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PERSIAN PSALMS

(ZABUR-I 'AJAM)

PARTS I & II

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE
FROM THE PERSIAN OF THE LATE
SIR MUHAMMAD IQBAL

BY

ARTHUR J. ARBERRY

M.A., LITT. D.

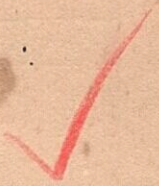
Sir Thomas Adams's Professor of Arabic
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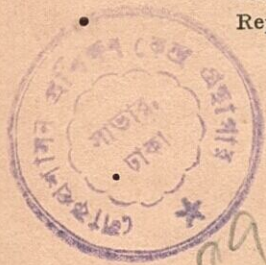
SH. MUHAMMAD ASHRAF

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To the Reader

Naught but the blade of a grass at times is the veil
of mine eye,

Yea, and at times the two worlds in a glance are mine
to descry.

Far though the valley of Love be, a long and a terrible way,

• The path of a hundred years may be travelled at
times in a sigh.

Labour then in the Quest, nor yield Hope's skirt from
thy hand :

A fortune at times to win by the side of the road doth
lie !

PREFACE

The English-reading public has so far the opportunity to judge the poetical gifts of Sir Muhammad Iqbal in two styles of writing: the masnavi, through Professor R. A. Nicholson's translation of the *Asrar i khudi* ('Secrets of the Self'), and the quatrain, by my own rendering of the *Lala-yi Tur* ('Tulip of Sinai'). Those familiar with Iqbal's poetry are however aware that, remarkable as he was as a writer in these two forms, he possessed an altogether extraordinary talent for that most delicate and delightful of all Persian styles, the ghazal. It was principally with the object of making available some specimens in translation of his lyrical productions, that I approached the task of putting into English his *Zabur-i 'Ajam* ('Persian Psalms'). The result is now in the hands of the reader.

Those who are unfamiliar with the Persian language, and who have little or no acquaintance with the ghazal, may at their first meeting find this form of composition in some ways difficult to understand and appreciate; a few words on its fundamental structure, its traditional characteristics, and the particular use Iqbal made of it, may therefore be useful.

The Persian ghazal has a thousand years of history behind it, having evolved as a literary form some time during the ninth or tenth century A.D. Quite early in its long career, it accepted certain fairly rigid conventions. Not only was its range of subject severely restricted—primarily a vehicle for the amatory passion, it ranged over the various phases and moods of love—but the very images which the poet might employ were limited in kind and number. The poem

was fixed at a length-ranging generally from five to nine or eleven couplets, each couplet having a common rhyme. The most outstanding characteristic of the ghazal is therefore its conventionality, which, in a poet of less than the first rank, quickly degenerates into artificiality. The skill of the ghazal-writer is shewn by the success with which, while adhering faithfully to the limitations prescribed for him by the inventors of his art, he nevertheless contrives by means of his virtuosity and inventiveness to develop the form one stage further. Such masters have been few and greatly honoured in Persian literature; most celebrated of them are Sana'i, Attar, Rumi, Sa'di, Hafiz and Jami.

Iqbal accepted the ghazal as he found it, with all its age-long rigidity of form and matter; and, with the true touch of genius, he took it one stage forward. While remaining absolutely true to both pattern and image, he gave the form a new meaning by making it express his individual message. The ghazal had been put to a variety of derived uses by the old masters; the panegyrists had taken the love-motive and directed it to patron-flattery; the mystics had used the language of human passion to express their devotion to God. Now for the first time the ancient form was made to clothe the body of a new philosophy. What that philosophy is, the reader may discover by consulting the extensive literature on Iqbal, especially *Iqbal as a Thinker*, B.A. Dar's *Study in Iqbal's Philosophy* and S.A. Vahid's *Iqbal, his Art and Thought*, all of which have been published by Shaikh Muhammad Ashraf of Lahore. When he has attentively studied these expositions of Iqbal's thought, he will be ready to recognise the special meanings which lie behind the poet's use of common words and images, and he will be able to admire the astonishing freshness and beauty, the amazing range and depth of his expres-

sion. He will find himself in a new world of thought and feeling, a world vibrant with hope and high endeavour, a world revealing the vision of a great thinker who saw in these sorely troubled times the dawn of a new age.

In making these translations it has been my constant care to remain as close and faithful to the original language of Iqbal as possible within the limits of a foreign idiom; I have striven not to allow the requirements of metre and rhyme to compress or expand or in any way to change the contents of the original. It is for the reader to judge the extent of my success or failure.

It remains for me to make grateful acknowledgment of the generosity with which Mr. Javid Iqbal, the poet's son, and Khan Bahadur Chaudhuri Muhammad Hussain, his executor, have permitted me to publish without payment of copyright these translations of the *Zabur-i 'Ajam*.

I am under a particularly deep obligation to Maulana Abdul Majid Salik, the learned scholar and journalist, who read through my translations in manuscript and made numerous corrections and suggestions which I have been glad to adopt. I hold myself to have been extremely fortunate to have this generous assistance from a distinguished man who knew Sir Muhammad Iqbal so well, and whose interpretation of his ideas and writings is therefore of the highest authority.

A. J. ARBERRY

CAMBRIDGE

September, 1948

PERSIAN • PSALMS

PART I

I passed without the door, and, fervent as Kalendar,
Spake of the things unspoken within the house that
are.

INVOCATION

I pray thee, Lord, to me impart
Within my breast a conscious heart :
Give me the vision to divine
The rapture pulsing through the wine.
It never pleased me, to receive
Another's breath, that I might live :
Give me a breath as light as morn,
A sigh that in the home was born.
I am a torrent : do not set
Me dribbling in a rivulet,
But give my waters space to spill
O'er valley broad and spreading hill.
Is it thy will to fashion me
A rival to the boundless sea,
Amid the tumult of the main
Grant me the pearl's repose to gain.
Thou had'st the falcon that I am
Follow the leopard for his game :
Give me high will, a sharper claw,
To win my victim to my maw.
The small fowl of the Sanctuary
I marked my precious prey to be :
Grant me an arrow that, unsped,
Unerring flies, and strikes them dead.
Illuminate my lifeless clay
With anthems David used to play ;
Let all my atoms swiftly spring
Upborne upon an ember's wing.

IN THE NAME OF GOD MERCIFUL
COMPASSIONATE

1

Tumultuous Love where'er it rove
Unto thy street is brought ;
What boasteth he who findeth thee
That for himself he sought ?

2

Whence sprang the flaming fire
That is my soul's desire ?
The cup indeed is mine—
How came therein the wine ?

