Said He: "And what led you to me?"
 Said I: "Your goblet's fragrance!"
 Said He: "What is most pleasant, say?"
 Said I: "The ruler's presence!"
 Said He: "What did you see there, friend?"
 Said I: "A hundred wonders!"
 Said He: "Why is it empty now?"
 Said I: "From fear of brigands!"
 Said He: "The brigand, who is that?"
 Said I: "It is that blaming!"
 Said He: "And where is safety then?"
 Said I: "In renunciation."
 Said He: "Renunciation? That's . . . ?"
 Said I: "The path to safety!"
 Said He: "And where is danger, then?"
 Said I: "In Your love's quarters!"
 Said He: "And how do you fare there?"
 Said I: "Steadfast and happy."

And how will you manage there?
By being steadfast...
Silence! For if I tell you of his attributes
you will lose yourself
and find yourself
homeless
completely without prospects

F1) Vo : p.239-240

Il demanda : « Qui est à la porte » ? - Je répondis : « Ton humble esclave ».
Il demanda : « Que viens-tu faire » ? - Je répondis : « O ma Beauté, te saluer ».
Il demanda : « Combien de temps t'obstineras-tu » ? - Je répondis : « Jusqu'à ce que tu m'appelles ».
Il demanda : « Combien de temps t'impatienteras-tu » ? - Je répondis : « Jusqu'à la Résurrection ».
J'ai affirmé mon amour, j'ai juré par serment
Que par amour, j'avais renoncé au pouvoir et à la souveraineté.
Il dit : « Un juge réclame du plaignant des témoins ».
Je dis : « Les larmes sont mon témoin, la pâleur de mon visage est ma preuve ».
Il dit : « Ton témoin n'est pas valable, tes yeux sont impurs ».
J'ai répondu : « Par la majesté de ta Justice, ils sont véridiques et purs de tout péché ».
Il demanda : « Qui t'a accompagné » ? - Je répondis ; « Ta pensée, ô Roi » !
Il demanda : « Qui t'a appelé ici ? » - Je répondis : « Le parfum de ta coupe ».
Il demanda : « Que désires-tu » ? - Je répondis : « La fidélité et l'amitié ».
Il demanda : « Que veux-tu de moi » ? - Je répondis : « Ta grâce en toutes choses ».
Il demanda : « Quel est le lieu le plus agréable » ? Je dis : « Le palais de l'empereur ».
Il demanda : « Qu'as-tu vu là-bas » ? - Je répondis : « Cent prodiges ».
Il demanda : « Pourquoi est-il déserté » ? - Je dis : « De peur des brigands »
Il demanda : « Qui est le brigand » ? - Je répondis : « Le reproche ».
Il demanda : « Où se trouve la sécurité » ? - Je répondis : « Dans la dévotion et la piété ».
Il demanda : « Qu'est-ce que la dévotion » ? - Je répondis : « La voie du salut ».
Il demanda : « Où est le malheur » ? - Je dis : « Dans le voisinage de ton amour ».
Il demanda : « Comment vis-tu là-bas » ? - Je répondis « Dans la constance ».
- Silence ! Si je répétais ses secrets,
Tu serais hors de toi-même : ni porte, ni toit ne pourraient te retenir.

Q. V) Di : n° 441

بگشای لب که قند فراوانم آرزوست	بنمای رخ که باغ و گلستانم آرزوست
کان چهره مشعشع تابانم آرزوست	ای آفتاب حسن برون آدمی ز ابر
باز آمدم که ساعد سلطانم آرزوست	بشنیدم از هوای تو آواز طبل باز
آن گفتنت که بیش مرنجانم آرزوست	گفتی ز ناز بیش مرنجان مرا برو
وان ناز و باز و تندی دربانم آرزوست	وان دفع گفتنت که برو شه به خانه نیست
آن معدن ملاحظت و آن کانم آرزوست	در دست هر کی هست ز خوبی قراضه هاست
من ماهیم نهنگم عمانم آرزوست	این نان و آب چرخ چو سیلست بی وفا
دیدار خوب یوسف کنعانم آرزوست	یعقوب وار و اسفاها همی زرم

آوارگی و کوه و بیابانم آرزوست
 شیر خدا و رستم دستانم آرزوست
 آن نور روی موسی عمرانم آرزوست
 آن‌های هوی و نعره مستانم آرزوست
 مهرست بر دهانم و افغانم آرزوست
 کز دیو و دد ملولم و انسانم آرزوست
 گفت آن که یافت می‌نشود آنم آرزوست
 کان عقیق نادر ارزانم آرزوست
 آن آشکار صنعت پنهانم آرزوست
 از کان و از مکان پی ارکانم آرزوست
 کو قسم چشم صورت ایمانم آرزوست
 رقصی چنین میانه میدانم آرزوست
 دست و کنار و زخمه عثمانم آرزوست
 وان لطف‌های زخمه رحمانم آرزوست
 زین سان همی‌شمار که زین سانم آرزوست
 من هدهدم حضور سلیمانم آرزوست

والله که شهر بی‌تو مرا حبس می‌شود
 زین هم‌رهان سست عناصر دلم گرفت
 جانم ملول گشت ز فرعون و ظلم او
 زین خلق پرشکایت گریان شدم ملول
 گویاترم ز بلبل اما ز رشک عام
 دی شیخ با چراغ همی‌گشت گرد شهر
 گفتند یافت می‌نشود جسته‌ایم ما
 هر چند مقلسم نپذیرم عقیق خرد
 پنهان ز دیده‌ها و همه دیده‌ها از اوست
 خود کار من گذشت ز هر آرزو و آز
 گوشم شنید قصه ایمان و مست شد
 یک دست جام باده و یک دست جعد یار
 می‌گوید آن رباب که مردم ز انتظار
 من هم رباب عشقم و عشقم ربابی‌ست
 باقی این غزل را ای مطرب ظریف
 بنمای شمس مفر تبریز رو ز شرق

A1) Nid : XVI, p.65-69

Show thy face, for I desire the orchard and the rose-garden;
 Ope thy lips, for I desire sugar in plenty.
 O sun, show forth thy face from the veil of cloud,
 For I desire that radiant glowing countenance.
 From love for thee I hearkened to the sound of the falcon-drum;
 I have returned, for the sultan's arm is my desire.
 'Vex me no more,' thou saidst capriciously, 'begone!
 I desire that saying of thine, 'Vex me no more.'
 And thy bidding off with 'Depart, he is not at home,'
 And the airs and pride and harshness of the door-keeper I desire.
 O sweet zephyr, that blowest from the flower-plot of the Friend,
 Blow on me, for I desire news of the basil.
 The bread and water of destiny is like a treacherous flood;
 I am a great fish and desire the sea of 'Oman.
 Like Jacob I am uttering cries of grief,
 I desire the fair face of Joseph of Canaan.
 By God, without thee the city is a prison to me,
 O'er mountain and desert I desire to wander.
 In one hand a wine-cup and in one hand a curl of the Beloved:
 Such a dance in the midst of the market-place is my desire.
 My heart is weary of these weak-spirited companions;
 I desire the Lion of God and Rustam, son of Zal.
 Filings of beauty are in the possession of every one that exists;
 I desire that quarry and that mine of exquisite loveliness.
 Bankrupt tho' I be, I will not accept a small carnelian;
 The mine of rare tremulous carnelian is my desire.
 Of this folk I am full of complaint, weeping and weary;

I desire the drunkards' wailing and lamentation.
 My soul is grown weary of Pharaoh and his tyranny;
 I desire the light of the countenance of Moses, son of 'Imran.
 They said, ' He is not to be found, we have sought Him long.'
 A thing which is not to be found-that is my desire.
 I am more eloquent than the nightingale, but because of vulgar envy
 A seal is on my tongue, tho' I desire to moan.
 Yesterday the Master with a lantern was roaming about the city,
 Crying, ' I am tired of devil and beast, I desire a man.'
 My state has passed even beyond all yearning and desire;
 I desire to go from Being and Place toward the Essentials.
 He is hidden from our eyes, and all objects are from Him;
 I desire that hidden One whose works are manifest.
 Mine ear listened to the tale of faith and was intoxicated;
 Say, 'The limbs and the body and the form of faith are my desire.'
 I myself am Love's rebeck, and Love is a rebeck to me;
 I desire the hand and bosom and modulation of 'Othman.
 That rebeck is saying, 'Every moment passionately
 I desire the favours of the mercy of the Merciful.'
 O cunning minstrel, con the rest of this ode
 After this fashion, for after this fashion I desire.
 Display, o Sun who art Tabriz's glory, the dawning of Love;
 I am the hoopoe: the presence of Solomon is my desire.

A2) Am : tome I, n°51, p.45-46⁸⁰

Show your face, for the orchard and rose garden are my desire; open your lips, for abundant sugar is my desire.

Sun of beauty, come forth one moment out of the cloud, for that glittering, glowing countenance is my desire.

Out of your air I heard the sound of the falcon-drum; I returned, for the sultan's forearm is my desire.

You said capriciously, "Trouble me no more; be gone!" That saying of yours, "Trouble me no more," is my desire,

5 And your repulse, "Be gone, the king is not at home, and those mighty airs and brusqueness of the doorkeeper, are my desire.

In the hand of every one who exists there are filings of beauty; that quarry of elegance and that mine are my desire.

This bread and water of heaven's wheel are like a treacherous torrent; I am a fish, a leviathan, Oman is my desire.

Like Jacob I am crying alas, alas; the fair visage of Joseph of Canaan is my desire.

⁸⁰ Nicholson's text exhibits numerous differences.

3. "Out of your air": N tr. "From love for thee." Here CB adds an extra couplet: "Sweet breeze blowing from Love's meadow, blow on me, for the tidings of fragrant herbs is my desire!"

7. Oman, the southern part of the Persian Gulf, symbolizes the Divine Ocean.

8. Koran 12:84.

10. The Lion of God was 'Ali, Muhammad's cousin and fourth caliph, Rustam was the famous Iranian champion.

21. 'Uthmân: Sharaf al-Din-i Qavvâl the minstrel, see Aflaki 222, 223, 320, etc.

By Allah, without you the city is a prison for me, I wander abroad, mountain and desert are my desire.

10 My heart is weary of these weak-spirited fellow-travellers; the Lion of God and Rustam-i Dastan are my desire.

My soul is sick of Pharaoh and his tyranny; that light of the countenance of Moses son of 'Imran is my desire.

I am aweary of these tearful people so full of complaining; that ranting and roaring of the drunkards is my desire.

I am more eloquent than the nightingale, but because of vulgar envy a seal is on my tongue, and lamentation is my desire.

Last night the shaikh went all about the city, lamp in hand, crying, "I am weary of beast and devil, a man is my desire."

15 They said, "He is not to be found, we too have searched." He answered, "He who is not to be found is my desire."

Though I am penniless, I will not accept a small carnelian, for that rare, precious carnelian is my desire.

Hidden from every eye, and all things seen are from Him that hidden One manifest in works is my desire.

My state has gone beyond every desire and yearning; from mine and place to the elements is my desire.

My ear heard the tale of faith and became drunk; where is the portion of sight? The form of faith is my desire.

20 In one hand the winecup, in the other the Beloved's curl-to dance so in the midst of the arena is my desire.

That rebeck says, "I am dead of expectation; the hand and bosom and plectrum of 'Uthman are my desire."

I am at once Love's rebeck, and Love is my rebeck-player; those favours of the plucking of the All-merciful are my desire.

Cunning minstrel, number the rest of this ode after this fashion, for it is after this fashion I desire.

Show your face from the east, Sun of the Pride of Tabriz; I am the hoopoe, the presence of Solomon is my desire.

A3) Cow : p.81-83

Reveal your face, as I long for orchard and rose-garden;
Open your lips, as I hunger for the sweetness of sugar.

O Sun, reveal your face from the veil of cloud,
I want to see the glow of its countenance.

Loving you, I heard the sound of the falconer's drum
And few back, the Sultan's arm the perch I longed for

Don't bother me. Gol ' you said with all capriciousness;
I long to hear you say again and again, 'Don't bother me

All the door-keeper's airs and graces I desire
When he orders me, 'Leave, he's not at home.'

O sweet wind, blowing from the Friend's flower-pot
Blow on me, for I desire news of the basil.

The bread and water of destiny are as treacherous as flood-water;
I'm a great fish that longs for the Sea of Oman.

Like Jacob, my tears of grief know no limit,
It's Joseph of Canaan's gentle face I desire most

By God, without you this city is a prison
Mountain and desert seduce me instead

In one hand a wine-cup, in the other my Beloved's curl
To dance in the market-place is what I long for.

My heart wearies of my weak-spirited friends;
I long for Rustam, Lion of God, son of Zal.

Everyone owns some sliver of beauty;
Show me the mine where loveliness is quarried

Though bankrupt, I'll not accept a small carnelian;
The whole mine of gem-stone is what I wants

Those people who weep and complain tire me;
Give me the drunkard's dribblings any days

Pharaoh's tyranny has exhausted my soul, son of Imran
I long to see the light shine from Moses' face.

They said, 'He's not to be found, we've looked for him
Everywhere.' Yet what can't be found I long for.

My tongue is more eloquent than the nightingale's,
Though envy seals it the moment I cry out.

Last night, the Master wandered abroad with a lantern
Crying, 'I'm tired of devil and beast. Give me a man!'

My condition transcends all yearning and desire;
Quitting Being and Place leads me to the Essence

He hides from our sight, and from Him all emanates;
My beacon is the Hidden One, Whose works are visible.

My ear heard the tale of faith and was transported;
Say, 'Limbs, body, and the form of faith beckon me.'

I'm Love's recollection, and Love is a fond memory;
I'm consumed by the hand, breast and Othman's pure modulation.

My memory is saying, 'At this moment the mercy
Of the Merciful favours me with its passion.'

O cunning minstrel, with the rest of this ode
Confuse me, for it is such confusion I adore.

O Sun, glory of Tabriz, display the dawn of Love;
I'm the hoopoe yearning fw Solomon as I wing home.

A4) Khf : n°12, p.22-23

show me your face
i crave
flowers and gardens

open your lips
i crave
the taste of honey

come out from
behind the clouds
i desire a sunny face

your voice echoed
saying "leave me alone"
i wish to hear your voice
again saying "leave me alone"

i swear this city without you
is a prison
i am dying to get out
to roam in deserts and mountains

i am tired of
flimsy friends and
submissive companions
i die to walk with the brave

i am blue hearing
nagging voices and meek cries
i desire loud music drunken parties and
wild dances

one hand holding
a cup of wine
one hand caressing your hair
then dancing in orbital circle
that is what i yearn for

*i can sing better than any nightingale
but because of
this city's freaks
i seal my lips
while my heart weeps*

*yesterday the wisest man
holding a lit lantern
in daylight
was searching around town saying*

*i am tired of
all these beasts and brutes i seek
a true human*

*we have all looked
for one but
no one could be found
they said*

*yes he replied
but my search is
for the one
who cannot be found*

F1) Saf : p. 60-61

DÉSIR

Montre Ta face ! Je désire le parterre et la roseraie.
Ouvre tes lèvres! Je désire savourer sucre en abondance.
O toi, soleil de beauté ! Un instant, sors du nuage,
car je désire Ton visage resplendissant et radieux.
Par amour de Toi, j'écoutai le tambour hélant le faucon
et Je revins, car Je désire être sur le poing de mon maître.
Tu dis coquettement : «Va-t'en, sans me tourmenter davantage!
C'est précisément le mot que je désire de Toi.
Le pain, l'eau que donne le ciel sont aussi peu sûrs qu'un torrent.
Moi, tel un requin, j'aspire à nager dans la mer d'Oman;
et, à l'exemple de Jacob, sans cesse le m'écris « Hélas! »
parce que j'éprouve désir de revoir ce Joseph si beau.
Une cité sans Toi, par dieu I est pour moi comme une prison;
aussi désiré-je d'errer parmi les déserts et les monts.
De ces compagnons indolents mon cœur s'est lassé;
et je rêve à 'Ali le lion de Dieu, à Rostam, héros fils de Zâl,
car mon âme s'est dégoûtée de cet injuste Pharaon:
ce que je veux, c'est la clarté baignant la face de Moïse.
Cette nuit, circulait en ville un vieillard tenant sa lanterne,
et il disait : «Je cherche un homme; assez de démons et de bêtes.
C'est introuvable», lui dit-on, « car nous avons cherché longtemps !

Ce que je veux, c'est justement l'introuvable », répondit-il.

F2) Vo : p.240-242

Montre ton visage, car je désire le jardin et la roseraie,
 Ouvre tes lèvres, car je désire du sucre en abondance.
 O soleil de beauté, sors un instant de derrière les nuages,
 Car c'est ce visage éclatant et radieux que je désire.
 Pour l'amour de toi, j'ai entendu, comme le faucon, le son du tambourin :
 Je suis revenu, car c'est me poser sur la main du roi que je désire.
 Tu as dit avec coquetterie : « Va-t-en ! Ne m'importune plus » !
 Même cette parole : « Ne m'importune plus » ! je la désire,
 Et cette parole qui me chasse, disant : « Va, le roi n'est pas chez lui ».
 Cette coquetterie et cette humeur, et la colère du gardien de la porte, voilà ce que je désire.
 Il détient des valeurs inestimables, celui qui possède une telle beauté.
 Cette mine d'attraits et ce trésor, c'est là ce que je désire.
 Ce que nous apporte chaque jour le destin est comme un torrent perfide.
 Je suis un poisson, je suis un requin, c'est la Mer d'Oman que je désire.
 Pareil à Jacob, j'ai poussé des cris de douleurs :
 C'est le beau visage de Joseph de Canaan que je désire.
 Dieu le sait, dans la ville je suis comme un prisonnier sans toi :
 Errer dans la montagne et le désert, voilà ce que je désire.
 Mon cœur est las de ces compagnons sans ardeur,
 Le lion de Dieu, Rostam, fils de Zâl, voilà qui je désire.
 Mon âme est lasse de Pharaon et de sa tyrannie,
 C'est la lumière du visage de Moïse, fils de 'Imrân, que je désire.
 Je suis ennuyé par ces gens qui se plaignent et qui pleurent ;
 Ce sont les chansons et les cris de ceux qui sont ivres que je désire.
 Je suis plus éloquent que le rossignol, mais la jalousie des gens
 Amis un sceau sur mes lèvres ; pourtant, ce sont les gémissements que je désire.
 Hier, muni d'une lanterne, le maître se promenait dans la ville,
 Disant : « Je suis las des démons et des bêtes, c'est un Homme que je désire » !
 On lui dit : « On ne peut le trouver, nous l'avons cherché bien longtemps ».
 Il répondit : « Celui qu'on ne peut trouver, c'est lui que je désire ».
 Bien que je sois pauvre, je n'accepterai pas une cornaline de peu de prix ;
 C'est la mine de cornalines rares et précieuses que je désire.
 Il est caché aux yeux ; pourtant, tous les yeux proviennent de Lui.
 Cet Être caché par qui se manifeste toute création, c'est Lui que je désire.
 Mon état est passé au-delà de tout désir et de toute envie :
 Je désire m'en aller de l'être et du lieu vers ! Essentiel.
 Mon oreille a entendu le récit de la foi et a été enivrée.
 Qu'en est-il de la vision ? Le visage de la foi, c'est ce que je désire.
 Dans une main une coupe de vin, dans l'autre une boucle de cheveux du Bien-Aimé,
 Danser ainsi sur la grand'place, voilà ce que je désire ! Le luth dit : « Je me meurs dans
 l'attente,
 C'est la main, la présence, le plectre de 'Othmân que je désire ».
 Je suis le luth de l'amour, et mon amour est le joueur de luth :
 Ce sont les grâces du plectre de Dieu que je désire.
 O subtil ménestrel, le reste de ce ghazal
 Chante de la même façon, car c'est cette façon que je désire.

O soleil, gloire de Tabrîz, montre la Face de l'Orient ;
Je suis la huppe : c'est la présence de Salomon que je désire.

F3) Taj : p. 67-71

MON DÉSIR

Montre ta face car les fleurs
Et le jardin sont mon désir.
Ouvre la bouche car le sucre⁸¹
En abondance est mon désir.

Ô toi soleil de la splendeur,
Un instant surgis du nuage,
Car cette face scintillante
Et tant brillant est mon désir.

Par ton amour, comme un faucon,
J'entendis le son du tambour⁸²
Et moi je reviens car le bras,
De mon sultan est mon désir.

Tu dis avec coquetterie :
« Ne m'attriste pas et va-t'en. »
Ce dire : « Ne m'attriste pas
et va-t'en », voilà mon désir.

Et ce rejet dans tes paroles :
« va-t'en le roi n'est pas chez lui »,
Ce jeu coquet de mon gardien
Et sa colère est mon désir.

Dans toute main cherchant bonté,
Tu ne trouves que la limaille.
Moi, toute la mine de grâce,
Tout le filon est mon désir.

Pain et eau de la grande roue
Forment un torrent infidèle
Je suis poisson, je suis baleine,
La mer d'Oman⁸³ est mon désir.

Semblable en cela à Jacob⁸⁴
Je pousse de grands cris de peine.
Douce rencontre avec Joseph

⁸¹ Le sucre est toujours la douceur.

⁸² Tambour utilisé pour réunir les faucons après leur vol. Il s'agit ici d'un faucon royal.

⁸³ Mer située au sud de l'Iran.

⁸⁴ Allusion à la douleur de Jacob, le père de Joseph, lorsqu'il apprit la disparition de son fils. Dans la gnose iranienne Joseph est la « beauté », Zolaykhâ l' « amour » et Jacob la « tristesse »

De Canaan est mon désir.

Car sans toi, je jure, la ville
M'est devenue comme poisson.
L'égarement, et la montagne
Et le désert est mon désir.

À faute de ces compagnons
Dont la matière est affaiblie
Mon cœur se serre. Lion de Dieu⁸⁵
Comme Rostam⁸⁶ est mon désir

Mon souffle a connu la tristesse
Par cruautés de pharaon.
Sur le visage de Moïse
Cette lumière est mon désir⁸⁷.

Par ce peuple qui toujours geint
Et pleure, moi je devins triste.
Ces Aïe! Aïe! et ce hurlement
Des enivrés est mon désir.

Plus clair que rossignol je parle,
Mais bar la jalousie de tous
Un sceau s'est posé sur Ma bouche
Le cri de peiné est mon désir.

Hier le cheikh avec une lampe
A fait le tour de la ville.
Le démon, les bêtes sans corps
M'ont fait triste. Homme est mon désir.

Ils disent : « ça n'existe pas
Nous avons cherché. » Lui, il dit :
« C'est cela qui n'existe pas
Qui justement est mon désir. »

Bien que je sois pauvre, jamais
Petite agate je n'accepte.
La mine de l'agate unique
Et si précieuse est mon désir.

Il reste caché des regards
Et tous regards viennent de lui
Cet art qui m'est ainsi visible
Et invisible est mon désir⁸⁸.

⁸⁵ Il s'agit du premier imam des chi'ites, Ali, connu pour son courage et nommé « Lion de Dieu ».

⁸⁶ Héros épique du *Livre des rois*, *Châhnâmé* composé par Ferdowsi au Xe siècle, Rostam est le symbole du courage.

⁸⁷ Allusion à la lumière qui se manifesta à Moïse, lorsque du fond du buisson ardent une voix l'appela.

Mes affaires sont au-delà
De tout désir et de tout vœu
Aller de ce monde : de l'être
Aux éléments est mon désir⁸⁹.

Mon oreille ouït le récit
De la foi et s'en enivra.
Qu'a eu mon œil? C'est le visage
De la foi qui est mon désir.

Dans une main coupe de vin,
Dans l'autre boucles des cheveux
De mon ami. Danser ainsi
En pleine place est mon désir.

Ce robâb⁹⁰ dit : « Je suis mourant,
L'attente me tue, de la main,
Et de la présence d'Osmân⁹¹,
Et son toucher est mon désir. »

Je suis aussi robâb d'amour,
Mon amour est comme robâb.
Toutes les largesses de Dieu⁹²
Et son toucher sont mon désir

Pour le reste de ce ghazal⁹³
Toi qui es joueur délicat,
Bats de cette façon le rythme,

⁸⁸ L'apparent et le caché, le *zâher* et le *bâten* <est> la réalité intégrale de la révélation du Coran.

⁸⁹ Le mot exact est *arkân*, <support>, que nous traduisons tantôt par élément (eau, feu, vent, terre), et tantôt par piliers, c'est-à-dire les quatre personnes qui subsistent identiques d'époque en époque. Ce sont les prophètes « qui ont été enlevés par Dieu à ce monde-ci sans franchir le seuil de la mort : Hénoch, Élie, Khezzr, Jésus » (H. Corbin, op. cit., t. I, p. 122).

⁹⁰ Instrument de musique traditionnel à cordes.

⁹¹ Chataf-od-din Osmân, l'auteur et le compagnon de Mowlânâ. Aflâki consacre dans son ouvrage *Les saints des darviches tourneurs*, rédigé en 1353, plusieurs anecdotes à Osmân, qui était aussi un musicien. « Osmân, le commensal habituel du Maître (Mowlânâ), distingué par les rois de l'époque, qui mourraient d'envie de jouir de sa société, a raconté ce qui suit. Le Maître s'était un jour rendu au jardin d'un ami cher où il y eut concert pendant sept jours et sept nuits sans interruption, et cet ami cher fut l'un des grands fortunés. Le frère d'Osmân le récitant dit en secret : « Voici tant de jours que nous n'avons pas apporté de viande ni de pain à la maison : comment sa situation peut-elle être? » Aussitôt le Maître, au milieu du concert, sortit les mains de dessous le pan de sa robe, et versa une poignée d'argent sur le tambour de basque. Les compagnons poussèrent des cris. Quand le concert fut fini [on compta les pièces d'argent :] il y en avait neuf cent quatre-vingt-dix » (Aflâki, *Les saints des derviches tourneurs* trad. C. Huart, t. II, pp. 11-12).

⁹² Le Miséricordieux (*al-rahmân*) est un des 99 noms d'Allah.

⁹³ Forme poétique particulière. *Le Livre de Chams de Tabriz* est composé de poèmes de ce type. Chaque distique (*beyt*) est divisé en deux hémistiches (*mesra'*). Les deux moitiés de chaque premier vers riment entre elles, ensuite la seconde moitié de chaque vers adopte la même rime. Ainsi dans ce *ghazal*, le premier hémistiche se termine par *golestânam ârezoust* (le jardin est mon désir), le second par *farâvânânam ârezoust* (abondance est mon désir); le troisième hémistiche n'est pas rimé, le quatrième se termine par *tâbânânam ârezoust* (brillant est mon désir), et ainsi de suite.

Ce rythme-là est mon désir.

Montre, ô Chams gloire de Tabriz⁹⁴,
 Ton visage de l'Orient.
 Je suis la huppe et la présence
 De Salomon est mon désir⁹⁵.

F4) Jam : n°4, p.65-67

Montre ta face, car le jardin et la roseraie sont mon désir!
 Ouvre les lèvres, car la douceur en abondance est mon désir!

Ô soleil !montre ta face hors du voile des nuages
 Car ce visage rayonnant et lumineux est mon désir.

