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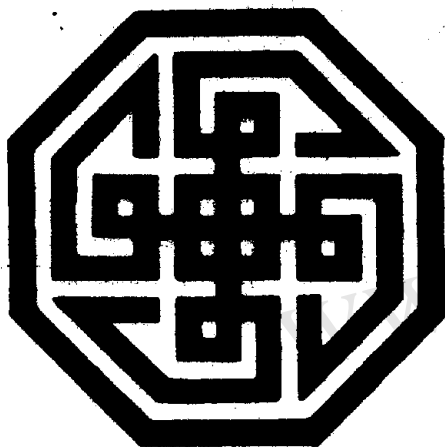
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Syed Ahmad Saeed Hamadani

Contents

Foreword	Prof. Dr. Annemarie Schimmel	9
Introduction		11
Divani Bahu		21
Notes		83



Foreword

SULTAN BAHU has been known for three centuries as the author of the beautiful Punjabi *siharfi*, but few people were aware that he is also a poet in the Persian language. Here is his Persian *Diwan*, alongwith a translation, and we hope that the reader will see how much his Persian follows the pattern of folk poetry in the Pakistani languages. Sultan Bahu takes over ideas and even formulations from the classical Persian masters, and from certain turns of his poetry we can guess that he was familiar with the verse of Hafiz and of Maulana Rumi — authors who have been dear to the Sufis of the Subcontinent for centuries. He is well aware of the traditional ascetic attitude vis-a-vis the “world”, this ugly carcass which, as the early ascetics of the Arab and Persian areas knew, is only visited by dogs, and he warns his listeners not to attach themselves to this perishable ugly thing but concentrate upon God alone, the only One who has real existence, the only Beloved in the Universe. It is not surprising that the poet takes over the vocabulary of *Wahdat al-wujud* and sees that “Everything is He”, as did so many Sufis in Sind, the Punjab, and elsewhere. Interesting are the last poems of the *Diwan* when he invites the listener to understand the stages of *kufr*, of “infidelity” — such remarks are found time and again in Sufi verse: what appears to the sober, orthodox believer as infidelity is in reality the deepest experience of the Truth. Did he know the verse at the beginning of Sana'i Ghaznavi's *Hadiqat al-haqiqat* that “*kufr and iman*, infidelity and faith, are only the doorkeepers at the castle of the One, both attesting His Unity?”.

With all his knowledge of the classical Sufi heritage Sultan Bahu's verses are not, as I mentioned, truly “classical”. They were probably meant to be sung, just as similar verses in the regional languages

— Sindhi, Siraiki, Punjabi — were used. That would account for the repetitions which are found frequently, and it may also be the reason that grammar and rhyme are used somewhat carelessly; the words had to be fitted into the swinging rhythm of an intoxicating song, and that makes at times a proper translation difficult. There are verses which defy proper interpretation although they sound very simple: but this is a phenomenon we observe in the verse of Sachal Sarmast, Shah Abdul Latif or Bulleh Shah as well. The Sufi poet pours out his heart, wails and sighs, longing for his Beloved. The poetry of Sultan Bahu is not the poetry of an intellectual thinker but little sighs of the heart, and we are grateful that they are now available thanks to Professor Hamadani's unceasing efforts!

Annemarie Schimmel

بِسْمِ اللّٰهِ الرَّحْمٰنِ الرَّحِیْمِ

Introduction

Hadrat Sultan Bahu
The Sultan al-Faqr and Sultan al-Arifin

Hadrat Sultan Bahu is one of the most renowned Sufi saints of the later Mughal period in the history of Indo-Pakistan sub-continent. He is often called Sultanul Arifin (the Sultan of gnosis) in the Sufi circles. His ancestors belonging to a tribe of Alvids called Awan and coming from Arabia via Hirat (Afghanistan) had settled in the Soon Sakesar Valley¹ of Khushab District in Punjab. His father, Sultan Bazid, had served in the army of the Emperor Shah Jahan as a high ranking officer and so in recognition to his services he had been awarded a *jagir* in the Shorkot area. The family migrated to the place and settled at Qalai Shorkot, a settlement at the bank of River Chenab (now in District Jhang, Punjab). Hadrat Sultan Bahu was born there, probably in 1628 A.D.

Even in the early childhood, it was perceived by all those around him that a strange light shone upon his face which compelled even the Hindus to utter *Kalima Tayyiba*² (There is no god but Allah and Muhammad is His messenger) in his presence. His father died when he was just a child but his mother Bibi Rasti, remained alive till he was forty years old.

His mother supervised his education but it must have been irregular because he was often found under the influence of ecstatic states. It

seems that his education remained informal to the end. Whatever he expressed or wrote after-wards, it was in the light of his own spiritual vision and knowledge.

His mother taught him the essential Sufi exercises of *dhikr* (invocation of Allah and His Names) and he probably needed no more guidance after that. He was initiated to walk the path of Sufis intuitively. His spiritual experiences and vision enriched his mind and spirit with so much knowledge that he far excelled his contemporary Sufi masters and Sufi poets in *Tasawwuf* (Sufism) and *Suluk* (all about the Sufi Way and its stations and states). In a book he remarks:

Though we have little of formal learning, / Yet the spirit has been blessed with holiness by esoteric knowledge.

In fact he may be called a born saint.

He got married in his early youth and twice or thrice afterwards and had sons and daughters but all this did not deter him from his dervish wanderings, to visit the sacred places and look for the spiritual company of his fellow Sufis.

He may have met many Sufis and visited many tombs of the saints but he did not come across a Sufi teacher of his own calibre.

At the age of thirty he had an extraordinary vision in which he saw Prophet Muhammad (may peace be upon him) through the spiritual recommendations and support of Hadrat Ali and Hadrat Shaikh Abdul Qadir Jilani. The Prophet himself took his *bay'ah*³ and allowed him to pass on the Sufi teachings. He often mentions in his books about his presence in the spiritual meetings presided by the Prophet himself. However, in the treatise "Of the Spirit" he calls Hadrat Shaikh Abdul Qadir Jilani his *Murshid* (spiritual director). He is always lavish in the praise of Hadrat Shaikh and calls himself *Qadiri*. In his eyes the teachings of the Qadiriya order were most effective for the spiritual development of the disciples. But at the same time it is evidently clear that by the Qadiriya order he means the one that he himself represented. He names it "Sarwari Qadiri".

During the same period when he was a young man of about thirty, the war of succession between Dara Shikoh and Aurangzeb was fought. His later writings are sufficient proof of his moral and spiritual support for Aurangzeb who won and became the Emperor. He himself, however, never cared to have any concern with the court or the courtiers.

All his life he kept travelling to the far-flung places initiating disciples and passing on the spiritual knowledge and wisdom to the seekers of truth. He might have written most of his books during such journeys. He never made a permanent *khaneqah* during his life-time.

Sometimes he fell into ecstasy and passed his days and nights in the state of absorption. Many places are still remembered and venerated where he stayed for some long or short periods to contemplate in solitude.

In "*Manaqib-i Sultani*"⁴ a few of his journeys have been mentioned. His travellings in Saraiki region upto Sindh, his journey to Delhi where he met the Emperor Aurangzeb in the Jamia Mosque and his visits to the tombs at Multan and other cities have been indicated.

He died in 1691 A.D., at Shorkot where he was buried close to the bank of the river. His body had, however, to be transferred twice to other nearby places due to the floods. Now the place he lies buried under a beautiful tomb is called Darbar Hadrat Sultan Bahu (District Jhang, Punjab).

He wrote many books in Persian⁵. He also wrote ghazals and poems in Persian as well as Abiyat in Punjabi⁶. His Punjabi poetry contains spiritual fervour and passionate expression of the exalted state of Divine Love. One is transported to the spiritual domains while one listens to his Dohas⁷ in a melodious voice of the singers. About thirty epistles, treatises and books are still available. Almost all of his works have been written under inspiration in a style peculiar to him. Most often he uses "scatter method" diffusing Sufi doctrine and the methods of spiritual realisation in his writings.

He was the greatest teacher and propagator of Faqr (spiritual poverty) which is the shining guiding star in his teachings. He may be considered one of the great Revelers in the history of Sufism.

His *dargah* has always been supervised by the Sajjadah Nashins of his own family. The present Sajjadah Nashin also belongs to this line.

It is strange that his fame rose and spread world-wide after his death. Only recently the scholars have turned attention to present and interpret his doctrine in a systematic way. The scope to edit, translate, interpret and transmit his works is still very vast. It is hoped that the next generation of Sufi scholars and teachers will continue to perform this tremendous job more efficiently.

I quote the verse written on the wall of the mosque adjoining his tomb.

O noble Sultan Bahu! in the realm of reality, you are perfect;
Help me in all the spiritual states ___ in interiority as well as
in exteriority.

Divani Bahu

Divani Bahu of Hadrat Sultan-al-Arifin Sultan Bahu contains fifty four ghazals (Persian odes). A few editions of the Divan have already been published but the one lately published by Hadrat Sultan Bahu Academy¹ has been used for the translation into English. R.A. Nicholson in his preface of the "Selected Poems from the Divani Shamsi Tabriz" remarked: "My translation seeks to reconcile the claims of accuracy and art: it is therefore in prose".² Then according to Annemarie Schimmel "the vocabulary of even the simplest verse" in mystical poetry "is highly charged with meaning and can therefore barely be adequately translated into any other language".³ The translation of even prose works of classical Sufi masters is so difficult. M. Ghulam Qadir, the translator of *Dhakhirat ul-Muluk*, a well-known Sufi book in Persian, has visualized such an attempt similar to the flight of a sparrow in the company of a falcon or the walk hand in

hand with the wind or the presumption of one's generosity as bountiful as a cloud. He concludes that a task like that cannot be accomplished without divine inspiration and help.⁴ When I ventured to translate the Divan, I had all these useful suggestions and wise sayings in my mind. In spite of that I very humbly undertook to scribble, beginning "In the Name of Allah, the Compassionate, the Merciful". Like a "fool of God", I just assumed to bear the "trust".⁵ The outcome is the prose translation of the Divan of Sultan al-Arifin Sultan Bahu.

Hadrat Sultan Bahu strictly follows the tradition of mystical poetry which has enriched the world literature providing remarkable and immense examples of the most sublime love poems. One can see some traces of influence by Saadi and Hafiz and even Amir Khusrau upon his ghazals but on the whole he seems to be as ecstatic, jubilant and expressive as Hadrat Maulana Jalaluddin Rumi. His rapturous moods, spiritual enthusiasm and ethical standpoint bring him close to Hadrat Maulana, "the supreme mystical poet of all mankind".⁶ Again his thought system is also the same which distinguishes the Sufi poets of all ages from other bards and lyricists. R. A. Nicholson has quoted Von Kremer who said of the Sufi poets: "The real basis of their poetry is a loftily inculcated ethical system which recognises in purity of heart, charity, self-renunciation and bridling of the passions, the necessary conditions of eternal happiness attached to this emanation of all things from God, and their ultimate reunion with Him".⁷

Hadrat Sultan Bahu believed in *wahdatul wujud* (Oneness of Being) and in his prose and poetry he expressed this view openly and earnestly. Even in the first verse of the first ghazal he declares:

I know for sure that in this universe is no object of worship
but He.

He alone exists in both worlds, He alone is the goal.

And then

I say One; I seek One;
I plant Him like a rose in my heart.
I find Him One and
find none else but "He".

Like all the Sufi poet-teachers he never forgets that he is a *Murshid* (spiritual director). Even when he is expressing his feelings, he is

teaching.⁸ He sings and teaches. He teaches and sings. He invites and calls the seekers of truth to gather in the teaching hall of the *murshid* in order to learn wisdom and receive blessings:

Come away my wise friend, let's go to the tavern.
Drink deep like a man and remember nothing else but the
goblet and the glass.
Pawn the prayer-rug and get the goblet.
Cleanse your heart and soul
and don't be clever.