This world I know is earth,
And dust am I from birth ;
Why is my all possessed
By this tormenting quest ?

The Milky Way mine eye
Doth grapple in the sky :
This wild insanity,
When was it born in me ?

3

O bring me back the singing,
The airs of long ago ;
Bring back the sweet, sad music
To set gold hearts aglow.

Too hushed is mosque and temple,
 Too silent church and shrine ;
 Stir up a thousand tumults
 With that dark glance of thine.

Fill me the fiery goblet
 That made my dust to flame :
 Youth thirsts anew, desirous,
 And youth shall quaff the same.

The pipe that sets a-dancing
 The heart within the breast,
 The wine that moves the spirit
 And melts the soul oppressed—

Soft amid Persia's rushes
 The breeze of morning sings :
 Bring me the spark that trickles
 From those melodious strings.

--

4

Thou who didst make more ardent
 My sighing and my tears,
 O let my anthem quicken
 Dust of a thousand years.

What wilt thou of my heart, then,
 Who with the wine of life
 Excitest in the goblet
 This passion and this strife ?

And when my breath caressing
 Shall softly, sweetly blow,
 The withered heart will blossom,
 The tulip newly glow.

My fantasy is soaring
 Beyond the stars and sun ;
 Why lurkest thou in hiding,
 When hunting's to be done ?

O Master, guard the honour
 Of him who begs of thee ;
 He'll let no wine of others
 Within his goblet be.

5

Out of our dust thou stirrest
 What sighings of despair !
 Nearer art thou than spirit,
 Yet minglest all too rare.

Upon the dawn-wind's billows
 Secretly thou dost come
 Amid the roses' fragrance,
 And all the garden's bloom.

Yet in the West none knows thee,
 The East all fable is :
 'Tis time within this world, then,
 To grave new images !

Who wills that all the nations
 Before his might should yield,
 With Chingiz' lance to pierce him
 His frenzy shall be stilled.

I am a slave unfettered,
 And freedom I might gain
 Were not this twisted ringlet
 About my neck, a chain.

I know naught else but weeping
 Men call the poet's art,
 And what is this thou sprinklest
 Like dew upon my heart ?

6

Though dust, and dark as dust, am I,
 I have a little heart, whereby
 With vision open as a star
 I gaze on beauty from afar.

Praying thy fingers may caress,
 Unuttered is my heart's distress ;
 And thou supposest that maybe
 My lyre has lost its minstrelsy.

Do thou so quicken my desire
 That, with a melody of fire,
 I may the earthy heart make bright,
 And wholly melt the heart of light.

The burning fever of my breed
 Is symptom of my so great need ;
 Thou, who art God, and lackest naught,
 Know'st not the anguish in me wrought,

I never sought to make this plain
 Or keep it hid from any man ;
 My secret has itself displayed,
 And so my melody was made.

7

With a song of agony,
 With a sweet, soft melody,
 To a dying world athirst
 Lo : life's flagon I have burst.

In the way as beggars are
 Thou hast set that world ajar
 Ere the ambition to attain
 Ever sprang in mortal brain.

'Twas thy surmeh-shaded eye
 Heart and soul were ravished by ;
 O, the archery of it,
 With one shaft two marks to hit !

What a springtime of delight
 Greets my underserving sight !
 Hear me in the meadow sing,
 Like a thrush new-carolling.

Not so strange, if monarchs, twain
 In one kingdom cannot reign,
 As that both the worlds are less
 Than one dervish to possess.

• 8

On faith and infidelity
 O scatter wide thy clemency ;
 At last the veil of darkness raise
 From the full splendour of thy face.

Play once again the ancient song,
 And swiftly pass the wine along ;
 Let the flame-fever of thy cup
 Irradiate us as we sup.

Why, with thy ringlets for a snare,
 Forth to the garden dost thou fare,
 - When on thy roof a bird there be,
 More worthy of thy vinery ?

Expectant waits the Iraqi sand,
 Athirst is Hejaz' desert land ;
 To Syria and Kufa give
 Husain's spilled blood, that they may live.

Love spurneth the attendant guide,
 Alone upon the way he'll ride,
 Nor yield to any man's control
 The reining of his stubborn soul.

To convent foolishly I went,
 Upon that threshold to lament,
 Until I found my road to be
 Direct unto God's sanctuary.

Behold this lone bird on the wing,
 First of the caravan of Spring,
 Who in his solitary cage
 Carols the message of his age !

9

A flame is in my minstrelsy,
 A fearlessness, a tragedy ;
 A spark is smouldering in my corn,
 And sprightly blows the breath of morn.

Love keeps no state, no manner grand.
 And yet an axe is in Love's hand
 Wherewith the mountain's heart is hued
 All innocent of Parviz' blood.

It pricked my heart, this subtlety.
 An orator once told to me :
 'The loved one's glance hath more to teach
 Than all the wizardry of speech.'

Come to my pillow once again ;
 Sit for one moment ; for the pain
 Of separation wracks my soul,
 My cup of loneliness is full.

Awhile into the mead I came,
 Naked my anguished spirit's flame;
 The breeze of morning fiercer blew,
 My heart was sprinkled o'er with dew.

The secret sign will overset
 The lover's shrine entire; and yet
 It is the fearless glance I need
 That makes the lover's heart to bleed.

Water's the seat of both, and clay;
 What is the mystery then, I pray,
 The mind doth like the clay right well,
 But there the heart is loth to dwell?

Behold, and see! in Ind's domain
 Thou shalt not find the like again,
 That, though a Brahman's son I be,
 Tabriz and Rûm stand wide to me.

10

All the dear delight to see
 Are the eyes and heart of me:
 If I hew an idol fair
 From the rock, what sin is there?

Thou art all in veil arrayed,
 Lest thy beauty be displayed;
 If I do not weep for rue,
 Say, what other can I do?

Ah, if thou wouldst tread sedate
Where the caravan doth wait !
All we offer in the mart
Is a worthless, broken heart.

Once a lyric I designed
That a song might ease my mind ;
Will it quench the torch's glow
When the spark doth upward go ?

This my heart thou gavest me
Liketh not in veil to be ;
Give it vision, to descry
In the flint the flame doth lie.

There was rapture in my heart ;
Wonder, that thou didst impart ;
To the riven heart in me
All thy love's sweet agony.

When the waves tumultuous be,
None will put his barque to sea ;
It is love that peril sore
Vieweth on the tranquil shore.

Past all worldly gods I went
Splendidly indifferent,
As the risen moon by far
Out-illumineth a star.

Though the falcon of the brain
Yearneth on the wing to be,
Archers in this desert plain
Wait upon him secretly !