J'ai entendu, par passion pour toi, l'appel de tambour au faucon
 J'ai fait retour, car le poing du sultan est mon désir.

Tu as dit avec orgueil : ne m'importune pas davantage, va-t'en !
 Ce mot de toi « ne m'importune pas davantage » est mon désir.

Ces mots de rejet « sors, le Roi n'est pas chez lui »
 Cette impudence, cette hauteur, cette violence du portier sont mon désir!

Oui tient en sa main telle beauté est comblé de richesses
 Cette mine de splendeurs, ce filon sont mon désir.

Le pain et l'eau du destin passent comme un torrent sans foi
 Et moi je suis poisson, je suis baleine ! la mer d'Oman est mon désir.

Semblable à Jacob, j'ai clamé ma douleur
 La vision de beauté, Joseph de Canaan est mon désir.

Dieu! combien la ville, sans toi, m'est prison!
 Errer par la montagne et les déserts est mon désir.

De ces débiles compagnons j'ai mal au cœur.
 Le Lion de Dieu et Rostam sont amis selon mon désir!

Mon âme est lourde de Pharaon et de son pouvoir sombre.
 La lumière sur la face de Moïse, fils d'Imrân, est mon désir.

De ces gens qui lamentent et qui pleurent je suis si las !
 Les clameurs assourdissantes de l'ivrogne sont mon désir.

Je suis plus disert que le rossignol, mais l'envie du vulgaire

⁹⁴ Chams était originaire de Tabriz, ville du nord-ouest de l'Iran.

⁹⁵ A propos de Salomon et de la huppe, voir p. 58, n. 6.

A scellé mes lèvres : exhaler une plainte est mon désir.

Hier, le Maître, portant une lanterne, parcourait la ville :
« Moi qui suis las du démon et des bêtes féroces, un homme voilà mon désir ! »

Ils dirent : « C'est introuvable, l'avons-nous assez cherché! »

Et lui : « Ce que l'on ne peut trouver, tel est mon désir. »

Si pauvre que je sois, je ne me contenterai pas d'une simple cornaline.
La mine de cornalines rares et scintillantes est mon désir !

Caché du visible, tout le visible vient de lui.
Lui caché, dont l'œuvre est manifeste, il est mon désir.

Mon emploi est passé au-delà même de toute passion, de tout désir.
Hors de l'être et du lieu, vers l'origine est mon désir.

Mon oreille entendit le récit de la foi et s'enivra.
Où est le lot de la vue? la forme de ma foi est mon désir.

Dans une main la coupe de vin, dans l'autre une boucle de l'aimé,
Danser ainsi devant tout le monde est mon désir !

Il dit, ce luth, je meurs d'espérance.
La main, l'étreinte, le plectre d'Osmân sont mon désir !

Moi même je suis l'instrument de l'amour et l'amour est mon instrument même
Et les grâces du plectre du Miséricordieux sont mon désir!

Poursuis ce *ghazal*, ingénieux musicien,
Dans sa manière, car sa manière est mon désir.

Montre, Soleil de gloire de Tabrîz, le visage de l'orient.
Je suis la huppe, la présence de Salomon est mon désir.

Q. VI) Di : n° 463

ما به فلک می‌رویم عزم تماشا که راست
باز همان جا رویم جمله که آن شهر ماست
زین دو چرا نگذریم منزل ما کیریاست
بر چه فرود آمدیت بار کنید این چه جاست
قافله سالار ما فخر جهان مصطفاست
ماه چنان بخت یافت او که کمینه گداست
شعشه این خیال زان رخ چون والضحاست
کز نظر آن نظر چشم تو آن سو چراست
کی کند این جا مقام مرغ کز آن بحر خاست
ور نه ز دریای دل موج پیاپی چراست

هر نفس آواز عشق می‌رسد از چپ و راست
ما به فلک بوده‌ایم یار ملک بوده‌ایم
خود ز فلک برتریم وز ملک افزونتریم
گوهر پاک از کجا عالم خاک از کجا
بخت جوان یار ما دادن جان کار ما
از مه او مه شکافت دیدن او برنتافت
بوی خوش این نسیم از شکن زلف اوست
در دل ما درنگر هر دم شق قمر
خلق چو مرغابیان زاده ز دریای جان
بلک به دریا دریم جمله در او حاضریم

Q. VII) Di : n° 464 :

نوبت وصل و لقاست نوبت حشر و بقاست	نوبت لطف و عطاست بحر صفا در صفاست
درج عطا شد پدید غره دریا رسید	صبح سعادت دمید صبح چه نور خداست
صورت و تصویر کیست این شه و این میر کیست	این خرد پیر کیست این همه روپوش هاست
چاره روپوشها هست چنین جوشها	چشمه این نوشها در سر و چشم شماست
در سر خود پیچ لیک هست شما را دو سر	این سر خاک از زمین وان سر پاک از سماست
ای بس سرهای پاک ریخته در پای خاک	تا تو بدانی که سر زان سر دیگر به پاست
آن سر اصلی نهان وان سر فرعی عیان	دانک پس این جهان عالم بی منتهاست
مشک ببند ای سقا می نبرد خنب ما	کوزه ادراکها تنگ از این تنگناست
از سوی تبریز تاقت شمس حق و گفتمش	نور تو هم متصل با همه و هم جداست

A1) Nid : IX, p. 32-37*⁹⁶

Every moment the voice of Love is coming from left and right.
 We are bound for heaven: who has a mind to sight-seeing?
 We have been in heaven, we have been friends of the angels;
 Thither, sire, let us return, for that is our country.
 We are even higher than heaven and more than the angels;
 Why pass we not beyond these twain? Our goal is majesty supreme.
 How different a source have the world of dust and the pure substance!
 Tho' we came down, let us haste back-what place is this? Young fortune is our friend,
 yielding up soul our business;
 The leader of our caravan is Mutafa, glory of the world.
 This gale's sweet scent is from the curl of his tresses,
 This thought's radiance is from a cheek like "*by the morning bright.*"
 By his cheek the moon was split: she endured not the sight of him;
 Such fortune the moon found-she that is an humble beggar.
 Behold a continual "cleaving of the moon" in our hearts,
 For why should the vision of that vision transcend thine eye?
 Came the billow of "*Am I not?*" and wrecked the body's ship ;
 When the ship wrecks once more is the time of union's attainment.
 Mankind, like waterfowl, are sprung from the sea-the sea of soul;
 Risen from that sea, why should the bird make here his home?
 Nay, we are pearls in that sea, therein we all abide ;
 Else, why does wave follow wave from the sea of soul?
 'Tis the time of union's attainment, 'tis the time of eternity's beauty,
 'Tis the time of favour and largesse, 'tis the ocean of perfect purity.
 The billow of largesse hath appeared, the thunder of the sea hath arrived,
 The morn of blessedness hath dawned. Morn? No, 'tis the light of God.
 Who is this pictured form, who is this monarch and this prince?
 Who is this aged wisdom? They are all veils. The remedy against veils is ecstasies like these,

*⁹⁶ Dans la version de Nicholson, les qazals 463 et 464 sont incorporés en un seul.

The fountain of these draughts is in your own head and eyes.
 In the head itself is nought, but ye have two heads ;
 This head of clay is from earth, and that pure head from heaven.
 The many pure heads scattered beneath the clay,
 That thou mayst know the head depends on that other head!
 That original head hidden, and this derived head manifest,
 Forasmuch as behind this world lies the infinite universe.
 Tie up the skin, O cup-bearer, fetch wine from our jar:
 The vessel of perceptions is straiter than a strait pass.
 From Tabriz-ward shone the Sun of Truth, and I said to him :
 'Thy light is at once joined with all things and apart from all.'

A2) Am : tome I, n°55, p.49-50 ⁹⁷

Every moment the voice of Love is arriving from left and right; we are departing for the skies--who has a mind for sightseeing?

We were once in heaven, we were friends of the angels; let us all return thither, for that is our city.

We are even higher than the heavens, we are greater than angels; why should we not transcend both? Our lodging-place is Majesty.

How far is the world of dust from the pure substance! Upon what have you alighted? Load up-what place is this?

5 Young luck is our friend, to yield up the soul is our business; the leader of our caravan is Mutafa, Pride of the World.

At his moon the moon was split, it could not endure to behold him; the moon attained such luck-she, a humble beggar.

The sweet scent of the breeze is from the curl of his tress, the glitter of this phantasm is from that cheek like the forenoon.

Behold in our hearts every moment a splitting of the moon, for why does your eye soar beyond the vision of that vision?

Mankind, like waterfowl, are sprung from the sea of the soul; how should the bird that has risen from that sea make its dwelling here?

10 Nay rather, we are pearls in that sea, we are all present therein; else, why does wave upon wave surge from the sea of the heart?

The wave of Alast came along and caulked the body's ship; when the ship is wrecked once more, the turn of union and encounter will come.

A3) Cow : p.67-68 *⁹⁸

At every instant Love calls from near and far.
 Our destination is Heaven: why daily as tourists?

⁹⁷ For the circumstances see Aflâki 266--68; quoted by Rûmi on his deathbed, Aflâki 966-67. Nicholson's text includes F 464 (I), as does CB.

5. Mustafa: Muhammad.

6. The miracle alluded to in Koran 54: 1.

7. "Like the forenoon": Koran 93: 1.

11. Alast: the day of God's primeval covenant with man, see Koran 7:171.

*⁹⁸ Comme Cowan a traduit à partir de la version de Nicholson, il a combiné les deux qazals comme lui.

We've been to Heaven, our friends are angels
So let's hurry back to where we belong.

We're higher than Heaven, and greater than angels;
Why not pass beyond these? Our goal is Majesty.

How different is dust's source, and the world of pure substances
Though we've come down, let's rise again!

Fortune is our friend, yielding up soul our task;
Our caravan leader is Mustafa, glory of the world

The wind's sweet smell comes from his curly hair,
This thought's radiance from a cheek 'as bright as the morning

Cut by his cheek, the moon turned away;
Such is her fortune while in her heart beggared

In our hearts this unending 'cleaving of the moon '
Allows knowledge of that vision to transform us.

Came the wind billowing, 'Am I not?' to wreck my foundering body;
When it founders again union is attained.

Like waterfowl, men leap up from the sea -- that soul's ocean;
Coming from that sea, why should any bird make this place his haven?

We're all pearls in that sea where we live;
Otherwise, why does wave follow wave from the ocean depths?

This is the time of union, when eternity reveals its beauty,
The time of charity and gifts, the ocean of perfect purity.

The wind of giving blows, the thunder of the ocean breaks
In the morning felicity dawns, a light of God on the horizon.

Who is this visible form, this Monarch this Prince?
Who is this ageless wisdom? All veils.

To part a veil requires ecstasies like these
Sprayed from a fountain in your heart.

In the mind alone it's not enough, owning two;
One of clay and earthbound, the other derived purely from Heaven.

O, how many clear minds lie beneath clay
Knowing their wisdom depends on the mind of that Others

The first mind lies hidden, the second unveiled,

Just as this world obscures those realms which are infinitely present.

O cup-bearer, tie up the skim Fetch wine:
The jar of insight is filled with a pure draught.

From Tabriz shone the Sun of Truth, so I said:
'Wild One, this light joins all things yet is apart.'

A4) Ls : p.162-163

WITH EACH NEW BREATH the sound of love
surrounds us all from right and left
Now up we go, head heavenward
who wants to come and see the sights?
We've been before in heaven's realm
The angels there our constant friends
We'll go again
for we were born
all in that town.

We are ourselves above the skies
a greater host than angels there;
why should we not exceed their rank
since our abode is Majesty?
The purest pearl
does not belong
in earthly dust.

What brought you down? What place is this? Pack up!

By fortune blessed to give our lives,
the caravan will guide our steps:

Our pride in life, the Chosen One
By His bright orb the moon was split
(it would not turn its gaze away)
And so luck smiled upon the moon
the lowly moon that begs its light!
The wind's sweet scent drips from his locks
His image shines with brilliant rays
from his bright face, reflecting from
*And the sun in its zenith*⁹⁹

Like water birds, man's born within
the sea of soul
How could he nest within the mire,
that ocean bird?
And we are all pearls in that sea,

⁹⁹ [K 93:1]

afloat on it,
 or else why wave on wave would surge
 all through our hearts?
 Over our boat just like a wave
 broke *Am I not*¹⁰⁰
 Our ship's ribs staved, the boat will sink
 our time has come for reunion,
 to meet with God.

A5) Hom : p.73-74

Beyond Heavens

Every breath brings love melodies
 and we're headed to heaven.

We used to live in paradise
 companions of the divine.

Now we're homebound again
 back to our birthplace.

As we fly above archangels
 we reach beyond heavens.

Where is this treasure from?
 Where is this planet from?

Where had we landed?

Good fortune is our ally.
 sacrifice is our trade.

We culminate in the glory of the Chosen One
 his luniform face, shattering stars.

A tender breeze
 brings the scent of his milken hair,
 the allure of every illusion
 is from his sacred light.

Every instant
 witnesses the resurgence in our hearts

Like seabirds
 we are born in an ocean of spirits
 and we head towards turbulent flows
 all together,

¹⁰⁰ [K7:172]

as we exist within him.

Why look away
when he casts his gaze upon you?

Let raging waters ferment
in the sea of your hearts.

Here comes the wave of creation
to wreck our ship
and if's time
for jointure and union

A6) Bb : n° 29, p.66

THE WAVE OF THAT AGREEMENT

Every second a voice of love
comes from every side.
Who needs to go sightseeing?

We came from a majesty,
and we go back there.

Load up.
What is this place?

Muhammad leads our caravan
It is lucky to start out
in such a fresh breeze.

Like ocean birds, human beings
come out of the ocean
Do not expect to live inland.

We hear a surging inside our chests,
an agreement we made in eternity.

The wave of that agreement rolled in
and caulked the body's boat.

Another wave will smash us.
Then the meeting we have wanted will occur.

A7) Bb : n° 80, p. 134-135*¹⁰¹

*¹⁰¹ Barks a traduit le qazal 463 deux fois et les publiant à des endroits séparés. La première traduction semble être fondée sur la version d'Arberry et la deuxième sur celle de Nicholson, où les deux qazals (463 et 464) sont combinés.

LEAVING

Every moment love arrives from all sides,
but no more sightseeing

We are leaving for pure emptiness
traveling with fiends we once lived with,
beyond angels, beyond spirit,
to our home city of majesty.

Load up. Say goodbye
to this dusty place. A young luck
rides at the head of us

Giving up the soul
is the main business of this caravan,
with the chosen one leading,
the one the moon came begging to.

A humble, delicate girl is following
the fragrance of his hair.

The moon splits open.
We move through, waterbirds rising
to look for another lake.

Or say we are living in a love-ocean,
where trust works to caulk our body-boat,
to make it last a little while,
until the inevitable shipwreck,
the total marriage, the death-union.

Dissolve in friendship,
like two drunkards fighting.

Do not look for justice here
in the jungle where yow animal soul
gives you bad advice.

Drink enough wine so that you stop talking
You are a lover, and love is a tavern
where no one makes much sense.

Even if the things you say are poems
as dense as sacks of Solomon's gold,
they become pointless.

F1) Vo : p. 249-250

A chaque instant retentit de tous côtés l'appel de l'amour :

Nous allons vers le ciel, qui désire venir avec nous ?
 Nous avons été au ciel, nous avons été les amis des anges,
 Et tous nous y retournerons, car c'est là notre patrie.
 Nous sommes plus élevés que le ciel, plus nobles que les anges :
 Pourquoi ne pas les dépasser ? Notre but est la majesté suprême,
 Qu'a donc à faire la perle fine avec le monde de la poussière ?
 Pourquoi êtes-vous descendus ici ? Rechargez vos bagages. Qu'est-ce que ce lieu-ci ?
 La chance nous accompagne, à nous de nous sacrifier !
 Le chef de notre caravane est Mustafâ, la gloire du monde.
 C'est son visage qui a fait se fendre la lune : elle n'a pu en supporter la vue.
 Devant une telle richesse, la lune n'est qu'un humble mendiant.
 Le parfum de cette brise provient des boucles de ses cheveux,
 La splendeur de cette pensée provient du visage pareil à « l'éclat du matin »¹⁰²
 Contemple une continuelle « fission de la lune »¹⁰³ dans nos cœurs.
 Pourquoi tes yeux sont-ils tournés de ce côté pour cette vision ?
 Comme les oiseaux de mer, les hommes viennent de l'océan - l'océan de l'âme.
 Comment, né de cette mer, l'oiseau ferait-il ici-bas sa demeure ?
 Non, nous sommes des perles au sein de cette mer, c'est là que nous demeurons tous :
 Sinon, pourquoi la vague succède-t-elle à la vague qui vient de la mer de l'âme ?
 La vague de « Ne suis-je pas »¹⁰⁴ est venue, elle a brisé le vaisseau du corps ;
 Et quand la vision revient, le vaisseau est brisé, et l'union avec Lui.

Q. VII) Di : n° 464 : Cf. plus haut

A3) Ls : p.149

AND NOW IT'S time
 for love's union
 for God's vision
 for resurrection, everlasting life
 Time for grace, for blessing
 for surging pure oceans of purity
 the sea foams white, casts its treasures:
 Fortunate dawn, morn of the light of God!
 Whose face? What image? King or prince?
 What ancient sage is this?
 All these are only veils
 fervid ardor burns these veils away
 You have the mind's eye to taste him
 You writhe for it in your head
 but you are all of two minds
 an earthly head of clay
 and one celestial, pure
 All these celestial heads
 lay scattered in the dust
 to show you that another mind's afoot

¹⁰² Qoran, XCIII, I.

¹⁰³ La « fission de la lune », prodige attribué à Muhammad, a fait l'objet de diverses interprétations.

¹⁰⁴ Cf. Qoran, VII, 171 (V. note 1, Ode 972).

At root, essential mind is hidden
 and only branches dangle to our eyes
 Know that beyond this universe
 another endless world awaits
 Seal up the skin, my host,
 no vintage can convey us there
 The jug of apprehension's bottlenecked in those straits

The Sun of Truth shone from Tabriz
 and I told him:
 Your light touches all
 and yet remains apart

F1) Vo : p.250-251

C'est le temps de l'union et de la vision, c'est le temps de la Résurrection et de l'Éternité ;
 C'est le temps de la grâce et de la faveur, c'est l'océan de la pureté parfaite.
 Le trésor des dons est advenu, l'éclat de la mer s'est manifesté,
 L'aurore de la bénédiction s'est levée. L'aurore ? Non, la lumière de Dieu.
 Quelle est cette figure, quel est ce visage ? Qui est ce monarque, ce prince ?
 Quelle est cette sagesse ancienne ? Ce sont tous là des voiles :
 Pour remédier à ces voiles, il n'est que les extases, pareilles
 à celles-ci.
 La source de ces eaux vives est dans ta tête, et dans tes yeux ;
 Occupe-toi de ta tête - mais, en réalité tu en as deux :
 Cette tête d'argile vient de la terre, et cette tête pure vient du ciel.
 Oh ! combien de têtes pures ont roulé dans la poussière,
 Pour que tu saches que c'est de cette autre tête que dépend celle-ci !
 Cette tête originelle est cachée, cette tête dérivée est manifeste :
 Derrière ce monde-ci se trouve l'univers infini.
 O porteur d'eau, ferme ton outre, prends du vin dans notre amphore :
 Dans ce monde limité, le vase des perceptions est étroit.
 De Tabriz a brillé le soleil de la vérité, et je lui ai dit :
 « Ta lumière est à la fois jointe à toute chose, et distincte de toutes ».

Q. VIII) Di : n°527

وین عالم بی‌اصل را چون ذره‌ها برهم زند
 آدم نماند و آدمی گر خویش با آدم زند
 زان دود ناگه آتشی بر گنبد اعظم زند
 شوری درافتد در جهان، وین سور بر ماتم زند
 گه موج دریای عدم بر اشتهب و ادهم زند
 کم پرس از نامحرمان آن جا که محرم کم زند
 مه را نماند مهتری، شادی او بر غم زند
 زهره نماند زهره را تا پرده ای خرم زند
 نی عیش ماند نی فرح نی زخم بر مرهم زند

گر جان عاشق دم زند، آتش در این عالم زند
 عالم همه دریا شود، دریا ز هیبت لا شود
 دودی برآید از فلک، نی خلق ماند نی ملک
 بشکافد آن دم آسمان، نی کون ماند نی مکان
 گه آب را آتش برد، گه آب آتش را خورد
 خورشید افتد در کمی از نور جان آدمی
 مریخ بگذارد نری، دفتر بسوزد مشتری
 افتد عطارد در وحل، آتش درافتد در زحل
 نی قوس ماند نی قزح، نی باده ماند نی قدح

نی باغ خوش باشی کند، نی ابر نیسان نم زند	نی آب نقاشی کند، نی باد فراشی کند
نی نای ماند نی نوا، نی چنگ زیر و بم زند	نی درد ماند نی دوا، نی خصم ماند نی گوا
جان ربّی الاعلی گوّد، دل ربّی الاعلم زند	اسباب در باقی شود، ساقی به خود ساقی شود
تا نقش‌های بی بدل بر کسوه معلم زند	برجّه که نقاش ازل بار دوم شد در عمل
آتش بسوزد قلب را بر قلب آن عالم زند	حق آتشی افروخته تا هر چه ناحق سوخته
بر پوره ادهم جهد، بر عیسی مریم زند	خورشید حق دل شرق او، شرقی که هر دم برق او

A1) Ls : p. 111-112

THIS WORLD would be engulfed in flames,
 If the lover's soul would speak
 and this rootless world would smash together like so many atoms
 The world would turn to sea, the sea - in awe -into Negation
 Not man, not humanity remain, though entreating Adam's kinship
 Smoke arises from the spheres, neither creatures nor angels remain
 and from that smoke flames soon stretch up to the majestic vault
 It's then the heavens crack, neither Being nor Space remain
 Chaos churns through the universe and all celebration turns lamentation
 Here the water burns in fire, there the water drinks the flames
 The sun falls and fails, no brighter than the spark of human soul
 Don't seek answers from the uninitiates,
 For even intimates can barely tell.
 While waves of void surge over fiery comets and the dark
 Mars drops its manliness, Jupiter's celestial books burn up
 The moon wanes in grandeur, its joy turns to grief
 Mercury sinks into mire, and Saturn goes up in flames
 Venus grows pale, untuned its happy music
 No bow and no rain, no wine and no chalice remain
 No pleasure, no bliss, no balm salving any wound
 No water to streak the plains, no winds to ripple earth
 No garden to refresh and delight, no spring clouds to sprinkle, bedew
 Neither pain remains nor physic, no contesting litigant, no witness
 Neither flute remains nor air, not harp and not arpeggio
 All causes fold away into eternity, the Saqi serves herself
 Spirit chimes "My Lord on High"
 Heart will go "My Lord the all-knowing"
 Rise up, for the limner of eternity has set to work a second time
 imprinting on the embroidered Tapestry immutable patterns
 Truth has stoked its fires, so that all untruth is burned away
 Fire burns the false, and the new world's heart is purely forged

The sun of True heart stands east of it,
 An east whereof constant lightning flashes
 streak through the scion of the unseen
 to alight upon Jesus of Mary

F1) Vo : p. 263-264

Un souffle jailli du sein de l'amoureux suffirait à incendier le monde,
 A disperser l'univers insignifiant, tel des grains de poussière.
 Le Cosmos tout entier deviendrait un océan ;
 Une terreur sacrée réduirait cet océan à néant.
 Nul être humain ne resterait alors, et nulle créature ;
 Une fumée s'élèverait du firmament ; il n'y aurait plus d'hommes, ni d'anges.
 Hors de cette fumée, voici qu'une flamme soudain brillera sur la voûte céleste ;
 En cet instant, le ciel se fendra, il ne restera plus d'existence, ni d'espace.
 Un trouble s'élèvera du sein de l'univers, il sera mêlé de deuil.
 Tantôt le feu consumera l'eau, tantôt l'eau éteindra le feu ;
 Tantôt les vagues de l'océan du néant envelopperont de leur flot le coursier du jour et de la nuit.
 Le soleil décroît devant l'éclat de l'âme de l'homme.
 Interroge moins ceux qui ne sont pas les confidents du Secret,
 Quand le confident du Secret lui-même ne peut te répondre.
 Mars perdra sa bravoure, Jupiter brûlera le Livre du monde,
 La Lune ne gardera pas son empire, sa joie sera ternie de chagrin.
 Mercure sombrera dans la boue, Saturne s'embrasera.
 Venus, chanteuse du ciel, ne jouera plus ses mélodies joyeuses.
 L'arc-en-ciel s'enfuira, et le vin, et la coupe ;
 Plus de bonheur ni de plaisir, plus de blessure ni de remède ;
 L'eau ne s'irisera pas, le vent ne balayera pas la terre ;
 Le jardin ne se livrera plus à la joie, le nuage d'avril ne répandra plus sa rosée.
 Plus de douleur ni de consolation, plus d'ennemi ni de Témoin ;
 Plus de flûte ni de chant, plus de luth, ni de mode, grave ou aigu.
 Les causes s'évanouiront ; l'échanson se servira lui-même.
 L'âme récitera : « Mon Seigneur est le plus haut ! » Le cœur s'écrira : « Mon Seigneur sait mieux ! »
 Lève-toi, car le peintre de l'éternité s'est mis à l'œuvre une nouvelle fois,
 Afin de dessiner des figures sans pareilles sur l'étoffe bigarrée du monde.
 Dieu a allumé un feu pour brûler tout ce qui n'est pas la Réalité :
 Le feu brûlera le cœur, brûlera le cœur de cet univers.
 Le soleil de Dieu a pour cœur l'Orient ; et l'éclat de cet Orient
 Rayonne à tout instant sur le fils de Adam¹⁰⁵ illumine Jésus, fils de Maryam.

F2) Taj : p.207-209**L'UNIVERS SE DISSOUT**

S'il sort, le souffle de l'amant
 Et frappe l'univers de feu.
 Cet univers sans origine,
 Il le dissout en particules.

L'univers entier devient mer,
 De peur la mer tourne au néant.

¹⁰⁵ Cf. note 2, ode 598.

Ni homme, ni humanité
Ne restent quand l'homme est frappé

Une fumée monte du ciel,
Ne reste ni peuple, ni ange,
Et de cette fumée soudain
IL frappe de feu le grand toit

Instant où le ciel se déchire :
Ne reste ni être, ni lieu,
Un mouvement dans l'univers
Frappe le deuil à coups de fête

Parfois c'est le feu qui prend l'eau,
Parfois l'eau qui mange le feu,
De la mer du néant les vagues
Frappent le noir, ou bien le blanc.

Le soleil tombe dans l'intime
À lumière de souffle d'homme
N'attends rien des non-initiés
Là où l'initié est si humble

Mars a perdu virilité¹⁰⁶,
Feu au livre de Jupiter¹⁰⁷,
Plus de majesté pour la Lune
Et sa joie frappe un rythme triste,

Mercury tombe dans la boue¹⁰⁸,
Le feu s'empare de Saturne¹⁰⁹,
Vénus¹¹⁰ n'a plus aucune bile
Pour frapper un rythme joyeux

Il ne reste ni arc, ni ciel,
Il ne reste ni vin, ni coupe,
Ni plaisir, ni joie et le baume
N'est happé d'aucune blessure.