He tells the disciples to find out the Truth in the depths of their innermost consciousness:

Cross the valley,
come close to your own self,
see the abode of the Beloved inside your own soul.
Friend, know your beloved nearer than yourself.
Make haste, don't be unaware of the beloved's nearness.

Again, like all the teachers of the Path, the persuasions and warnings are mingled in his address:

O man of God, if you seek the way of God,
then such as it is, it's nothing but troubles and torments.
O friend, what else is there but torment;
this is the way of purity:
no one is accepted but those who are poor.

But most of the time in his ghazals as if setting an example, he is talking of his own moods and spiritual states and stations (*waridat* and *ahwal-o-maqamat*). He speaks of love as a dominant passion of his spiritual nature. He can sacrifice his life for that:

Intoxicated with His love,
I've washed my hands of the universe,
I'm drunk to the soul:
I'm sporting with my life in the bazar.

O Friend, intoxicated with love,
I've become oblivious of "this" and "that",

I've girdled my loins and
I'm sporting with my life in the bazar.

I'll take a goblet from the tavern, I'll certainly drink deep
that I become free from world and religion,
that I cast fire into this world.

Sometimes the pain and pangs of separation seem to him unbearable but he remains steadfast and goes through all that is destined for the lovers:

I suffer every moment the pangs of separation but the
Friend remains unconcerned.
I have no refuge but him
but the Friend remains unconcerned.
I know the ways of love; I go through the pangs of pain
I'm fascinated by the beloved face but the Friend remains
unconcerned.

He is steadfast in the love of Divine Beauty:

From the longing of the soul
I seek the Beauty of Allah.
In every saying I seek the Beauty of Allah.
I am not all aware of before and after:
from this and that I seek the Beauty of Allah.
Though drunk with love of the Friend of friends,
even intoxicated, I seek the Beauty of Allah.
There is no other way of love for us:
in every atom, I seek the Beauty of Allah.

Now, some hints about his language and style. Sultan Bahu has generally adopted the usual mystical language and the style of Persian Sufi poets. But his language, though well-phrased like that of Maulana (Rumi), is not well-chiselled and polished yet it has its own grace, ardour and attraction. It assures the reader of poet's sincerity and trust in his belief. He himself was aware of the originality though seemingly inelegance of his language and style:

"Although the language of this Faqir's books is unpolished and lacks savour but it is, in fact, all like butter and honey. And the poets whose poetry seems to be ripe with knowledge

and learning are at a remote distance from the Divine presence".⁹

His inspiration came to him from the sacred sources. He stood upon the celestial level and sang of the Love Divine.

The ascetics and worshippers left behind this world,
but the high ambition of the Gnostic (takes him away)
from place to the Placeless.

Elsewhere he claims:

None can possibly reach the station where I reached;
I am the great falcon in the celestial realm: no place for
poor flies;
the Throne, the Pen, the Chair, and both the worlds have
no way to the height.
Note even an angel can get there; that is not a place for
more desire.¹⁰

Again in a stanza of Punjabi *si-harfi*:

I am the great falcon, I fly in the spheres of Divine
generosity.
Whatever I utter, is like *ham* (Be);
I can change the movement of destiny.
Plato and Aristotle are nothing to me;
thousands and millions of the wealthy and generous
nobles like Hatim
stand just like beggars at Bahu's gate.¹¹

Poets are generally considered to be the pupils of God (*Talamiz ur-Rehman*). It is because the source of mystical as well as poetical experience is the same. Both have the same characteristics¹² because the spiritual intuition and the poetic inspiration seem to be alike though the Sufis claim to enjoy union and communion with the Divine on a higher plain. Many Sufis have recorded their dialogues with God.¹³ They profess their books to be heavenly inspired like the Scriptures. But Hadrat Sultan Bahu claims for himself the higher level of intuition and revelation among the Sufi authors.

"Most of the elects and authors write books through inspiration (*ilham*) and this Faqir writes books after having been honoured by the presence before Muhammad, the apostle of Allah (May peace be upon him), and blessed by the nearness to God".¹⁴

It is the same with the poems of this small collection (the *Divan*). The spirit and form is traditional as well as classical. For the devotees of his *dargah* each verse bears special blessing and *baraka* of "the Compassionate, the Merciful". The reading exalts the soul and the disciple is transported to the higher plains of spiritual realm. This is the poetry of a great Sufi teacher and poet and may, therefore, better be studied within the context of meaning and purpose of his Sufi thought system. This dictum of Dr. Samuel Johnson is as true of Sultan Bahu as it was of Rumi: "He (Rumi) makes plain to the Pilgrim the secrets of the way of Unity, and unveils the Mysteries of the Path of Eternal Truth".

Prof. Syed Ahmad Saeed Hamadani

Naushera (Soon Valley)
01.05.1996

Divani Bahu
(Translation)



(1)

I know for sure that in this universe is no object of worship
but He.

He alone exists in both worlds,
He alone is the goal.

If you hold the Sword of "No", come alone; there's no
worry.

Seek not help but from the *Haqq*
for none else is the *Fattah* but He.

With "No" negate all, say Allah and seek Allah.
Turn your gaze to Oneness
for nothing is needed but He.

He is the First; He is the Last;
His theophany is manifested in all.
Haqq has revealed Himself and
there's nothing else but He.

My friend, dissolve yourself in One,
say not Two or Three.
He is the One, the cherished goal.
None exists but He.

He is He; He is the Truth, He.
I know none else but He.
He is He; He is the Truth;
I call none else but He.

I say One; I seek One;
I plant Him like a rose in my heart.
I find Him One and
find none else but "He".

I roamed through the world;
found Him ___ He, the Truth, He.
I called One, I saw One;
I saw none else but "He".

I'm the sympathiser of myself.
I have nothing with me but "Ya Hu"
I have tied up my heart and spirit with He ___
none else but "He" ___.

(2)

Come, soul-burning Love;
let me burn myself in your fire.
If you burn me, it's good
otherwise I will burn myself in you.

You burn the scum and straw
and glow within me.
For once at least turn to me:
come,
let me burn myself in you.

My place is the Placeless World, but
smitten with grief I lie in prison.
Now I've turned towards the Truth,
come,
let me burn myself in you.

Now I talk of great men;
and seek the Beauty of my Friend.
I seek the Truth with the Truth;
come,
let me burn myself in you.

I've bound my heart with the Friend;
I've washed my hands of the life's hope.
Like the drunkard I'm drunk,
come,
let me burn myself in you.

(3)

I am playing the game of Love;
I plunge myself into danger,
like Mansur I hold my head upright.
Doubtless, I offer myself in the dangerous service of the
Friend.

These are strange times, my friends!
If you share my grief, know that
I offer myself in the dangerous service of the Friend.

I've tied my heart with the Friend's locks.
For tying myself I'm in such ecstasy that
I've lost both the worlds, and now
I offer myself in the dangerous service of the Friend.

Smitten with heart-felt grief,
I've washed my hands of life's hope.
If you share my grief, then become aware that
I offer myself in the dangerous service of the Friend.

Again I plunge in the perilous service of the Friend
offering my head to the Beloved.
What a pleasant task!
I offer myself in the dangerous service of the Friend.

(4)

I'm playing the game of Love,
I'm sporting with my life in the bazaar.
I'm following the path of the men (of God):
I'm sporting with my life in the bazaar.

Galloping my horse I have come in the field;
you know not my secret.
I am proud of taking pride.
I am sporting with my life in the bazaar.

I drank from Love's cup
I died to my own existence.
I'm sporting with my life in the bazaar.

Intoxicated with His love,
I've washed my hands of the universe,
I'm drunk to the soul:
I'm sporting with my life in the bazaar.

O Friend, intoxicated with love,
I've become oblivious of "this" and "that".
I girdled my loins and
I'm sporting with my life in the bazaar.

Come away my wise friend, let's go to the tavern.
 Drink deep like a man and remember nothing else
 but the goblet and the glass.

Pawn the prayer-rug and get the goblet.
 Cleanse your heart and soul
 and don't be clever.

Are you clever? So what?
 You are still worthless;
 be mad and become a man.

You wear Poverty's dress and do not drink!
 Why do you try to cheat?
 You only tell a story!

Free yourself from fiction and fable,
 none but the mad or men can walk this path.

Come forth like the intoxicated.
 Why hide yourself?
 You can't be drunk without the drink.
 Step into the tavern
 and take a drink despite old age.

Come here in this valley alone, all alone.
 "He" is the One; "He" is the Guide.

Here you will be happy for ever.
 Fear not my friend,
 and be a manly man.

Why say "no"?
 Seek Him with His aid.
 Why follow others?
 Call Him like the drunk: "He! He! He!"

Drink your wine like drunkards,
 renounce "I" and "we" O friend!
 O friend, seek Bahu — the master of the tavern
 called out, "It's time!"

An idea came into my heart:
 I should throw away this Sufi mantle
 and discard the rosary
 and fling afar the prayer rug.

I should throw away the rod and tear the dress of purity.
 And free myself from self-centredness
 and destroy the house.

Let me go to the desert alone
 and free myself from myself.
 I drink my blood
 and crush my lower self.

I'll take a goblet from the tavern, I'll certainly drink deep
 that I become free from world and religion,
 that I cast fire into this world.

I'll become enraptured by my friend.
 I'll follow Majun.
 I'll go alone in the desert
 and speak of selflessness.

As you show yourself in me
 my heart cannot brave it.
 Sick in body and soul
 I announce my departure.

I've made friendship with my friend
 and follow the friend sincerely,
 from here I leave alone
 but I go
 singing and rejoicing.

I suffer every moment the pangs of separation
 but the Friend remains unconcerned.
 I have no refuge but Him
 but the Friend remains unconcerned.

Burning in that fairy's love I boil within myself.
 My today's task is lost
 but the Friend remains unconcerned.

In my view I am rational, people regard me mad.
 I am like a goal (for the arrows)
 but the Friend remains unconcerned.

I know the ways of love; I go through the pangs of pain.
 I am fascinated by the beloved face
 but the Friend remains unconcerned.

Some night I shall overturn the game and my secrets come
 out.
 I offer my head in Love's perilous service
 but the Friend remains unconcerned.

I am the true friend and shall not forsake my Friend.
 Every moment my heart bleeds
 but the Friend remains unconcerned.

O king!
 Exalt your loyal followers.
 For You are the Lord and Master:
 shower your mercy upon your suffering slaves.

Let my mad heart come closest to yourself.
 Don't dishearten your followers by your parting.

There are physicians indeed,
 but they don't know
 any medicine for us.
 By a look of mercy
 cure your ailing friends!

In longing for you I weep profusely
 out of pain for you.
 I wail ____ cast a look of abundant mercy
 on those who long for you.

I, a poor fellow cherish your sight:
 I, a poor fellow lie awake at night.
 You should not be so cruel to your dervish!

Welcome, cup-bearer with the cup of wine in the morning.
 I yearn to see you _____
 welcome, cup-bearer.

There is no prisoner of love like me,
 I've suffered trials upon trials of love:
 thrice welcome, Light.

In my heart there is the dream of union
 on the road of expectation;
 day or night I do not rest.
 Welcome, Beloved.

No friend shares my wine of love.
 Give me the wine; give me the cup,
 Welcome, cup-bearer.

The soul has suffered much grief
 owing to the pain of separation;
 heart and soul be sacrificed to you,
 O Sought-for, welcome!

From the Truth Exalted comes the announcement:
 "If you love me, renounce all else.

"We are the Glorious,
 We are the perfect in Glory,
 We are the granting Lord,
 seek Us from Us."

"I am worthless
 Free from 'this' and 'that';
 I think of none else.
 You think of me.

"I adore You,
 I cherish You,
 I love none else
 and want nothing save your nearness."

"If you desire Union,
 wait for Us.
 Be Our friend,
 and seek no friend,
 but be Our friend."

(11)

O friend, I've fallen;
my patience is gone.
O friend, I am plagued by love,
where is the cure, o beloved?