Yet the tied and twisted cord
Lacketh not for remedy :
Singing can the cure afford
Of this hard perplexity.

If the power of speech be there,
Yet is knowledge not possessed ;
Hapless servant, who doth bear
Such a secret in his breast !

Though a hundred varied ways
• They should burn and ravage me,
There is comfort in my blaze
• And a glad felicity.

Dust, and dead as dust, are we,
Yet a heart we merited :
Lo ! the living deity
Heart-engendered in the dead.

In my breast there is a flame
Setteth all the house aglow,
Yet it is the very same
That the house doth overthrow.

Plato's mind the world descried,
 Yet I will not trust in it,
 For a heart is in my side,
 Bold to view the infinite.

What is the world ? The temple of my thought,
 The seen projection of my wakeful eye ;
 Its far horizons, instant to espy,
 A circle by my spinning compass wrought.

As I behold, or not, is aught, or naught ;
 Time, space, within my mind audacious lie,
 Movement, repose, are my heart's wizardry
 Whereby are secrets known, and mysteries taught.

That other world, where reaped is all our sown,
 Its light and fire are of my rosary made ;
 I am fate's instrument, whose antiphon
 Responds to every string thought ever played,
 Where is thy sign ? In thee my life is stayed ;
 Where is thy world ? These twain are mine alone.

It is the season of the spring
 And nightingales are carolling ;
 O smile on me, and chant a song,
 And freely pass the wine along.

Behold the tears that I have shed,
Then on thy beauty turn thy head;
O set my heart of reeds afire
With the swift lightning of desire.

And bid the breeze of spring, I pray,
Unto my fancy take its way
And paint the valley and the plain
With beauteous images again.

Flower in the mead that blossometh,
Receive new freshness from my breath;
Amid thy bower, since I was born,
I lived beside the rose and thorn.

On my heart's touchstone then assay
This world of water and of clay;
My heart shall prove a mirror bright
Reflecting all thy shade and light.

Thou 'st never gambled with thy heart,
Nor of the world had any part;
When in thy presence I would be,
What day of reckoning I see!

The aged ringdove in the glade
Hearkened to my lament, and said
'No songbird ever carolled here
So sweet an air of yesterday.'

14

From life and being's twisted skein
Let me be free ;
In resignation is to gain
True liberty.

Love quivered, and within this field
Of barren spring
Sprinkled a thousand seeds, to yield
My harvesting.

Indeed I know not what his glance
Viewed in my clay
Upon the stone of time and chance
Me to assay.

With stubble and with straw he came
A world to found,
Then gave to me a heart of flame
To prove me sound.

O take the goblet from my hand,
For hope is past ;
The saki played at glances, and
My heart was lost.

15

Rise ! and upon the thirsty land
Sprinkle life's wine with lavish hand ;
Kindle anew the spirit's fire,
And bid the flame in us expire.

The tavern wine is drained and gone,
 The drinkers find oblivion ;
 The school re-echoes to the shout,
 And every lamp has flickered out.

Reason's a knot-resolving slave,
 Faith mid convention's laid to grave,
 For in the breast there beats a heart,
 The unseen target of love's dart.

Both are in quest of one abode
 And both would lead upon the road :
 Reason tries every strategem,
 But love pulls gently by the hem.

Love to the dust in ruin hurled
 The tabernacle of the world,
 And stretches high his fingers, even
 Unto the canopy of heaven.

16

Thinkest thou that to the threshold
 I have made this pilgrimage ?
 With the master of the household
 I have business to engage.

O deny me not thy presence,
 For a wan, pale spark am I
 That to win a moment's lustre
 In eternal fever lie.

Never more will I look backward
On the road that I have traced ;
'Tis to gain the far to-morrow
That, like Time, I forward haste.

Lo, love's ocean is my vessel,
And love's ocean is my strand ;
For no other ship I hanker,
Nor desire another land.

Scatter now a spark, but gently,
Such a spark as will not burn ;
I am newly fledged to needing,
To the nest I would return.

In the far, fond hope that, haply,
Thou wilt hunt for me one day,
From the spinning noose of princes
Like a fawn I leapt away.

And if thou wilt be so gracious,
I will give these friends of mine
A bright glass or two delightful
Of my night-consoling wine.

With a glance at us who sit by the way
He goes riding by :
Conceive, if thou canst, my soul's dismay ;
Sore distraught am I.

What have I to tell of the lovely fair
Unto anyone ?
With a gaze as swift as a spark in the air
He is past and gone.

To the friend's abode it is hard to tread
And the road is far ;
But love rides high, and is quickly sped
On the back of a star.

What cause to despair, though the circling sky
Be wrapped in a veil ?
It will pierce a rock, the audacious eye,
And it cannot fail.

Our sprinkled dew is an ocean wide,
And the sky its shore ;
Let a lone wave break, and its swelling tide
Shall yet higher soar.

When thou shalt stand with him face to face,
Do not lift thine eyes ;
For sight is vain in that holy place,
And the vision dies.

How should I weep, though sorrow sears ?
For my broken heart
Is borne on the flood of my bitter tears,
And will soon depart.

Better is the robbers' train
Than the heaven-pacing brain,
Better one distress of heart
Than all Plato's learned art.

Yesterday the Magian boy
Told me of love's secret joy :
'Better that salt tear of thine
Than the sweet and ruby wife.'

Better proverty, that gains
Bloodlessly the heart's domains,
Than the realm Darius won,
Feridun's dominion.

In the Magian temple cry ;
Let thy voice be heard on high !
But within the Sufi cell
Better is the whispered spell.

With our river of heart's blood
Need is none of Noah's flood ;
Better there one swelling wave
Than where Oxus' waters lave.

Lo, thy torrent sweeping down
Threatens to engulf the town !
Better let thy havoc be
In the desert's privacy.

Singer Iqbal, sooth to tell,
Call him not an infidel :
Better he were out of school
Till his fevered brain shall cool !

19

Or no more command the Moslem,
 'In thy hand thy spirit hold',
Or create a new-born spirit
 In his body grown too old.

Or give charge unto the Brahman,
 'Carve another god for thee,'
Or within his breast engirdled
 Dwell thyself in secrecy.

Or create another Adam
 Less a little than Iblis,
Or another Satan fashion
 To assail his spirit's peace.

Or a universe fresh-patterned,
 Or an inquisition new :
Lord, how long shall thou deal with us
 As thou hast done hitherto ?

Or be poverty our portion,
 But with Khusrau's majesty,
Or bestow on us a reason
 Blest with Gabriel's potency.

