Divan-e Shams
&
Translations from Divan-e Shams
**Brief notes on Divan-e Shams**

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

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

While many other poets have a mystical vision and then try to express it in a graspable language, Rumi has never attempted to bring his visions to the level of the mundane. He has always expected, nay, demanded the reader to reach higher and higher in his or her own spiritual understanding, and then perhaps be able to appreciate what Rumi was saying.

Perhaps this is why there are many layers to his poetry… not so much because of his writing, but because of our understanding. As we transcend in our understanding, we grasp more and more of what he conveyed to us.

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

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

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

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

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

علي کریم‌خان، رئیس کل کمیته سازمان‌های خانوادگی که در جریان برگزاری مجمع عمومی کمیته در خارج از کشور در اولین روز، شرکت کرده‌اند.

زنان و شوهران در این بحث‌ها حضور داشته‌اند.

از آنجایی که سیستم‌های اقتصادی و اجتماعی به‌طور عادی در کشور بسیار بافتند، که در این‌جا سیستم‌های اقتصادی و اجتماعی به‌طور عادی در کشور بسیار بافتند.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In this world attained our resurrection grade
Till thoughts of the other & Judgement Day fade
Settle for God’s never ending grace
Grace of all others try to evade.
All the world like Shams-e Tabriz
Is under the parasol shade.
I need a lover and a friend
All friendships you transcend
And impotent I remain

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sweet fragrance of Shams is
The joy and pride of Tabriz
   Perfume trader I remain.
My desert is without end,
My soul, my heart must rend.
The world here out-pictured,
In which picture I descend?
If on the path you see a head
Rolling itself around the bend
Ask our secret from that head
On its answers you can depend.
What turned you to a flying bird
Solomon’s confidant and friend?
How did you turn to a seeing eye
To the trees in our garden attend?
How did you become the tidal wave
And pearls and jewels to the shores send?
Not the seven skies below the heavens,
Our abode, even heavens transcend
Instead of the heavens and the world
In the pastures of Divine Union we blend.
How can I utter a sigh, for with each breath
More perturbed, more agitated, my trend.
How did this ear appear
Which heard our feathered friend
How birds of prey and game play
And in the fresh mountain air ascend.
The height of the seventh sky
Saturn will gladly defend.
What can I say, what do I know
Limits of this story I won’t pretend.
Let go of this story and ask not
My broken hands, I cannot mend
You shall be worthy of the Divine
If this is what our Beloved intend.
I went on a journey without me
There I found joy without me
The moon that hid, could not see
Cheek to cheek with me, without me
For beloved set my soul free
I was reborn without me
Without spirit drunk are we
Always happy without me
Erase me from memory
I remember, without me
Without me with joy I plea
May I always be without me
Closed all doors, I could not flee
Then I entered without me
His heart enchained, on his knee
I too am chained without me.
By Shams’ cup, drunken me
His cup never stay without me.
Hail Love, hail Love, because Love is divine
It is tender, it is beautiful and benign
What passion, what passion, we are burning like the sun
It is hidden and obscure, it is an obvious sign.
We’ve fallen, we’ve fallen, it is hard to rise up
We know not, we know not, this complex chaotic design.
Hail the moon, hail the moon, it is curved like a cup
To the features and the world, it gave shape, shade and line
Dismounted, dismounted, his horse the King of Kings
Hail the dust, hail the dust, that his trail would define.
What picture, what picture, is drawn on the canvass of heart
How strange, how strange, with the heavens must align.
Be the silent jug, be the silent jug, that contains the secret
From the left, from the right, everyone is seeking that wine.
This brook has such a song, that turns our fortune’s wheel
Not of fate, not of song, neither of this clay of mine
Neither trap, nor of chain, then why do we feel encaged?
What shackle and what rope is so strong yet so fine?