In the burning love of separation, day and night I shed tears
of blood;
I cannot bear the separation.
Where is the Prince of fellow sufferers?

My soul yearns very much to see my sweetheart's moonlike
face.
Where is that moon of the longing?

Our longing for the beloved
has surpassed all limits.
When can we find union with the beloved?
Where is the garden of emperors?

My soul has no longing except for the beloved.
Where is the rosy face,
silvery body,
And the narcissus of the intoxicated?

The twig of my body has dried from drought;
my mouth's stream has dried up.
Where is that rain-carrying cloud?
Where is that cloud?

The friend cried around the Friend's street.
His lips and tongue were parched.
Where is that Endless Ocean?

(12)

Tortured by a turmoil in our heart,
we have fallen into this world.
Show us the face,
we long for the meeting.

O friend, away from you
none is hopeless like me.
Grieved, we live
in this world in poverty and annihilation.

Don't blame us;
don't be tyrannical; don't be cruel!
Make short the story ____
for we are exiled.

None can remedy our burning heart.
We are helpless,
for we are friends without a Friend.

O friend, we complain,
separated from you ____ Oh woe!
We are like Majnun,
confused and perplexed.

(13)

O God!
Be kind to me, for only You know
all my pains: save You
no one can help me.

I've fallen in your lane
sick with your love.
Treat me, o physician, who knows my pulse!
so, please relieve my pain.

I did not see any physician like you in the world.
You alone
know the depths in the longing of my soul.

My suffering heart
sighs and cries;
you alone know the depth
and soul of my love.

Who can fathom the state of the suffering but you?
Verily you know it, as you know!

(14)

As I saw mole and features on the face (of my beloved)
I stood amazed and speechless
for the beauty was beyond expression.

The letter of his beauty
became clear to my heart,
Now see, my two lips (do not stop)
from that talk!

Ruby lips, enchanting rosy cheeks,
nothing similar to this beauty exists in the world.

No eyes could see something in the world
as I saw his perfect beauty.

Verily, since I saw
that beautiful face
I think of none else
but that beloved, elegant face!

Since I saw that beautiful face with certainty,
I do not see anything
but his beauty in my imagination.

O lover! look for ever at His beauty
so that you yourself become
beauty and "mole" in the world.

Keep alive your heart in the hope for union.
At some time the Creator ____ exalted be He! ____
will tell you, "Ascend!"

O way-farers! make your foothold sure.
 O sincere people!
 Seek the path of blames.

Nobody seeks such a path save the sincere ones.
 Be always happy in the company of the poor.

Poverty is the only provision for the poor;
 the sincere come to the path
 shedding blood.

The ascetics and worshippers left behind this world,
 but the high ambition of the Gnostic (takes him away)
 from place to Placeless.

See the beneficences of the Gnostic on the path,
 he has annihilated himself in the Friend
 who is Traceless.

O friend! be brave on the path of love,
 for to risk one's life is the game of lovers.

Exalted be Allah, what a beautiful face the beloved has!
 As I saw his beauty, my heart turned into a rose-garden.

Like the sun my spirit was illuminated;
 all the mysteries became visible.

When my heart perceived that light of illumination,
 I was elevated and agreed that
 "There is no goal in both worlds".
 "He is Allah, the One"
 who exists.
 That is enough, O friend.

"I" and "we" vanished
 and only He Himself remained.
 Nothing but the colour of His face remained.

Every moment He shows His image:
 He shows the unique splendour of His form in the Friend.

Prostrate yourself before the Beloved.
 Be always an intimate friend
 with Him, *Bahu!*

(17)

Nobody is my confidant who may deliver my message to the friend.

And inform, the beloved (saying):

Do not be so cruel without limits.

O my friend, don't kill me, the innocent;
don't strike dagger at the ailing.

Although compassionate to the helpless, yet you oppress the weak.

Why have you become so cruel to me?

Don't veil your face.

For the pain in my heart, it's you who knows the ointment.

O physician of the lovers,
give medicine to the friend.

The weak, helpless beggar seeks oppression from you.

For God's sake,
provide remedy to this suffering lover.

(18)

Love's evident: it is not hidden,
no one is as disgraced as we in the world.

Ah, (I suffer) from the pains of uninterrupted burning
I am in pain yet there is no remedy.

I could restrain from that imagination (of the beloved)?
but here again
the rein is not in my hand.

The black spot was imprinted
upon my heart
like a tulip.

How could I cast a glance at you?
I have no strength.

The Friend will never turn His face from you
because to Him
there is none else like you.

There is no other talk with the kind Friend except the
Union.

His beauty is unique;
speak not of jessamine and curls and mole.

He called Himself Unequaled:

He is without need of anything.
To speak (about Him) in comparisons is immature.

You know the hand of union does not reach his hem.
When your intellect is defective
how can you talk of perfection?

He is One aimed at by the whole world ____
the beloved of all the lovers.
What can be mentioned
save His Majesty and Beauty?

O friend, if you are a seeker, know the One whom you seek.
The sought One is the same as the seeker ____
what can one talk about more?

Many a time I told you my heart, many a times:
don't turn around to these affairs.

You know nothing of the pain caused by the sweethearts.
Love is not easy:
these are difficult affairs.

If the self-conceited takes this path,
the thorns will pierce his feet.

In my heart,
you have not seen the place of ease.
Know for sure, there is nothing
but fires and flames.

There's no talk in the path of love for the Friend;
become pieces on His path ____
hundreds of pieces.

These affairs are difficult,
these affairs of love,
there must be moaning and groaning for the heart.

As long as the heart's land is not worthy of it,
how can a rose garden appear from clay?

The heart went out of my hands,
My soul was ruined
as I saw the threads of his curls like snakes.

Nothing turns out as one expects,
what can the helpless lovers do?

One should give life for one's friend;
I did not see any other way
but to lay down one's life.

As I saw the hairs of his tresses as snakes,
my heart was torn asunder
into pieces.

All the affairs of love are tough;
there's moaning and groaning for the heart.

O ignorant man, don't look at the Beauty of His Form.
These are not lights:
but all these are flames of fire.

O my friend, don't set your heart on the fair,
so that you may not suffer like us.

As we've renounced faith,
what have we to do
with the Brahmans' threads?

Observe:

"He is with you wherever ye may be":
if you've read it not,
go and see it in the Quran.

The Truth is, of course, very close to you,
yet you know that it is far from us.

Would you only have known its closeness to you,
so that you had not gone through the world
from door to door!

O friend, our Friends' abode is not very far.
A (true) eye is needed
to see it properly.

See the Divine Truth — exalted be He! — present.
How long will you pour out your heart?

The Truth, al-Haqq, is
"Nearer than the jugular vein".
You cannot see its Beauty
without insight.

As the veils of "I" and "we" came in between,
that's why you see more and more desert.

Cross the valley.
Come close to your own self.
see the abode of the Beloved
inside your own soul.

O friend, know your beloved nearer than your self.
Make haste,
don't be unaware of the beloved's nearness.

The believer's heart is certainly the "Mirror of ar-Rahman",
I don't see in it anything but His beauty.

Keep away from all except Him,
so that you may see His beauty
with certainty.

If you see other than the Truth, consider 'tis nothing.
Certainly, then the mirror is rusty.

Rub away the rust from your heart:
Polish it.
Most surely, the unpolished never lasts long.

O Bahu, remember "Hu" in each breath,
that you may see its Light in the *dhikr* with certainty.

See the Beauty of Allah with the Beauty of Truth:
see the Friend,
see the Truth,
see it not but with faith.

When "Whithersoever ye turn" became the *Qibla* of Truth,
I have no other direction but to the One
to whom Truth belongs.

The heart is certainly the Sacred Mosque and it is my *Qibla*,
I have no other desire than to attain to Your Reality.

If you are a Gnostic and closely familiar with the secrets of
Truth,
do not deviate from the path
of Muhammadan *Sharia*.

Bahu, always keep yourself occupied in the *dhikr* of "Hu
Hu",
repeat "Hu Hu" and "Hu Hu" —
the Reality of realities.

O friend, everyone keeps his prayer direction according to
his high ambition.
You should have the *Qibla* of Truth.

Love of the world is the source of all errors,
don't think that this is a Divine favour.

How can a divine favour be what is not everlasting?
Call not the impermanent a Divine favour.

When seeing a person of little understanding
don't say that it's a favour,
rather it is an error.

It behoves not to bind heart with it,
attachment to evil is evil.

O friend, never be a friend to it,
don't say it is a favour:
call it error.

You will not be a Sufi with a faithful heart
as long as (one asks): where is the path of purity?
This is the path for those with purity.
But where is it without pain?

What is intended with "cruelty" is liberation from "I" and
"we".

Where is the path of purity unless that
you get rid of "I" and "we"?

If you put on the cloak of Poverty, so what?
'T has nothing to do with the dervish way.

And when you don the dervish cloak
that is just to show off:
where there is vanity, there is no Poverty and annihilation.

O friend, you show off with the dervish cloak.
but where is your intention to repent from this idea?

O friend, always keep up the *dhikr* of "*Hu*" with sincere
heart:
live every moment with Him ____ where are these
"*Hus*"?

(29)

You show off yourself:

"I am a Sufi;

"I am in the land of worshippers and ascetics".

How long will you constantly be self-conceited?

When will you get rid of dervish-cloak
(and of the claim): "I am a Dervish"?

If you know the mystery of "Iness", take the Path;
don't say again,

"This is me".

O friend, it does not behove you to say "I"
for "I" was said by *iblis* who said:

"I am (better)".

O my soul,
why do you say "I" and "I"?

You come from a sperm and even then
you dare to say "I".

(30)

Do not say "I" "I" but say Ah! alas!

Ah! Ah! Uh! Uh!

No one knows the longings of my heart

No one is familiar with ah, ah, uh, uh!

No one knows the love in my heart;

Ah, what can I do?

Why did you turn me out?

Alas! Alas!

You know the pain in my heart.

None else knows;

I don't tell it to anyone but you ____ oh oh, ah ah;
how I moan and groan.

A friend may read my poem otherwise no one knows of my
inner state.

But alas! you turned me out,
alas!

From one "I" come out a thousand "Is".
 Alas, a thousands times alas!
 A thousand times alas by me
 Alas, a thousand times alas!

Alas, I don't know
 where does the "I am", always self-centered, come from?
 When will You relieve me of this?
 Alas, a thousand times alas!

Alas, where is ~~showing~~? I am negligent of the Path, too.
 I don't know the Truth.
 Alas, a thousand times alas!

We saw what we saw and ate what we ate.
 We got a scar on the breast.
 Alas, a thousand times alas!

Where is the Friend, my intimate Friend, my Sweetheart?
 Now call "Friend! Friend!"
 Alas! a thousand times alas!

We spent a lifetime on the dangerous path,
 we found no purity;
 we became more and more bewildered.

When will we obtain our wish from your ruby lips?
 We are confounded to obtain to our wish.

Who may speak to you?
 That is not possible.
 But we are even more narrow-hearted
 due to our state.

The beloved was not aware of our honour ____
 let us get over it.
 I have reached a point where I've become Majnun-like.

O friend, when you have bound your heart with the friend's
 tresses,
 never say that you are confused.

"Your wealth and your children are only a temptation":
absolutely true!

"Therefore beware of them": there is no good in them.

Wealth and children bring humans to Hell;
no one is safe from that,
be they high or low.

No body belonging to the people of Divine Truth
will attach himself to them;
attachment to anything but the Truth
is unlawful for the people of Truth.

None other than the solitary one can enter the court of
friend.

Lo,
get completely rid of wealth and children.

No one finds benefits from attachment to these two:
in short be a pauper ____
that's it!

The heart suffers from hundred of kinds of restlessness
of separation.
I find no rest;
I cry for help;
I weep and wail.

To whom I may tell the truth
no one knows the secret of my state.
I am more and more confused:
I cry for help;
I weep and I wail.

Hundreds of ideas come to my mind
in the pain caused by my beloved.
I burn like a censer;
I cry for help;
I weep and wail.