Or the passion for rebellion
In my troubled breast assuage,
Or design anew the temper
Of this country, and this age !

20

Intellect is passion too,
And it knows the joy to view,
But the poor unfortunate
Dares not as th' inebriate.

Though I know the fantasy
Of the stage was shaped by me,
Yet it were a coward's way
On the journey to delay.

Every moment is my prayer
That I may yet further fare,
Till my folly's governor
Says there is no desert more.

In such frenzy of the soul
Still I do not yield control :
Every madman cannot boast
That to self he is not lost !

21

All that in life I love the best
Is the sweet fever of thy quest ;
The way is like an adder's sting,
Be not to thee my wayfaring.

Lo, Gabriel with naked heart
Out of love's bosom doth depart,
Hopeful to catch a spark of fire
From the vast flame of thy desire.

Anon I rend my veil in twain,
Yearning the vision to attain ;
Anon with unavailing sight
I veil myself before thy light.

Whether in quest of thee I go,
Or at the last myself to know,
Intellect, heart, sight—all astray
Blindly they wander on thy way.

I was a seedling of thy mead ;
Sprinkle thy dew upon my head ;
The blossom's heart will quicken, yet
No drop hall lack the rivulet.

The night grows late, the rout is up,
No need for saki now or cup ;
Pass me thy goblet, friend of mine,
I'll pour thee the remaining wine.

Whoever from the golden bowl
Quaffs the sweet poison of the soul,
In my clay jar the bitter juice
Is the sole antidote of use.

Lo, from my dust the sparks unspire :
Whose spirit shall I set afire ?
'Twas wrong, to kindle in my breast
This furnace of desire's unrest !

Alas, the Western mind hath soiled
The springs of knowledge undefiled ;
Stoic alike and Platonist
Have shrouded all the world in mist.

'Ah! I am poisoned'—hark, the cry
Of the world's heart ascendeth high ;
Reason replies lamentingly,
'I know no charm, no remedy.'

Let it be priest, or beggar poor,
King, or the slave that keeps his door,
All seek success of merchandise
Amid hypocrisy and lies.

The money-changers in the mart
Are blind of head, and black of heart ;
The brighter gleams my glowing gem,
The meaner is its worth to them.

Saki, on my heart bestow
Liquid flame with living glow ;
Let the resurrection day
Dawn tremendous on my clay.

He, for one small grain of corn,
Cast me to the earth in scorn ;
Pour one glass, and see me rise
Glorified beyond the skies.

Give to love thy liquor, then,
Strong to loose the thighs of men ;
Toss the liquor's sediments
In the beaker of the sense.

Wisdom and philosophy
Are a grievous load on me ;
Heavenly guide ! Stretch out thy hand,
Lift my burden, let me stand.

If hot liquor proveth vain
To illuminate the brain,
Suffer me a second chance,
Save me with thy flashing glance.

Fear and hope are yet at odds
In our banquet of the gods ;
Make us all in ignorance be
Of the wheel of destiny !

Roses and anemones
Scatter at the autumn breeze ;
Yet within our ancient bough
Set the new sap rising now !

24

The juice that maketh tulips spring
 Within the heart—a bumper bring,
 Saki ! and let the April gust
 Scatter at will my body's dust.

I drank the West's enamelled bowl,
 And darkness settled o'er my soul ;
 O give me sight to see the way
 And where I went so sore astray.

Upon the wave of every breeze
 Like chaff I turned as it might please ;
 Tumultuous beats the heart of me
 With vain surmise ; give certainty !

My spirit's fretful small desire
 Glows wanly as a spark of fire ;
 Give me desire of heart's delight,
 A star to shine upon my night.

Thou gavest in my hand a pen
 Skilful to paint a king of men ;
 Thou madest me a scribe ; then give
 A tablet, that my screed may live !

25

Of every image that the heart
 Takes from the eye—I have no part ;
 Perception weigheth not with me,
 I beg for pure reality.

Anon a touch of madness lies.
 In the conventions of the wise ;
 I come with collar torn, a fool,
 For all I went to wisdom's school.

Anon I wrap me in the world,
 Anon about me 'tis enfurled ;
 Pass round the wine, and pass again,
 That I may break this tangled skein.

No saki's glance enchants me here,
 Nor any talk of love sincere ;
 From Mullah's board and Sufi's feast
 I nothing gain but care increased.

'Tis time that they had much to do
 With me, thy choice and favoured few :
 The desert was my upbringing ;
 I fearless stride before the king.

26

Against the light, an infidel,
 My heart, unfettered, doth rebel ;
 It bows before God's sanctuary,
 And idols serves, indifferently.

It sets a balance, to assess
 The value of its righteousness,
 Ready to strike a bargain smart
 With God, in resurrection's mart.

It would have earth and heaven fulfil
All the requirements of its will,
And claims, though dust, a judge to be
With a divine authority.

Anon it will with God accord,
Anon it fights against the Lord,
Stands for a time as truth's ally,
And then it doth the truth deny.

While in its essence void of hue,
It paints a lying image, too :
A Moses, who the part doth bear
Of prophet, and of sorcerer !

Its glance a touch of the insane
Imparteth to the prudent brain,
And yet a lancet it can use
The madman's swelling to reduce.

When shall this traveller reach his goal,
The inner chamber of the soul,
That doth these thousand years abide
At falsehood's shrine, in slothful pride ?

Why in the concourse dost thou seek
The poet's wild, ecstatic shriek,
Or lookest for another's riot,
Whose heart is troubled and unquiet ?

My affluent muse was taught by thee
 To swim the waves of melody ;
 Why seekest thou the gem ? Behold,
 My pierced heart doth the sea enfold.

Except within thy presence there
 I stand, I cannot breathe my prayer :
 My heart before thy feet I fling—
 What else should unbeliever bring ?

Faith and infidelity
 Fight not for the mind of me ;
 No delights of Paradise
 Do my stricken soul entice.

Cleave my heart and lay it bare,
 Thou shalt find thy image there,
 Gleam pervasive, shadowless,
 Moonlight on a wilderness.

Thine is the hawk upon the wing
 And thine the thrush sweet-carolling,
 Thine is the light and joy of life
 And thine its fire and baneful strife.

Thou gavest me a heart awake
 And, through the world my way to take,
 A little dust—a moon forlorn
 Upon a night-dark litter borne.

My every thought from thee doth start,
Whether on lip or in the heart ;
Whether the pearl be brought from sea,
Or left enfoundered, 'tis of thee.

I am the selfsame cloud of dust
Swept idly as the wind doth lust ;
Tulip, and springtime's scattered dew,
Thou art their sole creator too.