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

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

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

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

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

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

If you ask Shams-e Tabriz
The reasons that are all his
   Union in his breast tonight
At His behest tonight.
When we enter the excitement of the night
We’ll amass gifts from the ocean of the night
The night veils the unseen witness from sight
We cannot compare the day to the night.
Sleep will not want, from sleep will take flight
He who has never seen the picturesque night.
Many a pure soul and heart that is bright
Employed in service to the demands of the night.
Night is an empty pot, black, contrite,
If never tasted delicacies of the night.
This journey is long, God speed our plight
As we traverse the length and width of the night.
From worldly affairs my hands are tied tight
Till twilight I am in the hands of the night.
Commerce and trade are the work of daylight
Of different taste are the trades of the night.
Pride of Tabriz, you have reached solar height
Sun jealous of you, while begs for you the night.
This day, at the tavern, with the drunk we sit
This day, we let go of piety, prayer and holy writ
This day, what can I say, what a feast and wine is it
This day, the cup-bearer is kind and full of wit

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

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

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

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

Praise emancipation
Praise divine revelation
Praise soul’s coronation
Praise joyous elation
Praise the pride of a nation
This symbol of adoration
Who brought poetic inspiration
To this house of intoxication.
Each breath is a song of love
From left and right, pass us by
We’ll return to the world above
Such fate no-one can defy.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

From Tabriz began to shine
The Light of Truth, to me call
Thy light is Light Divine
Distinct, yet connecting all.
You closed your eyes, meaning it’s time to sleep
It is not sleep, that upon your enemies heap.

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

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

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

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

Sometimes bloodthirsty, some messenger of God
sometimes a cup-bearer, some wine, red as blood.
What is cup-bearer and wine, if not divine
God only knows, what for is this love of mine.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Pride of Tabriz, King of the Wise
Joy in company and solitude arise.
Upon which path did I tread
So I return, all else I dread;
From Beloved being apart
In the creed of Love is being misled.
If I find another in the whole town
Ain’t but a sign pointing to the Beloved.
I said this is no easy path
In each step a thousand traps spread
O broken heart come not this way
Stay upon your own tender bed.
Seek that which increases the soul
Ask for the wine that lightens your head;
All else is shape and appearance
Fame and shame’s battle and wed.
Be silent, be seated, and be still
Drunken, with such wine break your bread.
O Pride of Spirit, Shams-e Tabriz
Enslaved to Thee my heart and soul instead.
Look at the caravan, O guide, all the camels are lined up drunk
King drunk, teacher drunk, friend drunk, all else drunk
O Gardener, the musician’s thunder brought forth the cloud of the wine-bearer
Garden drunk, meadow drunk, rose drunk and thorn drunk
O revolving skies how many times upon this path are wayfarers
Dust drunk, water drunk, wind drunk, fire drunk
The visible is in such state, questioning the invisible yourself spare
Soul drunk, and mind drunk, imagination and thoughts drunk
I cry out and sing for Beloved; for the Beloved much I care
Voice drunk, and harp drunk, plectrum and strings drunk
The lone spiritual monk and the wise mendicant Sufi dare
Robes and gown tear, through the market place pass drunk
Each drunk in his own way, in the limits of his own share
O awake and observe how even every cloud is drunk.