L'eau ne fera plus de dessins,
Le vent ne balayera plus,
Jardin ne dira : joie sur vous,
Nuage d'avril : pas de goutte

Ne reste douleur, ni remède,
Ni ennemi, aucun témoin,

¹⁰⁶ Mars est toujours le symbole du courage, surtout guerrier.

¹⁰⁷ Jupiter est le scribe de l'univers, d'où son livre.

¹⁰⁸ Mercure représente le commerce, ici périliclitant.

¹⁰⁹ Saturne est la planète néfaste par excellence.

¹¹⁰ Vénus est l'emblème des musiciens, d'où son rythme.

Ni flûte, ni rythme, ni lyre
Frappant le grave, ni l'aigu.

Toutes causes s'anéantissent,
Le sommelier se sen lui-même,
Le souffle dit : « Ô mon grand Dieu! »
Et le cœur dit : « Ô Dieu qui sais! »

Toi, saute de joie, car le peintre
De l'origine retravaille,
Traçant des images uniques
Sur le vêtement désigné.

La Vérité a fait un feu
Pour brûler les sans-vérité.
Le feu consumera le faux,
Il frappera le cœur¹¹¹ du monde.

Soleil-vérité, et le cour
Est son Orient¹¹², dont l'éclair
Toujours happe le fils d'Adham¹¹³
Et Jésus, l'enfant de Mariam¹¹⁴.

Q. IX) Di : n°563

به زیر آن درختی رو که او گل‌های تر دارد
به دکان کسی بنشین که در دکان شکر دارد
یکی قلبی بیاراید تو پنداری که زر دارد
تو منشین منتظر بر در که آن خانه دو در دارد
که هر دیگی که می‌جوشد درون چیزی دگر دارد
نه هر چشمی نظر دارد نه هر بحری گهر دارد
میان صخره و خارا اثر دارد اثر دارد
اگر رشته نمی‌گنجد از آن باشد که سر دارد
از این باد و هوا بگذر هوایش شور و شر دارد

دلا نزد کسی بنشین که او از دل خیر دارد
در این بازار عطاران مرو هر سو چو بی‌کاران
ترازو گر نداری پس تو را زو ره‌زند هر کس
تو را بر در نشاند او به طرّاری که می‌آید
به هر دیگی که می‌جوشد میاور کاسه و منشین
نه هر کلکی شکر دارد نه هر زیری زبر دارد
بنال ای بلبل دستان ازیرا ناله مستان
بنه سر گر نمی‌گنجی که اندر چشمه سوزن
چراغست این دل بیدار به زیر دامنش می‌دار

¹¹¹ Jeu de mots entre le faux (*qalb*) et le cœur (*qalb*).

¹¹² Pour Sohrawædi, comme pour les autres gnostiques, l'Orient est la patrie mystique du soleil.

¹¹³ Il s'agit d'Ebrâhim b. Adham Balkhi, un des grands saints du VIII^e siècle. Roi de Balkh, il abandonna son trône et son royaume pour la vie mystique. Attâr lui consacre un chapitre entier dans son *Mémorial des saints* « On raconte qu'Ebtâhim, accompagné d'un personnage vénérable se tenait sur une montagne. Son compagnon lui dit : Ô Ebrâhim quand l'homme arrivera-t-il à la perfection? - Lorsque, répondit Ebrâhim, il dira à la montagne de marcher et qu'elle marchera. 'Comme ils en étaient là de leur conversation, la montagne commença à se mouvoir. Ebrâhim s'adressant à elle, lui dit : « ô montagne! je ne te dis pas de marcher; c'est une simple supposition que j'ai faite. » Et la montagne se tint tranquille » (F. Attâr, *Le Mémorial des saints*, trad. A. Paver de Coutteille, p, 133).

¹¹⁴ Le désordre cosmique comme miroir du cœur est plus rare, dans la poésie mystique, qu'on pourrait croire. Voici cependant un exemple proche, dans un poème de Théophile de Viau, *Sur la mort du père d'un ami* : [...]

حریف همدمی گشتی که آبی بر جگر دارد
که میوه نو دهد دایم درون دل سفر دارد

چو تو از باد بگذشتی مقیم چشمه‌ای گشتی
چو آبت بر جگر باشد درخت سبز را مانی

A1) Am : tome I, n°68, p.61-62 ¹¹⁵

My heart, be seated near that person who has experience of the heart, go under that tree which bears fresh blossoms.

Go not in every direction as do idlers in this druggists' market; sit in the shop of someone who has sugar in his shop.

If you have no balance, then every one waylays you; one man adorns a counterfeit coin, and you imagine that he has gold;

Cheatingly he sets you by the door, saying, "I am coming -- do not sit expectant at the door, for that house has two doors.

5 Do not bring your cup to every pot that seethes, and do not sit there, for every seething pot has within it something else.

Not every reed holds sugar; not every under has an over; not every eye has sight; not every sea holds pearls.

Lament, singing nightingale, because the drunkard's lament has some effect, some effect even on rocks and stones.

Put aside your head if you have no room, for if the thread is not contained in the eye of the needle that is because it has a head.

This wakeful heart is a lantern; hold it under your skirt; pass away from this wind and air, for the air puts it into commotion.

10 When you have passed away from the wind you have become a dweller in a fountain, you have become companion to a confederate who pours cooling water on the heart.

When you have water on your heart, you are like a green tree which constantly yields new fruit, and journeys within the Heart.

A2) Ls : p. 153

HEART,

sit at the foot of one who knows his hearts
rest beneath the tree whose boughs bud fresh
Don't wander all around the market of perfumes
sit in the stall of him who has a stash of sugar
You'll be fleeced by every seller -
Without a scale to take their measure
you'll mistake the gilded slug for golden tender
They'll make you sit inside the shop
sweetly promising "Just one moment, please"
Don't sit there waiting,
there's another door goes out the back
Don't wait with bowl in hand for every pot to boil
what stews in every pot is not the same.
Not every cane-cut pen drips with sugar
not every under has above

¹¹⁵ See Aflaki 155-156 ; 7. I.e. surrender reason, the great impediment to love.

not every eye's possessed of vision
 not every sea conceals a pearl

Sing your little heart out, nightingale
 for your famed intoxicated lamentation
 echoes and transmutes the stony hills and granite boulders
 If your head cannot contain you -lose it
 you can't pass through the needle's eye a knotty thread
 The awakened heart's a lamp
 cloak it from contrary airs beneath your mantle
 for the windy air will do it harm.
 Pass beyond the winds and reach the spring
 become a secret confidant, welling with emotion
 and then like a green tree you will swell with sap
 and come to fruition as it courses through your heart

A3) Bb : p. 43

NEW BLOSSOMS

Sit near someone who has had the experience
 Sit under a tree with new blossoms.

Walking the section of the market
 where chemists sell essences.
 you will receive connecting advice.

Go toward kindness.
 If you are not sure where that is,
 you will be drawn in by fakes.

They will take your money and sit you down
 on their doorstep saying, I'll be right back.
 But they have another door they leave by.

Do not dip your cup in a pot
 just because it has reached the simmering point

Not every reed is sugarcane.
 Not every under has an *over*.

Not every eye can see.
 Or it may be you cannot thread the needle
 because it already has thread in it.

Your loving alertness is a lantern
 Keep it protected from wind
 that makes it crazy.

Instead of that airy commotion

live in the water that gently cools
as it flows. Be a helpful friend,
and you will become a green tree
with always new fruit,
always deeper journeys into love.

F1) Vo : p. 266-267

O mon cœur, reste auprès de celui qui a la connaissance du cœur.
Va à l'ombre d'un arbre qui porte de fraîches fleurs,
Ne te promène pas, comme les oisifs, dans le bazar de parfumeurs,
Demeure dans la boutique de celui qui vend du sucre.
Si tu n'as pas une balance juste, chacun peut te tromper :
Quelqu'un peut déguiser un objet de pacotille, et tu le prendras pour de l'or.
Il te fera, par ruse, asseoir sur le seuil en te disant : « Je reviens » ;
Ne reste pas à attendre sur le seuil, cette maison a deux issues.
Devant chaque marmite en train de bouillir, n'apporte pas ton écuelle et ne va pas t'asseoir :
Dans chaque marmite sur le feu se trouvent des choses différentes.
Toutes les cannes de roseau ne contiennent pas du sucre, tous les abîmes n'ont pas un
sommet.
Il n'est pas vrai que tous les yeux possèdent la vision, il n'est pas vrai que tous les océans
recèlent des perles.
O rossignol à la voix mélodieuse ! Lamente-toi, car la plainte de ceux qui sont ivres
Pénètre jusqu'au cœur de la pierre et du dur rocher.
Soumets-toi : si tu ne peux être reçu chez l'Ami,
C'est que tu te rebelles comme le fil qui ne peut passer dans le chas de l'aiguille.
Le cœur éveillé est une lampe : protège-le sous le pan de ta robe,
Hâte-toi pour échapper à ce vent, car le temps est mauvais.
Quand tu seras loin de ce vent, tu te trouveras au bord d'une fontaine ;
Tu deviendras le compagnon d'un ami qui rafraîchira ton âme.
Quand ton âme sera rafraîchie, tu ressembleras à un arbre vert
Qui donne perpétuellement des fruits nouveaux, et dont la progression est intérieure.

Q. X) Di : n° 566

دو چشم او به جادویی دو چشم چرخ بردوزد
چنان آمیختم با او که دل با من نیامیزد
چو میوه زاید از شاخی از آن شاخ اندر آویزد
قرارش از کجا باشد کسی کز سایه بگریزد
رخ شمعش همی گوید کجا پروانه تا سوزد
درافکن خویش در آتش چو شمع او برافروزد
اگر آب حیات آید تو را ز آتش نینگیزد

بتی کو زهره و مه را همه شب شیوه آموزد
شما دلها نگه دارید مسلمانان که من باری
نخست از عشق او زادم به آخر دل بدو دادم
ز سایه خود گریزانم که نور از سایه پنهانست
سر زلفش همی گوید صلا زوتر رسن بازی
برای این رسن بازی دلاور باش و چنبر شو
چو ذوق سوختن دیدی دگر نشکیبی از آتش

A1) Nid: XXI, p.84-85

A beauty that all night long teaches love-tricks to Venus and the moon,
 Whose two eyes by their witchery seal up the two eyes of heaven.
 Look to your hearts! I, whate'er beside, O Moslems,
 Am so mingled with him that no heart is mingled with me.
 I was born of his love at the first, leave him my heart at the last;
 When the fruit springs from the bough, on that bough it hangs.
 The tip of his curl is saying, 'Ho! betake thee to rope-dancing.'
 The cheek of his candle is saying, 'Where is a moth that it may burn?'
 For the sake of dancing on that rope, O heart, make haste, become a hoop;
 Cast thyself on the flame, when his candle is lit.
 Thou wilt never more endure without the name, when thou hast known the rapture of
 burning;
 If the water of life should come to thee, it would not stir thee from the flame.

A2) Am : tome I, n°69, p.62 ¹¹⁶

A fair idol that all the night teaches tricks to Venus and the moon, his two eyes by
 witchery sew up the two eyes of heaven.

Look out for your hearts, Moslems, for I at all events am so commingled with Him
 that no heart is commingled with me.

First I was born of His love, finally I gave my heart to Him; when fruit is born of a
 branch, from that branch it hangs.

I am fleeing from my own shadow, for the light is hidden from the shadow; where
 shall he rest at last who flees from his shadow?

5 The tip of His tress is saying, "Ha, quick, to the rope-trick!" The cheek of His candle
 is saying, "Where is the moth, that it may burn?"

For the sake of that rope-trick be brave, and become a hoop; fling yourself into the
 fire, when His candle is kindled.

When you have seen the joy of burning you will no more endure without the flame;
 even if the water of life came to you, it would not stir you from the flame.

A3) Sta : p.112

Love Tricks

Who is this Beautiful One,
 This One who stays up all night
 teaching love tricks to Venus and the Moon?
 This One
 whose enchanting gaze
 seals up the two eyes of heaven?

O seekers, it is your own heart!

Day and night,
 I am so taken by Him
 that no one else can be taken by me.

¹¹⁶ 6. « Be brave”: CB reads with N dilâ zû bâsh, “O heart, make haste.”

At the beginning I was born of His love,
 In the end I gave Him my heart.
 A fruit which falls from a branch
 must first cling to that same branch.

A man may run from his own shadow,
 searching for light,
 but will he ever find a place to rest?

The tip of His curl is saying,
 “Walk this tightrope.”
 The fire of His candle is saying,
 “O moth, come here.”
 O heart, be steady,
 dance gently upon that rope.

But the moment you hear His call
 fly into the candle’s flame

When you knew the rapture of this burning
 you would not go on for another moment
 without its heat.
 Even if the water of life
 were pouring all around
 it would not lure you from the flames.

A4) Bb : p. 128

FULL SUN

There is one who teaches the moon
 and the evening star their beauty.

Muslims, I am so mingled with that
 that no one can mingle with me.

I was born of this love,
 so now I hang from this branch

Shadows are always changing, fleeing
 I feel that fear

There is no peace
 except in full sun.

A voice says, Quick, the rope trick,
 and, Where did the moth go?

When you hear that, coil the rope
 and begin to climb.

Fly straight into the candle,
this burning so dear no coolness
can tempt us out of its flame.

F1) Vo : p.268-269

C'est une beauté qui toute la nuit enseigne des artifices d'amour à Vénus et à la lune,
Et dont les deux yeux, par leur magie, aveuglent les yeux du ciel.
O Musulmans, gardez bien vos cœurs ! Quant à moi,
Je suis si mêlé à Lui qu'aucun cœur ne demeure plus en moi.
Je suis d'abord né de son amour, à la fin je lui ai donné mon cœur ;
Quand le fruit pousse sur le rameau, c'est au rameau qu'il reste suspendu.
Je m'enfuis loin de mon ombre, car l'ombre cache la lumière :
Quelle quiétude peut avoir celui qui s'enfuit loin de l'ombre ?
La boucle de ses cheveux me dit : « Va, hâte-toi de danser sur la corde ».
Son visage pareil au flambeau dit : « Où est la phalène, afin qu'elle brûle ? »
Afin de danser sur cette corde, sois audacieux, et courbe-toi.
Jette-toi dans la flamme, quand son flambeau est allumé.
Tu ne pourras plus te passer de la flamme, quand tu auras connu l'extase de la brûlure ;
Si l'Eau de la Vie venait à toi, elle ne t'écarterait pas de ce feu.

F2) Jam : n° 38, p. 122-123

Une idole qui la nuit entière enseigne des ruses à Vénus et à la lune :
Ses deux yeux, par leur magie, ferment les deux yeux du firmament.

Veillez sur vos cœurs, ô vous les musulmans, car pour moi
Je suis à lui ainsi mêlé que de mon cœur je me suis défait.

Je suis né de son amour et pour finir je lui ai donné mon cœur.
Quand le fruit naît du rameau, à ce rameau il pendra.

Je me fais fuir hors de mon ombre, car la lumière est offusquée par l'ombre.
D'où lui viendra la paix, celui qui a fui l'ombre obscure?

Sa chevelure bouclée me dit : cours, sois le funambule sur le fil!
Son visage, cette torche, me dit : où est le papillon, qu'il se consume?

Pour cette danse sur le fil sois brave, enroule-toi tel un anneau.
Jette-toi dans le feu quand sa torche s'est allumée.

Ayant pris goût à la brûlure, tu t'impatienteras de la flamme.
Si l'eau de la vie t'advenait, elle ne t'arracherait pas à ce feu.

Q. XI) Di : n° 622

از بهر یکی جان کس چون با تو سخن گوید
 وز بهر یکی سر کس دست از تو کجا شوید
 جان داند و جان داند کز دوست چه می‌پوید
 صد نوحه برآرد سر هر موی همی‌موید
 می‌کاهم تا عشقت افزاید و افزوید
 بی پای چو کشتی‌ها در بحر همی‌پوید

جان پیش تو هر ساعت می‌ریزد و می‌روید
 هر جا که نهی پایی از خاک بروید سر
 روزی که بپرد جان از لذت بوی تو
 یک دم که خمار تو از مغز شود کمتر
 من خانه تهی کردم کز رخت تو پر دارم
 جانم ز پی عشق شمس الحق تبریزی

A1) Nid : XVIII, p.75

Before thee the soul is hourly decaying and growing,
 And for one soul's sake how should any plead with thee?
 Wherever thou settest foot a head springs up from the earth;
 For one head's sake why should any wash his hands of thee?
 That day when the soul takes flight enraptured by thy fragrance,
 The soul knows, the soul knows what fragrance is the Beloved's.
 As soon as thy fumes vanish out of the brain,
 The head heaves a hundred sighs, every hair is lamenting.
 I have emptied house, to be quit of the furniture ;
 I am waning, that thy love may increase and wax.
 'Tis best to gamble the soul away for so great a gain.
 Peace! For it is worth, O master, just that which it seeks.
 My soul in pursuit of thy love, Shamsu'l Haqq of Tabriz,
 Is scudding without feet, ship-like, over the sea.

A2) Am : tome I, n°78, p.69 ¹¹⁷

Every moment the Soul *is* decaying and growing before you, and how should any man plead with you for the sake of a single soul?

Wherever you set your foot a head springs from the earth; for one head's sake how should anyone wash his hands of you?

On the day when the soul takes flight in joy at your scent, the soul knows, the soul knows, what scent wafts from the Beloved.

Once your crop-sickness diminishes from the brain, the head raises a hundred laments, every hair is groaning.

5 I have emptied house, that I may be filled with your furniture; I am waning, that your love may wax and increase.

My soul in the train of Shams al-Haqq-i Tabrizi is scudding like a ship without feet over the sea.

A3) Cow : p. 87

Before you, the soul grows and decays each hour;
 For the sake of one soul can we plead its cause?

Wherever you set foot on earth a mind shoots forth;
 For the sake of one mind, should any dispense with you?

¹¹⁷ 7. This poem was evidently composed to mark the end of Ramadân.

When the soul swoons in rapture at your fragrance --
The soul knows the fragrance of the Beloved.

As soon as your scent slips from the mind
The head heaves a hundred sighs, every hair crying

I have emptied my house, to be quit of all chattels,
Though I wane, your love waxes like flame.

To gamble away the soul for such a gain is best
Peace! Its worth, O Wild One, exceeds all odds

In pursuit of your Love, Shems of Tabriz,
My soul scuds like a ship in a fair wind.

A4) Bs: p. 76

Empty Boat

Some huge work goes on growing. How
could one person's words matter? Where

you walk heads pop from the ground. What
is one seed head compared to you? On

my death day I'll know the answer. I have
cleared this house, so that your work can,

when it comes, fill every room. I slide
like an empty boat pulled over the water.

F1) Vo : p.278

Devant toi, l'âme à chaque instant dépérit et croît.
Pour une seule âme, quelqu'un pourrait-il discuter avec toi ?
Partout où tu poses le pied, une vie surgit de la poussière ;
Comment, pour sa propre vie, quelqu'un renoncerait-il à toi ?
Le jour où l'âme prend son essor, enivrée par ton parfum,
L'âme sait, l'âme sait quel est le parfum du Bien-Aimé.
Aussitôt que ton ivresse se dissipe dans le cerveau,
La tête pousse cent soupirs, chaque cheveu se lamente.
J'ai vidé ma maison pour la remplir de ce qui t'appartient ;
Je diminue, pour que ton amour puisse croître et grandir.
Mon âme, à la recherche de l'amour de Shams-ul-Haqq de Tabrîz,
Sans pieds, comme les vaisseaux, se hâte sur la mer.

F1) Jam : n° 83, p.190-191

L'âme en ta présence chaque instant s'effondre et s'élève
Pour une âme, une seule, comment prendrait-on langue avec toi?

En tout lieu où se posent tes pas, du sol s'élève l'intime d'une âme
Et pour le seul intime de son âme, où sera-t-il celui qu i renoncera à toi?

Au jour où l'âme prend son envol du plaisir qu'elle a de ton parfum
L'âme connaît, l'âme connaît quel est le parfum de l'Ami.

À l'instant où ton ivresse décroît en ton cerveau
Cent lamentations exhale la tête et chaque cheveu gémit.

J'ai fait la maison vide pour que de ton bagage je l'emplisse
Je m'abaisse et m'amenuise tant que de ton amour je m'accroisse et m'augmente.

Mon âme pour l'amour du Soleil du Réel de Tabrîz
Sans pieds, comme les navires sur la mer, court en sa quête.

Q. XII) Di : n° 636

در این عشق چو مرید همه روح پذیرید	بمیرید بمیرید در این عشق بمیرید
کز این خاک برآید سماوات بگیرید	بمیرید بمیرید و زین مرگ مترسید
که این نفس چو بندست و شما همچو اسیرید	بمیرید بمیرید و زین نفس ببرید
چو زندان بشکستید همه شاه و امیرید	یکی تیشه بگیرید پی حفره زندان
بر شاه چو مرید همه شاه و شهیرید	بمیرید بمیرید به پیش شه زیبا
چو زین ابر برآید همه بدر منیرید	بمیرید بمیرید و زین ابر برآید
هم از زندگیست اینک ز خاموش نفیرید	خموشید خموشید خموشی دم مرگست

A1) Am : tome I, n°80, p.70

Die now, die now, in this Love die; when you have died in this Love, you will all receive new life.

Die now, die now, and do not fear this death, for you will come forth from this earth and seize the heavens.

Die now, die now, and break away from this carnal soul, for this carnal soul is as a chain and you are as prisoners.

Take an axe to dig through the prison; when you have broken the prison you will all be kings and princes.

5 Die now, die now before the beautiful King; when you have died before the King, you will all be kings and renowned.

Die now, die now, and come forth from this cloud; when you come forth from this cloud, you will all be radiant full moons.

Be silent, be silent; silence is the sign of death; it is because of life that you are fleeing from the silent one.

A2) Be : p.22**Quietness**

Inside this new love, die.
 Your way begins on the other side.
 Become the sky.
 Take an axe to the prison wall.
 Escape.
 Walk out like someone suddenly born into color.
 Do it now.
 You're covered with thick cloud.
 Slide out the side. Die,
 and be quiet. Quietness is the surest sign
 that you've died.
 Your old life was a frantic running
 from silence.

The speechless full moon
 comes out now.

A3) Sta : p. 150***The Black Cloud***

Lose yourself,
 Lose yourself in this love.
 When you lose yourself in this love,
 you will find everything.

Lose yourself,
 Lose yourself.
 Do not fear this loss,
 For you will rise from the earth
 and embrace the endless heavens.

Lose yourself,
 Lose yourself.
 Escape from this earthly form,
 For this body is a chain
 and you are its prisoner.
 Smash through the prison wall
 and walk outside with the kings and princes.

Lose yourself,
 Lose yourself at the foot of the glorious King.
 When you lose yourself
 before the King
 you will become the King

Lose yourself,
 Lose yourself.
 Escape from the black cloud
 that surrounds you.
 Then you will see your own light
 as radiant as the full moon.

Now enter that silence.
 This is the surest way
 to lose yourself. . . .

What is your life about, anyway?—
 Nothing but a struggle to be someone,
 Nothing but a running from your own silence.

F1) Taj : P.285-286

MOUREZ MOUREZ

Mourez, mourez, dans cet amour mourez,
 Si vous mourez dans cet amour,
 Le pur esprit vous recevrez.

Mourez, mourez, sans peur de cette mort,
 Si vous vous levez de la terre,
 C'est le ciel que vous saisirez.

Mourez, mourez, coupez-vous de vous-mêmes,¹¹⁸
 Car ce vous-même est une chaîne,
 Et vous comme des prisonniers.

Prenez une hache et allez
 Jusqu'au fond de cette prison,
 Et si vous cassez la prison,
 Tout roi, tout prince, vous serez.

Mourez, mourez, près de ce roi splendide.
 Si vous mourez auprès du roi,
 Toute gloire et roi vous serez.

Mourez, mourez et quittez ce nuage,
 Car si vous quittez ce nuage,
 Pleine lune vous brillerez.

Soyez silencieux, silencieux,
 En silence la mort respire,
 Et si vous fuyez le silence,
 C'est la vie qu'il faut accuser.

¹¹⁸ *Nafs* désigne le pronom réfléchi (soi) et l'âme. Il s'agit ici de l'âme passionnelle, de l'âme charnelle.

Q. XIII) Di : n° 649

<p>از چرخ فرود آمد و در ما نگران شد بر بود مرا آن مه و بر چرخ دوان شد زیرا که در آن مه تنم از لطف چو جان شد تا سر تجلی ازل جمله بیان شد کشتی وجودم همه در بحر نهان شد و آوازه در افکند چنین گشت و چنان شد نقشی ز فلان آمد و جسمی ز فلان شد در حال گذارید و در آن بحر روان شد نی ماه توان دیدن و نی بحر توان شد</p>	<p>بر چرخ سحرگاه یکی ماه عیان شد چون باز که بر باید مرغی به گه صید در خود چو نظر کردم خود را بندیدم در جان چو سفر کردم جز ماه ندیدم نه چرخ فلک جمله در آن ماه فروشد آن بحر بزد موج و خرد باز بر آمد آن بحر کفی کرد و به هر پاره از آن کف هر پاره کف جسم کز آن بحر نشان یافت بی دولت مخدومی شمس الحق تبریز</p>
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A1) Nid : XIX, p. 77-79

At morning-tide a moon appeared in the sky,
 And descended from the sky and gazed on me.
 Like a falcon which snatches a bird at the time of hunting,
 That moon snatched me up and coursed over the sky.
 When I looked at myself, I saw myself no more,
 Because in that moon my body became by grace even as soul.
 When I travelled in soul, I saw nought save the moon,
 Till the secret of the eternal Theophany was all revealed.
 The nine spheres of heaven were all merged in that moon,
 The vessel of my being was completely hidden in the sea.
 The sea broke into waves, and again Wisdom rose
 And cast abroad a voice; so it happened and thus it befell.
 Foamed the sea, and at every foam-fleck
 Something took figure and something was bodied forth.
 Every foam-fleck of body, which received a sign from that sea,
 Melted straightway and turned to spirit in this ocean.
 Without the power imperial of Shamsu 'l Haqq of Tabriz
 One could neither behold the moon nor become the sea.

A2) Am : tome I, n°83, p.72-73 ¹¹⁹

At the dawn hour a moon appeared in the sky, came down from the sky and gazed upon me.

Like a hawk which seizes a bird at the time of hunting, that moon snatched me up and ran over the sky.

When I gazed at myself I saw myself no more, because in that moon my body through grace became like the soul.

¹¹⁹ 6. 'Reason': Uniaersal Reason, the firs emanation of God. 8. 'Become spirit': or, 'departed.'

When I voyaged in soul I saw naught but the moon, so that the secret of the eternal revelation was all disclosed.

5 The nine spheres of heaven were all absorbed in that moon, the ship of my being was entirely hidden in the sea.

That sea surged, and Reason arose again and cast abroad a voice; thus it happened and so it befell.

That sea foamed, and at every foam-fleck something took form and something was bodied forth.