Thou art the painter ; thy design
Inspires and moves this brush of mine ;
Thy hands the living world adorn,
And shape the ages yet unborn.

Much sorrow in my heart I had
That by the tongue could not be said :
Love, lovelessness, troth, treachery—
All things alike are sprung of thee.

30

One step on friendship's road
Fairer I see
Than the most pressing load
Of piety.

Take for thy rest awhile
This heart of mine
And lay aside thy toil
And task divine.

O come ; and tidings bring
How stands my heart,
Where I am wandering,
And where thou art.

Recall those glances pure
Of love intense
How long must I endure
Indifference ?

Last night the burning moon
Did me address :
'Accept the anguish, son,
Of unaccess.'

Fair spake she ; but, ah yes,
My creed of love
To live in loneliness
Doth not approve.

Before thee I have laid
This heart of mine ;
Haply the twisted thread
Thou canst untwine.

31

In my heart's empire, see
How he rides spitefully,
Rides with imperious will
To ravage, and to kill !

No heart is there, but bright
 Gleameth in that moon's light ;
 A thousand mirrors, see !
 Reflect his coquetry. •

To each hand he hath won
 Ten realms of Solomon,
 Yet gambles with it all
 To gain a poor, mean thrall.

The hearts of such as know
 Swift he assaults ; but lo :
 Before the unwise, unskilled,
 He casteth down his shield.

32

Upon the road of high desire
 My load yet lieth in the mire,
 Because my heart would still engage
 With trappings, caravan, and stage.

Where is the lightning of the gaze.
 That shall my dwelling burn and raze ?
 Fain would I yet a bargain keep
 With what men sow, and what men reap.

O let this layman's vessel ride
 Upon a full, tempestuous tide :
 The wave affrighteth me so sore,
 I fix my gaze upon the shore.



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Ah, what adventure is to gain—
To quiver, never to attain :
Thrice happy he, who even now
Behind the train doth riding go.

But he who never knew his heart
From the two worlds to dwell apart,
He still bemused and cheated is
By unsubstantial images.

A single, brief epiphany
Consoleteth not the passionate eye :
Where shall I take the wounding dart
That pricketh even yet my heart ?

In the glad presence of the friend
A history is that hath no end,
As still these sorrows yet unsaid
Lie in my heart deep-buried.

33

The days are ended
Of winter long ;
The branches quiver
With living song.

The breeze in beauty
Arrays the rose
As from the river
It gently blows.

The tulip's lantern
 In desert bare
 Is fanned to brightness,
 By the spring air.

Sad, mid the roses,
 My heart doth dwell,
 Yea, from the meadow
 Flees the gazelle ;

A little eases
 With grief and pain
 Or like a hill-stream
 Laments again.

Lest my heart's passion
 May softer grow,
 Not to the trusty
 I'll tell my woe.

34

At home to loiter never did me please,
 A rover I, stranger in every land.
 At dawn, the ashes thus addressed the breeze :
 'This desert's air put out my flaming brand ;

Pass gently ; scatter me not with thy hand ;
 I yet recall the caravan's unease.'
 My tears, like dew, trickled upon the sand,
 I, too, being dust on the world's passages.

Then in my heart I heard a soft voice sing :
The stream of time did from my fountain spring.
The past is all my fever and fire of yore,
The future all that I am yearning for :

Think not upon thy dust, O think no more—
Lo, by thy life, I know no perishing !

35

By the saki's eye
Heart-enflamed I lie ;
Drunk without wine—
O delight divine !

All unveiled, desire
Burns a fiercer fire :
Let me see or no,
• Yet my soul's aglow.

See the rebec's string
At my fingering
Like a candle's wick
Flameth bright and quick.

Save my heart can be
Lodging none for me,
Naught is me assigned,
Ne'er a way I find.

Till the sun arise
 From the eastern skies
 Sleep to me denied
 Like the stars I ride.

36

Thou didst turn my night to dawning ;
 O thou sun of presence bright,
 Like the sun thou art in brightness,
 Light unveiled, most worthy light !

Camest thou to ease my sorrow,
 And within my thought didst rest,
 Then didst vanish from my vision
 With so swift, impetuous haste.

Thou assay of the assayless,
 Ease of the reposeless mind,
 Cure of the afflicted spirit,
 Save too rare thou art to find !

Passion's sorrow, passion's pleasure,
 Twofold is love's influence :
 Now an agony and burning,
 Now the drunkard's turbulence.

Speak me then, for true thou knowest :
 Of my heart the history tell—
 Where is now my heart in hiding ?
 In my breast it doth not dwell.

By thy majesty I swear it,
 No desire my spirit moves
 Save the prayer : An eagle spirit,
 Lord, bestow upon thy doves !

37

None other in this tavern is,
 Saki, to share my mysteries ;
 Am I the first (O who can tell)
 Conceived in heaven, on earth to dwell ?

Awhile this spent and weary frame
 Thou makest dust ; and on the same
 Scatterest water ; lo I see
 Fire in the ashes presently !

Bring me that fortune ever new,
 The cup where lies the world to view,
 For, in the palace of the East,
 Another Jamshid sits to feast.

38

Tell me this : what is thy share
 In this world of pain and care ?
 Knowest thou the spirit's smart ?
 Hast thou an uneaseful heart ?

Of such bitter tears that well
 From the eve, what canst thou tell ?
 See, thy rose's petals hold
 Dewy pearls of price untold !

Or the soul, that numbereth
Life departing at each breath,
Borrowed spirit, grief of time—
Shall I speak thee in rhyme ?

39

If vision self-effacement bring,
The veil is a far better thing ;
Thy trade hath little to entice
That doth require so great a price.

Now speak me clear : those days are gone
Of too rare condescension
When, as it was declared to us,
Such is thy will, and thus and thus.

The gaze was bold, it did not fail
To rend in twain high heaven's veil :
If thou wouldst have a veil between,
Bring a new world upon the scene !

So high conceit is in thy heart
That, all-unlacking as thou art,
Thou seekest yet, thy being to prove,
The blood of them that truly love.

One is the rank of servitude,
And one again of loverhood ;
The sons of light must needs adore,
The sons of earth shall even more.

I will convert this dross I hold
By passion's alchemy to gold,
That on the morrow I may bring
To thee thy wished for offering.

40

Thy light defineth all things one by one :
Black, white, sea, mountain, valley, moon and sun ;
Thou seekest one familiar with the light,
My quest is he who cannot bear the sight.

41

Give me the heart whose rapture fine
Flames from a draught of its own wine,
And take the heart that, self-effaced,
By alien fancy is embraced.