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Anything but Love upon this path is idolatry
Other than light of thy union is doubtful oratory
Whoever sees but the Beloved, sees astray
The lover’s seeing eye can only see God’s glory.
Pass up all spirits, pick your cup from the divine tray
Drink of the spirit of Love, the sole elixir in history.
The soul of the lovers was woven of manly and earthly clay
Follower of the path of Love, for the worldly will not worry.
Through the highest wisdom in poverty secrets lay
Choose detachment, this path is the prophets’ story.
To that unequalled essence even the angels will pray
His throne and His court is outside the world’s laboratory.
O true Shams, Pride of Tabriz, fault me not, turn me not away
Engulfed in fiery flames is my heart and soul’s observatory.
Separation from companions is unwise
Treading the path without light is unwise
If the throne and scepter have been your prize
Descent from prince to pauper is unwise.
For Beloved, the you in you is disguise
To focus on the you in you is unwise.
If once to heavenly abundance you rise
Desperation and impotence is unwise.
Hear the thief’s greedy and fearful cries
Fraudulent deception too is unwise.
Able-body, chains & shackles unties
Idleness of such a body is unwise.
Your foothold gone, your soul freely flies
Wingless & featherless flight is unwise;
Given wings, reach only for Godly skies
Flying away from God’s Will is unwise.
To you, phoenix, demise is mere lies
Phoenix running from fire is unwise.
In my work, all my time, idly spend
I am in love, to the depths of love descend.
The lion of thy longing hunted me down
This same lion in my trap will find its end.
On the shores of thy ocean is my hometown
Kissed by waves, though depths upward won’t send.
In the heavenly spirits and wine I drown
Worship of vine no more need I pretend;
My patience by this spirit turns to frown
Fault me not if pride is not of my trend.
Like Father Sun, capture the world with my crown
Without soldiers, scepter or knights can defend.
Sugar, from Egypt to Rome, I bring down
Though day and night can never make me amend.
With thy rose mixed my essence, my very own,
Why, the thorn upon my head, the rose will lend.
O Pride of Tabriz, Shams of the spirit, renown
In both worlds, where can I find a better friend?
Once again my beloved sought me and found
Joyously in the marketplace sought me and found.
I hid myself, at my feet that drunken rose, rose from the ground
I escaped the House of Wine, sought me and found.

How wondrous that so doggedly would hound
What luck that such swindling lock sought me and found.
Who would find me if with crowds myself surround?
Knower of crowded secrets sought me and found.

I have left a bloody trail; just look around
And the one on my trail sought me and found.

Run away to what avail, deathward bound
Why hide, a thousand times sought me and found.
I pulled the thorn from my side, yet one more round
That oak towering flowerbeds sought me and found.

Like a pearl at the bottom of ocean, drowned
Pearl diver, with a string sought me and found.
Shams-e Tabriz with piercing eyes and no sound
In the light of insight sought me and found.
Tell me, is sugar sweeter
Or He who makes sugar cane?
Beauty of the moon is better
Or He who makes it wax and wane?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Los Angeles, CA
May 24, 1999
Alas that beautiful beloved where hence?
Alas that graceful Goddess where hence?
In our midst like a candle brightly shone
Where hence, alas, without us where hence?
Like a shivering leaf my heart constantly moan
Beloved left at midnight, where hence?
Ask wayfarers to have the path shown
That soul-pleasing companion, where hence?
In the garden ask the gardener alone
That unequalled King has gone, where hence?
In the watch towers ask the guards who have known
That beautiful rose stem, where hence?
In madness roaming the desert sand and stone
That dear lost in this pasture, where hence?
My eyes from tears into a river have grown
In this ocean, that Pearl where hence?
Although is with others, is our very own
From us has flown, where to? Where hence?
Spring is nigh, spring is nigh
Beautiful spring has come by
The whole world is green and fresh
Tulips raise their heads up high.

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

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

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

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

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

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

From Shams-e-Din-e Tabrizi
Came the wine, refreshing, easy
Like a dear royal mother-of-pearl
Each drop of wine would satisfy.
کسانی که در طول کنارداریهای نظامی و فیزیکی، با خاکستری‌های فلسفی و مبتنی بر تکذیب و توهین، از فکر و استانداردهای اخلاقی پا به راه نمی‌زنند، باید شناخته شوند. چون کسانی که در نهایت به قصد و به‌طور نوکلر و انسانی، از فکر و استانداردهای اخلاقی پا به راه نمی‌زنند، باید شناخته شوند.
Those to Mecca on pilgrimage  
When reached their destined stage  
Saw a home made out of stone  
Amidst the desert carnage.  
In that house they sought God  
Yet empty they found that cage;  
Discharged their dutiful prayers  
From the stone heard a message:  
"O idol-worshipers, why praise mud and stone  
Worship only the house that is praised by the sage.  
That House of God is the abode of the heart  
Blessed are those whom to the heart made their pledge;  
They walked their path upright and straight  
Unlike wheel of fortune’s hunched revolving age.  
Those who landed in the state of singular intelligence  
No longer placed the other on a separate page  
The group who only saw the stony house  
Like a satanic cult, God disparage.  
Whoever found a glimpse of that House in this  
Not even in the heavens would seek tutelage  
Wearing pilgrims’ garb, going around this house  
Leave body, head, heart, and soul to pay homage.  
The tribe that found God only in a friend,  
They are the keys to that House, upon the ledge.  
Hope and compassion reside in the Real House  
Those who turned to love, found their wage.  
In spite of obstacles, they are in the house of love,  
Who amidst both worlds, their bets on beloved hedge.  
Even the archangels are in awe  
Of resurrection after such rampage  
Blessed are those who like Shams-e Tabriz  
Remained within, far from desert’s rage.
Version I