Bahu! repeat "Hu Hu" if you want union with the Friends,
without union I am distressed.
I cry for help;
I weep and wail.

A thousand torments are in my heart but I tell it to nobody.
To whom I should tell what I seek:
I cry for help;
I weep, I wail.

There is much burning in the heart,
I have no other friend,
I am restless day and night;
I cry for help;
I weep and wail.

(35)

Friends, I ask you where my sweetheart is —
That lovely one who took away my heart:
where is that?

O my dear friends who know the way,
for God's sake,
whom should I ask: where is my friend?

My ailment has reached the extreme, tell me friends,
I am near dead.

Where is the face of my beloved?

You ask me who my friend is;
don't you know?
I inquire about the Friend — "He is Allah":
where is that Friend?

O lovers of God, help this companion.
First of all, it is you he asks:
where is the friend?

Desire and you will see me,
 detach yourself and you will reach.
 How delicious if you taste the honey:

honey is nothing but the desire of Men of the Truth.
 Why do you ask again?
 Don't ask.

If you seek the path of purity, come!
 The path of the prophets is the clear stream.

If you are not free of all the attachments,
 how can you find union with Him ____ the Unique?

O friend, detach your soul ____ that is enough.
 for Union is the ultimate goal.
 Break away from the other.

Bahu, know the worth of Friend now,
 detach from all that you may not be ashamed.

The way of love has no end, O friend!
 Be sincere,
 Keep the hand from work,

annihilate yourself in the way of the Beloved -
 What comes out of these dirhams and dinars?

If you are not single-hearted in His way,
 you will never see His face
 in this world!

"And in the two worlds" - who sees His beauty?
 Sacrifice your life
 for the tresses of that Friends!

What do you regret ____ [the loss of] a piece of gold?
 Hand over your soul
 to the Friend.

The world is carrion,
and those who seek it are dogs -
this word came clearly
from the Prophet of the end of time.

Why do you toil in it for the sake of carrion?
Trust in God! "He, God" is friendly.

God gives you daily bread
Without your toiling and worrying;
It is carrion -
Why do you circle around carrion like dogs?

No, you are not a dog;
You are a human being
why do you grieve for the sake of carrion?
Human being! Become the close friend of the Divine Truth!
Join truth with Truth,

Don't bark like a dog in this perishable abode!
This is a carcass and unlawful;
Join dog with dog!

O friend, don't gnash your teeth
like a dog because of carrion!
This is carrion
and unlawful
like the gland of a *qassabak*!

Disengage yourself from the mundane world:
this is the beginning of the works of devotion.
Yes, it is the piety but it is also Grace.

They who are detached are the blessed.
Find out the man of the Truth who is content.

O my dear, how would the Gnostic ever wander after the
world.
The man who is detached, is amongst the blessed.

This world is in this universe
like the carcass in polluted water;
whoever takes it, its poison is sufficient (to kill him).

Whoever mustered up his high ambition
will find the Fortune helpful
so that he will be among the blessed.

Wish from God, O friend, whatever you want
for it is He who fulfils your need.

What is he who knows to burn all other than Him?
By God, he is the knower of secrets.

One, the Eternal, the Real, the Existing.
O friend, know that "All things are liable to perish".

The wise advise that in the path of love
you must have patience.
Give up everything else.

O friend, abandon this perishable place:
turn your face to the Everlasting.

It is fitting for me that I die before the beloved
for it is a mistake in friendship
to die separated from friends.

The lover should shed blood before the friends,
so that he may find the beloved
under his very gaze.

Bahu, there is never another but "He" in the world. All is
He.

No one but the friends understand
this Truth.

I wear the Brahmins' thread around my neck.
I must turn myself into an infidel.

I know ~~neither~~ the way of Muslimdom nor what is The
Way.

Therefore I just put the infidel's thread round my neck.

I am ashamed of my faith.
I must certainly turn an infidel.

Verily I've put on the thread and become an infidel.
I'm constantly converting the believers into infidels.

This friend became an infidel and sold his faith.
Alas!
I put this thread around my neck.

You know not even the first stage of infidelity nor what is
its way.

How will you understand
what the second stage of infidelity is.

The first stage of infidelity became clear to the men of
insight.

Beware ___ what to say about it?

If you have known with certainty
to believe in the second infidelity,
You need not ask again
what *kuf* is.

The third stage is the Divine secret, my dear,
none save the *muwahid* knows
what the *kuf* is.

I see many symbols in the thread of unbelievers.
Friend, be a *kafir*,
what's this faith?

Every body understands the first stage of *kufi*.
But who knows the second *kufi*?

No body except the elite know this *kufi*.
I saw many people perplexed about it.

This unbelieving is better than our faith.
It is not I who say so:
The gnostics have already said much.

O my friend, this *kufi* is the faith of elite.
How can the other than the elite
know it?

Whosoever faithfully knows the third *kufi*.
That man of God
becomes
an essential Gnostic.

When (the Divine address) arrives, "Thou shalt not see
Me",
do not turn away.
Say, "My Lord! show me".
Make haste.

The Friend loves you extremely.
Do not be frightened
if such warning comes to you.

No one knows the secret of the beloved ones:
understand those secrets and do not turn away.

Look at the allusions of the lovers
and the coquetry of the beloved ones;
the friend's rebuke becomes the address.

Friend, in the way of love keep your eyes open:
go and see the theophany of Truth
as clear as the Sun.

(46)

Friends, the way of love is nothing but tyranny and torment.
No one is worthy of it
save those who are pure.

If you seek the way of purity, look for the path of tyranny.
For this purified path
is only for those who are pure.

O man of God, if you seek the way of God,
then such as it is, it's nothing but troubles and torments.

Listen with the sincerity of heart
and then step forward,
for the way of love is none other than sincerity and purity.

O friend, what else is there but torment,
this is the way of purity,
no one is accepted but those
who are pure.

(47)

There may be hundreds of thousands companions but our
Friend is One,
we saw no other intimate friend ____
our beloved is One.

I seek closeness with nobody else
except that Friend
who is the Real.
I would love only One,
even if many may be attached to me.

If thousands of hardships break the relationship,
He will remain my only friend:
I saw loyalty from nobody else.

I have experienced love with friends,
I have not estrangement with anyone,
that is the only difficulty.

I found no loyalty from thousands of friends,
for there is One ____
the only consoler, ____ the One.

O how nice is the face of our amiable beloved!
 I never saw any one
 like that full shining moon.

O my friends, I knew not what happened.
 That matchless beloved
 stole my heart and took it away.

I am restless.
 Burning has penetrated my soul.
 Certainly, "He knows what is in the deepest heart".

In his absence I am burning;
 there is no rest.
 I am confused like the "inhabitants of hell-fire".

The lover wails much in the grief of your love.
 You ought not be hard upon him,
 O my sweetheart!

Mount Sinai became the place for Moses:
 there you hear the revelation without veil.

For a lover the Mount is an ascent of the heart.
 Every moment peace descends upon him from the Truth.

Heart is the centre:
 know, 'heart is the Throne of God';
 this word reached us through the Prophetic tradition.

Consider the heart an egg for the human nature:
 It contains completely (all) the secret of the Divine Nature.

Know that the human self is the essential mystery of Allah.
 Listen _____
 I have told you this briefly.

Friend, man is the special treasure of God;
 no one but the Gnostic knows this. _____
 That's it.

You, uninformed person, know not what Mount Sinai is.
Look at your heart,
that is Mount Sinai.

Get intoxicated on your own Mount like Moses,
say, 'My Lord! show me', and see the theophany of God.

Oh heart, if you have no burning fire (in yourself)
how can you see the light of Truth with your eyes?

Whoever can see Him without veil became like Moses
with his His attributes;

Say, "My Lord, let me see you".
Come, you that shout (like that)
so that you may be intoxicated
like Moses
and without consciousness.

O my son, do you know anything about self-centredness?
Lo, then you have not heard anything from a Sufi.

I explain its secret clearly to you.
Hurry up,
and listen well to me:

all what you do is self-conceit ____
you have put on a new dress,
a turban on your head,

you look at your head backward and forward ____
all you see is bad and causes headache.

Absorb this point in your soul:
Look at the saying of this friend,
actually.

When you don't know about self-conceit,
go, and look at your mantle!

You wear the dress for pleasure.
None, therefore, finds you clear-sighted.

Dress up yourself in nothing else but piety.
That gives you the look of modesty, elegance and beauty.

If you want to be tranquil,
go,
throw away the mantle:
don't take it with you.

O friend, if you want the robe of the fortunate,
go
and put on the woollen dress like a Sufi.

I ~~will~~ in your love and the soul has no knowledge of that,
I am grief stricken and sick:
no one knows about it.

Since I stepped in the path of yours, sweetheart,
I wonder that those with dead hearts know nothing of it.

How can that beloved be aware of my feeling?
Alas,
even these hard-hearted around me don't know.

You who scoff at me, are absolutely in error.
How can you know the burning in my heart?
You don't know.

My sweetheart smells the fragrance of loyalty
in each sigh.

Woe, a hundred times woe!
to those ignorant ones who don't know.

From the longing of the soul
 I seek the Beauty of Allah.
 In every saying
 I seek the Beauty of Allah.



I see nothing other than His Face
 due to the love of the spirit:
 I seek the beauty of Allah.

I am not all aware of before and after:
 from this and that
 I seek the Beauty of Allah.

Though drunk with love of the Friend of friends,
 even intoxicated,
 I seek the Beauty of Allah.

There is no other way of love for us:
 in every atom,
 I seek the Beauty of Allah

My body and spirit have been sacrificed in the Essence of
 "Ya Hu".
 Even in existence
 I seek the Beauty of Allah.

Introduction

Hadrat Sultan Bahu

1. See Ahmad Ghazali, Wadi-e-Soon Sakesar, Feroze Sons, Lahore, 1993.

2. i) (born saint)

“And We gave him wisdom when a child.” (Quran 19:12)

ii) *Kalima Tayyiba*: The basic and most distinguished formula in Islamic esoteric tradition for *dhikr* (Invocation).

3. *al-bay'ah*: “The pact, in the spiritual order means the rite of initiation; in the temporal order, the investiture of a sovereign.” (Titus Burckhardt. An Introduction to Sufi Doctrine: “Glossary of Arabic terms in the text”, Lahore 1959).

See also Shah Waliullah, Anfas al-Arifeen, Lahore. His uncle Abur Reza described the details of his vision and told that Hadrat Ali becomes a medium in the Spiritual realm of bay'ah between the aspirant and the Prophet (peace be upon him). P.195

4. *Manaqib-i-Sultani* by Sultan Hamid, the fifth in the line of the saint's descendants. The only reliable book, originally written in Persian and its Urdu translation published by a publisher of Lahore, contains information about his life, that of his Sajjada Nashins and his Khulafa.

5. It seems that Hadrat Sultan Bahu wrote books, treatises and epistles which were copied by his *murids*. These books still require editing and correct translations.

6. Like other Sufi poets of Punjab, he wrote his famous “*Abiyat*” (verses) in Punjabi language. His language has sometimes been called Saraiki dialect.

7. *Doha* is a well-known form in Hindi, Urdu and Punjabi languages for expression of love, its longings and aspirations in poetry. This form was especially popular among the people of Soon Valley and Saraiki areas.