Give me the heart, give me the heart
That of the world will have no part ;
I yield the heart right gladly o'er
That is a slave to less and more.

O draw me forth, thou huntsman bold,
Out of fate's quiver thou dost hold ;
Except the shaft be put to bow,
How shall it lay the quarry low ?

This life is ne'er a weary thing
While there be worlds for conquering :
Behold, one world lies bound and tied—
Into another world I ride.

A hand of dust is all I own ;
I scatter it upon the way,
Because I hope that on a day
It shall ascend to heaven's throne.

What strategem have I, what art ?
For on the branch of wisdom's tree
No thorn has ever sprung for me
That I might thrust into my heart.

The fires of separation give
A brief effulgence to my flame,
And when I would damp down the same,
That very breath I no more live.

Let it not vanish from my vein,
The wine and drunkenness of love ;
I suffer none to triumph of
My heart, to take it back again.

Upon the tablets thou didst write
The argument entire and whole ;
And now, so discipline my soul
That I may read the script aright.

If in thy presence one ghazel
I ever made be sung to thee,
What would it cost, the courtesy
To whisper, ' Yes, I know him well ' ?

43

Let this heart thou gavest me
 Overflow with certainty,
 And my world-beholding glass
 All its radiance surpass.

Let the bitter potion poured
 By the heavens in my gourd
 On this toper's tongue of mine
 Taste as sweet as honeyed wine.

44

To passion's slaves let no man e'er
 The mystery of thy love declare :
 It is not meet for straws to hear
 Talk of the blazing brazier.

I was to eloquence designed,
 And thou hast bid me speak my mind ;
 Such things are in the breast of me
 As unto none may uttered be.

Deep in my heart's recesses lies
 The sweetest song that yearns to rise ;
 Among the leaves my notes shall ring,
 But in the cage I cannot sing.

'Tis passing strange, if yearning be
 Not born to immortality ;
 How can thy history be said
 In these few breaths, ere I am dead ?

Ah, the wine, the lute, the piping,
The dear memories of old,
When I held the brimming beaker
And my friend a bowl of gold.

An' thou comest to my bosom,
In my autumn spring shall glow ;
An' thou come not, May lies mourning
Colder than December's snow.

Mute my soul, when thou art absent,
Like a harp with broken strings ;
From my breast, when thou art with me,
Rise melodious whisperings.

Well thou knowest what conveying
Unto passion's feast I went :
Wine in vat, a mead of roses,
And a reed-bed of lament.

Now renew love's old dominion,
That by virtue of its sway
Equal shall the vagrant's mat be
To the royal throne of Kay.

Cry the friends with glad rejoicing
That a wanderer is home ;
Though I trod the paths of knowledge,
In my desert still I roam.

Stars on my bosom shine
 Wept from these eyes of mine :
 Lo, beyond heaven's height ;
 Cast me the joy of sight ;

Soared, though in dust I lay,
 High o'er the starry way,—
 Life of the ember's glow
 Likes me not, thou dost know.

All the world's eve and morn
 Are of my whirling born ;
 Thou know'st this morn and eve
 My soul can scarce receive.

Wine brimmed in heaven's cup ;
 I took and drank it up ;
 Saki ! not sparing be—
 Another bowl for me !

Not both the worlds suffice
 My folly's avarice ;
 Earth is a passing day,
 Heaven a passage-way.

The East, that holds the heavens fast
 Within the nipse its fancy cast,
 Its spirit's bonds are all united,
 The flames of its desire have died.

The burning glow of living birth
Pulses no more in its dark earth ;
It stands upon the river side
And gazes at the surging tide.

Faint, faint the fires of worship be
In temple and in sanctuary ;
The Magian still his cup would pass,
But stale the wine is in his glass.

The vision of the West is blind,
Illusion fills the Western mind ;
Drunken with magic scent and hue,
It bows before the great untrue.

Swifter it spins than heaven's sphere ;
Death is a gentler ravisher ;
Its fingers have so torn my soul,
Never again can it be whole.

Of the earth earthy, it would try
To emulate the ancient sky ;
A rogue, a cheat, of works immense,
With pivot none, and little sense.

The East is waste and desolate,
The West is more bewildered yet ;
The ardent quest inspires no more,
Death reigns supreme the whole world o'er.

Bring me the wine of heart's delight,
 And spread the banquet of the night ;
 Give me the bold, adventurous eye,
 And in love's transport let me die.

48

Leave no quarter to resist
 To this restless heart of mine ;
 Give thy curls another twist,
 Let thy tresses intertwine.

In my heart thy lightning shone
 Radiant as flashing gold,
 Which the expectant sun and moon
 Marvelled sorely to behold.

Holy joy to dwell with thee
 Fashioned world idolatry ;
 Love with his deceitful art
 Ever cheats the hopeful heart.

Come the meadow-bird again
 To the green and meadowed plain,
 That with mind devoid of care
 I may tune a sweet, new air.

A high soul thou gavest me ;
 Loose my bonds, and set me free ;
 Kingly raiment I would spurn
 If thy sackcloth I may earn.

If the axe (as legend says)
Clave the rock, shall that amaze ?
Love upon his shoulder bears
Such a mountain-range of cares !

49

My soul, embattled
With fortune ever,
Weeps like a river
Among the mountains.

Open and secret
Fate is assailing,
To the unfailing
Fickle and faithless.

Mountain and desert,
Ocean and prairie
Secret unwary
Unsympathising.

Stranger to passion,
Stranger to yearning
Rivulet's turning,
Spray of the fountains.

Pale lamentation's
Flameless outpouring
Nightingale's soaring
Song in the thicket.

Burns in my bosom
 The brand of passion ;
 In such a fashion
 Burns not the tulip.

No wine of saki,
 No spirits' riot ;
 The soul unquiet
 Bitterly suffers.

50

In thy hands I now deliver
 Once again my restless heart ;
 It will never cease from labour
 For the ease thou wouldst impart.

Hapless heart ! whose whole affliction
 Is the counting of the breath,
 Having not within its power
 To be lord of life and death.

In thy thought as I was slumb'ring
 Thou, desirous of display,
 This thy pearl of lustrous beauty
 From thy breast didst cast away.

Loud complaint they laid against thee,
 Moon and stars (didst thou not hear ?)
 That thy spark thou hast enkindled
 In my ashes dark and drear.

In my breast his arrow pricking—
There is glory, there is fame !
If I cast myself before him,
He'd not seize me for his game.

51

A single word sufficeth well
The passion of a world to tell :
The joy to view thee nigh to me
Moved me to this long history.