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

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Los Angeles, CA
July 24, 1999
Version II

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Be compassionate, kind and fair
   Serve these charlatans if you dare
Because nobody else will care
   They abuse with every excuse.
You who seek God apart, apart,
The thing you seek, thou art, thou art;
Why then search for what you have not lost?
Searching for what’s not lost, distrust, distrust!

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

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

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

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

For the love of God, no other love seek
In the abode of Soul, no other task seek
Other than the Beloved, never seek another mate
Seek not to doubt, trivia make you weak.

Another love, another task, is an impossible fate
In thy Godly faith, seek not doubt’s stench & reek
In soul’s territory, heart’s courage is great
With such courage turn from strangers and paths oblique.

Half the world like vultures, half carcass-like wait
Cast not vulture’s eyes upon the dead and the meek.
If seduces with looks, with features and trait
Try to see the thorns in that rosy cheek.
Upon temptations dwell not, nor debate
Don’t make a leader from every lost freak.
Trust not the one who turns from love to hate
Secrets of your heart with such do not speak.
If the Light of Shams shone upon you of late
Concern not yourself with this passing garden’s state.

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

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

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

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

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

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

That barbed wire on your path is the mind
Cut the wire and your path clearly find.
Heart trickster, soul veil and mind bind
To find the path you must put all three behind.
When you transcend heart and soul as well as mind
It is like giving sight to the blind.

Make your chest like a target well defined
That bow is strung, the arrow is well aligned
Only that chest in complaint can open tongue
On whose face hundred arrows have been flung
To think love is for the feeble is just wrong
Love is for the courageous and the strong.
Self-expression to the needy don’t belong
Benevolent Love is the path for old and young.
If like Enoch must follow the angelic song
Will find Love on that ladder in every wrung
Shams-e Tabriz is here, joyous and kind
Gospel of Love in his being you will find.

Open the door to yet another initiate
Offer some wine, his drunkenness accelerate
You had closed the doors to the upper rooms
Came the command from yet a higher estate.
You who have fulfilled all my desires
Yet another desire, my heart infatuate.
Your beautiful face is another country
The curl of your hair yet another state
Such country and such state I shall seek
Till government takes yet another trait.

Every dawn the rising sun, Thy slave
At your feet yet another time will prostrate
With praises of Thee and those in Thy Court
This world, itself yet another time elate.
How joyous the time that I silence my voice
Spirit’s voice my soul with joy inflate.
I shall pack my bags, leave this world for that
Witness the order that Thou will create.

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

غاردی یک گریم جیم به پلش
کی رفت ار میان حاضرینی
ظرف اکفم بر سوی برچای
سُنادی کا شکست انگی
گولنگ کا کدر کا نام گفت
نگفک آزکار روی ابجد
زیریش که کریم زنیش
زیشت گری بینهم جنیش
مبارکه گری شفاان نانش

۷۷۷
In every direction I glance and peek  
Yet its signs to me don’t speak  
O pious men, where is that beauty  
That like a candle glows in duty.
Affirm that name, whoever thus repeat  
To him even death will taste soft & sweet  
Whoever once that face has kissed  
His bones are blessed in gravely mist.
Which do I praise? That face or hair?  
Whom both worlds enslave and spare.
No wonder the earth falls out of sight  
Love transmutes all to celestial light.
Praise Shams-e Tabrizi far and wide  
From seekers his face do not hide.