Divani Bahu

1. Divani Bahu, Sultan Bahu Academy, Lahore, 1990
2. R. A. Nicholson, Selected Poems from the Divani Shamsi Tabriz. Preface p. ix
3. Dr. Annemarie Schimmel, As through a veil, New York, 1982, p. 23.
4. *Dhakhrat al-Maluk*, Tr. M. Ghulam Qadir, Lahore, 1334 A.H. p. 3.
5. Quran: "Lo! we offered the trust unto heavens and the earth and the hills, but they shrank from bearing it and were afraid of it. And man assumed it. Lo! he hath proved tyrant and a fool. (33:72)"
6. Professor A.J. Arberry.
7. A. Von kremer, *Geschichte der herrschenden des Islam*, p. 257, quoted by R. A. Nicholson, *Divane Shamsi Tabriz*, p. xxvi.
8. When Maulana Rumi remarked that he cared nothing for poetry, he had actually emphasised his role as a Sufi teacher. Poetry was just a mean to an end. Like all Sufis, Sultan Bahu was also conscious of his calling as a *Murshid*.
9. Sultan Bahu, Nur al-Huda ed. Faqir Nur Muhammad, Kulachi, 1980 p. 160.
10. Sultan Bahu, Kalid al-Tauhid, Urdu Tran., Lahore p. 11.
11. Sultan Bahu, Abyat, Darbar Sultan Bahu, Jhang.

12. Prof. Syed Ahmed Saeed Hamadani, *Sufi aur shair*, Al-maarif, May 1972, Lahore.

13. For example see *Risala Ghausia*, lately published by Hadrat Ghulam Dastgir Academy, Darbar Sultan Bahu, Jhang, 1989.

14. Sultan Bahu, Nur al-Hada ed. Faqir Noor Muhammad, Kulachi, 1980, p. 122.

Text

1. *la maujud fil kaunain* (no existent in both worlds) According to the Sufi's doctrine of unity (*wahdat al-wujud*), none exists but God. All others exist only in Him.

Haqq (Truth) One of the "Most Excellent Names" of Allah.

Fattah (Opener) Quran 34-26: Judge — "All-knowing Judge". One of the Names of Allah.

Quran: "Allah has the Most excellent Names call on Him by His names...." (7:180)

hamih la kun (negate all) The Sufi negates all only to affirm the Divine Unity.

Hu al-Awwal, Hu al-Akhir ("He is the first and the last) Quran: "He is the first and the last, the visible and the unseen. He has knowledge of all things" (57:3)

Hu al-Haq: In Quranic verse 2-91, it means the Divine message.

Cf. Ibn Ataullah, *Sufi Aphorisms*, Tr. Victor Danner, Suhail Academy, Lahore, 1985, p. 47 "He who knows God (*al-Haqq*) contemplates Him in everything. He who is extinguished by Him is absent from everything. He who loves Him prefers nothing to Him".

Hu (He): In Egyptian mythology one comes across the two names *Huh* and *Hahuet* standing at the higher level in the

hierarchical order of gods and goddesses. It seems that the Real Names had their origin in Primordial Tradition and these were afterwards included in the list of imagined deities of the polytheistic religion of ancient Egypt (Before Philosophy, Penguin Books, 1959. p.6)

2. *Ishq* (Love) "dynamic love", the inner-most essence of God.

"The supreme Essence, Fountain head of the eyes of the Reality of Divine Essence, the Lord Love". (Of the spirit by Sultan Bahu P. 16 Hadrat Ghulam Dastgir Academy, Darbar Sultan Bahu 1996.)

3. *Mansur*: Hussain ibn Mansur al-Hallaj (d. 922) "a disciple of Sahl al-Tustari and a contemporary of Junaid, who was cruelly executed in Baghdad in 922 for religion and political reasons". In Sufi history and poetry his name stands as a symbol for one who accepted martyrdom and remained steadfast in love.

Zulf (lock): in Sufi poetry it is used as a metaphor to denote many meanings in relevance to the context. It means: i) theophany of Majesty or theophany of any of the "most Excellent Names" of Allah, ii) attraction of Divine love, iii) various manifestations of manifestations as well as the veils of Divine self, iv) invisible world etc, etc.

4. *hasti* (Existence) *zi hasti khesh khud murdan*: when one tastes the wine of love, his "commanding self" dies. The lover now lives only for love.

5. *Maikhana* (tavern, wine shop) a metaphor for the *Murshid's* abode.

The world of negation (*la-Hut*), the world of pure intelligence, and even the inmost soul of the perfect gnostic.

Jam (Goblet, cup of wine).

sharab (wine): love, taste, intoxication in spiritual sense, intuition, spiritual knowledge, a state when one suddenly sees a glimpse of spiritual light.

Fana kun ma wa man (Renounce I and we): "Rumi maintained that in 'love' there is no room for 'we' and 'I'. He also perceived his experience of *An* as a trip without 'we', intoxication without wine, remembrance without 'we', and happiness without 'we' (A. Reza Arasteh, Growth to Self-hood, Routledge and Kegan Paul, London, 1980. p. 122)

6. *barham zanam* (throw away): The Sufi is always progressing. He is ever ready to cast away the old habits and tastes to get hold of the new modes of feeling, thought and action.

7. *pari* (fairy): the perfect way-farer of the Path, *murshid*.

"Ah my deare God! though I am clean forgot, let me not love thee, if I love thee not". (George Herbert)

8. *tabibs*: physicians, medical men.

"O, lift me from the grass! I die, I faint, I fail". (Shelley)

9. *saki* (cup-bearer): It is a widely used metaphor which is variously applied according to the context. It may mean God, the Prophet, *murshid*, the beloved.

"Cup-bearer, dearer than my eyes. I have not seen one like you in Iran, Iraq! Pour out such wine that I may leave myself." (Rumi) Trans: Dr. A.M. Schimmel.

10. This poem is a dialogue between the One who is the glorious, the granting Lord and the seeker who is lover. Dr. A. M. Schimmel, however, remarks in a note: "The speaking subject in some verses is not clear".

11. *gulshani shahan* (garden of the emperors): *gulshan* is the spiritual station where one is blessed by the visions and spiritual secrets.

behr be-pavan (Limitless Ocean): the spiritual world; the ocean of knowledge is limitless.

14. *naqsh-o-khal* (features): The metaphor denotes various meanings from the centre of the universe to the heart of the perfect man.

lab (lips) the effusion, the spiritual overflowing.

aarid (cheek) theophany of Majesty and Beauty.

Bari: the Originator, one of the "the Most Gracious Names".

15. *make your foothold sure*: "Believers! if you help Allah, He will help you and make you strong". (Quran, 47-7)

16. *Bahu*: the name of the Sufi poet. It literally means Ba (with) Hu (He): "with He".

17. "Throw away the rod,
Throw away the wrath:
O my God,
Take the gentle path". (George Herbert)

19. *matlub ain talib* (The sought is the Seeker). See Sultan Babu, *Of the Spirit*, trans. Prof. Hamadani, Hadrat Ghulam Dastgir Academy, Darbar Sultan Babu, Jhang. (Pakistan) 1996. "He plays the game of love by Himself. He is Himself the sight, Himself the seer, and Himself the sight; He is Himself the Love, Himself the lover and Himself the beloved". P. 16

"He Himself is the speaker and Himself the spoken word; He Himself is the writer and Himself the book; He Himself is the director and Himself the directed; He Himself is the lover and Himself the beloved". P. 21

"Beauty through my senses stole;
I yielded myself to the perfect whole". (Ralph Waldo Emerson)

21. *marha* (snakes): curls like snakes: theophanies which can destroy if one is not prepared spiritually to see.

"Love is swift of foot;
Love is a man of warre,
And can shoot,
And can hit from afar". (George Herbert)

22. *zunna* (Bahman's thread): a symbol of detachment from power and supremacy, sometimes it means steadfastness in worship and obedience.

23. Quran, 57:4

24. Quran: "We created man. We know the promptings of his soul, and are closer to him than (his) jugular vein. (50:16)

25. *saiqal* (polish): purification from evil, refinement of the self.

26. Quran: "Unto Allah belongs the East and the West, and whithersoever ye turn, there is Allah's Countenance. Lo! Allah is All-Embracing, All-knowing. (2:115)

qibla. (prayer direction)

shariat Muhammadi (Sharia, the right path) Quran, 45:18
"And now have We set thee (O Muhammad) on a clear road of (Our) Commandment; so follow it ..." Trans: M. Pickthall.

dhikr Hu Hu (O He, O He): "recollection", repetition of "He, He". "Hu" is often considered *ism al-azam* (the Greatest Name").

28. *faqr-o-fana*: The emphasis on annihilation, (*fana*), and becoming empty in order to be able to receive the Divine is a central topic of the mystical poetry.

"... The Koranic statement. 'You are the poor and God is the rich' reminds man constantly of his poverty before the Lord who owns everything and before whom the creature is so poor and insignificant that it disappears. 'When *faqr* becomes perfect, it is God', as widespread saying claims. Thus sufism reached an equation of *faqr*, 'Poverty' and *fana* 'annihilation which was poetically expressed by Attar is the last valley of *Mantiq ut-tair*'. (Dr. Schimmel)

29. *Iblis*, the Devil, symbol of Pride.

man. mani: man (I) mani (sperm). In the last verse, the poet illustrates his saying with a pun to explain pride (man:I) and the humble beginning (mani: Sperm)

33. Quran, 8:28 "And know that your possessions and your children are a test, and that with Allah is immense reward". Trans: M. Pickthall.

mufrid (Solitary): the sufi who has become the "beloved". Sultan Bahu himself was blessed with this station. "He was pleased to decree: you are my beloved". (Of the Spirit, P.23)

muflis (a poor man) Quran: "You are the poor and God is the rich". (35:16)

36. *asl* (honey): Love for gnosis i.e. the illumination of Essence. "The psychological laws of I-thou relationship which yield to unitary experience involve basically three element: the 'I', known in Sufism as love; 'thou' or the beloved; and the process known as love". (A. Reza Arasteh, Op. Cit. p. 118)

mujarrid, free of all attachments.

"The world's but theirs: but my Beloved is mine". (Francis Quarles)

38. *qassabak*, Dr. Annemarie Schimmel has observed in a note: "The last line is not quite clear. According to the lexicon, *qassabak* is a small bird that lives near rivers. It seems to be unclear".

39. Cf. Ibn Ataillah op. cit. p. 51: "Sometimes the gnostic (al-arif) is ashamed of submitting his urgent need to his Lord, being content with His will. So why should he not be ashamed of submitting his urgent need to a creature of His?"

40. Quran: "Everything will perish save His Countenance". (28:88)

maqami fana, perishable place, this world.

baqa, permanence that is the life after death. Death is only "A short dark passage to Eternal Light". (W. Davenant)

42. *kafir*, infidel. The Sufi who has envisioned the Divine Essence.

kafir kunam, convert to become infidel. The *murshid* takes the disciple to the higher level. The Sufi leaves the earlier stages behind and achieves to the highest point in the spiritual progress.

"Man is a shuttle, to whose winding quest
And passage through these looms
God ordained motion, but ordained not rest". (Henry Vaughan)

43. *kufr awal*, the first stage of infidelity, the annihilation in *murshid*.

kufr thani, the second stage of infidelity, the annihilation in the Prophet (P.B.U.H)

kufr thalith, the third stage of infidelity. The annihilation in Allah resulting into the illumination of the Essence.

Cf. Rumi: "When the 'I ness' disappears from the sense of man,

It is God that talks, hears and understands.

When the "I" is not, the "I" is the breath of God

It is a sin to assert one's "I" with Him".

45. Quran, 7:143, "and when Moses came to our appointed tryst and his Lord had spoken unto him, he said: My Lord! Show me (Thyself), that I may gaze upon Thee. He said: Thou wilt not see Me, but gaze upon the mountain". Trans: M. Pickthall

"What bard,

At the height of his vision, can deem

Of God, of the world, of the soul,

With a plainness as near,

As flashing as Moses felt

When he lay in the night by his flock

On the starlit Arabian waste?

Can rise and obey

The beck of the spirit like him? (Matthew Arnold)

49. *baidhai nasuti* (an egg of human nature). The human nature contains all the essential qualities for spiritual development and self-realization, so it is like an egg.

"The Phaenix builds the phaenix' nest.