Take thou the faculty of speech
From such as yearn thy heart to reach,
Knowest thou not, that love conveys
Eloquence in the tongueless gaze ?

To sons of light naught else is known
Except the messenger alone ;
The son of earth, in rank so base,
High heaven holds in his embrace.

If but one atom I must give
Of this the fabric that I live,
Too great a price were that, for me
To purchase immortality.

Great ocean, infinitely vast,
Into thy wave my self I cast ;
Yet not ambitious to obtain
The pearl, or that far coast to gain.

Into my soul this meaning true
Thou pourest like the summer dew,
Whereof with sorrow and with sighs
A new world dawns upon mine eyes.

52

How long the veil of eve and dawn
About thy beauty shall be drawn ?
Thy cheek display : make whole to me
This incomplete epiphany.

O glad consuming ! rapture fine !
Thyself wouldst beg of me for wine
If unto thee I did relate
The intoxication of my state.

I added to the song of life
The counterpoint of fiery strife ;
Scatter the dew that quenches drowth
Into the tulip's thirsty mouth.

Mind searched the volume thro' and thro',
Love found at once the subtle clue ;
The clever bird will ever gain
Beneath the snare the hidden grain.

Where is the song, and he that sung ?
Words are a lyre pretence has strung ;
I draw towards the camel-train
The erring beast without a rein.

In riddles yet I spake, forsooth ;
Now is the time for naked truth ;
Do thou declare, where I shall lead
My fellow-travellers in their need.

53

One by one we count our breath
On the narrow road to death ;
Like a raging sea we roar
As we walk along the shore.

Though the terror of the sea
Gives to none security,
In the secret of the shell
Self-preserving we may dwell.

Ask them not to price the heart,
Money-changers of the mart ;
We can estimate alone
The true merit of our stone.

Tribute none is asked of us
For our fiefdom ruinous ;
Beggars sitting by the road,
We are princes of our blood.

There is one (O wonderful !)
Dwells beside me in my soul ;
Who shall say, if it be thee
Or myself, I meet in me ?

Draw aside fate's veil, I pray,
From this Adam shaped of clay ;
On thy path precipitate
For our coming we await.

54

No lament, no sigh I uttered ;
Naught avail laments and sighs ;
Best unspoken, the heart's sorrow ;
There be few to sympathise.

In the shrine and in the temple
There is love-talk every where,
Yet through all the world none knoweth
This great secret that we share.

Here are things too fine for vision ;
As the sparks that upward soar
Guard our world for a brief moment,
And the next it is no more.

Coming by the path of seeing
Thou didst pass into my mind,
But so sudden was thy passing
In that hour my eyes were blind.

They that tell the worth of jewels
Would not heed my jewelled ring ;
Since the world will not regard it,
Unto thee my gem I bring.

Lo, the goblet mind-illumining
That the West hath given me,
All the sun's aglow within it ;
Of the dawn no sign I see.

55

Tremulous as the moon-light
To our far abode
We came ; and no man knoweth
How we trod this road.

Of our heart's grief thou spakest
To the watchful spies ;
We came with lamentation
Shameful of our sighs.

Unveil thy hidden beauty !
As the dawning sun
All eyes to gaze upon thee
Eagerly we run.

Confirm our resolution
With a stronger faith :
We come unhorsed, unarmoured
To this field of death.

What a far gaze may fashion
Art thou not aware ?
So fared we in thy presence,
On our lips a prayer.

Lord, who didst bring the stars to birth,
Look down upon my scattered earth ;
The atom doth itself enfold ;
This boundless wilderness behold.

In solitude within my breast
Immortal beauty lies at rest ;
Beneath this envelope of clay
Regard the sun's effulgent ray.

Tumultuous love thou didst impart
To this my frail and mortal heart ;
See now thy conflagration roll
Among the rushes of my soul.

Clothed in the robes of old disgrace
Note how I labour to efface
By hard endeavour every stain,
And wash life's garment white again.

My dust ascending in the air
Seeks a new heaven to prepare ;
This atom, that is naught, and less,
Would populate a wilderness !

PART II

Branch of the *sadra* tree thou art ;
Be not the meadow's straw and thorn :
Though thou deniest Him in thy heart,
Hold not thy Self in faithless scorn.

In the flask that here I hold
Both the worlds one may behold ;
Where's the vision, to divine
The wide vista that is mine ?

Madman comes again to town
Crying clamour up and down :
See, a hundred riots start
From the passion of my heart.

Grieve not foolishly, my friend,
Lest the dark of night descend ;
Lo, the brand upon my brow
Gleams in starry splendour now.

Take me for thy comrade true ;
Yet I fear, if so thou do,
Thou hast not the strength to bear
The vast tumult I prepare !

IN THE NAME OF GOD THE MERCIFUL
THE COMPASSIONATE

1

Rise up ! The hour is here
That Adam shall appear ;
The stars bow, as they must,
To this handful of dust.

The secret, that at rest
Was hid in Being's breast,
By Clay and Water stirred
Is magically heard.

2

On the roadway of desire
Swift to gaze and to aspire,
Glance-assaying, clear of head,
Moon and star together tread.

Say, what visions of delight
In the dust amazed their sight,
That they turned them from the sikes
And have fixed on us their eyes.

3

Thou canst pass, like morning's breeze,
Deep into the anemones,
With a single breath disclose
The locked secrets of the rose,

What is Life ? The world, and all,
To make Spirit's captive thrall ;
Since the world has prisoned thee,
How shalt thou bring this to be ?

'Twas decreed, long since enow,
Sun and moon to thee should bow,
But as yet thou knowest not
How thou canst achieve, and what.

Take thou then a flask of wine
From this tavern that is mine,
And of one poor clod of earth
Thou shalt bring a world to birth.

Iqbal ! What bright lamp is it
In thy bosom thou hast lit,
That the things thyself canst do
Thou in us canst fashion, too ?

4

If it be thy will to gain
The safe shore of Passion's main,
With a thousand brands of fire
One faint flame is thy desire.

God has taught me how to spring
Joyously upon the wing ;
Thou aspirest but to rest
Cowering in thy meadow's nest.

Seekest thou to win perchance
The Beloved's secret glance ?
First awhile be clutching then
So the skirts of conscient men.

With no madness in thy breast
Through the town thou clamourest ;
Pitcher shattered from thy grip,
Thou wouldst yet the revel keep.

Practise too the amorous art,
Learn to captivate the heart,
If thou dost desire of me
Love's immortal minstrelsy.

5

Time is the winged messenger
Of the Heart's Desire ;
Wondrous herald ! Tidings fair
Is his life entire.

Think not, thou shalt never win
The Beloved to view :
The desire thy breast within
Still is raw, and new !