Every foam-fleck of body which received a sign from that sea melted forthwith and became spirit in that sea.

Without the royal fortune of Shams al-Din of Tabriz one could neither behold the moon nor become the sea.

A3) Cow : p. 89

At dawn a moon appeared from the waves
And ascended, gazing down at me. Then,

Like a falcon snatching a bird in flight,
It snatched me up and flew away.

When I looked up no longer saw myself
Into that moon my body had eased, by grace

Of the soul in which I travelled, moon-driven
Until the secret of God's revelation halted me

Nine spheres of Heaven had merged in that moon
And the sea washed over the ship of my being,

Breaking against me in waves. Again Wisdom's
Voice boomed; as it happens so it occurs.

At every foam-fleck of the ocean a figure
Emerged and slowly disappeared, just as

My foam-flecked body, receiving a sea-sign
Melted within and slowly turned to spirit.

Without the regal power of Shems of Tabriz,
Holding the moon or becoming the sea are dreams

A8) Sch : p. 72-73

THERE ROSE a moon on the sky
in radiant morning time
And it came down from the sky
and started gazing at me:

And like a falcon that hunts
 and snatches the little bird,
 It seized me and grasped me and then
 it ran with me over the sky.
 I looked at myself, and lo!
 I did no more see myself--
 My body became in this moon
 by grace as subtle as souls.
 I traveled thus in the soul
 I saw nothing else but the moon:
 Unveiled were the mysteries of
 primordial theophany.
 And all the nine spheres of the sky
 had merged in this very moon-
 The boat of existence was
 completely submerged in that sea.
 The ocean billowed, and lo!
 Eternal Wisdom appeared
 And cast a voice and cried out . . .
 That was how it was and became.
 The ocean was all filled with foam,
 and every fleck of this foam
 Produced a figure like this
 and was a body like that,
 And every body-shaped fleck
 that heard a sign from that sea,
 It melted and then returned
 into the ocean of souls.
 But without the glorious strength
 of Shamsuddin, pride of Tabriz,
 You could not behold yonder moon,
 you could never merge with the sea.

A4) Sta : p.126

This Eternal Play

At dawn the Moon appeared in the sky.
 It floated down and looked at me.
 Then, like a hawk snatching its prey,
 it grabbed hold of me
 and dragged me across the sky.

 When I looked I could not see myself.
 By the magic of the Moon's light
 my body dissolved into pure spirit.
 In this form I journeyed on
 Merging with a boundless light.
 Then the secret of this eternal play
 opened up before me.

The nine spheres of heaven
 were enveloped in light.
 The ship of my soul
 was lost in a shoreless Sea. . . .

Suddenly the Sea of Being formed into waves.
 Thoughts rose up,
 images and forms broke on the shore.
 Then everything returned to the way it was before,
 merging into that vast Spirit.

The fortune of this sight
 comes from Shams, the Truth of Tabriz.
 Without his grace,
 no one could ever ride the Moon
 or become the endless Sea.

Like a flower's sweet nectar,
 you were born laughing.
 The planets say
 you will be the happiest man in the world.
 You are graceful like the stem of a flower
 and free like the towering cypress.

But there is something very strange
 about this cypress—
 It's flying!

A5) Bb : p.103

OCEAN LIGHT

The moon at dawn stooped like a hawk
 and took me and flew across the sky.

Traveling inside that light, so close
 my body turned to spirit.

I saw nothing but light.
 The secret of revelation came clear
 with my ship submerged in that.

As it moved, consciousness rose into being:
 and the voice of consciousness
 made every foam flock a new bodying.

Matter receives a signal
 from the sea it floats in.

But without the sun,
 without the majesty of Shams

no one would see the moon
or ever dissolve in ocean light

F1) Vo : p. 285-286

Au firmament une lune apparut, à l'aube,
Elle descendit du ciel et jeta sur moi son regard.
Tel un faucon qui saisit un oiseau, lors de la chasse,
Elle me ravit et m'emporta en haut des cieux.
Quand je me regardai, je ne me vis plus moi-même,
Car en cette lune mon corps, par grâce, était devenu l'âme.
Quand je voyageai dans l'âme, je ne vis que la lune,
Jusqu'à ce que me fût dévoilé le mystère de la Théophanie éternelle.
Les neuf sphères célestes étaient plongées tout entières en cette lune.
L'esquif de mon être était tout entier caché dans cette mer.
La mer en vagues se brisa ; l'Intelligence revint
Et lança son appel : il en fut ainsi, et ainsi advint-il.
La mer se couvrit d'écume, et de chaque flocon d'écume
Quelque chose revêtait une forme, quelque chose revêtait un corps.
Chaque flocon d'écume corporel qui reçut un signe de cette mer
Fondit aussitôt et suivit le cours de ses flots.
Sans le secours salvifique de mon seigneur Shams-ul-Haqq de Tabrîz,
Nul ne peut contempler la lune, ni devenir la mer.

F2) Jam : n°88, p. 196-197

Un peu avant l'aube une lune se fit voir au firmament
Du firmament elle descendit et elle eut souci de nous.

Semblable au faucon qui enlève un oiseau tandis qu'il chasse
Cette lune m'enleva et s'en fut courir au firmament.

Lorsqu'en moi je fis inspection, je ne me vis plus moi-même
Parce qu'en cette lune mon corps avait reçu la grâce de devenir semblable à l'ime.

Dans l'âme, comme je pérégrinais, je vis seulement la lune
Au point que le mystère de l'éternelle théophanie fut entier dévoilé.

Les neuf cieux descendaient tous au sein de cette lune
Le vaisseau de mon existence était entier caché au profond de cette mer.

L'onde en l'océan choqua ses vagues et l'intelligence revint à elle.
Elle fit courir son bruit. Cela se fit ainsi et ainsi en fut-il.

Cette mer écuma et par chacun de ces fragments d'écume
Une figure advint à l'un, un corps advint à l'autre.

Chaque fragment d'écume, corps qui de la mer reçut signature,
Redevint eau et dans cette mer fut emporté par le flot.

Sans la guidance de mon maître, le Soleil du Réel de Tabrîz,
L'on ne peut ni voir la lune ni devenir la mer.

Q. XIV) Di : n°1145

<p>در آن شبی که کنی از دکان و خانه عبور که هیچ وقت نبودی ز چشم من مستور به وقت لذت و شادی به گاه رنج و قنور رهی ز ضربت مار و جهی ز وحشت مور شراب و شاهد و شمع و کباب و نقل و بخور چه‌های و هوی برآید ز مردگان قبور ز بانگ طبل قیامت ز طمطراق نشور دماغ و گوش چه باشد به پیش نفخه صور اگر به خود نگری یا به سوی آن شر و شور که چشم بد بود آن روز از جمال دور که روح سخت لطیفست عشق سخت غیور شعاع آینه جان علم زند به ظهور مراهقان ره عشق راست روز ظهور نشسته بر لب خندق ندیدی یک کور دهان بسته تو غماز باش همچون نور خود اهل جمله تویی راز شد زمن مستور ببین تو کوکبه فتح و رایت منصور^{*120}</p>	<p>به من نگر که منم مونس تو اندر گور سلام من شنوی در لحد خبر شودت منم چو عقل و خرد در درون پرده تو شب غریب چو آواز آشنا شنوی خمار عشق درآرد به گور تو تحفه در آن زمان که چراغ خرد بگیرانیم ز های و هوی شود خیره خاک گورستان کفن دریده گرفته دو گوش خود از بیم به هر طرف نگری صورت مرا بینی ز احولی بگیریز و دو چشم نیکو کن به صورت بشرم‌هان و هان غلط نکنی چه جای صورت اگر خود نم شود صدتو دهل زنی و سوی مطربان شهر تنید به جای لقمه و پول ار خدای را جستی به شهر ما تو چه غماز خانه بگشادی خموش کردم و از غیر اهل بنهفتم بیا بجانب مشرق چو شمس تبریزی</p>
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A1) Nid : XXV, p. 99-103

Look on me, for thou art my companion in the grave
On the night when thou shalt pass from shop and dwelling.
Thou shalt hear my hail in the hollow of the tomb: it shall become known to thee
That thou wast never concealed from mine eye.
I am as reason and intellect within thy bosom
At the time of joy and gladness, at the time of sorrow and distress.
O strange night when thou hear'st the well-known voice,
Scap'st from the stroke of asp, and leap'st from the horror of ant !
Love's intoxication will bring to thy grave, as a gift,
Wine and mistress and candle and meats and sweets and incense.
In the hour when the intellectual lamp is lighted,
What a paean goes up from the dead men in the tombs!
The earth of the grave-yard is confounded by their cries,
By the din of the drums of resurrection, by the pomp of rising from the dead.
They have rent their shrouds, they have pressed tight their two ears in terror;
What is brain and ear before the blast of the trumpet?

^{*120} Ces deux dernières lignes n'existent que dans la version de Nicholson.

Look to thine eye, that thou mistake not,
 That unto thee the essence of seer and seen may be one.
 To whatever side thou gaze, my form thou shalt espy,
 Whether thou gaze on self or towards that moil and mell.
 Shun distorted vision and heal thine eyes,
 For in that moment the evil eye shall be far from my beauty.
 O take heed, lest thou misconceive me in human shape,
 For spirit is very subtle, and love is very jealous.
 What room for form, if the felt is hundredfold?
 'Tis the rays of the soul's mirror that bring the world to view.
 Had they sought God instead of morsel and pittance,
 Thou hadst not seen a single blind man seated on the moat-edge.
 Since Thou hast opened house in our city as dealer in amorous glances,
 Deal out glances, like light, with closed lips.
 I hold my peace and keep the unworthy in the dark ;
 Thou art all that is worthy: the mystery is veiled from me.
 Come, like the Sun of Tabriz, towards the east ;
 See the star of victory and the conqueror's banner!

A2) Am : tome I, n°147, p.122-123 ¹²¹

Look on me, for I shall be your companion in the grave on that night when you pass across from shop and house.

You will hear my greeting in the tomb, and you will be aware that not for a moment you have been veiled from my eyes.

I am like reason and mind within your veil, alike in time of pleasure and happiness and in the hour of pain and weariness.

On the strange night, when you hear the voice familiar, you will escape from the bite of snake and leap away from the horror of ant;

5 Love's intoxication will bring to your grave, as a gift, wine and mistress and candle and meats and sweets and incense.

On the hour when we light the lamp of the intellect, what a tumult of joy shall go up from the dead in the tombs!

The dust of the graveyard will be confounded by those cries, by the din of the drum of resurrection, the pomp and panoply of the uprising--

Shrouds rent asunder, two ears stopped up in terror; what shall avail brain and ear before the blast of the trumpet?

On whatever side you gaze, you will behold my form, whether you gaze on yourself or towards that uproar and confusion.

10 Flee from squinteyedness, and make good both your eyes, for the evil eye on that day will be far from my beauty.

Beware of mistaking me in a human shape, for the spirit is very subtle, and Love is exceedingly jealous.

What room is there for form, if the felt be a hundredfold? It is the rays of the soul's mirror that pitch the flag visibly.

Beat the drum, and wind towards the minstrels of the city; it is the day of purification to the grown lads of the road of Love.

¹²¹ 12. Mirrors had covers of felt.

Had they sought God, instead of morsel and pence, you would not have seen one blind man seated on the edge of the moat.

15 What sort of ogling-house have you opened in our city! Mouth shut, shoot out glances, like light.

A3) Chi : p. 347-348

[...]

Look at me! I will be your intimate in the grave on the night you pass from shop and home.

You will hear my salaams in the tomb and then you will know that you were never hidden from my sight.

Behind your veil I am like your intellect and awareness-at the time of joy and happiness, at the time of suffering and infirmity.

When you hear the voice of a friend on that lonely night, you will be delivered from the striking of the serpents and the fear of the ants.

The winesickness of Love will bring you a gift in the grave: wine, witnesses, candles, kabobs, sweetmeat, and incense.

When we light intellect's lamp, what a shouting and uproar will arise from the dead in their graves!

The dust of the graveyard will be bewildered by the shouting and uproar, by the sound of the Resurrection's drum, by the tremendous tumult of the Uprising.

He whose shroud is torn apart will cover his ears in terror-but what are brain and ears next to the blast of the Trumpet?

Wherever you look you will see my form- whether you look at yourself or at that noise and confusion.

Flee from cross-eyed vision and straighten out your eyes-for on that day, the evil eye will be far from my beauty!

Beware! Beware! Gaze not at my human form! Make no mistake, for the spirit is terribly subtle and Love terribly jealous!

What place is this for form?! Were the felt covering even a hundred fold, the radiance of the spirit's mirror would show its banner.

Strike the drums and wind your way to the minstrels in the city! The young men of Love's way are holding a day of purification.

If the blindmen had sought out God instead of morsels and money, not one of them would be left sitting on the edge of the moat.

Why have you opened a tale bearer's house in our city? Be a shut-mouth tale bearer, like light! (D 1145)

A4) Cow : p.101-102

Look on me, you who are my grave's companion,
On the night when you pass from shop and house

You shall hear me cry out from the tomb, and know
Your presence was never far from my lively gaze.

As reason and intellect I'm within your heart,
At times of gladness, at times of distress.

Strange is the night when you hear a familiar voice
Escape the nip of an asp, or leap from an ant's bite!

As a gift, Love's intoxication will bring to your grave
Wine and mistress, candle and meats, sweets and incense

At the hour when Intellect's lamp is lit, what cries
Of praise go up from dead men in their tombs!

The dark earth of the graveyard is confounded by their noise,
By the din of Resurrection's drums, by the pomp of those risen.

They have torn their shrouds, and closed their ears in horror.
What is the mind and ear before the blast of this trumpet?

Look into your own eye, and make no mistake
So that essence of seer and seen become one.

On whatever side you gaze, you shall see my form,
Whether you gaze upon self. or the mass that is visible

Shun distorted vision and heal your sight, for the evil eye
Will be distant from my beauty in that moment.

Beware, lest in error you see me in human form
For the spirit is extremely subtle, Love is jealous

What room is there for form, if what is felt extends beyond?
The soul's mirror reflects light that illuminates the world

Had they looked for God instead of food and livelihood
Not a single blind man seated by the moat would be seen

Since you have opened a shop in our city as a dealer in amorous glances,
Then bid light, deal out glances with closed lips.

I hold my peace and keep those who are unworthy in the dark;
You are all that is worthy: though for me the mystery is forever veiled.

Like the Sun of Tabriz, rise, rise towards the east;
See the star of victory, and the conqueror's banned

A5) Be: p. 138-139

NO ROOM FOR FORM

On the night when you cross the street
from your shop and your house

to the cemetery,

you'll hear me hailing you from inside
the open grave, and you'll realize
how we've always been together.
I am the clear consciousness-core of your being, the same in
ecstasy as in self-hating fatigue.

That night, when you escape the fear of snakebite and
all irritation with the ants, you'll hear
my familiar voice, see the candle being lit,
smell the incense, the surprise meal fixed
by the lover inside all your other lovers.

This heart-tumult is my signal
to you igniting in the tomb.

So don't fuss with the shroud
and the graveyard road dust.

Those get ripped open and washed away
in the music of our finally meeting.

And don't look for me in a human shape.
I am inside your looking. No room
for form with love this strong.

Beat the drum and let the poets speak.
This is a day of purification for those who
are already mature and initiated into what love is.

No need to wait until we die!
There's more to want here than money
and being famous and bites of roasted meat.

Now what shall we call this new sort of gazing-house
that has opened in our town where people sit
quietly and pour out their glancing
like light, like answering?

A6) Sta : p.171

The Blast of That Trumpet

Remember me.

I will be with you in the grave
on the night you leave behind
your shop and your family.

When you hear my soft voice
echoing in your tomb,

you will realize
 that you were never hidden from my eyes.
 I am the pure awareness within your heart,
 with you during joy and celebration,
 suffering and despair.

On that strange and fateful night
 you will hear a familiar voice—
 you'll be rescued from the fangs of snakes
 and the searing sting of scorpions.
 The euphoria of love will sweep over your grave;
 it will bring wine and friends, candles and food.

When the light of realization dawns,
 shouting and upheaval
 will rise up from the graves!
 The dust of ages will be stirred
 by the cries of ecstasy,
 by the banging of drums,
 by the clamor of revolt!

Dead bodies will tear off their shrouds
 and stuff their ears in fright—
 What use are the senses and the ears
 before the blast of *that* Trumpet?
 Look and you will see my form
 whether you are looking at yourself
 or toward that noise and confusion.

Don't be blurry-eyed,
 See me clearly—
 See my beauty without the old eyes of delusion.

Beware! Beware!
 Don't mistake me for this human form.
 The soul is not obscured by forms.
 Even if it were wrapped in a hundred folds of felt
 the rays of the soul's light
 would still shine through.

Beat the drum,
 Follow the minstrels of the city.
 It's a day of renewal
 when every young man
 walks boldly on the path of love.

Had everyone sought God
 Instead of crumbs and copper coins
 They would not be sitting on the edge of the moat
 in darkness and regret.

What kind of gossip-house
 have you opened in our city?
 Close your lips
 and shine on the world
 like loving sunlight.

Shine like the Sun of Tabriz rising in the East.
 Shine like the star of victory.
 Shine like the whole universe is yours!

F1) Vo : n°V, p. 1145*¹²²

Regarde-moi, car c'est moi ton compagnon dans la tombe.
 En cette nuit où tu quitteras ta boutique et ta demeure,
 Tu entendras mon salut dans la tombe et tu sauras alors
 Que jamais tu ne fus caché à mes yeux.
 Je suis comme l'intelligence et la raison dans ton sein,
 Au moment du plaisir et de la joie, au moment de la peine et de la nécessité.
 En cette étrange nuit, quand tu entendras cette voix du Bien-Aimé,
 Tu échapperas à la morsure des serpents, à la terreur des fourmis.
 L'ivresse de l'amour apportera dans ta tombe des présents ;
 Le vin, la bien-aimée, la chandelle, les mets, les friandises, et l'encens.
 En cet instant où s'allume la lampe de l'intelligence,
 Quel tumulte s'élève des morts dans les tombeaux !
 La terre du cimetière est bouleversée par leurs cris,
 Par le battement du tambour de la Résurrection et la pompe du lever des morts.
 Ils ont déchiré leurs linceuls, et bouché leurs oreilles, de peur¹²³.
 Qu'est-ce que la tête, qu'est-ce que l'oreille, devant le son de la trompette¹²⁴?
 Sois attentif à tes regards, pour ne pas commettre d'erreur,
 Et afin qu'en toi même celui qui voit et celui qui est vu ne soient qu'un.
 Où que tu jettes les yeux, tu verras mon visage ;
 Que tu te contemples toi-même, ou que tu regardes ce tumulte.
 Renonce à une vision déformée, purifie tes yeux,
 Car alors le mauvais œil sera loin de ma beauté.
 Prends garde à ne pas te méprendre sur ma forme humaine,
 Car l'esprit est très subtil et l'amour est très jaloux.
 Qu'est-ce que la forme ? Même avec cent épaisseurs de feutre,
 Les rayons du miroir de l'âme rendent le monde manifeste.
 Si les hommes, au lieu de la nourriture et de l'or, avaient cherché Dieu,
 Tu n'aurais pas vu un seul aveugle assis au bord du fossé.
 Puisque tu as ouvert dans notre ville une boutique où tu prodigues tes œillades,
 Ne parle pas, répands sur nous, comme la lumière, tes regards amoureux.
 Je garde le silence et cache le secret à ceux qui n'en sont pas dignes.
 C'est toi seul qui es digne : pour moi, le mystère est caché.

*¹²² La traductrice s'est trompée sur la référence.

¹²³ Qoran, II, 18.

¹²⁴ Qoran, LXIX, 13.

Viens vers l'Orient, comme le soleil (*shams*) de Tabrîz :
Vois les fastes de la victoire et l'étendard triomphal !

Q. XV) Di : n°1390

در من نگر در من نگر، بهر تو غمخوار آدمم	باز آدمم باز آدمم، از پیش آن یار آدمم
چندین هزاران سال شد، تا من به گفتار آدمم	شاد آدمم شاد آدمم، از جمله آزاد آدمم
بازم رَهان بازم رَهان، کاین جا به زنهار آدمم	آن جا روم، آن جا روم، بالا بدم، بالا روم
دامش ندیدم ناگهان، در وی گرفتار آدمم	من مرغ لاهوتی بدم، دیدی که ناسوتی شدم
آخر صدف من نیستم، من در شهوار آدمم	من نور پاکم ای پسر، نه مشیت خاکم مختصر
آن جا بیا ما را ببین، کان جا سبکبار آدمم	ما را به چشم سر ببین، ما را به چشم سر ببین
من گوهر کانی بدم، کاین جا به دیدار آدمم	از چار مادر برترم، وز هفت آبا نیز هم
ور نه به بازارم چه کار، وی را طلبکار آدمم	یارم به بازار آمدست، چالاک و هشیار آمدست
کاندر بیابان فنا جان و دل افگار آدمم	ای شمس تبریزی! نظر در کل عالم کی کنی؟

A1) Ls : p.154-155

HERE I COME again
again I come from the Friend
Look at me, look at me
I've come to look after you
I come in joy, rejoiced
I come freed from all

Several thousand years went by
before I found the words:
I ascend, ascend
I dwelt up there, am heading there
Let me go again, again
I am at a loss here:
I was a divine bird
see now how worldly mired I am
I didn't see the trap
and suddenly
ame up caught in it

I am pure light, my son
not just a fistful of clay
The shell is not me
I came as the royal pearl within

Look at me
not with outward eye
but with inward heart;
Follow me there and see
how unencumbered we become

I am
 above the four mothers
 and I am
 above the seven fathers
 I am
 the lodestar jewel
 come from the ore
 to be revealed

My beloved struts through the bazaar discerning, quick
 to buy me out
 or else what business could I have at all
 to be on the market
 - I come in search of him.

Shams-e Tabriz
 Won't you search me out, comb the earth, end to end? for I have criss-crossed
 heart-sore
 and soul-sick through the sands of effacement

F1) Taj : p.194-195

JE SUIS VENU

Je suis revenu, revenu,
 De cet ami je suis venu.
 Regarde en moi, regarde en moi,
 Triste pour toi je suis venu.

Joyeux, joyeux je suis venu,
 Libre de tous je suis venu,
 Plusieurs milliers d'années avant
 Qu'à parole je sois venu.

J'irai là-bas, j'irai là-bas,
 J'étais en haut, j'irai en haut,
 Libère-moi encore, encore,
 Cherchant abri je suis venu.

Moi qui étais oiseau divin¹²⁵
 Vois : humain¹²⁶ je suis devenu.
 Son piège, je ne l'ai pas vu,
 Pris au piège, je suis venu.

Ô fils je suis pure lumière
 Et non pauvre poignée de terre,

¹²⁵ La sphère divine (*lâhout*) est le « monde des secrets », le monde de l'irrélé.

¹²⁶ La dimension humaine (*nâsout*) est la réalité de l'homme terrestre.

Je ne suis pas huître non plus,
Perle de roi¹²⁷ je suis venu.

Ne nous regarde pas de l'œil
De la tête, mais du secret.
Viens là-bas, viens nous regarder,
Ici léger je suis venu.

Meilleur que les quatre éléments
Et aussi que les sept planètes,
J'étais le joyau de la mine,
En visiteur je suis venu.

Au bazar mon ami venu,
Agile, alerte; il est venu;
Et moi que ferais-je au bazar?
Le réclamer je suis venu.

Chams de Tabriz, quand ton regard
Verra-t-il l'univers entier?
Car souffle, au désert du néant¹²⁸,
Et cœur soucieux je suis venu.

F2) Jam : n°86, p.194-195

J'ai fait retour, j'ai fait retour, depuis ce compagnon j'ai fait retour
Porte ton regard en moi, porte en moi ton regard, partageant ton chagrin je suis venu.

Heureux je suis venu, heureux je suis venu, libre de tout je suis venu.
Ce fut tant de fois mille ans avant qu'à la parole parvenir!

Là-bas j'irai, là-bas j'irai. Tout en haut j'étais, tout en haut j'irai
Délivre-moi encore, encore délivre-moi, car ici pour avoir ma vie sauve je suis venu.

Moi j'étais oiseau du monde divin. Ne vois-tu pas qu'homme · je suis devenu?
Je n'ai pas vu ses filets : soudain captif de lui je suis venu.

Moi je suis lumière pure ô garçon, non pas une faible poignée de poussière
Je ne suis pas davantage coquille, c'est perle royale que m je suis venu.

Ne nous vois pas de l'œil du corps, vois-nous de l'œil du mystère.
Va là-bas, vois-nous. C'est en ce lieu que déchargé de tout fardeau je suis venu.

Je suis meilleur que les quatre éléments et les sept planètes aussi.
J'étais la précieuse pierre dans la mine, qui suis venu en visite.

¹²⁷ Perle pleine d'éclat, digne d'un roi.

¹²⁸ Le néant (*fânâ*) est l'annihilation mystique. (Voir p, 80, n°5, et p. 182, n. 3.)

Mon compagnon est au marché venu, leste et clairvoyant il est venu.
Sinon qu'aurais-je à faire au marché? je suis venu l'y chercher.

Ô Soleil de Tabrîz quand embrasseras-tu du regard le monde en son entier ?
Car dans le désert de l'extinction, l'âme et le cœur blessés je suis venu.

Q. XVI) Di : n° 1393

دولت عشق آمد و من دولت پاینده شدم	مرده بدم زنده شدم گریه بدم خنده شدم
زهره شیر است مرا زهره تابنده شدم	دیده سیر است مرا جان دلیر است مرا
رفتم و دیوانه شدم سلسله بندنده شدم	گفت که دیوانه نه‌ای لایق این خانه نه‌ای
رفتم و سرمست شدم وز طرب آکنده شدم	گفت که سرمست نه‌ای رو که از این دست نه‌ای
پیش رخ زنده کنش کشته و افکنده شدم	گفت که تو کشته نه‌ای در طرب آغشته نه‌ای
گول شدم هول شدم وز همه برکنده شدم	گفت که تو زیرکی مست خیالی و شکی
جمع نیم شمع نیم دود پراکنده شدم	گفت که تو شمع شدی قبله این جمع شدی
شیخ نیم پیش نیم امر تو را بنده شدم	گفت که شیخی و سری پیش رو و راهبری
در هوس بال و پرش بی‌پر و پرکنده شدم	گفت که با بال و پری من پر و بالت ندهم
زانک من از لطف و کرم سوی تو آینه شدم	گفت مرا دولت نو راه مرو رنجه مشو
گفتم آری نکنم ساکن و باشنده شدم	گفت مرا عشق کهن از بر ما نقل مکن
چونک زدی بر سر من پست و گدازنده شدم	چشمه خورشید تویی سایه گه بید منم
اطلس نو یافت دلم دشمن این ژنده شدم	تابش جان یافت دلم و اشد و بشکافت دلم
بنده و خربنده بدم شاه و خداونده شدم	صورت جان وقت سحر لاف همی‌زد ز بطر
کمد او در بر من با وی ماننده شدم	شکر کند کاغذ تو از شکر بی‌حد تو
کز نظر وگردش او نورپنیرنده شدم	شکر کند خاک دژم از فلک و چرخ به خم
کز کرم و بخشش او روشن بخشنده شدم	شکر کند چرخ فلک از ملک و ملک و ملک
بر زبر هفت طبق اختر رخشنده شدم	شکر کند عارف حق کز همه بردیم سبق
یوسف بودم ز کنون یوسف زاینده شدم	زهره بدم ماه شدم چرخ دو صد تاه شدم
کز اثر خنده تو گلشن خندنده شدم	از توام ای شهره قمر در من و در خود بنگر
کز رخ آن شاه جهان فرخ و فرخنده شدم	باش چو شطرنج روان خامش و خود جمله زبان

A1) Am : tome I, n°170, p.142-143¹²⁹

I was dead, I became alive; I was weeping, I became laughing; the power of love came, and I became everlasting power.