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

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

I knocked on heart’s door, for heart I crave
Came, "who knocks?" I said, "heart’s slave!"
The bright beams of love shone through the door’s crack
Upon the passers by, and lit up that deep black
Wave upon wave of lovely beams, my heart was over-run
Compared to this bright light, were pale the moon and sun.
If the mind takes command, heart enslavement will demand
Will put a leash on mind and all, and hold the end in its hand.

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

He is not a mendicant, who speaks little yet says much
Reflect upon reflections, see all that is while "nothing" watch.
All who have tasted this wine, are compelled to walk this line
Every one of stars nine, with heart’s design themselves align.
From Tabriz one such as Shams, arrives for seekers of divine
Nurtures in love’s vineyard, gardener of thy soul’s vine.
مردم به شکر خوشحالم
و به سیرت هایمان دلپزشکت‌اند.
که به کیهان برداشته‌اند.
که به روی درها نشسته‌اند.
که به جداره‌هایی نشسته‌اند.
که کوشش‌هایی خاطره‌انگیز می‌کنند.
که از زندگی استثنایی برخوردارم.
که از زندگی صمیمی قدری به خاک سپارم.
که از زندگی محروم، محترم، خوشبخت می‌باشم.
که از زندگی مسئول، محترم، خوشبختم.
که از زندگی محروم، محترم، خوشبختم.
که از زندگی مسئول، محترم، خوشبختم.
که از زندگی محروم، محترم، خوشبختم.
I was dead, became alive
Was tearful, laughingly thrive
With love survive, my only drive
I have become eternal.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

From slavery to kingly might
From Venus to satellite
Was distant unknown point of light
Am luminous orb of love, eternal!
Like a connoisseur I shall seek the bouquet of that wine
Both worlds and their dignitaries I shall put out of line.
I’ll climb the tall mountain and of love raise the sign
With a humble and clear heart I shall sigh and confess
If for a year or so in the bottom of a pit confine
The mad heart-stricken me, emancipation shall press.
Since I have committed to climb that incline
Upon any opposition my resolve shall impress.
I and thou, heart and body, I myself do not define
With head and heart stay away from this corporal regress.
With your demands you also give the means and the design
Wherever I look, all I see is your loving kindness.
When I drink from the wine of love, every moment I silently resign
I put on my armor, ready for war, in battlefield I seek success.
Why, against the untimely and the dark night I am fearless
Because even from the west you cause the moon rays to shine.
O Shams-e Tabrizi this sapping separation of mine
Has caused me to go into the marketplace, noisy and restless.
Away bitterness, keep my taste sweet
My mouthful of wine, never deplete
Unveil and disrobe my morning gown
Naked come forth, and the dawn greet.
In the house of efforts there is no chance
He ceases not, my goals how can I meet?
In that wine, I find, my treasures lie
Seeing His face my soul will complete.
Not enough room in the seven skies
When He makes my garment his seat.
From His essence I am Lion-Heart
My sweet songs simply his roar repeat.
He said, "you are the harp in my grasp
I, your maker, play you to my beat."
I am your harp, and each vein is a string
Pluck my strings, this of Thee I entreat.
You are the sky and I am the earth
From Thy grace grows my barley and wheat.
در زمان‌کروی اینست همشیخت
کمی فاصله از ادعا و ادغام
کیلومتر آماده ایم جمعیت
ماه‌ی آب و هوایی و دوستی.
آمیزه‌ای از اعضا و دوست‌ها
که به دنیا می‌آید و می‌آید.

یارا به درونوند را دریافت
که آورد که پیاده‌کردم به دست
کیست که کمک کرده به من تازه.
کیست به دوستی داده شده است
یا بی‌جز او نمی‌توانید
یافتن نمی‌توانید.