Love's architecture is his own". (Richard Crashaw)

54. Cf. Muhammad bin Wasi said, "I never saw anything without seeing God therein". (Reported by Ali Hujwiri in kashf al-Mahjub)

Cf. "Love, qua love, is one and the same reality to those Arab lovers and to me, but the objects of our love are different for they love a phenomenon, whereas I Love the real". (Ibn al-Arabi)

(54)

بَرّ کالی بحال اللہ جویم
 بَرّ قالی بحال اللہ جویم
 بَجْر رُویش نہ رینم رچ چہری
 ز شوقِ جان بحال اللہ جویم
 ز پیش و پس خبر ہرگز ندارم
 ز این و آن بحال اللہ جویم
 بستی یار یاران گرچہ مستم
 بستی ہم بحال اللہ جویم
 طریقِ عشق کارا نیست دیگر
 بَرّ ذہ بحال اللہ جویم
 فدا شد جسم و جان در ذاتِ یامو
 بستی ہم بحال اللہ جویم



ی عالم از عشق تو جان را خبی نیست
 بخارم، غوارم کس را خبی نیست
 تا پای نهادم درین راه تو جان
 حیران شده ام، موه و لان را خبی نیست
 از حال من آگاه گما میشود آن یار
 می های که این سنگدلان را خبی نیست
 ای آنکه تویی طعنه زنی محض خلاست
 این سوز دلم را، توچه زانی خبی نیست
 خوشبوی وفا می شنود یار ز هر که
 آه صد آه این بی خبران را خبی نیست



خود پرستی، چمن ندانی، بی خبر
 ند بدای خویش را بر خود مگر
 جامه را پوشیده ای، میر هوا
 کس نمی دهند به خانی نظر
 پوشش خود را بجز تقوی نکن
 باخیا و نسب و زینت خود مگر
 گر می خواهی خوم آسود حال
 ند بدای دور کن با خود میر
 یار گر خواهی لباس مستبان
 ند چه صوفی شو، لباس صوف بر



بی تالم از عشق تو جان را خبی نیست
 بپارم، غوارم کس را خبی نیست
 تا پای نهادم درین راه تو جانان
 حیران شده ام، موه و لان را خبی نیست
 از حال من آگاه نگا میشود آن یار
 بی های که این سنگدلان را خبی نیست
 ای آنکه توئی طعنه زنی محض خلاص
 این سوز دلم را، توچه دانی خبی نیست
 خوشبوی وفا می شنود یار به هر که
 آه صد آه، این بی خیال را خبی نیست



خود پرستی، چمن ندانی، بی خبر
 نه بدای خیل را به خود مگر
 بام را پوشید ای، میر هوا
 کس نمی رسد به صفای نظر
 پوشش خود را بجز تقوی نمک
 ناخیا و نسب و زینت خود مگر
 گر همی خواهی شوم آسوده حال
 نه بدای دور گن با خود میر
 یار مگر خواهی لباس مستبان
 نه چه صوفی شو، لباس صوف نه



(50)

طُورِ سِینَا، رِجِیتِ دِلِ بی خیر
 طُورِ سِینَا، رِجِیتِ خُودِ رَا مگر
 بَهِ مُوسَى مَسْتُ شَوِ بَ طُورِ خَیثِ
 رَتَبِ اَدَبِی مگر خَلِی خَقِ مگر
 مگر نَداری سوزِ آتشِ ای بَ
 کی بَ بَنی، نُورِ خَقِ رَا بَابِ
 نُورِ خَقِ آئِشِ بَ رِجِیتِ بی حجابِ
 بامِغَاتِشِ مَکْتُ چُونِ مُوسَى مگر
 رَتَبِ اَزَبِی مگر، بَا ای تَعَوْنِ
 تَا شوی چُو مَسْتُ مُوسَى، بی خیر

(51)

خُودِ پَرستی رَا عَدَانِی ای بَ
 بَانِ ز کَسِ صُغی تَو قَسِیدی مگر
 بَرِ کَن رَا بَ تَو دَاحِ بَیکَم
 نَعْدِ دَاشِ از مَن شَوِ بَیکَم مگر
 خُودِ پَرستی اِینِ بَهِ اَخَالِ تَو
 جَامِهِ تَو پُوشِیدِ دِستارِ سُرِ
 بَکَرِی بَ کَتَبِ خُودِ، چُونِ پِشِ بَی
 اِینِ بَهِ حِلِ بَدِ آردِ دِردِ سُرِ
 حِلِ بَکُنِ اِینِ مَکْتُ رَا دَرِ جَانِ خَیثِ
 مَکْتُدِ اِینِ یَا رِی اَلْوَاقِ مگر

(48)

ده چه نیکو روی جانان و پذیر
 کس ندیدم حش آن بدر شیر
 من نه واقف بودی ای دوستان
 دل مرا دزدید بعد آن بینشیر
 بترارم، سوز در جانم رسید
 و هو عالم، بالیقین ما فی الضمیر
 در فراخ سوزم، آرای فکد
 ناله ام حیران چه اصحاب السیر
 یار، در غم عشق تو ناله بسی
 یلید لو را سخت ای جانان کیر



(49)

طور، سینا گفت موسی را
 بی حجاب آنجا شنیدی خود کلام
 عاشق را طور، معراج دل است
 هر زمان از حق رسد لو را سلام
 دل که انسان است عرش الله بدین
 از حدیث حضرت آمد این کلام
 این دل، انسان پیغمبر، موسی شمر
 لیک در وی برتر لاهوتی تمام
 ذات انسان عین برتر الله بدین
 بن شنو گفتیم ترا مجمل کلام
 یار، انسان مخزن خالصه خداست
 غیر عارف کس نداند، والسلام



(46)

یاران! نه چش بخور و نه چش
کس لایق این ده بخور فلان چش
گر نه بخور فلان چش نه بخور
کین ده بخور فلان چش نه بخور
ای بخور فلان چش نه بخور
این ده چش است که بخور و بخور
با صدق بل خود شو و اگر قدم نه
ذیرا که به چش بخور صدق و نه نیست
ای یار بخور کور بخور و گری نیست
این ده بخور نیست بخور فلان چش نیست

(47)

یاران صد هزار فلان یار ما یکی است
خوار کس ندیدم و دلداری ما یکی است
من نه کس نگیرم جز دوست آن چش
گر هم نه کس نه کس نه کس ما یکی است
گر رشت و کس شود از خوار هم
از کس وفا ندیدم و دلداری ما یکی است
بس آزموده کردم با دلبران هر یک
با کی ز کس ندارم مشکل بنا یکی است
باری وفا ندیدم ز یاران صد هزار
زن نه دلم گیت که خوار ما یکی است

(44)

کُفر قول ری غلام هر کسی
 لیک هائی کُفر کی دانه کسی
 غیر غلامان کس غلام کُفر این
 مویان بیدم در کن حیران بی
 خوش بود این کُفر در ایمان نا
 من نه شکتم عداوت کُفر بی
 یار این کُفرست ایمان انجمن
 غیر خاص خاص چون دانه کسی
 عین عارف کُفر کن مو خدا
 کُفر چاٹ یک گردان کسی



(45)

لن توانی کر دانه گردان حب
 و ب آوینی که تو بادی شو غلب
 دست با تو دوستی دانه کمال
 این حزن از وی که آید این غلب
 کس غلام برتر مشوکان که بیعت
 واقف اسرار شو گردان غلب
 زجر عاشق در محبت کمال
 از غلب دوستان باشد غلب
 یار در ه عشق بادی چشم باز
 نه غلب حق کمال چون غلب



(43)

کفر قتل را غداً دلم چیت
 کفر حق کی غایان که چیت
 کفر قتل بدو قتل چیت
 کفر دین حق غداً که چیت
 کفر حق کر بدلی چیت
 تا نه پری بار دگر کفر چیت
 کفر جنت را زحق جان مرا
 جو نمود کس غداً کفر چیت
 زحر در زندی رستم نمی
 یار کفر شو تو این ایمان چیت



(42)

تارها زار در گردن کشتم
 خویش را بکلیه که من کافر کشتم
 راه مسلمانی غداً دلم چیت
 دهن سب زار در گردن کشتم
 تک ری که مرا ز ایمان خویش
 بافتن من خویش را کافر کشتم
 بسته ام زار کافر کشتم ام
 مومن را هر زمان کافر کشتم
 یار کافر کشتم ایمان خود فروخت
 دای این زار در گردن کشتم



(40)

از خدا خُدا هر چه خواهی یار
 زانکه تو جمله را ندیده کدر
 بکست کو غیر تو که داند سوز
 بخدا گو که عالم را سراد
 واجب لایزال حق موجود
 کل شیء هلاک خواهی یار
 عارفان گفته اند در بهشت
 مبر بیکه ترا در بگذار
 بگذر ای یار زمین مقام خدا
 ندی خود را تو در بهی یار



(41)

پیش جلالت گر بپریم تا سرلاری عراست
 زانکه شیوه دوستی جز دوستان نمون خلعت
 یار را بیکه که خون ریزد به پیش دوستان
 تا بهر چه چشم بیند یار کین یار عراست
 غیر هرگز نیست با حق در جهان جمله که دوست
 این حقیقت راس را جز دوستان فهم کراست



(38)

دانا ست غني بيند، کتب قدر هائي
 اين قل واضح ست ز نبي آخر زمان
 قدر بر بيند بخت، قدر دي چا شني
 دگل تو ز خدا گني مؤلف ست بموت
 بي ننگ و بخت تو چو موني دود خدا
 بيند است بي بيند، چه گروي تو چن ننگ
 بان ننگ نره تو ننگ، بي بيند بخت قم
 ننگ، ننگي حق، حق را ننگي رسن
 تو حق ننگي کن تو درين دار افتاد
 اين بيند و حرامت سگي را ننگ رسن
 اي يار بر بيند تو دندان چو ننگ مزن
 اين بيند و حرام ست چو غدير صلبان

(39)

ز دانا تو ترک کير که زان بيهوده ست
 آري بيهوده و ليکن بيهوده ست
 آنها که ترک کرد ز قل بيهوده ست
 کن مؤ حق عاں که قل بيهوده ست
 ناهل بگو دانا هي بيهوده ست
 آنگس که ترک کرد از قل بيهوده ست
 دانا درين جهان چو موار بيهوده ست
 هر کس گرفت باخود زهر اين بيهوده ست
 آنگس که ميل کرد بخت هم بيهوده ست
 بخش به بين تو يار ز قل بيهوده ست

(36)

تَجَوُّعَ تَوَانِي تَعَرُّدَ تَصِلُ
 چہ خوش لذت آید چہی کر عَصَل
 مصل نیست جز جمع مَوَانِ حَن
 چرا باز پُری ازین لَانَسَل
 تو رُو مَنَّا کر مَحَلَّ عَا
 کہ جوی مَعْقَلَت رُو رَسَل
 نَمُودَ نَمُو کر تو قَدِ مِم
 گما وصل با آنکہ لو بی حِل
 بجان خود نَمُودَ شو ای یار بَس
 کہ وصل این کَلَامَت و زَفِیر مَصَل
 شَتُو حَمِین دَر یار پَاوُو مَنُود
 نَمُودَ شو از جَلْمَ تَلِیدِ حَمَل

(37)

بِیَسْتِ رُو حَمَلِ رَا یَار
 تو یک نَفَاشِ دَسْتِ لَکَمِ مَدَام
 کَن خِیَلِ رَا دَر دَلُو بَلَام
 چہ کد آید تَرَا این دَرَم و دِیَار
 اگر یک بِل نَفَاشِ دَر مَرَمَل
 نہ چہی نَدی تو ہرگز دَرِیَم دَام
 وَ لَی الْکَوْنِیْنِ کِ رَهْمَتِ مَحَاشِ
 فِدَا کَن بِلانِ کَمُو زُلْفِ کَن یَار
 دَلِیخِ از وی چہ دَلَمِ پَامِ دَر رَا
 تو خَلْمِ بِلانِ خُودِ یَلَامِ بِلَام

(34)