My eye is satiated, my soul is bold, I have the heart of a lion, I have become shining Venus.

He said, "You are not mad, you are not appropriate to this house"; I went and became mad, I became bound in shackles.

He said, "You are not intoxicated; go, for you belong not to this party"; I went and became intoxicated, I became overflowing with joy.

¹²⁹ 9. "Impotent": i.e. "plucked clean of feathers."

18. "The seven layers": the seven heavens.

19. Joseph, after coming up from the well, waxed in beauty and power.

21. "The face": a pun on *rukḥ*, which also means "nook."

5 He said, "You are not slain, you are not drenched in joy"; before his life-giving face I became slain and cast down.

He said, "You are a clever little man, drunk with fancy and doubt"; I became a fool, I became straightened, I became plucked up out of all.

He said, "You have become a candle, the *qibla* of this assembly"; I am not of assembly, I am not candle, I have become scattered smoke.

He said, "You are shaikh and headman, you are leader and guide"; I am not a shaikh, I am not a leader, I have become slave to your command.

He said, "You have pinions and wings, I will not give you wings and pinions"; in desire for his pinions and wings I became wingless and impotent.

10 New fortune said to me, "Go not on the way, do not become pained, for out of grace and generosity I am now coming to you."

Old love said to me, "Do not move from my breast"; I said, "Yes, I will not, I am at rest and remain."

You are the fountain of the sun, I am the shadow of the willow; when You strike my head, and I become low and melting.

My heart felt the glow of the soul, my heart opened and split, my heart wove a new satin, and I became enemy of this ragged one.

The form of the soul at dawn swaggered insolently; I was a slave and an ass-driver, I became king and lord.

15 Your paper gives thanks for your limitless sugar, for it came into my embrace, and I dwelt with it.

My darkling earth gives thanks for my bent sky and sphere, for through its gaze and circling I became light-receiving.

The sphere of heaven gives thanks for king and kingdom and angel, for through his generosity and bounty I have become bright and bountiful.

The gnostic of God gives thanks that we have outraced all; above the seven layers I have become a shining star.

I was Venus, I became the moon, I became the two hundred- fold sky; I was Joseph, henceforth I have become the waxing Joseph.

20 Famous moon, I am yours, look upon me and yourself, for from the trace of your smile I have become a smiling rosegarden.

Move silently like a chessman, yourself all tongue, for through the face of the king of the world I have become happy and blissful.

A2) Khf: n°20, p. 37-39

i was dead

i came alive

i was tears

i became laughter

all because of love

when it arrived

my temporal life

from then on

changed to eternal

love said to me

*you are not
crazy enough
you don't
fit this house*

*i went and
became crazy
crazy enough
to be in chains*

*love said
you are not
intoxicated enough
you don't
fit the group*

*i went and
got drunk
drunk enough to overflow
with light-headedness*

*love said
you are still
too clever
filled with
imagination and skepticism*

*i went and
became gullible
and in fright
pulled away
from it all*

*love said
you are a candle
attracting everyone
gathering everyone
around you*

*i am no more
a candle spreading light
i gather no more crowds
and like smoke
i am all scattered now*

*love said
you are a teacher
you are a head
and for everyone*

you are a leader

*i am no more
not a teacher
not a leader
just a servant
to your wishes*

*love said
you already have
your own wings
i will not give you
more feathers*

*and then my heart
pulled itself apart
and filled to the brim
with a new light
overflowed with fresh life*

*now even the heavens
are thankful that
because of love
i have become the giver of light*

A3) Erf : p. 15-16

He Took Me Under His Arm

I was dead, but came back to life.
I was the cry, but I became the smile
Love came and turned me
into everlasting glory.

Here's how it happened

He said to me, "You don't belong in this house
You're not nearly crazy enough."
I went and became raving mad
and bound myself in chains.

He said to me, "You're not drunk. Get lost
You're not from this land."
I went and got pie-eyed drunk
and filled my life with music and dance.

He said to me, "You've never annihilated yourself
so music and dance can't touch you."
I passed out of myself right in front of him
and fell to the ground.

He said to me, "You're a sensible, learned man,
full of reflections and opinions."
I became a silly fool
and cut myself off from people.

He said to me, "You're a candle,
the light to these people."
I gave them all up.
I became smoke and spread myself around

He said to me, "You're the sheikh, the head,
the one who walks at the front, the guide."
I told him that I'm neither sheikh nor guide.
I am the follower of your order,

He said to me, "You have arms and wings
I don't give anything to you."
I told him that I desire his wings so that
I can cut mine

His glory then spoke to me and said,
"Don't give up now. You're almost there
I'll soon grant you the favor you seek
and come to you."

And so he said to me, "O old love of mine,
don't ever get out from under my arm."
And I said, "Yes," and I stayed there.

A4) Helr : p.66-70

I Was Dead but I Came to Life

I was dead, but I came to life; I was all tears, I turned
into laughter.
The authority of Love arrived, and I became Love's
authority.

My eyes are saturated with all I've seen, my soul is
brave;
my spirit is like a lion, and so I was made the radiant
Venus.

He said: "You're not out of your mind, nor fit for this
house."
I became so crazy they wanted to put me in chains.

He said: "You're not drunk enough; go away, you're
not one of us.
I got really drunk, full of joy.

He said: "You're neither dead nor glistening with joy."
I let myself be defenseless and was slain before His
life-giving Face.

He said: "You're so smart, intoxicated with your own
imagination and suspicions."
I turned into an idiot, embarrassed myself. and left
everything.

He said: "You've become a candle, the *qibla*¹³⁰ to this
gathering."

There is no gathering, no candle; I'm less than
wafting smoke.

He said: "You're a shaykh, an authority, a celebrity, a
boss."
I am not a shaykh, nor a celebrity; I'm just a servant
of Your command.

He said: "You have your wings and fancy feathers; I
offer you neither."

Wishing for true wings and feathers, I stripped away
my own plumage.

The new Dominion told me: "Don't try so hard.
don't trouble yourself!

Since by My favor and abundance I ain coming to
you Myself."

The ancient Love told me: "Do not separate from
me! "

I said: "Of course I won't." And settled down
permanently.

You are the fountain of the rising sun; I am the shade
of the willow.

You struck me on the head; I became humble and
melted.

My heart found radiance from the soul; it opened up
and cleaved.

¹³⁰ The direction in which Muslims pray, namely toward the Kaaba in Mecca.

My heart wove new satin, and I became aloof to this
ragged garb.

This physical form that covers my soul keeps talking
nonsense at dawn:

"I was a slave and a donkey driver; I became a
soverign and a lord."

Your paper wrapper is thankful of Your abundant
candy, saying,

"When it came to my bosom, I became one and the
same with it."

My fortress of dirt is thankful for my circling
heavens.

Because He turned His attention toward me, I can
receive light.

The revolving heaven is thankful to the King, the
sovereign, and the angels,

"By His bounty and generosity, I've become
forgiving and illumined."

God's mystic is thankful to everyone and learns from
everyone;
within the seven heavens I have become a shining
sun."

I was the evening star; I became a moon, turning into
a hundred-layered sphere.

I was Joseph; from now on I'll beget many Josephs.

I belong to You, O celebrated Moon; look at Yourself
and see me !

Because of Your welcoming simile, I've become a
smiling rose garden.

Be silent as a game of chess, let the moves speak for
themselves.

Didn't the face of that King of the world, Shams,
finish the game.¹³¹

A4) Ls : p. 88-90

I WAS DEAD, came back to life

I wept, began to laugh

¹³¹ Literally, "make a beautiful-faced winner."

Love's force came over me
 Fortune smiled on me forever
 My eye has seen its fill
 my spirit feels no fear
 I have a lion's gall
 I'm luminous as Venus!

 You are not mad, he said
 You are not fit for this home
 I went mad, was bound by chains

 You are not drunk, he said
 You don't belong among us, go
 I went and got drunk, stuffed with joy

 You are not slain, he said
 You are not buried in joy
 Before his vivifying face I fell down, dead

 You are too clever by half, he said
 drunk with doubt and fantasy
 I got deceived, stunned, cut off from all

 You glow like a candle, he said
 the focus of our common adoration
 I'm not together
 I'm no candle
 I'm dispersed like wisps of smoke

 You're a shaykh and guide, he said
 Go ahead and lead the way

I'm no shaykh
 am not ahead
 I am slave to your command

 You have wings and feathers, he said
 I need not give you means of flight
 In yearning for his wings and feathers
 I am clipped and plucked

New-found fortune told me:

 Do not go away, do not take offense
 for I am coming towards you
 out of grace and kindness

Old love said to me:

 Do not leave my side Alright, I won't, I said
 I've become grounded, abiding

You are the source of the rays of the sun
 I am the shade beneath the willow tree

Since your rays hit my head, I've drooped, melted.
 The radiant spirit touched and cleft my heart,
 opened it, my heart. It spun a fresh silk,
 my heart, made me enemy to these rags
 In bliss the soul's form boasted on at dawn:

I was slave and bondsmen

I've become king and lord!

Paper I touch to write you cries sweet thanks
 for it feels your endless sugar in m.

Base earth gives thanks for heaven's bowl inverted
 that light rains through its turning aperture
 Heaven's wheel thanks angels, king, dominion –
 through His gifts and grace I'm brightness, bounty!
 God's gnostic gives his thanks for eminence:

"a star above the seven spheres, I shine"

I was Venus, I am the moon

I become celestial wheel

with countless levels

I was Joseph, and now I engender Josephs

You've made me, brightest moon!

Gaze into me and in yourself

for the traces of your smile

have turned me to a field of laughing blossoms

Like a chess game

Be in motion

silent but expressive

For in castling with the world King

how regal and auspicious

I have become!

A6) Sta : p.107

My King

I was dead and now I am alive.

I was in tears and now I am laughing.

The power of love swept over my soul

and now I am that eternal power.

My eyes are content.

My soul is fulfilled.

My heart is roaring.

My face glows like Venus.

He said, "But you are not mad with love.

You don't belong in this house."

I went and became mad.

I put chains round my neck.

He said, "But you are not drunk with love.
You don't belong at this party."

I went and became drunk.
I rolled on the floor with joy.

He said, "But you have not tasted the sweetness of death."
I sipped the wine of death
and fell before His life-giving face.

He said, "But you are a worldly man,
you have so many clever questions."

I went and became a fool,
babbling at every street-corner. . . .

He said, "Now you are a candle.
Everyone in the gathering has turned toward you."

"No, I don't belong here.
I am not a candle,
I am a wisp of smoke."

He said, "You are a Shaykh and a Master,
A guide of lost souls."

"No, I am not a Shaykh nor a guide,
I am slave to your every word."

He said, "You can fly.
Why should I give you feathers and wings?"

"For *your* feathers and wings
I would clip my own
and crawl upon the ground. . . ."

You are the majestic fountain of the Sun
that pours upon my head.
I am the shadow of a willow tree
bent over and melting.

When my heart was warmed by your radiant Sun
I took off my torn clothes
and put on fine silk.
My soul was once a slave and a donkey-driver,
Now it swaggers down the street
like a kingly lord.

The knowledge of you has lifted me up,
 Now I am a star shining above the seventh heaven.
 I was a glitter in the night sky,
 Now I am the Moon and the two hundred folds of heaven.
 I was Joseph at the bottom of a well,
 Now I am Joseph the King!

O famous Moon, shine on me.
 A ray of your light
 would turn my world into a rosegarden.

Now I will move in silence,
 Like a chess piece,
 Watching as my whole life
 revolves around
 the position of my King.

F1) Taj : p.93-96

ME VOICI

J'étais mort, vivant me voici.
 J'étais larme, ris me voici.
 Arriva le bonheur d'amour.
 Bonheur éternel me voici.

J'ai la vision rassasiée
 J'ai le souffle rempli d'audace,
 La bile intrépide du lion,
 Vénus ardente me voici ¹³².

Il dit : « Mais non, tu n'es pas fou,
 Pas digne de cette maison. »
 Je suis parti me rendre fou.
 Tel les attachés me voici.

Il dit : « Mais non, tu n'es pas ivre,
 Va, tu n'es pas de cette espèce. »
 Je suis parti, me voici ivre
 Et rempli de joie me voici

Il dit: « Mais non, tu n'es pas mort,
 Tu n'es pas souillé par la joie.
 A sa face qui donne vie,
 Mort et effondré me voici.

Il dit : « Oh oui, tu es rusé.
 Ivre de doute et de pensée. »

¹³² Jeu de mots entre la bile (*zahré*) et Vénus (*zohré*).

Alors, ignorant, enrayé,
Détaché de tous me voici.

Il dit : « Tu es une bougie,
celui vers qui l'assemblée prie¹³³. »
Assemblée ne suis, ni bougie,
Fumée dispersée me voici.

Il dit : « Tu es le cheikh, la tête,
Devant tu mènes le chemin. »
Cheikh ne suis, ni menant chemin,
Ton suiveur-d'ordres me voici.

Il dit : « Tu as plumes et ailes,
Je ne te donne aile ni plume. »
Désirant ses plumes, ses ailes,
Sans aile et plumes, me voici.

La chance nouvelle m'a dit :
« N'avance plus et sois sans peine:
Par bonté, générosité,
Le venant-vers-toi me voici. »

Le vieil amour m'a dit : « D'auprès
De nous ne te déplace pas. »
J'ai dit : « Non, je ne bouge pas,
Immobile ici me voici. »

Tu es la source du soleil.
Et moi je suis l'ombre de saule.
Toi, tu m'as frappé à la tête,
Misérable en feu, me voici.

Mon cœur trouva l'éclat du souffle,
Mon cœur s'ouvrit et se fendit,
Mon cœur tissa nouveau brocart,
Haine des haillons me voici.

Le visage du souffle, à l'aube,
Se vanta, sous le coup d'ivresse :
« J'étais domestique et ânier,
Roi et grand seigneur me voici. »

Reconnaissante, elle est, ta feuille,
De sentir ton sucre sans fin¹³⁴,
Quand elle est venue près de moi,
Moi, comme elle alors me voici.

¹³³ Il s'agit [du] *qibla*, à La Mecque; vers où prient les musulmans.

¹³⁴ Le papier sur lequel on écrivait les lettres servait aussi à envelopper les sucreries.

Reconnaissante, terre triste,
 Pour le ciel et la roue courbée,
 A sa vue, à son tournoiement,
 Capteur de clarté me voici.

Reconnaissante, roue du ciel,
 Pour le roi, pour l'ange et la terre.
 Par sa généreuse bonté,
 Clair et généreux me voici.

Reconnaissant, l'homme du Vrai¹³⁵,
 Car la tête de tous nous sommes.
 Sur les sept étages du ciel,
 Brillante étoile me voici.

J'étais Vénus, me voici Lune,
 Et la roue deux cents fois pliée¹³⁶,
 J'étais Joseph, dorénavant
 Faiseur de Joseph me voici.

Ô Lune, partout célébrée,
 Je suis de toi, regarde en moi,
 Et regarde en toi : par ton rire,
 Le riant jardin me voici.

Comme les échecs sois mobile
 Et silencieux, mais tout parole.
 Visage-tour du roi du monde¹³⁷ :
 Heureux, victorieux me voici.

F2) Jam : n°31, p. 110-112

J'étais mort, je suis vivant; j'étais larmes, je suis rire.
 La fortune d'amour est venue et moi je suis permanente fortune.

La vue pour moi n'a plus rien à désirer, l'âme en moi est intrépide.
 Il m'est donné le courage du lion, je suis la Vénus éclatante.

Il déclara : tu n'es pas fou, tu ne mérites pas cette demeure.
 Je m'en suis allé devenir fou, je serai lié de chaînes.

Il déclara : tu n'es pas ivre, va-t'en, tu n'es pas de la partie.

¹³⁵ L'homme du Vrai (*âref-é haqq*) désigne le gnostique en quête de Dieu. L'homme spirituel, le gnostique (*âref*) se trouve à un niveau plus profond que le philosophe. Dans le groupe des philosophes (*hakim*), on ne présuppose pas d'expérience mystique tandis que les gnostiques (*âref*) cumulent la science philosophique et l'expérience mystique.

¹³⁶ L'univers est très vieux, comme un vieillard « deux cents fois plié ».

¹³⁷ Un même mot (*rokh*) désigne « visage » et « tout », la pièce du jeu d'échecs.

Je m'en suis allé et je suis devenu ivre, je suis rempli de joie.

Il déclara : tu n'as pas été tué, tu n'as pas macéré dans la joie.
Devant son visage, offrande de vie, je fus tué et déjeté.

Il déclara : tu es malin, ivre d'imagination et de doute.
Je devins la dupe, je me soumis aux frayeurs et je me suis à tous arraché.

Il déclara : tu es le flambeau, tu es l'orientation pour ce groupe assemblé.
Je ne suis aucun rassemblement, je ne suis pas flambeau, je suis noire fumée éparse.

Il déclara : tu es le maître et la tête, tu montres la voie.
Je ne suis pas le maître, je ne suis pas en tête, je suis l'esclave à tes ordres.

Il déclara : tu es doté d'ailes et de plumage et moi je ne te donne ni aile ni plumage.
En désir d'ailes et de plumage qui soient de lui, je suis privé de plumage.

La fortune nouvelle me déclara : ne chemine plus, ne te fatigue pas,
Car moi, par grâce et pur don, je suis celle qui vient vers toi.

L'ancien amour m'a déclaré : ne te transporte pas loin de nous.
J'ai dit : je ne m'en déporte pas, je suis au repos, dans l'être à résidence.

Tu es la source du soleil et je suis l'ombre qui tombe sous le saule.
Puisque tu m'as à la tête frappé, je suis là à me consumer.

Mon cœur a trouvé la lumière de l'âme, mon cœur s'ouvrit et se déchira.
Mon cœur est tissu de satin neuf, je suis ennemi de cette guenille.

La forme de l'âme, à l'aube, se vanta d'insolence :
J'étais serviteur, au service des ânes, je suis roi et tout-puissant.

Il rend grâce, ton papier, de ce sucre qui est toi, sans limite.
Comme il est venu vers moi, je suis à sa semblance.

Elle rend grâce, la poussière triste, pour la sphère céleste et le firmament circulaire.
Je le contemple et il tournoie : j'accueille la lumière.

Il rend grâce, le firmament, pour le roi, le royaume et l'ange.
Par sa générosité et sa libéralité, je suis lumineux et généreux.

Il rend grâce, celui qui sait le Réel, car nous avons préséance sur tout.
Par-delà les sept cieux, je suis astre éclatant de lumière.

J'étais Vénus, je suis la Lune, le firmament aux deux cents plis.
J'étais Joseph, je suis maintenant celui qui donne la vie à Joseph.

Par toi je suis, ô Lune fameuse. Jette ton regard en moi, en toi-même
Car sous l'effet de tes rires, je suis devenu la riante roseraie.

Sois comme les pièces aux échecs, qui vont et qui se taisent, et sois tout entier parole
Car moi, de la tour du roi de l'univers, j'ai reçu bon présage et bonne chance.

Q. XVII) Di : n° 1397

<p>گوش بنه عربده را دست منه بر دهنم ور بنهی پا بنهم هر چه بیابم شکنم گر طربی در طربم گر حزنی در حزنم با تو خوش است ای صنم لب شکر خوش دقتم هر چه نمایی بشوم آینه ممتحنم چونک شدم سایه گل پهلوی گل خیمه زخم ور همه خارم ز تو من جمله گل و یاسمنم هر نفسی کوزه خود بر در ساقی شکنم تا بخراشد رخ من تا بدرد پیرهنم شمع دل است او به جهان من کیم او را لگنم</p>	<p>زین دو هزاران من و ما ای عجباً من چه منم چونک من از دست شدم در ره من شیشه منه زانک دلم هر نفسی دنگ خیال تو بود تلخ کنی تلخ شوم لطف کنی لطف شوم اصل تویی من چه کسم آینه‌ای در کف تو تو به صفت سرو چمن من به صفت سایه تو بی‌تو اگر گل شکنم خار شود در کف من دم به دم از خون جگر ساغر خونابه کشم دست برم هر نفسی سوی گریبان بیتی لطف صلاح دل و دین تافت میان دل من</p>
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A1) Am : tome I, n°171, p.143-144

Of these two thousand I's and we's I wonder, which one am I? Give ear to my babble,
do not lay your hand on my mouth.

Since I have gone out of control, do not put glass on my path, for if you do I will
stamp and break all that I find.

Because every moment my heart is confused with your fantasy, if you are joyous I am
joyful, if you are sorrowing I am sorrowful.

You give bitterness and I become bitter, you give grace and I become all grace; with
you it is pleasant, O my sugar-lipped, sweet-chinned idol.

5 You are the original-what person am I? A mirror in your hand; whatever you show,
that I become, I am a well-proved mirror.

You are like the cypress of the meadow, I am like your shadow; since I have become
the shadow of the rose, I have pitched my tent beside the rose.

If without you I break off a rose, it will become a thorn in my hand; and if I am all
thorn, through you I am all rose and jasmine.

Every moment I drain a bloody beaker of the blood of my heart; every instant I break
my own pitcher against the saki's door.

Every second I reach out my hand towards the skirt of an idol, that he may scratch my
cheek, that he may rend my shirt.

10 The grace of Salah-i Dil u Din shone in the midst of my heart; he is the heart's candle
in the world; who am I? His bowl.

A2) Erm : p. 74

Among two thousand of me,
I wonder which one I am.
Never mind what I say to you
Watch all these struggles.
Listen to the noises.

I am out of control now.
 Don't put a glass in front of me.
 When I step, I'll break everything in my way

With every breath my Heart takes color
 From your image.
 I am cheerful when you are gay;
 I yell and play.

But I am somber when you are somber.
 I will be in mourning
 If you put a bad taste in my mouth.

I will become all kindness
 If you favor me.
 Oh my Beloved, I am exalted with you.
 My lips are like sugar; my mouth is sweet

You are the one who exists.
 I am a mirror in your hand.
 Whatever you show appears on me
 I go through your tests, your whims
 I become your mirror.

A3) Be : p. 12

SALADIN'S BEGGING BOWL

Of these two thousand "I" and "We" people,
 which am I?

Don't try to keep me from asking!
 Listen, when I'm this out of control!
 But don't put anything breakable in my way!

There is an original inside me.
 What's here is a mirror for that, for you.

If you are joyful, I am.
 If you grieve, or if you're bitter, or graceful,
 I take on those qualities.

Like the shadow of a cypress tree in the meadow,
 like the shadow of a rose, I live
 close to the rose.

If I separated myself from you,
 I would turn entirely thorn.

Every second, I drink another cup of my own blood-wine.

Every instant, I break an empty cup against your door.

I reach out, wanting you to tear me open.

Saladin's generosity lights a candle in my chest.

Who *am* I then?

His empty begging bowl.

A4) Helr : p. 144-146

What Am I?

With all of these many-faced I's and we's,
what sort of "I" am I?

Listen, take your hand off my mouth
and let me rave.

I'm already lost.

Don't lay shattered glass in my path;
I'll crush whatever's in my way.

With every breath my heart
is stupefied by the vision of You.

If You're happy, I'll be happy;
if You're sad, I'll be sad, too.

If You're bitter, I'll be embittered;
if You're tender, I'll be tender as well.
My only joy is to be with You,
close to Your sweet lips and delicate chin, Beloved.

Everything depends on You. Who am I?
Just a mirror in Your hand.
Whatever You reveal, that's what I am;
I'm just a polished mirror.

If You're a graceful cypress,
I'm Your shadow;
and when you're a flower,
like your shadow, I'll pitch my tent nearby.

If I pluck a flower without You,
it becomes a thorn in my hand,
and if I'm a thorn,
with You I become roses and jasmine.

Moment by moment my heart
sheds tears of blood; then with a sudden breath
I smash my glass

at the door of the wine server.

If ever I try to reach for some idol,
I get my face scratched, my shirt torn.

From somewhere beyond myself
grace radiates into my heart. .
Somewhere a Candle illumines this whole world.
Who am I? Just the candlestick holder.

F1) Taj : p.232-233

QUEL MOI JE SUIS?

De ces deux mille moi et nous,
ô étrange, quel moi je suis?
Donne ton oreille à mon cri,
Ne mets pas ta main sur ma bouche.

Comme je suis anéanti,
Ne mets pas de verre où je marche.
Si tu le mets, j'y mets mon pied,
Tout ce que je trouve, je casse.

Comme mon cœur, à chaque instant,
Se noie dans la pensée de toi,
Si tu es joie, je suis dans joie,
Et si tristesse, dans tristesse.

Amer tu fais, amer je suis,
Bonté tu fais, bonté je suis,
Avec toi plaisir et douceur,
Beau sucre-lèvre et doux parler.

Toi l'élément, moi qui je suis?
Je suis un miroir dans ta main.
Je deviens tout ce que tu montres,
Je suis miroir mis à l'épreuve.

Ta nature : cyprès¹³⁸ de l'herbe.
Ma nature : je suis ton ombre.
Devenu l'ombre de la fleur,
Près de la fleur je mets ma tente.

Si sans toi je cueille une fleur,
Elle est broussaille dans ma main.
Si moi je ne suis que broussaille,
Tu me fais tout fleur et jasmin.

¹³⁸ Dans la littérature persane, le cyprès est l'image de la beauté mais aussi de la liberté.

Chaque instant - triste sang du foie¹³⁹ -
 Je bois à la coupe de sang.
 Chaque instant mon flacon je casse
 À la porte du sommelier.

À chaque instant je tends ma main
 Vers l'encolure d'une idole
 Pour qu'elle me griffe au visage
 Et déchire mon vêtement.

La bonté de Salâh-od-din¹⁴⁰
 Sa foi illumina mon cœur.
 Au monde, il est bougie des cœurs.
 Qui suis-je? Pot pour sa bougie.

F2) Jam : n° 48, p. 136-138

D'entre ces deux milliers, il y a moi, il y a nous, ô merveille! et moi qui suis-je ?
 Prête l'oreille à ces cris d'ivrogne, ne pose pas ta main sur ma bouche.

Comme je suis éperdu, sur ma route ne pose pas du verre.
 Si tu en poses, j'y engagerai mes pas. Tout ce que je trouve, je le brise.

Parce que mon cœur, en tout temps, se fige en ta contemplation
 Si tu es joie, je suis dans la joie, si tu es mélancolie, je suis dans la mélancolie.

Crée l'amertume, amer je deviendrai, crée la douce faveur et doux je deviendrai.
 Avec toi se trouvent plaisir et contentement, ô mon idole aux lèvres sucrées, au doux menton.