که از میان گرفت شدیده
آتش بر می‌خورت و سخت
یا بردن کرده هوایی گریخت
توی نیکار که شرکت کردیم
شش ترمز کره بی‌پناهی
در میان و سخت جیکا به
پیچیده می‌گردد و می‌گردد
در دستی از قبیل دانستنی
که می‌گوید او گرفت دریاکی
یک نهایی بی‌پندازیتی

بی‌دریاب می‌گردد و نیمی
بنئ نهایی قابل می‌کند
و یک نهایی تم‌آزمایش
نوا زبان که کوچکی کمیت
این جمعیت یکی دلیل میان
آسایش‌خانه به‌جای می‌باشد.
Everyday I meditate upon this, and every night I groan
Why is my own existence to myself the least known?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Beloved Master, Shams-e Tabrizi
In this world with Love I’m so drunk
The path of Love isn’t easy
I am shipwrecked and must be sunk.
Multi-layered existence I know not, I know not
The magical artist of time I know not, I know not
Hardship, struggle, confusion, I am taught, I am taught
Congenial moodiness I know not, I know not

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

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

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

Shams-e Tabrizi, to you I’m brought
With your hardness I am distraught
That shining gem, this hard rock, I know not, I know not.
We today from strangers cannot divide
So drunk that we don’t know where we reside.
In this love, we departed our very mind
Madness and desperation we cannot hide.
In this trap they said there is a hidden bait
So trapped, we are the bait they implied.
Spare us the moral of this story
Stories and fantasies our hearts deride.
Your brush combed the fibers of my heart,
Ecstatic, brush from the hair cannot divide.
Flame of love unseen by the blind at heart
To the flame, the moth must glide with much pride.
Give us wine and ask us not how many cups
In this love cup and wine are both denied.
On the path bears and lions, vicious cougars,
Courage our guide, on the path forward we ride.
Shams-e Tabriz this flowing wine supplied
Once again cup and keg ain’t identified.
Go to sleep
Leave me alone
At nights I leap
Up, on my own.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Leave me alone in my state
Spare me this debate
You speak of skull and bone
And punish the lover’s moan.
My beloved came to my side
Revived the place where I reside
I said tonight you are my fellow
My temptress, my joy implied.
Said, work of some import, dear
I have now identified.
I swear to God, if you depart
I will not last, with you denied.

At least for a night, show some mercy
   For the misery I cannot hide;
   Bestow your eyes’ mercy upon
The tearful waves my eyes have cried.
Said, fate has shed many man’s blood
   I am powerless, though I’ve tried.
   Like Mars, there is naught but blood
   Even the stars to me confide.
   No incense will reach the Gods
   Till its aroma spreads wide;
Since you demand no less than life
   Eating blood, I will abide.

You are the shrub, and I, your shade
   I, sacrifice, and you my bride.
   Said, sacrifice worthy of mine
   Is a rarity, not all who died;
   Only the likes of Isaac can
   Towards my gate in death glide.
I am Love and demand your blood
Resurrect your soul when I decide
   Angel of death do not oppose
   I’ll be glad to have you beside.
Hark, your heartbeat stops in my hand
Hark, my dagger will not be defied.
Having said this, as the morning breeze
Like flowing waters depart and divide.
   You are my Isaac, I your father
I’ll be by your side, with care and pride.
I said, favor me O Master
   Go slowly, by my side ride;
   Said, behold this world in my sight
   Limping along with one leg tied.
   Say no more now, till another time
   Or I’ll fall for love so magnified.
   Be still, and be extinguished
   Else your fire spreads untried.
O friend of mine, O friend of mine,
O heedless lovely dread of mine
Compassionate unwed of mine
Thy grace, worrisome head of mine.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Your head for treasures makes design
For love put your life on the line
Align yourself with the divine
O brutal beastly friend of mine.
O Love, you brought forth a jug
Filled with the ache that my heart clog
I won’t drink this wine, this drug!
Drink but for my heart’s sake!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

King of the World put away tears
The Pride of Tabriz appears
Light of Truth, Shams, now nears
Thy light my heart will wake and take.
Lovers alas, lovers alas
Whoever sees that faceless face
Confusion in him amass
Desperation will embrace.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