دل را ز درد دُوری صد وجه پستقاری
 آرام گر نیام' فریاد گریه زاری
 گویم کرا' حقیقت' واقف نه رازِ عالم
 حیران بنی بماندم' فریاد گریه زاری
 صد صد خیال در دل' آید زود و دیر
 سوزم چنانچه عمر فریاد' گریه زاری
 مو مو بکن تو باخو' خوانی وصل دوست
 من غیر وصل خوارم' فریاد گریه زاری
 در دل حرار در زست' لیکن بکس نگویم
 گویم کرا چه جویم' فریاد گریه زاری
 سوزش بنی ست در دل' یار و دگر ندارم
 شب و روز پستقارم' فریاد گریه زاری



(35)

یاران ز تو پرسم که مرا یار گنجاست
 آن زاری که دلم بدوخلان یار گنجاست
 ای عزیز من شناسند به' بهر خدا
 از که پرسم سخن یار که آن یار گنجاست
 یاری من بسر آمد' یاران نماند
 جانم بلب آمد نوبخ دلداد گنجاست
 ای ندانی که تو پرسی ز من یار تو کیست
 پرسم آن یار مو الله که مرا یار گنجاست
 ای محبان خدا! چاره این یار گنجید
 زانکه تول بشما پرسد که مرا یار گنجاست



(33)

إِنَّمَا أَمْوَالُكُمْ وَأَوْلَادُكُمْ فِتْنَةٌ
 فَآخِذُوا بِأَنْفُسِكُمْ وَأَسْتَوْا هَذَا تِلْكَ
 كَلِمٌ وَ أَوْلَادُكُمْ كَلِمٌ وَ أَمْوَالُكُمْ
 كَلِمٌ وَ أَوْلَادُكُمْ كَلِمٌ وَ أَمْوَالُكُمْ
 كَلِمٌ وَ أَوْلَادُكُمْ كَلِمٌ وَ أَمْوَالُكُمْ
 كَلِمٌ وَ أَوْلَادُكُمْ كَلِمٌ وَ أَمْوَالُكُمْ
 كَلِمٌ وَ أَوْلَادُكُمْ كَلِمٌ وَ أَمْوَالُكُمْ
 كَلِمٌ وَ أَوْلَادُكُمْ كَلِمٌ وَ أَمْوَالُكُمْ
 كَلِمٌ وَ أَوْلَادُكُمْ كَلِمٌ وَ أَمْوَالُكُمْ



(32)

مهریت در طریق تو جان را که دم زدم
 بهت میا ندیدم چنان بر شدم
 تا کی خود ز نسل تو گوی بر آوردم
 از بر کلم خویش پریشان خود شدم
 با تو سخن که گوید که این هم بکل نیست
 لیکن ز حال خویش بی شک تر شدم
 جانان نمود آگاه ز ناموس بگذردم
 عالم چنان رسید که مجنون صفت شدم
 ای یار چون به بهتی ملی خود پرتاب یار
 هرگز گو چنین که پریشان خود شدم



(30)

مَن مَن گو تو مَن مَن، ی صوی گوئی باها
باها و باهای ی ی، صوهای های باها
اسرار کس نداند، اینهای هوی ی را
واقف کسی نگردد ی هویهای باها
شوقِ دلم نداند، ی ی چه چاه نام
از خود چرا براندی، ی هویهای باها
دانی تو دروِ دل را، جز تو کسی نداند
جز تو بکس نگویم، ی هویهای باها
یاری غزل بخواند، خاشاکِ دیگر نه داند
لیکن ز در براندی، ی هویهای باها



(31)

از مَن، حرار مَن شد ی ی حرار ی ی
ی ی حرار از مَن، از مَن حرار ی ی
ی ی که مَن ندانم، دانم می ندانم
زین کی کنی غلامم، ی ی حرار ی ی
ی ی کجا شریعت، مَن غافل از طریقت
دانم نه آن حقیقت، ی ی حرار ی ی
دیدم آنچه دیدم، خوردیم آنچه خوردیم
بر سینۀ دلغ دیدم، ی ی حرار ی ی
یاری کجاست یاری، غمخوار با بکری
یاری بگو تو یاری، ی ی حرار ی ی



(28)

صُوفی بَصِدَقِ دِلِ نَشَوِ، تَمَعًا کُجاست
 این راه بهمناسبت، ولی جز جفا کُجاست
 مقصود از جفاست خلاصی ز ما و من
 جز ما و من خلاص شدن راه مَعًا کُجاست
 مگر دلق فقر را تو به پوشی چه میشود
 آن لایق تو ریت دروغی را کُجاست
 دین پوشش تو دلق همه خود نمائی است
 چنانکه خود نمائی ست، فقر و فاقه کُجاست
 ای یار، خود نمائی با دلق میکنی
 آخر ازین خیال پیشابیت کُجاست
 دایم تو ذکر هو خُوان، باصِدَقِ دِلِ ای یار
 باهو بساز هر دم، آن موی حاکم کُجاست



(29)

مینمائی خویش را صُوفی منم
 در دیار عابد و زاهد منم
 چند باخود بینی و باشی دایم
 کی روی زین دلق دروغی منم
 مگر منی را بر سر دلقی راه نو
 ناممائی بار دیگر کین منم
 یار مشتاق من نمی شاید ترا
 زانکه من ایلیس گفته کین منم
 تو چرا من من کنی، ای جان من
 آنکه یک قطره منی، گوئی منم



چو انما تولوا شد قبله حقیقت
 جتی در ندارم جز صاحب حقیقت
 دل مسجد الحرام یقین قبله من است
 شوق در ندارم جز شوق حقیقت
 بیرون منه قدم از شریعت محمدی
 گر عاری تو محرم اسرار الحقیقت
 باحو بذکر هو هو دایم تو خصل دار
 هو هو بکن تو هو هو هو حای حق حقیقت
 ای یار قبله هر کس دارد بقدر خویش
 تو قبله همان کن، کو قبله حقیقت



حَبِ دُنیا دَاس آمد کل خطاه
 تا نه پنداری که این باشد خطاه
 کی عطا باشد که باشد بی خطاه
 بی بها را تا بگوئی خود خطاه
 با قلیل انفسم سر گوید کسی
 این عطا هرگز گو باشد خطاه
 بسته دل با وی نشاید خطاه
 بنگی دل با خطا باشد خطاه
 یار با وی دوستی هرگز نکند
 لا تَقُلْ هَذَا عَطَا اِلَّا خطاه



(24)

حَقِّ قَعْلِ بَاقِیْنِ حَاضِرِ مَر
 چہ ریزی از دُونِ خُونِ مَر
 قُرْبِ حَقِّ نَزْدِیکِ مِنْ حَبْلِ الْوَقْدِ
 تو بَمَاشِ رَا نہ بِنِی بِنِی مَر
 چن حَبْلِ کَا و مَن آمَدِ مَیَانِ
 زَن سَبِ بِنِی بِلَہِ بَیْشَرِ
 دَلوی ای مَی کُن زِخْوَدِ نَزْدِیکِ آ
 حَبْلِ جَلَن بِہ جَانِ خُوَدِ مَر
 یار دِلِہِ خُوَدِ زِخْوَدِ نَزْدِیکِ دَلِہِ
 حَکَمِ مَشُو از قُرْبِ جَلَن بِنِی خَیْرِ

(25)

قَلْبِ مُؤْمِنِ مِرَاةَ الرَّحْمَنِ یَقِینِ
 جُزْ بَمَاشِ رَا بُنِینِ دَرِ دِی یَقِینِ
 مَیوَلِشِ جُمْلَہِ از خُوَدِ دُورِ کُنِ
 تَا بَمَاشِ رَا بِہ بِنِی بَاقِیْنِ
 کَر بِہ بِنِی غَیْرِ حَقِّ تَاہِجِ دَلِہِ
 زَمِکِ زَدِہِ آئِیْنِہِ کُفِہِ بَاقِیْنِ
 زَمِکِ از دِلِ دُورِ کُنِ صَیْلِہِ دَلِہِ
 لَا یُؤَلِّ لَا صَقَلِ آمَدِ بَاقِیْنِ
 دِکَرِ حُوَ رَا دَمْدَمِہِ ہَاوِہِ ہَاوِہِ
 تَلَبِہِ بِنِی نُوْرِہِ آنِ آنَدِہِ یَقِینِ
 بَاقِیْنِ حَقِّ جَلِہِ اللہِ دَلِہِ
 یارِ دَلِہِ حَقِّ دَلِہِ بُنِینِ جُزْ بَاقِیْنِ



(23)

و هُوَ مَعَكُمْ اِنَّمَا كُنْتُمْ مَر
 وَرَثَةُ خَوَانِدِي رُو تو در قرآن مَر
 قُرْبِ حَقِّ بَا تو چنان دارد یقین
 تو پیمیدانی که ازنا دور تر
 کاشکی از قُرْبِ او واقف شوی
 تا نه گردی گردد دنیا در بدر
 یار منزل دوستان خود دور نیست
 چشم باید تا شوی صاحب نظر



(22)

تارها زلفش چو دیده کارها
 پادها گشته دلم چون پایها
 کارهای جمله مشکل مانده است
 زارها بید دل خنده زارها
 صورت حُشش مبین ای بی خبر
 نور با این نیست جمله کارها
 یار با خویان تو هرگز دل مده
 تا نباشی بچو ما غمخوارها
 دین ز دست خود چو ما سگذاشتم
 تلخ کار آید مرا ز تارها



(21)

کارها این شکل است این کارها
 زارها بیهوده دل خود زارها
 تا زمین دل بگریه لا یتش
 کی بر آید از نگی غوار ها
 دل ز دسم رفت جانم شد غراب
 تیر ز نعل چو نکه بدم کارها
 نه مراد کس نه گردد چه
 تاج سلاطین عاشقان کارها
 یار بیهوده جان فدا خود کرد نیست
 غیر جان دامن ندیدم کارها



(20)

بارها شگفتم ترا دل بارها
 کرد این هرگز نکرد این کارها
 تو نه واقف ز درد دلبران
 عشق آسان نیست مشکل کارها
 بوالنوس گر رو بر راهش آورد
 می خلد در پای هایش خارها
 جای آسایش ندیدی ای دلا
 بالیقین دامن شعله های نارها
 دم زدن در راه عشق یار نیست
 پاره شو در راه تو صد بارها



(18)

آشکار است عشق، پنهان نیست
 بهجو ما در جهان رسوا نیست
 آه ازین سوز بی قرارها
 درد دارم و لیک درمان نیست
 کاشکی زین خیال باز رهم
 لیک آن هم عیان بدستم نیست
 بیدلم بهجو لاله دلغ بماند
 چون شگنم نظر تو مجالم نیست
 یار هرگز ز تو نتابد رو
 زانکه لورا جز تو دیگر نیست



(19)

با دوست دلنواز، سخن جز وصل چیت
 حشش چه بی مثل، سخن زلف، خل چیت
 بی مثل خواند خود را از جمله بی نیاز
 تشبیه گفتن آنجا خام خیال چیت
 دانی که دست وصل بدامن نمی رسد
 عقلت چه ناقص است سخن از کمال چیت
 مقصود جمله عالم و محبوب عاقلان
 مذکور غیر وصف جلال و جلال چیت
 ای یار مگر تو طالبی، مطلوب خود شناس
 مطلوب عین طالب زو قیل و قل چیت



(16)

تعلی الله چه زبیا روی بدله
 چو شش دیدم و دل گفت گزار
 منور گفت جانم بهجو خورشید
 هویدا گفت بختا جمله اسرار
 دلم چون دید آن نور تجلی
 منعلی گفت با باشد باقرار
 که لا مقصود فی الکوین مارا
 حواله لاله موجود بس یار
 فاشد کلامن خود جمله تو ماند
 نامه غیر تو شد رنگ رخسار
 نماید صورت خود خویش هر دم
 به حسن صورت بی چش در یار
 بکن سجد به پیش روی معشوق
 تو باحو باش دایم بهجو خوار

(17)