Tu es la ferme origine et moi qui suis-je? un miroir au creux de ta main.
 Tout ce que tu montres, je le deviens, tel un miroir soumis à l'examen.

Ce qui te distingue est d'être cyprès pour la pelouse. Ce qui me distingue est d'être l'ombre
 pour toi.

Puisque je suis devenu l'ombre de la rose, je dresse la tente au flanc de la rose.

Sans toi si je cueille une rose, elle devient épine au creux de ma main.
 Mais si je suis tout épine, par toi je suis tout entier rose et jasmin.

À tout instant de mélancolie je bois à la coupe des larmes de sang.
 À chaque instant je brise ma cruche à la porte de l'échanson.

Je porte la main, en chaque instant, au collet d'une idole
 Pour qu'elle marque de ses ongles mon visage, pour qu'elle arrache ma chemise.

¹³⁹ Le sang du foie (khoun-é djegar) est la tristesse. Boire le sang du foie, c'est ressentir cette tristesse.

¹⁴⁰ Après la mystérieuse disparition de Chams, Salâh-od-din lui succéda auprès de Mowlânâ. (Voir Introduction, pp. 27-28.)

La grâce de celui qui se nomme «le bien du cœur et de la foi » rayonna en mon cœur.
Il est le Flambeau du cœur par le monde : que suis-je? son bassin.

Pour que nos yeux s'ouvrent au mystère par la grâce de la poussière que soulèvent ses pas
Et contemplent notre origine et notre fin.

Louons celui qui tourne sa face vers Tabrîz, la souveraine
Dont le sol voit éclore la fleur odorante et le narcisse les nôtres.

Q. XVIII) Di : n°1462

وانگه همه بت‌ها را در پیش تو بگدازم	صورتگر نقاشم هر لحظه بتی سازم
چون نقش تو را بینم در آتشش اندازم	صد نقش برانگیزم با روح درآمیزم
یا آنک کنی ویران هر خانه که می سازم	تو ساقی خماری یا دشمن هشیاری
چون بوی تو دارد جان جان را هله بنوازم	جان ریخته شد بر تو آمیخته شد با تو
با مهر تو هم‌رنگم با عشق تو هنبازم	هر خون که ز من روید با خاک تو می گوید
یا خانه درآ جانا یا خانه بپردازم	در خانه آب و گل بی‌توست خراب این دل

A1) Nid : XXXIV, p. 135

I am a painter, a maker of pictures; every moment I shape a beautiful form,
And then in thy presence I melt them all away.
I call up a hundred phantoms and indue them with a spirit;
When I behold thy phantom, I cast them in the fire.
Art thou the Vintner's cup-bearer or the enemy of him who is sober?
Or is it thou who mak'st a ruin of every house I build?
In thee the soul is dissolved, with thee it is mingled ;
Lo! I will cherish the soul, because it has a perfume of thee.
Every drop of blood which proceeds from me is saying to thy dust:
'I am one colour with thy love, I am the partner of thy affection.'
In the house of water and clay this heart is desolate without thee;
O Beloved, enter the house, or I will leave it.

A2) Am : tome I, n°178, p.149-150

I am a painter, a picture-maker, every moment I fashion an idol, then before you I
melt away all the idols,
I raise up a hundred images and mingle them with spirit; when I see your image, I cast
them in the fire.
You are the vintner's saki or the enemy of the sober, or the one who lays waste every
house I build.
Over you the soul is poured forth, with you it is mingled; since the soul has the
perfume of you, I will cherish the soul.

5 Every drop of blood that flows out of me says to your dust, "I am one in colour with your love, I am the playmate of your affection."

In the house of water and clay this heart without you is desolate; either enter the house, O soul, or I will abandon the house.

A3) Cow : p. 119

As a painter I paint pictures, beauty I shape at every moment;
Yet in your presence I cause them to melt away.

A hundred phantoms I invoke and imbue them with spirits;
Behold, when I see your phantom I cast them into the fire.

Are you the winemaker's cupbearer, or the enemy of a sober man,
Or is it you who ruins every house I build?

My soul dissolves in you, and with you is mingled;
Lo! My soul I cherish, because in it your fragrance lingers.

Every drop of blood flowing from me cries out to the earth:
'Your Love and I have blended, your affection and mine are partners.'

In this mud-brick house my heart is desolate without you;
O Beloved, enter this house, otherwise I'll leave.

A4) Sta : p.153

I Am a Painter

I am a painter,
Painting pictures all the time,
Yet when I set them near your beauty
I want to throw them all away.

I am a sculptor, carving images
and filling each with life,
Yet when I compare these with your beauty
I want to dump them in a fire.

O bringer of sweet wine,
Enemy of the sober,
You have laid waste to
every house I ever built!

My soul has merged with yours—
Water into water, wine into wine.
Now there is only love
and the scent of your rose perfume.

Every drop of my blood calls out,
Dye me with the color of your love.

Make me the jewel of your affection.

In this house of water and clay
 my heart is in ruins.
 O Beloved, don't leave this house
 else it will crumble to the ground.

A5) Ls : p. 70

I PAINT ICONS

All the time
 I am forging an idol
 and then
 in front of your eyes
 I melt down all the idols
 I conjure myriad forms
 infuse them with spirit
 When I see your form
 I cast them all in flames
 Are you
 wine-pouring vintner?
 foe to consciousness?
 or sworn to destroy each home that I build ?
 Spirit is poured over you, mingled with you
 Since your scent oozes spirit
 well then, let me caress it
 All blood that flows from me
 calls out to your dust:
 I share the same tint as your affection
 I'm playmate to your love

In this home of water and clay
 my heart is in shambles without you
 Enter this home, beloved
 or I will abandon the house.

A6) Hom: p.19

Love's Playmate

I'm a painter.
 I paint idols.

I place a hundred soul-infused portraits before you
 and your gaze sets them on fire.

Are you a drunk cupbearer?
 Or an enemy of the alert?
 Why demolish every house I build?

I poured my spirit over you
 blended my life with yours
 now even my soul has your scent

Every blood droplet I shed whispers
I'm devoted to you,
I'm pour love's playmate.

My heart is desolate without you
 a clay house abandoned in rain.

Eidier appear in this house
 or take me home to yours.

F1) Taj : p.77

MÊME COULEUR QUE TA TENDRESSE

Je suis un visagiste, un peintre,
 Toujours à bâtir une idole.
 Après quoi, toutes ces statues,
 En ta présence, je les brûle.

Je fais surgir un cent d'image
 Que je mélange avec l'esprit,
 Et lorsque je vois ton image,
 Je les jette alors dans le feu.

Ou sommelier, vendeur de vin,
 Ou bien ennemi vigilant
 Ou conduisant à destruction
 Chaque maison que je construis,

Par toi le souffle se versa
 Avec toi il se mélangea.
 Comme le souffle a ton odeur
 C'est le souffle que je caresse.

Chaque sang qui pousse de moi
 Dit à la terre qui est tienne :
 « Même couleur que ta tendresse,
 Je participe à ton amour. »

Dans la maison d'eau et de boue,
 Sans toi ce cœur se voit détruit.
 Entre dans la maison, ô souffle,
 Sinon je vide la maison.

F2) Jam : n° 45, p.132-133

Je peins des formes, je trace des figures. Pas un instant où je ne confectionne une idole.
Alors toutes les idoles, devant toi je les fais fondre.

Je suscite cent faces gravées que je mêle à l'esprit.
Lorsque je vois ta propre face, je les jette dans son feu.

Tu es l'échanson qui verse à boire, ou l'ennemi qui se garde d'être ivre,
Ou celui qui désole chaque demeure que je bâtis.

Le souffle de vie se répandit par toi, il se mêla avec toi.
Comme le souffle a ton parfum, laisse que je caresse le souffle.

Chaque flot de sang qui coule de moi déclare à ta poussière
J'ai la même couleur que ta bienveillance, j'accompagne ton amour dans le plaisir.

Dans la demeure d'eau et d'argile, sans toi ce cœur est en ruine.
Viens dans la demeure, ô souffle de ma vie, ou je laisserai la demeure à l'abandon.

Q. XIX) Di : n° 1521

روا داری که من غمگین نشینم	من از عالم تو را تنها گزینم
ز توست ار شادمان وگر حزینم	دل من چون قلم اندر کف توست
بجز آنچ نمایی من چه بینم	بجز آنچ تو خواهی من چه باشم
گهی گل بویم و گه خار چینم	گه از من خار رویانی گهی گل
مرا تو چون چنین خواهی چنینم	مرا تو چون چنان داری چنانم
چه باشم من چه باشد مهر و کینم	در آن خمی که دل را رنگ بخشی
تو به کن آخرم از اولینم	تو بودی اول و آخر تو باشی
چو تو پیدا شوی از اهل دینم	چو تو پنهان شوی از اهل کفرم
چه می جویی ز جیب و آستینم	بجز چیزی که دادی من چه دارم

A1) Nid : XXX, p. 121-123

Thee I choose, of all the world, alone;
Wilt thou suffer me to sit in grief?
My heart is as a pen in thy hand,
Thou art the cause if I am glad or melancholy.
Save what thou wilt, what will have I?
Save what thou showest, what do I see?
Thou mak'st grow out of me now a thorn and now a rose;
Now I smell roses and now pull thorns.
If thou keep'st me that, that I am;
If thou would'st have me this, I am this.
In the vessel where thou givest colour to the soul
Who am I, what is my love and hate?
Thou wert first, and last thou shalt be;

Make my last better than my first.
 When thou art hidden, I am of the infidels;
 When thou art manifest, I am of the faithful.
 I have nothing, except thou hast bestowed it;
 What dost thou seek from my bosom and sleeve?

A2) Am : tome I, n°186, p.154-155

Out of all the world I choose you alone; do you deem it right for me to sit sorrowful?
 My heart is like a pen in your hand; through you it is, whether I am glad or grieve.
 What shall I be other than what you wish? What shall I see except what you show?
 Now you cause thorns to grow from me, now roses; now I smell roses, now I pluck thorns.
 5 Since you keep me so, I am so--since you wish me so, I am so.
 In that vat where you dispense dye to the heart, what should I be? What my love and hate?
 You were the first, and you will be the last; do you make my last better than my first.
 When you are hidden, I am of the infidels; when you appear, I am of the faithful.
 What do I possess other than the thing you have given? What are you searching for in my
 pocket and sleeve?

A3) Cow : p.111

Of all the world I choose you alone;
 Will you allow me to sit in grief?

My heart is as a pen in your hand;
 You cause me to be either glad or sad

Save what you will, what will have I?
 Save what you reveal, what do I see?

Out of me you grow a thorn or a rose;
 I smell roses now, and pull out thorns

If you keep me as I am, I am;
 If you change me, I'm changed.

In the glass where you colour my soul
 I'm who? What is my Love or hate?

You were first, and last you shall be;
 Make my last better than my first, do.

When you're hidden, I'm faithless;
 When you're visible, I'm faithful.

I'm nothing, except what you've bestowed;
 What do you seek from my breast and sleeve?

F1) Taj : p.234-235**CET AINSI-LÀ**

Dans le monde c'est toi,
 Toi seul que je choisis.
 Sauras-tu l'accepter
 Si triste je m'assieds?

Mon cœur comme la plume
 Est posé dans ta main.
 C'est à cause de toi
 Que je suis gai ou sombre.

A part ce que tu veux,
 Je pourrais être quoi?
 A part ce que tu montres,
 Quelle chose je vois?

De moi tantôt broussaille
 Et tantôt fleur tu tires.
 Tantôt je sens la fleur,
 Ou je cueille broussaille.

Me traites-tu ainsi?
 Je suis cet ainsi-là.
 Si tu me veux ceci,
 Je suis comme ceci.

Dans la cuve où au cœur
 Tu donnes la couleur,
 Que puis-je être? Et que peuvent
 Ma haine et mon amour?

Tu étais le début
 Et tu seras la fin.
 Fais meilleure ma fin.
 Que le fut mon début.

Te caches-tu, je suis
 Du peuple du blasphème.
 Te montres-tu, je suis
 Du peuple de la foi.

Sauf ce que tu donnas
 Qu'est-ce que je possède?
 Et toi que cherches-tu
 Dans mon cou et ma manche?

F2) Jam : n°23, p. 98-99

Moi, c'est de toi seul que je fais choix en ce monde.
Consentiras-tu à moi, à ce que je prenne place, mélancolique?

Mon cœur est comme le calame au creux de ta paume
C'est par toi que cela se fait, si je suis morne ou si je suis en joie.

Sinon ce que toi tu désires, que serais-je, moi?
Sinon ce que tu manifestes, que verrais-je, moi?

Parfois de moi tu fais pousser des ronces, parfois des roses.
Parfois je respire le parfum de la rose, parfois j'arrache les ronces.

Moi je suis comme cela, si comme cela tu me prends
Moi je suis comme ceci, si comme ceci tu me désires.

Dans cette jarre où tu offres au cœur sa couleur
Que serais-je ? que seraient-ils, mon amour et ma rancune ?

Tu as été l'origine et tu seras la fin.
Fais, toi, que meilleure soit ma fin que ne fut, pour moi, l'origine.

Lorsque tu te dissimules, je suis des gens de l'incroyance.
Lorsque tu te manifestes, je suis des gens de la vraie religion.

Sauf cette chose que tu me donnas, qu'est-ce que j'ai?
Que cherches-tu à tirer de ma poche et de ma manche ?

Q. XX) Di : n°1759

کی ببینی مرا چنان که منم
کو میان اندر این میان که منم
این چنین ساکن روان که منم
بوالعجب بحر بی کران که منم
کاین دو گم شد در آن جهان که منم
طرفه بی سود و بی زیان که منم
عین چه بود در این عیان که منم
در زبان نامدهست آنچه آنچنان که منم
اینست گویای بی زیان که منم
اینست بی پای پادوان که منم
در چنین ظاهر نهران که منم
نادره بحر و گنج و کان که منم

وه چه بی رنگ و بی نشان که منم
گفتی اسرار در میان آور
کی شود این روان من ساکن
بحر من غرقه گشت هم در خویش
این جهان و آن جهان مرا مطلب
فارغ از سودم و زیان چو عدم
گفتم ای جان تو عین مایی گفت
گفتم آنی بگفت های خموش
گفتم اندر زبان چو در نامد
می شدم در فنا چو مه بی پای
بانگ آمد چه می دوی بنگر
شمس تبریز را چو دیدم من

A1) Ls : p. 159-160

OH, HOW colorless
and formless
I am!

When will I ever see the am that I am?

You said:

The secrets that you know, bring forth, put out, talk up!

Where is up
or forth
within this middle
that I am?

When will my soul be still?

It moves when motionless,
the anima I am.

My sea has drowned within itself;
what a strange and shoreless sea
I am!

Not in this world
not in the next should you seek me out;
both this and that have vanished
in the world I am.

Like non-existence
nothing profits me
and nothing harms -

What a wondrous useless-harmless thing
I am!

I said

Friend, you are just like me!

He said

How can you speak of likeness to
the obviousness I am?

I said

That's it, that's what you are!

He said

Silence! No tongue has ever uttered
what I am.

I said

Since no tongue has given voice to you,
Here I am! your unutterable exposition.
In annihilation
I became
inconstant
like the moon

Now here I am! your sure-footed, footless runner.

A call arose:

Why do you run?
Look to see how manifestly hidden
that I am

When I saw Shams-e Tabriz
I became.

Now what a wondrous treasure-mine
and sea of pearls I am!

A2) Hom : p.70-71

What Am I?

Colors and features I've none
when will I see myself?
Lay open your secrets, my soul says.

How do I find myself in the crowd?
When will my spirit rest? Spiritual as I am.

My sea drowns in itself
what a boundless ocean I am

Inner and outer worlds beckon me
though they're both immersed
in the one world that I am.

Eternal, I'm free of profit and loss

'Soul, you're lust like me.' I say.
Soul replies:
'Affinity means nothing to the shape that I am.'

I say:
'You are that.'
My soul says:
'Be quiet, wordless is what I am,'

I say
'If words could speak.
they'd call you me.
I'd be a legless star, an invalid runner.
forever trailing your orbit.'

My soul whispers:
'Don't run.
Look at the hidden truth that I am.'

When I first saw Shams,
I became a priceless pearl
in a treasured ocean.

F1) Taj : p.294-296

LA LANGUE N'EST PAS ARRIVÉE

Ah! Que sans la moindre couleur¹⁴¹
Et sans aucun signe je suis!
Et quand donc pourrai-je me voir
Enfin comme vraiment je suis?

Tu dis : « Amène les secrets,
Pour en parler, mets-les au centre »,
Mais qui dira où est le centre
De ce centre-là que je suis?

Quand donc le ruisseau de mon âme¹⁴²
Saura-t-il rester immobile?
Moi qui reste ainsi immobile,
Âme ruisselante je suis.

Mon océan, c'est en lui-même
Que lui aussi il s'est noyé.
Quelle stupeur, cet océan
Sans aucun bord, et que je suis.

Ne me cherche en ce monde-ci,
Ne me cherche en ce monde-là,
Car tous les deux vont se perdant
Dans ce monde, là, que je suis.

Tel le néant libre je suis
Et de la perte et du profit.
Quelle chose étrange et unique
Sans profit ni perte je suis!

J'ai dit : « Souffle, tu es semblable
À notre essence », et il me dit :
« Mais que peut être cette essence
Dans ce visible que je suis?

J'ai dit : « Voici ce que tu es. »
Il a dit : « Oh, fait donc silence,
La langue n'est pas arrivée

¹⁴¹ La tradition ésotérique chi'ite attribue à chaque couleur une fonction symbolique déterminée et une signification suprasensible. C'est ainsi que le monde des lumières est lumière blanche, le monde des esprits est lumière jaune, le monde des âmes lumière verte et le monde des corps lumière rouge.

¹⁴² Le mot persan désignant l'âme (*ravân*) signifie également, rappelons-le le mouvement d'écoulement.

Pouvant dire ce que je suis. »

J'ai dit : « Si n'est pas arrivée
La langue disant qui tu es,
Voici pour toi celui qui parle
Sans aucun mot, et que je suis¹⁴³. »

Et moi sans pied comme la lune,
Je m'en allais vers le néant¹⁴⁴.
Voici ton serviteur qui court¹⁴⁵
Sans aucun pied, et que je suis.

Une voix vint, qui demanda :
« Mais pour quelle raison tu cours?
Regarde ici dans ce visible
Cet invisible que je suis¹⁴⁶. »

Je l'ai vu, moi, Chams de Tabriz
Et ainsi je suis devenu
Le seul océan, le trésor
Et la mine, aussi, que je suis.

F2) Lel : p.48-49

« **Moi** »

Oh oui, je suis sans couleur et sans signe moi !
Quand me verrai-je tel que je suis
moi !

Tu as dit : « Apporte ici les secrets ! »
Mais quels secrets dans cet ici où je suis

¹⁴³ La mystique allemande Anne-Catherine Emmerich posait une question très proche: « Qui peut dire avec la langue ce qu'il voit autrement qu'avec les yeux? »

¹⁴⁴ Le néant (*fanâ*) désigne l'annihilation mystique, l'absorption, la résorption dans la divinité. « Le fanâ abolit l'opacité d'un être qui n'était 'qu'à soi-même', parce que son moi absorbait la totalité de l'être investi en lui; le mode de surexistence (*baqâ*) qui succède au *fanâ* lui donne alors la transparence d'un miroir » (H. Corbin, op. cit., t. III, p. 230) (Voir p.254, n. 2.)

Quant à l'identification du pèlerin avec la lune, Sohrawardi rapporte dans son *Loghât-é mourân, La langue des fourmis*, la réponse que donna la lune au prophète Idris : « Sache que mon corps est obscure lisse et pur par moi-même je n'ai aucune lumière; mais lorsque je suis en opposition avec le soleil, une image de sa lumière tombe dans le miroir qui est mon corps, jusqu'à cette limite que, lorsque je regarde en moi-même au moment de la rencontre, c'est le soleil que je vois. Alors à chaque regard que je dirige sur moi-même je constate que tout est soleil: Ne vois-tu pas que si l'on place un miroir en face du soleil, la forme du soleil y apparaît? Si par décret divin le miroir avait des yeux, et s'il regardait en lui-même au moment il est en face du soleil, il constaterait que tout en lui est soleil, bien que foi-même soit en métal. Je suis le soleil, dirait-il, parce qu'en lui-même il ne verrait rien d'autre que le soleil. Et s'il allait jusqu'à dire : Je suis Dieu, il faudrait alors agréer son excuse » (Trad. H. Corbin, op. cit., t. II, p.228).

La lune symbolise la personne du mystique. L'absorption, le *fanâ* dans la lumière qui l'investit n'est pas un anéantissement de l'être, mais « une transfiguration du moi illusoire dans le Moi réel » (*Ibid.*).

¹⁴⁵ Le serviteur (*pâ do*) signifie littéralement « pied coureur ».

¹⁴⁶ La gnose chi'ite considère l'apparent (*zâher*) et le caché (*bâten*), l'exotérique et l'ésotérique, comme la réalité intégrale de la révélation du Coran.

moi !
 Quand mon esprit trouvera-t-il le repos
 Esprit mobile, immobile que je suis
 moi!
 Mon océan s'est noyé en lui-même
 Étonnant océan sans rivage que je suis
 moi !
 Ne me demande ni dans ce monde ni dans l'autre
 Ces deux mondes se sont perdus dans le monde que je suis moi !
 Soumis à aucun bien, aucun mal, comme le néant
 Merveille, je suis au-delà du bien et du mal
 moi!
 J'ai dit : « Ô mon âme, tu es comme ma vue. »
 Il dit : « Qu'est-ce que la vue dans l'évidence où je suis
 moi! »
 J'ai dit : « Tu es cela ! » Il dit: « Hélas, silence !
 Quelle parole pourrait contenir cela que je suis
 moi ! »
 Je dis: « Puisque cela en parole ne se peut contenir
 Me voilà, parleur sans parole
 moi! »
 Comme la lune, dans l'annihilation, je perdis pied
 Me voilà coureur sans pieds
 moi!
 Un appel se fit entendre: pourquoi cours-tu ? Regarde
 Comme je suis apparent dans le caché
 moi!
 Parce que moi, j'ai vu Shams de Tabriz
 Je suis l'océan rare et le trésor et la mine
 moi !

Q. XXI) Di : n°2039

ترک من خراب شب گرد مبتلا کن
 خواهی بیا ببخشا خواهی برو جفا کن
 بگزین ره سلامت ترک ره بلا کن
 بر آب دیده ما صد جای آسیا کن
 بکشد کسش نگوید تدبیر خونبها کن
 ای زردروی عاشق تو صبر کن وفا کن
 پس من چگونه گویم کاین درد را دوا کن
 با دست اشارتم کرد که عزم سوی ما کن
 از برق این زمرد هی دفع اژدها کن
 تاریخ بوعلی گو تنبیه بوالعلا کن

رو سر بنه به بالین تنها مرا رها کن
 ماییم و موج سودا شب تا به روز تنها
 از من گریز تا تو هم در بلا نیفتی
 ماییم و آب دیده در کنج غم خزیده
 خیره کشی است ما را دارد دلی چو خارا
 بر شاه خوبرویان واجب وفا نباشد
 دردی است غیر مردن آن را دوا نباشد
 در خواب دوش پیری در کوی عشق دیدم
 گر اژدهاست بر ره عشقی است چون زمرد
 بس کن که بیخودم من ورتو هنرفزایی

A1) Am : tome II, n°253, p.42

Go, lay your head on the pillow, let me alone; leave me ruined and night-faring and afflicted as I am.¹⁴⁷

I am writhing with the wave of passion alone through night till day; if you will, care and have mercy; if you will, go and be cruel.

Flee from me that you too may not fall into calamity; choose the path of safety, leave the path of calamity.

We with our tears flowing have crept in the corner of grief; turn the mill a hundred times upon our tears.

A tyrant we have who has a heart like flint; he slays, and no one says to him, "Prepare to pay the blood-money."

To the king of the lovely ones faithfulness is not obligatory; pale lover, you endure, be faithful.

This is a pain of which no cure exists but to die, so how shall I say, "Cure this pain?"

Last night in a dream I saw an elder in the garden of love: he beckoned to me with his hand, saying, and "Set out towards me".

If a dragon is on the path, love is like an emerald; with the flash of this emerald repel the dragon.¹⁴⁸

Enough, for I am beside myself, if you would be a man of superior learning, recite the history of Bu 'Ali and admonish Bu'l-'Ala.¹⁴⁹

A2) Hel : p. 23***On the Deathbed***

Go, rest your head on a pillow, leave me alone;
leave me ruined, exhausted from the journey of this night,
writhing in a wave of passion till the dawn.

Either stay and be forgiving,
or, if you like, be cruel and leave.

Flee from me, away from trouble;
take the path of safety, far from this danger.

We have crept into this corner of grief,
turning the water wheel with a flow of tears.

While a tyrant with a heart of flint slays,
and no one says, "Prepare to pay the blood money:"

Faith in the king comes easily in lovely times,
but be faithful now and endure, pale lover.

¹⁴⁷ According to Aflaki (Manaqeb, 589-90) this was the last poem Rûmi composed on his death bed. His son, Bahiâ'-al-din, has with him and unable to sleep and so his dying lather began this gazal in order to console him and make him go to bed.

For another translation of this poem, see P. Avert, "Jalal ud-Din Rumi and Shams-i-Tabrizi with Certain Problems in Translation," *The Muslim World* 46 (July ' 1956), 3: 250-2.

¹⁴⁸ It is believed that the emerald has the property of blinding serpents; see Nicholson's *Commentary on Math.* 3: 2548.

¹⁴⁹ Bû Ali is Abu Ali Ebn Sinâ (Avicenna) (d. 1037) and Bu'l Ala (d. 1057) is the famous Syrian philosopher and poet. Avery in his notes to the poem writes: "Bu'l-Alâ was used by Mowlânâ to mean 'so-and-so'; see Nicholson's *Commentary on Math.* 3: 776, "a Konya bestowed ironically on any foolish boaster."

'Bû Ali Ebn Sinâ did not write a *History*, but he did write a book in the title of which *Tanbîh* was a component. Rûmi deliberately transposes the two.

No cure exists for this pain but to die,
 so why should I say, "Cure this pain"?
 In a dream last night I saw
 an ancient one in the garden of love,
 beckoning with his hand, saying, "Come here. "
 On this path, Love is the emerald,
 the beautiful green that wards off dragons.
 Enough, I am losing myself.
 If you are a man of learning,
 read something classic,
 a history of the human struggle
 and don't settle for mediocre verse.

A3) Ls : p. 56

GO LAY YOUR HEAD on your pillow, let me be alone
 leave me laid waste to wander the night, afflicted
 Me and the waves of grief, alone, dusk to dawn
 Come be kind, if you will; go and be cruel, if you want.
 Leave me, run, fast, or you'll fall likewise in affliction
 Choose the more wholesome path and leave harm's way
 Me and the puddle of my eyes, huddled in sorrow's corner
 turning mill after mill after mill with my tears

Impudent, brazen, he murders me, stony his heart
 none dares demand money to atone my blood
 The monarch of handsome faces is under no duty to be true
 Sallow-faced lover, be patient, be true
 It is a pain cured only by dying
 I cannot tell you how to treat this pain

Last night I dreamt I saw an old man in the street of love
 he beckoned me with his hand, "Come this way, to me"
 If a dragon blocks the path, love works like an emerald
 The glittering of the emerald will repulse the dragon

Enough! I am senseless,
 If your skills can match the task
 Tell the dates of Bu Ali
 and box the ears of Bu Ala

F1) Saf : p. 61-62

LE FLOT DE L'AMOUR FATAL.