مهدی اجلاسی

کتابخانه عالی تربیت معلمان تهران
Let go of deceptions O heart
Madness embrace, madness embrace
Moth-like, go to the heart of the hearth
Fire face, fire face

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Version II

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O God, give the players sweetness and weal
And for the tabbla, give them hands of steel.
For their love, they sacrifice every limb
Of limbs O God, please give them a great deal.
These messengers of love filled our ears
Grant them seeing eyes and thy Royal Seal.
These lovebirds sing and cry out their love
Grace them with the patience that would heal.
In thy praise, they have filled many ears
You too praise their praise and their zeal.
They quenched the thirst of heart’s flower
Let the full moon in their skies reel and wheel.

I am silent, please speak to me thy will
For they say you give thus, and thus steal.

O God, all I ask for in both worlds
Like Shams, let me shine, be and feel.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Vancouver, Canada
September 22, 1998
I am drunk and you are mad  
Who’ll take us home and make us glad?  
Said a hundred times, if you had  
Two or three cups less, won’t be bad.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Vancouver, Canada
April 13, 1998
To this world you have brought the fragrance
Yet perfume you have hidden from appearance
A million excitements this aroma belies
That you have thrown upon the earth and the skies.

From thy own radiant light and heat
You have set fire to the mind and soul’s seat
From taking thy life-giving jewel
The mine and the ocean have lost their cool.

Millions of souls with radiant faces
Have been confined to dark spaces.
You take the certainty of fools
And give them doubt with mental tools.
They ply themselves with their own hand
And with sweetness take a bloody stand.
The heartful find their hearts broken
The heartless with cries of alas are woken.

Shams-e Tabrizi from thy kindness
To lovers have given this madness.
O heart, when the secrets themselves unveiled
No more exerted yourself, nor travailed
In your imagination and madness remain
Why senses regain, why your mind hailed?
Like Romeo in senseless chaos
All orders before you failed.
Ingesting spirits if you refrain
Why in the market drunken wailed?
Idleness and sitting brings you no gain
If with the seafarers forward you sailed.
Go to the desert and try to cross
You’ve seen what these ruins entailed.
Your neighbors of wine reek and stain
Drunken fragrance of wine staled.
Follow this aroma to the tavern lane
Light as the wind, the lanes brailled
Go to Shams-e Tabriz’s abode of loss
Idle, unemployed, round the world trailed.
Alas that now from our midst you are gone
In spite of the pain you resist, you are gone
Once the circle of friends you blissed
Now with the dust of ants and snakes blissed, you are gone.

What of all the knowledge you endlessly list
What of such mind, in the secret list you are gone.
What of the helping hand the once would assist
What of the feet that gardens assist, you are gone.

Gentle and kind, people you charmed and wist
Then earth’s dust your dust wist, you are gone.

Your sweet replies no more persist
No more tongue that can persist, you are gone.
Jealously repented, strove to desist
Pilgrim of death, from living itself desist, you are gone.

Whither to, can’t see your dust nor your mist
This bloody path, disappearing mist, you are gone.
Silent O heart, tongue shackles your soul’s wrist
What use the flames that turn and twist, you are gone.
Thou art my King, Thou art my King
To my heart and soul faith Thou shalt bring
With Thy loving breath infuse me with life
Not just one single soul, my every soul Thou string.
Without Thee taking bread, is of poison being fed
Thou art water and bread to which with life I cling.
Poison if Thou willed, into elixir will turn
Thy abundant sweetness in my mouth sweetly sting.
My grass and orchard, and my Paradise
My herb and my tree, thy joy in me ring.
Thou art my monarch, Thou art my moon too;
Thou art the jewel and the mine that gave it wing.
Silence I choose, best Thou givest the news
Thou art the reason for which I speak and sing.

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Vancouver, Canada
July 20, 1998
O heart let go of your soul
Until you see the soul maker
Leave behind this deceptive faker
So you reach your real goal.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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July 20, 1998