نیت کس عزم که بچشم رسد یار را
 در حقیقت حل تا آید کند بطور را
 کین جسم بید کن عالم معو ای بین من!
 ای بی گنه نارا کش عجز حقان به را
 یا بیکان خود معنی بر پیدان قاهر شدی
 بختا چرا عالم شدی بر حق کن رخسار را
 دروکه دارم در دلی آنرا تو دلی مرعی
 یا طیب الحان! داند بد بهار را
 بسکین غریب بی توای باری ز تو جوید جفا
 بر خدا دامن بدو این عاشق گزار را

(14)

بر رخس زبیا چو دیدم نقش و خل
 باز ماندم کاورایش قیل و قل
 حرف حشش بر دلم واضح بماند
 بس مگر دو لب لسانم زین مقال
 نعل لب عارض چو مگلون و لربا
 نیست مثلش در جهان اندر جمال
 کس ندیده در جهان با دیده
 چونکه دیدم حسن او را با کمال
 تا که دیدم حسن رو را بالیقین
 جز بحالش را نه زینم در خیال
 عاشق اندر حسن او دایم مگر
 تا بمانی در جهان خود حسن و خل
 بر امید وصل او، دل زنده دار
 یک زمان گوید ترا باری تعال



(15)

فیتوا اَللّٰمَکُم ای سالکان
 راه طاعتها بجز ای صلوکان
 کس نجوید غیر صلق راه چنین
 دامن خوش باش با هم مصلکان
 مصلکان را توشه خود مخلصی ست
 صلوکان آید درین راه خوشنشان
 زاهد و عابد ز دنیا در گذشت
 بهمت عارف مکن تا لامکان
 جود عارف را به بین اندر طریق
 خود فنا گردد به یاری بی نشان
 یار سر بازی بکن در راه عشق
 زانکه سر بازیست بازی عاشقان



(12)

آشفته دل خویش دیرین دار قاسم
 بنای رخ خویش که خلق قاسم
 کس نیست چه ناپید در رجز تو ای یار
 مغنوم دیرین عالم باختر و قاسم
 بها حتم و ظلم سخن جور و بخارا
 کوتاه بکن قصه که مجور بمانم
 کس نیست که تهنه کند سوز دل ما
 چاره که ما یار بخور یار بمانم
 ای دوست بی تالم در رجز تو حینت
 بختون صفت آشفته و حیران بمانم



(13)

خدایا! کن تو بر من مهملی
 که جز تو نیست دردم را تو دانی
 قلام گوی تو رنجان رخت
 مراوا کن مینا نبض دانی
 ندیدم در حان جز تو مینا
 مینا! حاذقا! دردم تو دانی
 زود دل بی آه است و ملامه
 زشوق جان ضمیرم را تو دانی
 که داند جز تو حال درد مندان
 یقین دانی تو حال یار جانی



(10)

از ذات حق تعالی اعلام بی نوا را
 گر عاشق تو مائی، کن ترک ماسوی را
 مآذات فد الجلالیم و از کبریا کمالیم
 ما شاه با عطاییم از ما بجز تو مارا
 من ذات بی نشانم، فارغ ز این و آنم
 کس را نمی ندارم، غمخوار باش مارا
 من با تو میروانم، بس شوق با تو دارم
 فدای دگر ندارم، جز قرب تو گدا را
 گر شوق وصل داری، بهما بکن تو داری
 جز ما محو تو یاری، خود یار باش مارا



(11)

بجلا در عشق شستم، صبر ما یاران کجاست
 سخت بیماریست در جان مریهم جانان کجاست
 من ز سوز بجز او خون گریه کردم روز و شب
 طاقت نداری ندارم، شاه غمخواران کجاست
 از برای دیدن رخ ماه و ش دلدار خویش
 شوق در جانم بی آن ماه مشتاقان کجاست
 اشتیاق از حد گذشته جانب جانان ما
 وصل جانان کی شود آن گلشن شاهان کجاست
 ماسوی المحبوب شوق نیست در جان مرا
 گلرخ و سیمین تن و آن ز گرس متان کجاست
 این نهال بدن من از تشنگی گشت ست خشک
 جوی دهنم خشک گشته، آن ابر یاران کجاست
 گرد کوی گریه کرده یار بهر یار خویش
 لب رسانم خشک گشته بحر بی پایان کجاست



(8)

لایا دلی مقلی گن دقواران خود ها را
 توکی مقلی مزی گن جفاکاران خود ها را
 بقرب خورش را هم ده دل دیوانه و نادان
 کن بیدل بجهوری تو فزواران خود ها را
 فیین جلای باشند دوا هرگز نمی دانند
 نظر رحمت ملوا گن به بیماران خود ها را
 بی گرم ز شوق تو بی تالم ز درد تو
 نظر فضل فزوان گن به مشتاقان خود ها را
 اگر این یار مشتاق است گدای شب که بیدارست
 ناله سخت هرچی بدویشان خود ها را

(9)

با جام باده ساقی فی الصبح مرخا
 بالحن انتظام اولوصل مرخا
 کس نیست همچو من که اسیر عشق
 محنت نبی کشیدم یا نور مرخا
 در دل خیال و ملت در راه انتظار
 شب و روز بقرارم محبوب مرخا
 کس نیست یار ما که بنوشد شراب عشق
 با ما بده تو باده با جام مرخا
 جان را ز درد دوری غما بی رسید
 دل و جان فدای کلا مطلوب مرخا

(6)

آمد خیالی در دلم، این خرقه را بر هم زدم
 خنجر را ویران کنم، سجده را بر هم زدم
 چوب عصا بر هم زدم، دلق صفا پاره کنم
 قاسم زخود بنی شوم، این خانه را بر هم زدم
 من خویشت را صحرا برم، خود را زخود قاسم کنم
 از بهر این خون را خورم، کین نفس را گردن زدم
 جای ز عثانه برم، آن را یقین من میخورم
 قاسم ز دنیا دین شوم، آتش باین عالم زدم
 با دوست خود مفتون شوم، امروز چون مجنون شوم
 تنها بهامون میروم، با نینودی دم همزنم
 چون خود نمائی در منم، طاقت نیارد این دلم
 بنابر جان بآتش شدم، با کوس رحلت همزنم
 بنیایر بنیایری شدم، بی دوست ولداری روم
 زینجا زتن تنها روم، عاشوی غوغا همزنم

(7)

ببروم از غمش بیما، ولی یار است بی پرواه
 ندارم غیر او کادئ، ولی یار است بی پرواه
 ز عشق آن پری سوزم، درون خویشت میجویم
 چه شد کار امروزم، ولی یار است بی پرواه
 به عقل خویشت معقولم، به نزد خلق میجویم
 نشانه دار این جانم، ولی یار است بی پرواه
 طریق عشق می دانم، ز درد اوراق میجویم
 مرغ ولداد مفتونم، ولی یار است بی پرواه
 شبی بازی در اندازم، شود ظاهر همه رازم
 سر خود را فدا سازم، ولی یار است بی پرواه
 منم یاری نه آن یارم که دل از دوست بردارم
 بر دم خون جگر خوارم، ولی یار است بی پرواه

(4)

ببازی عشق میبازم' سر بازار سر بازم
 ره مردان صفا سازم' سر بازار سر بازم
 به میدان اسپ می تازم' تویی واقف نه از رازم
 چنین نازیت می تازم' سر بازار سر بازم
 ز جام عشق می خوردم' ز بهستی خویش خود مودم
 سعادت گوی خود بدم' سر بازار سر بازم
 بهستی او چنان مستم' ز عالم دست خود شستم
 ز شوق جان چنان مستم' سر بازار سر بازم
 منم یاری چنان مستم' ز این و آن همه رستم
 کمر خود را چنان بستم' سر بازار سر بازم



(5)

ای یارِ فرزانه عیا با ما بماند
 چون موان باش مستانه بکن با جام بماند
 گرد به عشق را بدست آور قمع می را
 مضافا کن دل و جان را' شو خود مهر فرزانه
 چه شد فرزند گر گندی' به نفسی جو فی ارنی
 همان دم مو میگری' شوی چون مهر برون
 لباس قهری پوشی' شرابی چون فی نوشی
 چرا ده مکر میکوشی' کتی چون قفسه انگشت
 ز آفتاب و قشون بید که خود را در رجا نه
 درین راهی کجا آید' بخور موان مستانه
 چوستان شو چه مستوری' کجا جز پادشاه قوری
 بکش یک جام ده بیتی' قدم خود نه میخانه
 یا خا درین دلی' حواله واحد' حواله دلی
 رسد حوتم ترا شوی' تو شو خود یار موان
 سخن از لا' چه بگوئی' تو جو باحو نمی جوی
 چرا بغیر بیهوشی' حواله کو چه مستانه
 چون مستان نوش این می را' کاکرن نادم خود را
 یو ای یار باحو را' صلا زد بدر میخانه



(2)

بیا ای عشق جان سوزان که من خود را به تو سوزم
اگر سوزی و گرنه من یقین خود را به تو سوزم
خس و خاشاک میسوزی درون خویش میجوشی
کنون ما را شدی روزی بیا خود را به تو سوزم
مکان خود لا مکان دارم ز زندان غم بسی دارم
کنون روی بخت آرام بیا خود را به تو سوزم
بدم مردان سخن گویم جمال یار می جویم
هوا بخت را بخت جویم بیا خود را به تو سوزم
دل با یار خود بستم زجان هم دست خود شستم
چون مستان وار من مستم بیا خود را به تو سوزم



(3)

بمازی عشق میبازم دل و جان را فدا سازم
بدم منصور می نازم یقین خود را فدا سازم
عجب و تبت ای یاران! اگر باشید مغروران
شوید آگاه دلداران که من خود را فدا سازم
بزلف یار دل بستم به لستن دل چنان مستم
دو عالم رفت از دستم کون خود را فدا سازم
ز درد دل چنان خستم زجان هم دست خود شستم
کنون از درد دل گفتم که من خود را فدا سازم
فدا سازم دگر باری سر خود را بدلداری
چه خوش باشد بگو کاری که من خود را فدا سازم



یَقِین دَانَم دَرِین عَالَم کِه لَا مَعْبُود اِلَّا هُو
 وَ لَا مَوْجُود فِی الْکَوْنِین لَا مَقْصُود اِلَّا هُو
 چو تَبَع لَا بَدَسْت آری بِیَا تَشْنَا چِه غَم داری
 نَجْو از غَیْرِ حَقّ یاری کِه لَا فَتَاح اِلَّا هُو
 بِلَا لَا لَا هَمَّ لَا کُن بِکُو اَللّٰهُ وَ اَللّٰهُ جُو
 نَظَر خُود سُوی وَ حِدَّت کُن کِه لَا مَطْلُوب اِلَّا هُو
 هُو الْاَوَّلْ هُو الْاٰخِرْ ظُهور آمد نَجْوِی اُو
 بَدَسْت خُود هَویدا حَقّ کِه لَا فِی الْکَوْن اِلَّا هُو
 اِلَّا اَی یار شو فانی مگر حَالَت مگو هانی
 هُو الْوَاحِدْ هُو الْمَقْصُودْ لَا مَوْجُود اِلَّا هُو
 هُو الْهُوَ هُو هُو الْحَقّ هُو نَدَانَم غَیْرِ اِلَّا هُو
 هُو الْهُوَ هُو هُو الْحَقّ هُو نَخْوَانَم غَیْرِ اِلَّا هُو
 کی گویم کی جویم کی دَر دِل چو مَکَل رَوم
 هَمون یک را بَنیک پویم نه پویم غَیْرِ اِلَّا هُو
 مگو عَالَم چو گرِیدیم هُو الْحَقّ هُو پَسَنَدِیم
 کی خَوَانَدَم کی دِیدیم نَدِیدیم غَیْرِ اِلَّا هُو
 مَنَم غَم خَوَارِ خُود هَسْتَم بَجَو یَا هُو نه دَر دَسْتَم
 دِل و جان را به هُو بَسْتَم نه بَسْتَم غَیْرِ اِلَّا هُو

