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الوجه

Wish that I could find my rest in you,
cease this endless wandering, arrive at home in you.
Wish that I could find at last the sacred garden of
the Earth, its richest fruit, its deepest gift of you.



Every field of tulips has been watered
with the blood of Kings.

Every violet leaf growing on the earth,
a beauty spot on the face of the Beloved.

الفرد

الفرد

It's dawn. Let's reach for the wine,
shattering the glass of good and bad
against the patient stone.

No more vain desires!
Gaze instead upon the Beloved,
run your fingers through
her beautiful hair.



In my great need I crushed my mouth
against his open lips.

And the pitcher pressed his own
just as firmly back on mine.

‘You’ll never return to this world,’ he said,
‘so go on, drink its wine!’

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The Divine composed my being. From the start

he dictated all the lessons of my love.

Within this worn out little scrap,

this heart of mine,

he left a key to open up

the inner door, the treasure house

of Love.