Va donc ! va-t'en dormir ailleurs;
 laisse-moi seul; laisse-moi complètement ivre et rôdant de nuit tout épris,
 seul cette nuit jusqu'au matin, et dans le flot de ma folie;
 si tu veux bien, pardonne et viens; sinon va-t'en, tourmente-moi !
 Fuis loin de moi, de manière à ne point tomber dans l'infortune !
 Choisis donc la voie du salut! Évite celle du malheur!

Je reste seul avec mes pleurs, blotti dans le coin du chagrin ;
 tu peux donc faire en tout endroit tourner la meule par mes pleurs.
 Une cruelle au cœur de pierre impunément nous met à mort ;
 quand elle tue, nul n'ose dire : «Établis donc le prix du sang »
 La reine des beautés n'est point astreinte à la fidélité;
 patiente et demeure fidèle, amoureux à la face pâle
 Outre la mort, un mal existe; et ce mal reste sans remède;
 or donc comment te conseiller de porter remède à ce mal ?
 La nuit passée, j'ai vu en songe un vieillard au quartier d'Amour;
 or de la main il me fit signe de venir à lui; il me dit:
 «Si sur ta route est un dragon, l'Amour est comme l'émeraude ;
 par l'éclair de cette émeraude, mets vite en fuite ce dragon»

F2) Taj : p.299-300

DERNIER POÈME

Mets ma tête sur l'oreiller
 Va, et abandonne-moi seul,
 Laisse-moi, moi qui suis détruit,
 Promeneur de nuit, et frappé¹⁵⁰.

Tout seul de la nuit jusqu'au jour
 Avec la vague du désir,
 Si tu le veux, viens et pardonne;
 Si tu le veux, fais-moi souffrir.

Fuis-moi, de peur que toi aussi
 Dans la misère tu ne tombes
 Choisis le bon chemin et laisse
 Le chemin qui mène à misère.

Je suis là, de l'eau dans ma vue¹⁵¹,
 Rampant dans le coin du chagrin.
 Installe sur l'eau de ma vue
 Une centaine de moulins.

L'obstiné qui nous extermine
 Possède un cœur fait de granit.
 S'il tue, personne ne lui dit :
 « Rappelle-toi le prix du sang.¹⁵²

Fidélité n'est pas forcée
 Pour le roi des jolis visages.
 Amoureux au visage jaune¹⁵³,

¹⁵⁰ Promeneur de nuit : somnambule.

¹⁵¹ Des larmes dans les yeux.

¹⁵² Personne, jamais, ne pourra vengeance de la mort, lui réclamer « le prix du sang ».

¹⁵³ Dernière allusion au teint jaunâtre du poète -- plus jaune encore, sans doute, à l'heure de sa mort.

Toi, sois patient, et sois fidèle.

A part la mort, une douleur
Pour laquelle il n'est de remède.
Alors comment pourrais-je dire :
Fais remède à cette douleur?

Hier soir dans la rue de l'amour
En rêve je vis un vieux sage.
Il me fit signe de la main :
Décide-toi et viens vers nous,

Si en chemin vient un dragon,
L'amour est comme une émeraude.
De l'éclair de cette émeraude,
Allez, oh, chasse le dragon

Assez, car moi je suis sans moi.
Si tu veux accroître ton art,
Conte l'histoire d'Avicenne
Et l'alerte de Bou-l-alâ¹⁵⁴.

Q. XXII) Di : n°2131

<p>و اندر دل آتش درآ پروانه شو پروانه شو و آنگه بیا با عاشقان هم خانه شو هم خانه شو و آنگه شراب عشق را پیمانہ شو پیمانہ شو گر سوی مستان می روی مستانه شو مستانه شو آن گوش و عارض بایدت دردانه شو دردانه شو فانی شو و چون عاشقان افسانه شو افسانه شو چون قدر مر ارواح را کاشانه شو کاشانه شو ز اندیشه بگذر چون قضا پیشانه شو پیشانه شو مفتاح شو مفتاح را دندانہ شو دندانہ شو کمتر ز چوبی نیستی حنانه شو حنانه شو دامی و مرغ از تو رمد رو لانه شو رو لانه شو ور زلف بگشاید صنم رو شانه شو رو شانه شو تا کی چو فرزین کژ روی فرزانه شو فرزانه شو</p>	<p>حیلت رها کن عاشقا دیوانه شو دیوانه شو هم خویش را بیگانه کن هم خانه را ویرانه کن رو سینه را چون سینه‌ها هفت آب شو از کینه‌ها باید که جمله جان شوی تا لایق جانان شوی آن گوشوار شاهدان هم صحبت عارض شده چون جان تو شد در هوا ز افسانه شیرین ما تو لیلہ القبری برو تا لیلہ القدری شوی اندیشه‌ات جایی رود و آنگه تو را آن جا کشد قفلی بود میل و هوا بنهاده بر دل‌های ما بنواخت نور مصطفی آن استن حنانه را گوید سلیمان مر تو را بشنو لسان الطیر را گر چهره بنماید صنم پر شو از او چون آینه تا کی دوشاخه چون رخی تا کی چو بیذق کم تکی</p>
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¹⁵⁴ Abou-lalâ Ma'ari (x"-xf siècle), poète, homme de lettres. Il avait -- dit-on -- souhaité qu'on écrivît sur sa tombe : *Voici le crime que fit mon père et moi je ne fais subir ce crime à personne*

Il ne mangeait jamais de viande, il était aveugle et remerciait Dieu pour sa cécité. Le biographe de Mowlânâ, Aflâki, nous rapporte la circonstance de la composition du « Dernier poème » (Aflâki, *Les saints des derviches tourneurs*, trad. C. Huart, t. II, pp. 92-95) : [...]

هل مال را خود را بده شکرانه شو شکرانه شو
 یک مدتی چون جان شدی جانانه شو جانانه شو
 نطق زبان را ترک کن بی‌چانه شو بی‌چانه شو
 جان را نوا بخشا شها، شاهانه شو، شاهانه شو

شکرانه دادی عشق را از تحفه‌ها و مال‌ها
 یک مدتی ارکان بدی یک مدتی حیوان بدی
 ای ناطقه بر بام و در تا کی روی در خانه پر
 ای شمس تبریزی بیا در جان جان داری تو جا

A1) Shg : p.134

BECOME THE BELOVED

Let go of your fancy illusions;
 O lovers, become mad, become mad.
 Rise up from life's raging fire,
 Become a bird, become a bird.

Lose yourself completely,
 Turn your house into ruins,
 Then join the lovers of God-
 become a Sufi, become a Sufi.

Cleanse your heart of its old regrets,
 Wash it seven times;
 Then let the wine of love be poured-
 become a cup, become a cup.

Fill your soul with so much love
 that it becomes the Supreme Soul.
 Run toward the saints,
 become drunk, become drunk.

That King who hears everything
 is conversing with a pious man.
 To hear those sacred words
 become pure, become pure.

Your spirit was lifted to the heavens
 When you heard my sweet song.
 Now your limits are gone.
 Like a fearless lover
 become a legend, become a legend.

Turn a night of sleep
 into a night of divine revelation!
 Hold the grace of God-
 become His home, become His home.

Your thoughts will take you
 wherever they please-
 don't follow them!
 Follow your destiny
 and become the Self, become the Self.

Passion and desire bind your heart.
 Remove the locks-
 become a key, become a key . . .

Solomon speaks with the language of the birds-
 Listen! Don't be the trap
 that falcons flee-
 become a nest, become a nest.

If the Sweetheart reveals Her beauty,
 become a mirror.
 If She lets down Her hair,
 become a comb, become a comb.

How long will you be two-faced?
 How long will you lack self-will?
 and flap in the wind like a flag?
 How long will you be like a chess bishop
 moving only diagonally-
 become a Sage, become a Sage.

Out of gratitude you gave away
 some possessions and some vanity.

Now give away everything-
 become gratitude itself, become gratitude itself.

For a time you were the elements,
 For a time you were an animal,
 For a time you will be a soul-
 Now is your chance-
 Become the Supreme Soul, become the Supreme Soul.

O preacher,
 How long will you yell from the rooftops
 and knock on the doors of others? -
 Look inside your own home.
 You've talked about love long enough-
 now become the Beloved, become the Beloved!

A2) Erm : p.87

Give up cheating, O Lover.
 Be ruined, ruined.
 Jump right in the middle of the fire
 Get inside the Heart. Be a moth.

Be a stranger to yourself.

Come, after you give up your house
Stay at the same place with Lovers.

Go, wash your Heart of hatred seven times
Like trays, then come.
Be a glass for the wine of Love.

In order to deserve the Beloved
Be pure Soul.
If you go to the drunks,
Be drunk, drunk

A3) Ls : p.121-123

LET GO ALL your scheming, lover
let yourself go mad
 go mad
just step into the heart of fire
make yourself a moth
 a moth
Turn yourself into a stranger
raze your house down to the ground
then come stand here under one roof
 beneath the same roof
and live among the lovers.
Scrape your breast, like a plate,
clean of envy, with cascades of water
then fill up like a chalice,
 like a chalice
with the wine of love
Metamorphose purely into soul
make yourself worthy of the Soulmate
If you're going to see the drunkards
 walk tipsy
 with inebriation
Like a model
your earring pendant dangles
brushing intimate against your cheek
incline that cheek and ear
 to the Mother Pearl
 that Precious Pearl
As your spirit rises in the air
from the sweetness of our tale
efface yourself and like the lovers
 be a legend
 legendary

The Night of the Grave is what you are
The Night of Power is what you must become
For the power dwelling in all spirits

be a nest
make a home

Your thoughts go traipsing off
and drag you in their wake
With decision cut off all speculation
be a leader
stand in front

Desire clings, and lust locks upon the heart
become a key and turn like a tumbler
like a tumbler

With light the Chosen One caressed
that moaning pillar
are you less than that piece of wood?

Cry out
be empathetic

Though Solomon has told you:
Listen to the language of the birds
like a trap the birds fly from you
nestle them
and be their nest

If that gorgeous idol shows her face
fill up with her like a mirror
if she lets her silky hair down
become her comb
and brush her

How long two-headed like a rook?
how long a peon like a pawn?
how long go crooked like a queen?
be a master of the game
and mate

Thankfully you've given to love
many gifts and wealth
put away your money, give yourself
be gratitude
be grateful

For a while you were matter
for a while you were animal
for a while you were soul
become the soulmate
meet your soul

How long pace on the roof and vineyard?
Fly, my ratiocinating soul, into the house
Abandon all this rationalizing talk
Don't wag the jaw
don't jabber on

F1) Taj : p.180-184**DEVIENS, DEVIENS**

Laisse la ruse, ô amoureux,
 Et deviens fou, et deviens fou,
 Pénètre dans le cœur du feu
 Et papillon deviens, deviens.¹⁵⁵

Deviens étranger à toi-même
 Et anéantis la maison,
 Puis, viens, avec les amoureux
 Même maison deviens, deviens.

Va, lave ton cœur de la haine,
 Cœurs se lavent avec sept eaux¹⁵⁶,
 Après quoi du vin de l'amour
 Coupe deviens, coupe deviens.

Tout souffle tu dois devenir
 Pour être digne des tout-souffles.
 Si tu vas vers les hommes ivres,
 Comme ivresse deviens, deviens.

Boucle d'oreille des amants
 Devint confident du visage.
 Tu veux cette oreille et visage?
 Perle deviens, perle deviens.

Comme est monté dans l'air ton souffle
 Par notre légende sucrée,
 Néant¹⁵⁷, comme les amoureux
 Légende, légende deviens.

Tu es la nuit du cimetière,
 Va, deviens « nuit de la puissance¹⁵⁸ »,
 Comme cette nuit, des esprits
 La maison, la maison deviens.

Ta pensée s'en va vers un lieu,
 Puis vers ce lieu elle t'attire.
 Dépasse-la, tel le destin,
 Premier marcheur deviens, deviens.

Envie et désir sont serrure
 Qui est disposée sur nos cœurs.
 Deviens la clé, et de la clé

¹⁵⁵ Attâr décrit dans la *Conférence des oiseaux* le cas de trois papillons qui [...]

¹⁵⁶ Laver avec sept eaux est considéré, par la tradition islamique, comme l'extrême purification .

¹⁵⁷ Le néant (fanâ) désigne l'annihilation mystique, l'absorption, la résorption dans la divinité [...]

¹⁵⁸ La nuit de la puissance, la nuit de la grandeur (laylat-ol-qadr), est la 27e nuit du mois du ramadan [...]

Les dents deviens, les dents deviens."

De sa lumière il caressa
L'Élu, le tronc gémissait¹⁵⁹.
Toi qui n'es pas moins que le bois,
Gémissant, gémissant deviens.

Écoute, te dit Salomon,
Le langage de ces oiseaux¹⁶⁰
Tu es piège et l'oiseau te fuit,
Le nid deviens, le nid deviens.

Si l'amant montre son visage,
Sois plein de lui, comme un miroir,
Et s'il ouvre sa chevelure
Peigne deviens, peigne deviens

Jusqu'où seras-tu tour fourchue
Ou pion qui va de case en case?
Jusqu'où seras-tu reine oblique¹⁶¹ ?
Savant deviens, savant deviens.

Pour rendre grâce de l'amour,
Tu as donné biens et cadeaux
Laisse les biens, donne toi-même,
Grâce deviens, grâce deviens.

Un temps tu fus les éléments,
Puis un temps tu fus animal,
Un autre temps tu fus la vie,
Tel le Souffle deviens, deviens¹⁶².

Jusqu'où, sur le toit et la porte,
Parleur, iras-tu? Prends ton vol
Dans la maison; laisse la langue,
Sans menton, sans menton deviens.

Q. XXIII) Di : n° 2214

به دو نقش و به دو صورت، به یکی جان من و تو
آن زمانی که در آیم به بستان من و تو
مه خود را بنماییم بدیشان من و تو
خوش و فارغ، ز خرافات پریشان، من و تو

خنک آن دم که نشینیم در ایوان من و تو
داد باغ و دم مرغان بدهد آب حیات
اختران فلک آیند به نظاره ما
من و تو، بی من و تو، جمع شویم از سر ذوق

¹⁵⁹ L'Élu (*Mostafa*) désigne le Prophète de l'Islam. Pour la colonne gémissante, voir p. 151, n.4. Dans un hadis [...]

¹⁶⁰ Salomon, comme prophète, avait reçu d'apprendre le langage des oiseaux : [...]

¹⁶¹ La tour, le pion et la reine sont les pièces d'échecs. Dans les échecs persans, la reine est appelée « ministre ».

¹⁶² La transcendance, depuis les quatre éléments, jusqu'à l'état animal et humain pour accéder enfin à Dieu.

در مقامی که بخندیم بدان سان، من و تو
هم در این دم به عراقیم و خراسان من و تو
در بهشت ابدی و شکرستان من و تو

طوطیان فلکی جمله شکرخوار شوند
این عجبت که من و تو به یکی کنج این جا
به یکی نقش بر این خاک و بر آن نقش دگر

A1) Nid : XXXVIII, p.152-153

Happy the moment when we are seated in the palace, you and me,
With two forms and with two figures but with one soul, thou and I.
The colours of the grove and the voice of the birds will bestow immortality
At the time when we come into the garden, thou and I.
The stars of heaven will come to gaze upon us; we shall show them the moon itself, thou and I.
Thou and I, individuals no more, shall be mingled in ecstasy,
Joyful, and secure from foolish babble, thou and I.
All the bright-plumed birds of heaven will devour their hearts with envy
In the place where we shall laugh in such a fashion, thou and I.
This is the greatest wonder, that thou and I, sitting here in the same nook,
Are at this moment both in 'Iraq and Khorasan, thou and I.

A2) Am : tome II, n°280, p.64

Happy the moment which we, you and I, sit in the palace, with two forms and two figures but with one soul, you and I.¹⁶³
The beauty of the garden and the birdsong will confer upon us the water of life at that time when we enter the garden, you and I.
The stars of heaven will come to gaze on us; we shall show them the moon's sickle, you and I.
You and I, unselfed, will be collected together in ecstasy, joyful, and indifferent to idle fable, you and I.
The parrots of heaven will all be sugar-cracking in the place where we laugh in suchwise, you and I.
This is still more amazing, that you and I here in one corner in this very moment are in Iraq and Khorasan, you and I.
In one form upon this earth, and in another form in eternal paradise and the land of sugar, you and I.

A3) Ac : p.220-221

O blessed hour, when thou and I
Together sit within this hall:
Two forms, two shapes then, thou and I
Two bodies, and a single soul.

The garden's lustre and the trill
Of deathless birds such life bestow,

¹⁶³ A different translation of this *ghazal* is given by Arberry in *Classical Persian Literature*, 220-1.

The hour when thou and I at will
Into that flower-garden go!

The stars that wheel upon their way
Lean down to look upon us then,
And like some moon we shed our ray
To lighten them and other men.

And thou and I no more remain,
But rapt in ecstasy sublime
Soar far beyond the tale inane
Of 'Thou' and 'I' and selfhood's clime.

The sky's brave birds that fly so free
On me and thee all envious gaze
That we should laugh so merrily
Together, in such wondrous ways.

But not so wonderful is it
As that ourselves, who separate grace
Iraq and Khorasan, should sit
Together in this secret place.

A4) Cow : p. 127

How happy we are when seated in a palace, you and I,
With dual forms and bodies but with one soul, you and I

Birds' voices and the grove's moody colours odor
Immortality when we enter the garden, you and I.

Above, stars will emerge and gaze upon us;
We'll reveal to them the moon's splendour, you and I.

Individuals no more, you and I shall mingle in ecstasy
Full of joy, and beyond the reach of stupid talk.

All the hearts of Heaven's high-plumaged birds will be rotten with envy,
In the place where our laugh sounds similar, you and I.

The greatest wonder is this: that we sit here in the same Spot,
In Iraq and Khorasan at this moment, you and I.

A5) Bs : p.209-210

SITTING TOGETHER

We sit in this courtyard, two forms,
shadow outlines with one soul,

bird sound, leaf moving, early evening
star, fragrant damp, and the sweet

sickle curve of moon. You and I in a
round, unselfed idling in the garden-

beauty detail. The raucous parrots
laugh, and we laugh inside laughter,

the two of us on a bench in Konya, yet
amazingly in Khorasan and Iraq as well,

friends abiding this form, yet also
in another outside of time, you and I.

A6) Shg : p.141

YOU AND I

Happy is the moment, when we sit together,
With two forms, two faces, yet one soul,
 you and I.

The flowers will bloom forever,
The birds will sing their eternal song,
The moment we enter the garden,
 you and I.

The stars of heaven will come out to watch us,
And we will show them
 the light of a full moon-
 you and I.

No more thought of "you" and "I."
Just the bliss of union-
Joyous, alive, free of care, you and I.

All the bright-winged birds of heaven
Will swoop down to drink of our sweet water-
The tears of our laughter, you and I.

What a miracle of fate, us sitting here.
Even at the opposite ends of the earth
We would still be together, you and I.

We have one form in this world,
 another in the next.
To us belongs an eternal heaven,
 the endless delight of you and I.

A7) Hel (Love is a stranger) : p.36 *¹⁶⁴***You and I***

A moment of happiness,
 you and I sitting on the verandah,
 apparently two, but one in soul, you and I.

We feel the flowing water of life here,
 you and I, with the garden's beauty and the birds singing.
 The stars will be watching us,
 and we will show them
 what it means to be a thin crescent moon.

You and I unselfed, will be together,
 indifferent to idle speculation, you and I.
 The parrots of heaven will be cracking sugar
 as we laugh together, you and I.

And what is even more amazing
 is that while here together, you and I
 are at this very moment in Iraq and Khorasan.
 In one form upon this earth,
 and in another form in a timeless sweet land.

A8) Sch : p. 65-66

BLESSED TIME! when we are sitting, I and thou,
 With two forms and only one soul,
 I and thou.
 Fragrance, song of birds, they quicken ev'rything
 When we come into the garden,
 I and thou.
 All the stars of heaven hurry to see us,
 And we show them our own moon,
 I and thou-
 I and thou without words, without I and thou-
 In delight we are united,
 I and thou.
 Sugar chew the heaven's parrots in that place
 Where we're sitting, laughing sweetly, I and thou.
 Strange that I and thou together in this nook
 Are apart a thousand miles, see- I and thou.
 One form in this dust, the other in that land,
 Sweet eternal Paradise there . . .
 I and thou.

*¹⁶⁴ il y a une référence erronée dans le recueil d'Arberry qui propose Q. 2114 comme référence pour le Q. 2214. Cette même erreur est commise par Barks dans Bs., ce qui montre que Barks et Helminsky n'ont pas eu accès à l'œuvre originale.

A9) Ls : p.141-142

BLISS --

the instant
 spent seated
 on the terrace,
 me next to you
 two forms and
 two faces
 with just one soul,
 me and you

The chatter of birds
 the garden's murmur
 flowing like a fountain of youth
 as we stroll through roses,
 me and you

The stars of the firmament, bent low to look over us
 Let's eclipse them, shine like the moon,
 me and you

Me and you join,
 beyond Me
 beyond You
 in joy
 happy, released from delire and delusion
 Me and you, laughing like this,
 reach dimensions where celestial birds suck sugary cubes
 Magical! Me and you, here,
 in our corner of earth,
 but wafting on airs of Iraq and Khorasan,
 me and you

In one form here on earth
 in other forms in paradise,
 eternal, sunk in fields of sugar,
 me and you

A10) Erf : p. 30***How Happy a Time***

How happy a time it is
 when we sit on the porch,
 two bodies, two forms,
 but our souls as one.

When I'm with you in the garden,
 our joy mixes with the birds' songs.
 Stars come out to watch us.
 We show our moon faces back to them

Let's not pay attention
to any confusing superstitions.

Let's just sit down together with joy,
no you, no me.

When we start laughing,
the parrots in the sky start chewing sugars

Even more amazing:
We are here in this corner,
and yet at the same time, you and I
are in Iraq and in Horasan.

In these forms, we are in the world
At the same time
we are in paradise

F1) Lel : p.45

«Toi et moi »

Bienheureux l'instant où nous serons assis à la terrasse, toi
et moi

Deux images et deux formes, mais une seule âme
Toi et moi

Les bruissements des bosquets et le chant des oiseaux
donneront l'eau de la vie

Lorsque nous entrerons ensemble au jardin
Toi et moi

Les étoiles du ciel viendront nous contempler
Et nous leur montrerons notre lune
Toi et moi

Toi et moi sans toi et moi serons réunis par la joie
Heureux et libérés des superstitions éparses
Toi et moi

Les perroquets célestes se régaleront de sucre
Lorsque nous rirons ensemble
Toi et moi

Le plus étrange, c'est que toi et moi soyons ici dans un petit
coin

Alors que nous sommes l'un en Iraq et l'autre au Khorasan
Toi et moi

Une image sur cette terre et sous une autre forme
Au paradis éternel et au pays du sucre
Toi et moi.

C) *Divân e Şams : Robâ'is*

R. I) Di : n° 14

اول به هزار لطف بنواخت مرا آخر به هزار غصه بگداخت مرا
چون مهره مهر خویش می‌باخت مرا چون من همه او شدم بینداخت مرا

A1) Hal : p. 55

He's fire
I'm oil
This smoke you see around him
Is me

A2) Khd : p.117

*i know the habits
of my sweetheart
i am the oil and
the beloved's soul is fire
the tenderness of my soul
is from the light
my beloved beams
the darkness around
my sweetheart
is from the smoke
that i spread*

A3) GaFa : n° 893, p.278

In the beginning, he caressed me with a thousand kindnesses.
In the end: he melted me with a thousand sorrows.
He played me like his 'love bead',¹⁶⁵
And when I became entirely him,¹⁶⁶ he threw 'me' away in the game game.

F1) Tch : #259, p. 75

D'abord, il m'a caressé avec tendresse,
Et puis il m'a dissout dans le chagrin.
Quand il m'a marqué du sceau de son amour,

¹⁶⁵ His love bead (m o h r a - y e m e h r k h e w e s h): The first term [m o h r a] refers to a small stone, shell, bead, die or chess piece used in a game. The word-play combination (m o h r a • y e m e h r) refers to a legendry amulet that had the power to make its wearer loved by everyone. The quatrain refers to the custom, still practiced in the countryside of Afghanistan, in which mothers give their children 'love heads' to wear. Here the 'love bead' is also gambled away as if it were a gaming piece.

¹⁶⁶ Entirely him [h a m a o]: This phrase has an additional meaning if the quatrain is interpreted as referring to God, for which see Note 173.

Je suis devenu tout à fait Lui, alors il a rejeté mon « Moi ».

F2) Vr : p.32

Au commencement, il m'a caressé avec mille grâces,
 À la fin, il m'a fait fondre dans le creuset de mille chagrins.
 Il jouait avec moi comme avec le dé de son amour :
 Quand je suis devenu à lui tout entier, il m'a rejeté au loin.

R. II) Di : n° 66

آنکس که بداد جان ز آغاز مرا	گوییم که کیست روح افزا مرا
گه بگشاید به صید چون باز مرا	گه چشم مرا چو باز بر می بندد

A1) Ap : p.34

'Who lifteth up the spirit,
 Say, who is he?'
 'Who gave in the beginning
 This life to me.

Who hoodeth, life a falcon's,
 Awhile mine eyes,
 But presently shall loose me
 To hunt my prize.'

A2) Erc : p.42

“Who is the One,” I asked.
 “That adds Soul to our Soul,
 Gives life right from the start?”
 Sometimes He covers our eyes like a Falcon
 Sometimes He hurls us after the Prey.

A3) Be : p.320

Who gave this soul to me?
 The one who hooded my eyes
 like a falcon's, who soon
 will set me loose to hunt.

A4) Mag : p.21

Who can uplift our soul?
 The One who gave us life, the King
 who at times covers the eyes of his falcon
 and at times lifts the hood and looses it to its prey.

A5) GaFa : n°1368, p.424

I am asking who the exalter of my spirit is¹⁶⁷ _
 The One who gave me life from the beginning.
 Sometimes He binds my eyes, like a falcon;
 And sometimes He uncovers *them* for hunting _ like a falcon,.

F1) Vr : p.63

Je dis : « Quel est celui qui élève mon âme ?
 Celui qui m'a donné l'âme au commencement.
 Parfois, il voile mes yeux comme ceux du faucon ;
 Parfois, comme le faucon, il me lance vers la proie. »

R. III) Di : n°71

بیمار غم عین دوائی تو مرا	من ذره و خورشید لقای تو مرا
من گاه شدم چو کهربائی تو مرا	بی‌بال و پراندر پی تو می‌پریم

A1) Ar: p.71

A mote am I,
 Thou my shining sun;
 Of grief I die,
 Thou my cure alone.

To Thee I fly
 On no wing upborne--
 A straw am I
 By Thy amber drawn.

A2) Erc : p.8

I am a river.
 You are my sun.
 You are the medicine
 Of my broken heart.
 I fly behind You. windless
 I am a needle
 You are my magnet.

A3) Khd : p. 51

*i'm a speck of dust
 basking in your
 sun-like beauty
 i'm filled with pain
 and you're the healer*

¹⁶⁷ Line one: lit., 'I am asking', "In regard to me, who is the spirit-increaser?"

*no wings yet i fly after you
you are the amber
and i'm merely a straw
changing to a straw
to be pulled by you*

A4) Shg : p.22

I am an atom;
You are like the countenance
Of the Sun for me.
I am a patient of Love
You are like medicine for me.
Without wings, without feathers,
I fly about looking for you.
I have become a rose petal
And you are like the wind for me.
Take me for a ride.

A5) GaFa : n°1019, p.317

I am a mote and you are the sun's face¹⁶⁸ for me.
I am ill from longing¹⁶⁹ and you are the very medicine for me.
I am flying after you without wings or feathers.
I have become straw and you are like magnetic amber¹⁷⁰ for me.

F1) Vr : p.146

Je suis tel l'atome dans le rayon du soleil, et tu es pour moi le visage du soleil
Je suis malade de chagrin : Tu es mon remède
Je prends mon vol dans le ciel, sans ailes et sans plumes, en te suivant
Je suis transformé en une paille, tu es l'ambre qui m'attire.

R. IV) Di : n° 90

در دور درآ چو چرخ دوار مخسب	ای ماه جبین شبی تو مهوار مخسب
یک شب تو چراغ را نگهدار مخسب	بیداری ما چراغ عالم باشد

¹⁶⁸ the sun 's face [khwarshede liqâye]: lit., 'a sun-encounter' (or 'meeting'). The Arabic word 'liqa' ('meeting') came to mean also 'face' in Persian'. This is a reference to Shams (the Sun) of Tabriz. Motes of dust 'dancing' joyously in a beam of sunlight is a common poetic image.

¹⁶⁹ longing [gh a m]: See Note 208.

¹⁷⁰ amber [kâh - r obâ y - i]: lir., 'You are a straw-seizer' (or 'robber'). When rubbed, amber attracts straw.

A1) Ar: p.54

Radiant is the moon thy brow;
 Night is fallen; sleep not now,
 But like heaven's turning sphere
 Wheel into our circle here.

Lo, our vigil's lantern bright
 Filleth all the world with light;
 Then the night thy lantern keep
 Brightly burning - do not sleep

A2) Bs: p.126

Don't sleep now. Let the turning
 night wheel through this circle.

Your brow, the moon, this
 lantern we sit with.

Stay awake with these
 lights. Don't sleep.

A3) Sab : n°23, p.230

One night, O moon-browed, like the moon, sleep not
 Start whirling, and like the turning sky, sleep not.
 Our awakenment is the light of the world.
 One night, you keep on the light, sleep not.

A4) Khd : p. 58

*my beautiful friend
 for one night
 like the moon
 don't go to sleep
 like the universe
 begin dancing
 in orbital round
 don't go to sleep
 the world is lit up
 when we are up
 for one night
 you hold the lantern
 don't go to sleep*

A5) GaFa: n°374, p.118

O Moon,¹⁷¹ on such a night as this, *be moonlike and* don't sleep.
 Begin whirling,¹⁷² like the rotating heavens,¹⁷³ and don't sleep.
 A wakeful moon is a lamp for the world;
 For one night guard the lamp *and* don't sleep.

F1) Vr : p.198

Ô toi pareil à la lune ! À l'instar de la lune, ne dors pas en une telle nuit
 Comme la roue céleste qui tourne, tourne, et ne dort pas
 Notre éveil est le flambeau qui illumine le monde
 Une seule nuit, tiens à la main ce flambeau ; ne dors pas !

R. V) Di : n°177

وی ماه فلک یک اثر از تاب رخت	ای آب حیات قطره از آب رخت
آن شب شب زلف تست و مهتاب رخت	گفتم که شب دراز خواهم مهتاب

A1) Ar : p.122

The Fount of Life, that never dies,
 Is but a sprinkling of Thy grace;
 The moon, that lightens all the skies,
 A pale reflection of Thy face.

'The night is dark and long ', I said;
 'Bright, bright the moonshine that I seek;
 That night, the tresses of Thy head,
 That moon, the lustre of Thy cheek.

A2) GaFa : n° 202, p.66

The Water of *Everlasting Life*¹⁷⁴ is but a drop of the luster¹⁷⁵ of your face,
 And the moon in the sky is *but* a trace of the radiance of your face.
 I said, 'I want a long night of moonlight.'
 That night is but your dark curls¹⁷⁶ and the moonlight is your face.

¹⁷¹ O Moon [ay mâh]: an epithet of the beloved (see Note r89).

¹⁷² whirling [d a w r]: See Note 112.

¹⁷³ the rotating heavens [cha r kh- e d a w w â r]: See Note 222.

¹⁷⁴ The Water of Everlasting Life [âb -e h ayât]: See Note 249.

¹⁷⁵ luster [a b]: lit., 'water'. See Note 280.

¹⁷⁶ your dark curls [shab - e z o lf -e to]: lit, 'the night of your curls'. The word for 'night [sh a b] here means dark: a play on 'that night' [ân sh a b] in the same line.

F1) Tch : #219, p. 67

O toi ! l'eau de Jouvence n'est qu'une goutte de la sueur de tes joues.
 O ma lune ! L'univers n'est qu'une trace de scintillement de tes joues.
 Je disais que je voulais une longue nuit de clair de lune.
 Cette nuit est la nuit de ta chevelure, et le clair de lune ton visage.

F2) Vr : p.180

Ô Toi ! L'Eau de la vie est une goutte de l'eau de ton visage,
 Ô Toi ! La lune du firmament est un vestige de l'éclat de ton visage
 Je me disais : « À la longue nuit, je demande le clair de lune
 Cette nuit est la nuit de tes tresses, et le clair de lune est ton visage. »

R. VI) Di : n° 250

او رفت ز جای و گرد او هم برخاست گردش اینجا و مرد در دار بقاست	بگذشت سوار غیب و گردی برخاست تو راست نگر نظر مکن از چپ و راست
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A1) Ap : p.33

The heavenly rider passed;
 The dust rose in the air;
 He sped; but the dust he cast
 Yet hangeth there.

Straight forward thy vision be,
 And gaze not left or right;
 His dust is here, and he
 In the Infinite.

A2) Hal : p. 107

A horseman flashed by, then vanished
 In a whirlwind of dust
 The dust stays. Shines on all things.
 This is Eternity's house.

A3) Erj: p.61

A cavalier of absence raised dust and galloped away,
 only his dust remains,
 when searching for God and truth look straight ahead not to the right or to the left
 his dust is always right here but he has gone to the land of absence

A4) Be : p.320

A rider goes by, but his dust
of passing hangs in the air.
Look down this road through
the particles into infinity.

A5) GaFa : n°928, p.288

An invisible rider passed by and raised some dust.
He departed from 'place', but his dust is all over the place.
Look rightly: don't look from right and left.
His dust *is* here, but the man is in the eternal realm.¹⁷⁷

F1) Vr: p. 209

Un cavalier mystérieux est passé, un nuage de poussière s'est levé.
Il est parti, mais le nuage de poussière est resté.
Regarde droit devant toi, pas à gauche ni à droite :
Sa poussière est ici : l'homme est dans la demeure de l'éternité.

R. VII) Di : n°447

وز من دل بیرحم تو بیزارتر است
حقا که غمت از تو وفادارتر است

هر روز دلم در غم تو زارتر است
بگذاشتیم غم تو نگذاشت مرا

A1) Ar : p.134

Daily my heart, that grieveth sore
For Thee, doth sorrow more;
Daily Thy heart, so merciless,
Careth for me still less.

Thou leavest me, and yet my grief
Leaveth me no relief,
Proving the sorrow of my heart
More faithful than Thou art.

A2) Shr : p. 49

*every day - my heart - in - the sorrow of - you - more painful it is
and with - me - heart of - merciless of-you - more weary it is
you have left me alone - sorrow of - you - hasn't left me alone
in truth - that - your sorrow - of - you - more dedicated it is*

Every day my heart falls deeper in the pain of your sorrow.
Your cruel heart is weary of me already.

¹⁷⁷The eternal realm (dâr-e b a q â]: the realm of subsistence ['b a q â'-see Note 141]. in contrast to the worldly

You have left me alone yet your sorrow stays.
Truly, your sorrow is more faithful than you are.

A3) Sab : n° 78, p. 248

Everyday my heart is weaker in its suffering for you
While your pitiless heart is more hateful of me
You left me alone, your suffering did not.
Indeed your suffering is more faithful than you are.

A4) GaFa : n°557, p. 173

Every day my heart is more miserable in the longing for you,¹⁷⁸
And your merciless heart is more weary¹⁷⁹ of me.
You abandoned me, *but* the longing for you has not left me.
Truly, *this* longing for you is more faithful than you.

F1) Tch : n°8, p.22

Le souci que j'ai de toi rend chaque jour mon cœur plus plaintif ;
Mais ton cœur sans pitié est chaque jour de moi plus las.
Tu m'as abandonné, mais Mon chagrin ne m'abandonne pas ;
A dire vrai, Mon chagrin est plus fidèle que toi.

F2) Vr : p.147

Chaque jour, mon cœur est plus affligé de douleur pour toi
Et ton cœur sans tendresse a de la haine pour moi
Tu m'as quitté, mais le chagrin pour toi ne me quitte pas :
Il est clair que ce chagrin est plus tendre que toi-même.

R. VIII) Di : n°537

آن را که وفا نیست ز عالم کم باد	اندر دل بی وفا غم و ماتم باد
جز غم که هزار آفرین بر غم باد	دیدم که مرا هیچ کسی یاد نکرد

A1) Ar : p. 135

Within the heart untrue
Let sorrow dwell, and rue;
Who deals in faithlessness,
Small wealth may he possess!

¹⁷⁸ Longing for you [gha m - e to]: This also occurs in lines three and four in a slightly different form [gh a m - a t]. See Note 208.

¹⁷⁹ more weary [b e z iir - tar]: See Note 283.

There's none, as thou const see,
Does now remember me
Save grief, true to the end--
God's blessings on thee, friend!

A2) Shr : p. 48

*in the - heart of - faithless - sorrow and - grief - there is
the person - who - faith I has not - of - the world - he is less (short changed by life)
did you see - that - me - no one - remember - didn't
except - sorrow - which - a thousand - praises - on - sorrow - be it*

The faithless heart is in grief and sorrow.
One without faith is not truly alive.
Didn't I tell you no one would remember me
Except for sorrow. A thousand praises to that sorrow.

A3) Khd: p. 207

*i wish much grief
for the heart of
any unloyal kind
i wish the vanishing
of any unfaithful friend
no one remembers me
in these times of sadness
except for sorrow
my admired loyal pal*

A4) GaFa : n°117, p. 38

May there be grief and lamenting in the hearts of the unfaithful!
May the one who is not faithful be lost from the world!
Did you see that no one has remembered me, except *longing* sorrow?¹⁸⁰
So may there be a thousand praises for *longing* sorrow!¹⁸¹

F1) Vr : p. 154

Puisse le chagrin habiter le cœur sans fidélité !
Que l'infidèle n'existe pas en ce monde !
Nul, le sais-tu ? ne se souvient de moi,
Sauf le chagrin. Mille louanges au chagrin !

¹⁸⁰ Except grief [joz gh a m]: These words occur in line four of the text.

¹⁸¹ Line four: This quatrain has two meanings for the word 'sorrow' [gh a m]. In line one it means the grief of regret, in the case of those lovers who are unfaithful [b e- w a fa]. In lines three and four, it means the sorrow of spiritual longing (for which see Note 208).

R. IX) Di : n° 846

عالم همه ساکن چو دل من گردد
آینه‌ی دل ز آه روشن گردد

هر شب که دل سپهر گلشن گردد
صد آه برآورم ز آینه‌ی دل

A1) Ap : p.35

Flowers every night
Blossom in the sky;
Peace in the Infinite;
At peace am I.

Sighs a hundredfold
From my heart arise;
My heart, dark and cold,
Flames with my sighs.

A2) Be : p.320

Flowers open every night
across the sky, a breathing peace
and sudden flame catching.

A3) GaFa : n°1284, p.398

Every night when the sky-like heart becomes a rose-garden,
The whole world becomes still, like my heart.
I bring forth a hundred sighs from the mirror of the heart,
And the mirror of the heart becomes luminous from these sighs.¹⁸²

F1) Vr : p.91

Cette nuit où le cœur du ciel est telle une roseraie,
L'univers, tout entier silence, est pareil à mon cœur.
Cent gémissements s'exhalent du miroir de mon cœur,
Le miroir du cœur est rendu clair par mes plaintes.

R. X) Di : n°1104

آن به که به سودای تو بسپارم دل
دل را چه کنم بهر چه میدارم دل

ممکن ز تو چون نیست که بردارم دل¹⁸³*
گر من به غم عشق تو نسپارم دل

¹⁸² line four: a reference to the saying [h a d i th] of the Prophet Muhammad , 'There is a polish for every mirror, and the polish for the mirror of the heart is the recollection of God [dk i r u 'llah].' Mawlânâ is here saying that the sighs of longing for the nearness to God arc polishing the metal-like mirror of his heart.

*¹⁸³ Il existe une deuxième version de ce vers selon l'édition d'Ispahan : خود ممکن آن نیست که بردارم دل :

A1) Erc : p.61

There's no way this Heart can escape You
 Oh, Love, You may as well take it.
 If the pain of Love doesn't fill this Heart,
 I don't care if I have it or not

A2) Shr : p.146

*my self - the possibility - there is not - to - take out - the heart
 it is better - that - to - passion of - you - I give in trust - the heart
 if - I - to - grief/sorrow of - love of - you - don't give in trust - the heart
 the heart - what - can I do - for what purpose - I have - the heart*

I have no choice but to remove my heart.
 Yet I would rather offer it to the passion of your love.
 If I don't offer my heart to the sorrow of your love
 What do I need it for? What other purpose can it serve?

A1) GaFa : n° 686, p.213

It's no longer possible for me to carry my heart.
 It's better that I entrust my heart to the yearning¹⁸⁴ for you.
 For if I don't entrust my heart to the longing of love for you,¹⁸⁵
 What can I do with my heart? Why else do I have a heart?

F1) Tch : n°91, p.40

Puisqu'il m'est impossible de détacher mon cœur de toi,
 Mieux vaut te l'abandonner tout entier.
 Si ce n'était pour l'abandonner à ma passion pour toi,
 Que ferais-je de mon cœur, pourquoi aurais-je un cœur?

F2) Vr : p.44

Il n'est pas possible que je te retire de mon cœur
 Il vaut mieux que je livre mon cœur à ta passion.
 Si je ne donne pas mon cœur au chagrin de ton amour
 À quoi sert le cœur ? Pourquoi donc ai-je un cœur ?

¹⁸⁴ yearning [saw d a]: See Note 177.

¹⁸⁵ the longing of love for you [gh a m - e 'i sh q - e to]: See Note 208.

R. XI) Di : n° 1315

ما کار و دکان و پیشه را سوخته‌ایم
 شعر و غزل و دو بیتی آموخته‌ایم
 در عشق که او جان و دل و دیده‌ ماست
 جان و دل و دیده هر سه بردوخته‌ایم

A1) GaFa, n°1, p. 1

I have burned¹⁸⁶ my business, shop, and trade,
 And I have learned verses, odes¹⁸⁷, and quatrains¹⁸⁸.
 In [the fire of] love, which is my soul, heart, and sight¹⁸⁹,
 I have burned all three---soul, heart, and sight¹⁹⁰.

A2) Shg: p.30

We have burned all trace of work and profession;
 We have nothing but poetry and love songs now.

We sing of heart, soul, and the Beloved--
 Only to burn all trace
 of heart, soul, and Beloved.

A3) Bo: p.20

We've given up making a living.
 It's all this crazy love poetry now.

It's everywhere. Our eyes and our feelings
 focus together, with our words.

A4) Ls: p.55

We've left our job and craft and store in flames
 We've learned ghazals and lyrics, lines of verse
 In love, he's heart and soul, our very eyes
 We've left all three -heart, soul and eyes -in flames

A5) Khd: p.196

¹⁸⁶ I have burned: lit., 'we have burned'. See Note 297. This quatrain is in the first person plural throughout.

¹⁸⁷ Odes [ghazal]: lit., 'ghazal'.

¹⁸⁸ Quatrains [do bayti]: lit., 'double couplets'. This means quatrains.

¹⁸⁹ Sight [dida]: lit., 'eye'. Line three means, 'I have dedicated my soul, heart, and sight entirely to (mystical) love of God.

¹⁹⁰ Line four: refers to a level of mystical 'annihilation' (see Note 158) in which the personal attributes of the Muslim mystic are 'erased'

*we set fire to our shops
jobs and trades
we chose to learn poetry
love songs and lyrics instead
in the journey of love
where love is our
soul and heart and eyes
we riveted all three
to love in turn*

F1) Vr, p.22

Nous avons brûlé nos affaires, notre travail, notre boutique
Et nous avons appris la poésie, les quatrains, les ghazals¹⁹¹ .
Dans l'amour qui est notre âme, notre cœur et nos yeux
Nous avons brûlé l'âme et le cœur et les yeux.

R. XII) Di : n° 1408

ای دوست قبولم کن و جانم بستان مستم کن و از هر دو جهانم بستان
با هر چه دلم قرار گیرد ببتو آتش به من اندر زن و آنم بستان

A1) Hal : p. 76

Take my soul, now. Send me reeling
Drunkenly out of the world...
Everything in me good, but not you--
Destroy. Turn this wood to fire.

A2) Shg : p.4

O my Beloved!
Take me,
Liberate my soul,
Fill me with your love,
and release me from both worlds

If I set my heart
On anything but you,
O fire, burn me from insider!

O my Beloved
Take away what I want,
Take away what I do,
Take away everything
that takes me from you

¹⁹¹ Ode mystique.

A3) Khd : p. 28

*take me in my love
take my soul
set me on ecstasy
take both of my worlds
if i rest my heart on
anything but you
throw me with fireball
take everything i hold*

A4) Maw : p.61

My Friend,
I offer You my life
Accept me, make me drunk
and save me from both worlds.
Set me on fire
if my heart settles on anything
but You.

A5) GaFa : n° 1608, p.499

O Friend,¹⁹² accept me and take my soul.¹⁹³
Make me 'drunk',¹⁹⁴ and take me from this world and the next.¹⁹⁵
If there is anything with which my heart obtains comfort without You,
Set fire to me and take that thing from me!

F1) Tch : #262, p. 76

O âme accepte-moi, reçois mon âme.
Rends-moi ivre et sauve-moi des deux mondes
Pour toute chose que mon amour a décidé[e] sans toi,
Embrasse-moi afin de me purifier.

¹⁹² Friend [dost]: See: Note.: 168.

¹⁹³ line one: Aflaki relates (pp. 67-68) that when Mawlânâ 's first Muslim sufi teacher, Sayyid Burhanuddin Muhaqqiq Tirmizi (see Note 181) was about to die (1241 C.E.), he told his servant to bring him a jug of warm water and then go outside and proclaim that he had died. The curious servant, according to the story, peeked through a chink in his master's door, observed him doing the ritual ablutions [wuzu] and ritual bath [gh u sl], arranging his clothes, sitting down in a corner, crying out to the angels of Heaven, and asking God to take his soul. He then quoted a verse from the *Qur'ân*: 'You will find me, God willing, among those (who are) patient (in submission to the Divine Will- *Qur'ân* 37:102). Then he recited this quatrain as his last words. (This story is translated by O'Kane, p. 50.) If this was a quatrain of Mawlânâ's there is an anachronism here, unless Mawlana was composing poetry prior to his meeting Shams-e Tabrizi in Konya. More probably, the hagiographer, Aflaki added this poem to his account of Sayyid Burhanuddin's death (Aflaki often added poems to the stories in his book).

¹⁹⁴ 'drunk' [m a st]: For spiritual drunkenness, see Note 210.

¹⁹⁵ this world and the next [har do jahan] : See Note 53.

F2) Vr : p.113

Ô mon ami, accepte-moi et prends mon âme
 Rends-moi ivre et retire-moi des deux mondes
 Toute chose avec laquelle mon cœur sera tranquille sans toi
 Retire-la, et fais du feu avec moi.

R. XIII) Di : n°1891

زاهد بودم ترانه گویم کردی سر فتنه‌ی بزم و باده‌جویم کردی
 سجاده‌نشین با وقارم دیدی بازیچه‌ی کودکان گویم کردی

A1) Ar : Love the Tyrant, p.145

Modest was I, and chaste;
 Thou modest me to sing,
 Eager the wine to taste,
 Foremost in revelling.
 In sober dignity
 On my mat I would sit and pray;
 Thou hast made a jest of me
 For children to mock at play.

A2) Erj : p. 28

I was a pious man
 but you made me sing songs
 you had me disrupt the gathering
 and sent me to find wine
 I was sitting on a prayer rug like a dignified elder
 but you turned me into a joke for street kids

A3) Khd : p.218

*i was a pious preacher
 you changed me to a poet
 and in me you instilled
 rebel rousing and
 drunkenness in every feast
 i was a solemn
 man of sustained prayer
 you made me the playing object
 of street children*

A4) Be : p. 238

I used to be shy.
 You made me sing

I used to refuse things at table
Now I shout for more wine.

In somber dignity, I used to sit
on my mat and pray.

Now children run through
and make faces at me.

A5) Ls : p. 391, poem 44

I once was an ascete -- you made me sing
made me riot of the party -- drunk with wine
You found me on a prayer rug -- dignified
made me taunt and toy for children on my block*¹⁹⁶

A6) GaFa : n°1538, p.478

I was an ascetic¹⁹⁷, *and* you made me a singer of songs;
You made me the chief trouble-maker¹⁹⁸ of the banquet and a seeker of wine.¹⁹⁹
You found me sitting with dignity²⁰⁰ upon a prayer rug,
And you made me a plaything of the children of the lane.

F1) Tch : n°105, p.43

J'étais un homme pieux, tu as fait de moi un chanteur,
Un pilier de cabaret toujours assoiffé de vin.
J'étais assis gravement sur mon tapis de prière,
Tu as fait de moi la risée des enfants du quartier.

F2) Vr : p.106

J'étais un ascète : Tu as fait de moi un chanteur
Tu m'as bouleversé par la fête, Tu m'as fait chercher la coupe de vin
Tu m'as vu me prosterner avec rigueur
Et tu as fait de moi la risée des enfants des rues.

*¹⁹⁶ Ce même quatrain est paru dans Lr p.65 avec les derniers vers qui ont été modifiés ainsi : « made me toy for children, taunted on my block »

¹⁹⁷ Ascetic [zahid]: See Note 156.

¹⁹⁸ chief trouble-maker [sar fitna]: See Note 301.

¹⁹⁹ a seeker of wine [bada-jôy]: lit., 'wine-sucker'; means a seeker of spiritual drunkenness(see Note 209).

²⁰⁰ sitting with dignity [ba waqâr]: This also means with 'gravity', 'authority', 'soberness', 'equanimity'

Le soufisme de Roumi reçu et perçu dans les mondes anglophone et francophone : Étude des traductions anglaises et françaises

Résumé

Calâleddin Mohammad BALXI, ou ROUMI, est un poète mystique persan du XIII^e siècle, parmi les plus connus en Occident et surtout l'un des plus traduits de la littérature persane, notamment en anglais. Ce fait est dû aussi bien à l'immensité de son œuvre poétique consistant en un ouvrage mystico-didactique, *Masnavi e ma'navi* et un recueil mystico-lyrique de qazals et de quatrains, intitulé *Divân e Şams e Tabrizi*, qu'à un significatif engouement relativement récent en Amérique anglophone pour ses poèmes, de caractère spirituel. Les textes de Roumi apparaissent, de manière sporadique, en allemand, anglais et français, dès le début du XIX^e siècle jusqu'à ce que *Masnavi* soit intégralement traduit en anglais au début du XX^e siècle. Des vagues de réception ont désormais vu le jour dans le monde anglophone grâce aux nombreuses retraductions et adaptations. La réception du poète a été plus mince dans le monde francophone, où la grande partie des traductions ne datent que de la seconde moitié du XX^e siècle sans susciter le même enthousiasme. Si les traductions ne font pas défaut dans ces deux langues, les spécificités de la poésie persane ainsi que de la pensée mystique rendent particulièrement difficile l'opération du transfert du discours poétique de Roumi en anglais et en français. On étudie ici, d'abord, les obstacles principaux auxquels doivent faire face les traducteurs sur les plans linguistique, sémiotique, stylistique, poétique, et herméneutique. Cet exposé cherche, ensuite, à montrer les modalités du transfert de l'œuvre chez les traducteurs anglophones et francophones de diverses époques en évaluant les traductions dans le cadre de la théorie éthique (bermanienne) de la traduction. S'inspirant des théories sociolinguistiques de la traduction et s'appuyant sur un corpus bilingue diversifié, cette thèse tente enfin d'expliquer les différences de degré et de nature de la réception par les deux sphères culturelles cibles.

Mots-clés : traduction poétique, soufisme, monde anglophone, monde francophone, persan, Roumi (1207-1273), réception, poésie mystique

Rumi's Sufism Received in and Perceived by the English-speaking and French-speaking Worlds: A study of the English and French Translations

Abstract

Calâleddin Mohammad BALXI or RUMI, a Persian mystical poet of the 13th century, is amongst the best known in the West and one of the most translated authors of Persian literature, especially in English. This is due to the abundance of his poetic works which consist of mystical and didactic *Masnavi e ma'navi* and a collection of lyrical qazals and quatrains, *Divân e Şams e Tabrizi*. He is also known and translated because of the relatively recent strong appeal of his poems, with their spiritual undertone, to the North American audience. Rumi's poems appeared sporadically in German, English and French since the beginning of the 19th century until the full English translation of *Masnavi* in the early 20th century. Ever since, the English-speaking world has had waves of reception thanks to numerous retranlations and adaptations. In the French-speaking world, however, the reception of Rumi has been far less important: the majority of the translations were introduced in the second half of the 20th century and failed to find an equally enthusiastic audience. Despite numerous translations in both languages, transferring the poetic discourse of Rumi to French and English is a particularly complicated task, considering the specificities of Persian poetry and the mystical quality of his thought. In this study, we will first look into the principal obstacles that translators must surmount and we will work from linguistic, semiotic, stylistic, poetic, and hermeneutic perspectives. We will subsequently show how this transferring process has been carried out by French and English-speaking translators of various periods by applying the principles of Berman's theory of translation ethics to their works. Working from a diverse bilingual corpus and using the sociolinguistic theories of translation, the present thesis intends to explain the differences in the level and nature of this reception in the two target cultural spheres.

Key Words: Poetic translation, Sufism, English-speaking world, French-speaking world, Persian, Rumi (1207-1273), Reception, Mystical poetry

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