Well I know that thou dost soar
Hawklike high in air ;
Yet beware the Fowler, for
Ancient is his snare.

How may Gabriel aspire
 Where Man's dust shall fly ?
 If his present fame is higher,
 'Tis his roof that's high !

All thy life is breath to take,
 Knowing not, frail man,
 That true living is to break
 The days' talisman.

Of the science of the West
 This much I will speak :
 Sweet are sighs and tears exprest
 While the gaze is weak.

O'er the Crescent and the Cross
 I am raised sublime ;
 Other tumult now doth toss
 In the brain of Time.

6

Of the Friend's ingenuous wit
 I can relate no more :
 By my pillow He did sit,
 And spake upon the cure !

Though the tongue is bold enough,
 The argument right fair,
 What can I declare of Love,
 Save that none can declare ?

Happy he, who dared to reach
Deep into Being's b^lain
And drew forth like jewels speech,
And fluent spoke again.

Desolate with joy am I
That, recognizing me,
In reproach He whispered, sly,
"Poor, homeless vagrant, see !"

Grieve not, that this world of ours
Its secret still conceals ;
What is speechless to the flowers,
The birds' lament reveals.

Passion's message, that anew
I tell unfeignedly,
To the tulip spake the dew,
But spake in secrecy.

If my speech is all distraught,
What wonder were in this ?
Of His tresses who speaks aught,
His tale distressful is.

7

Mind, that is ever questing;
And finding, without resting,
Fired by the joy of viewing
Was vision still pursuing.

Seek thou pure revelation
Past sun and moon's low station,
For all things here reported
By vision are distorted.

8

I am the slave of each living heart
Whose love is pure, refined,
Not cloistered monks who dwell apart,
Their hearts to none resigned.

With such a heart as knows the hue,
Yet from all hue is free,
In mosque, and inn, and temple, too,
The touchstone sure they be.

Beyond the moon and Pleiades
Their gaze is lifted high,
The Milky Way contents not these
For them to nest thereby.

Within the multitude are they,
Yet out of it withal ;
In spirit's solitude they stay,
While dwelling amid all.

Regard not meanly, nor despise
The truly loving man ;
Though little worth, 'tis merchandise
Fit for Life's caravan.

The charter of their liberty
Is writ for slaves to keep ;
And now the Sheikh and Brahman be
Shepherds without their sheep.

Take thou the goblet in thy hold ;
Wine lawful is, they tell ;
Although the tale be strange, 'tis told
By speakers credible.

9

The tulip of this meadowland
Is yet all flecked with hue ;
Cast not the shield out of thy hand,
For battle flares anew.

A tumult, in whose swelling breast
Two hundred tumults wait
That maiden is, who dwells caressed
In Europe's cradle yet.

O thou who sittest at thy ease
Beside the shore, arise !
The whirlpool roars across the seas,
The shark in menace lies.

No part of wisdom 'tis, I trow,
The trusty axe to shun ;
Within the rock's heart, even now,
Are rubies to be won.

Await ! and I will raise the veil,
That other songs may thrill ;
What should I of such music tell
The lute concealeth still ?

When the world's wondrous Artist viewed
The madness in my brain,
He cried, "Too mighty swells thy mood,
This ruin to contain !"

10

Faith depends on arguments
And on magic eloquence ;
Yet anon men serve the Lord
With the lance and fearless sword.

Oft the dervish robes conceal
Underneath a coat of steel ;
Lovers, slaves to passion's mood,
With such armour are endued.

When the world too old is grown,
It is burnt and overthrown,
Then its water and its clay
Men for new foundation lay.

Stored and cherished capital,
For one glance they yield it all :
What a people these, who take
Profit of the loss they make !

What upon a blade of grass
 Ether-borne they bring to pass,
 'Tis not strange that they can prove,
 Ponderous mountain chains to move.

Love is as a merchandise ;
 In Life's marketplace it lies,
 Now at little price is sold,
 And anon for mighty gold.

I have sung lamentingly
 Out of sleep to waken thee,
 Else is Love a labour done
 Sighlessly, without a groan.

11

Drunk with selfhood like a wave
 Plunge into the stormy lave ;
 Who commanded thee to sit
 With thy skirts about thy feet ?

Let the tiger be thy prey ;
 Leave the mead and flowers gay,
 Out toward the mountain press,
 Tent thee in the wilderness.

Cast thy strangling rope on high,
 Circle sun and moon in sky,
 Seize a star from heaven's sphere,
 Stitch it on thy sleeve to wear.

Selfhood's wine, as I have guessed,
 Tart and bitter is to taste,
 Yet regard thy pain within—
 Drain our desperate medicine !

12

Out of Hejaz and the lonely plain
 The Guide of the Time is come,
 Back from the far, far vale again
 The Caravan hastens home.

Lo, on the brow of the slaves I see
 The Sultan's splendour bright,
 The dust of Ayaz shines radiantly
 With Mahmud's torch alight.

In Kaaba and Temple long, long years
 The deep lament arose,
 Till from Love's banquet now appears
 One Man who the Secret knows.

The sighs that out of the bosom break
 Of a people at earnest prayer
 A brave and new foundation make
 In Life's mind everywhere.

O take the trembling lute from me,
 For my hand can play no more ;
 In streams of blood my melody
 From the heart of the harp doth pour.

13

Of the Sultan I would take
One gaze, if so I may ;
Moslem I, I do not make,
A god of clay.

See, the independent heart
That in my breast I bear
To the beggar doth impart.
A regal air.

What doth on the tulip fall
Out of the starry sky,
O'er the verdant herbage all
Now scatter I.

Ranging through the Infinite
My thought begs never boon,
As the Pleiades crave light
From sun and moon.

But if any wandering sun
Toward my path should stray,
With a smile I make it run
Far from the way.

With the lustre and the flame
That Nature hath endowed
Like a lightning-flash I gleam
In a dark cloud.

Well I know the wont and way
Of them that rule, aloof :
Joseph's in the well, and they
Asses, on roof !

14

Like the dervish drunken be ;
Quaff the winecup instantly,
And, when thou art bolder grown,
Hurl thyself on Jamshid's throne !

"This our world", they asked of me,
"Is't congenial to thee ?"
"Nay", I answered ; and they cried,
"Break and strew it far and wide !"

In the taverns I saw none
Meet to be companion ;
Get thee less with tavern-boys ;
• Smite with Rustam. and rejoice !

Tulip in the desert bright,
Burn thou not in lonely light ;
Let thy heart consuming glow
Blaze in Adam's bosom, too.

Thou'rt His fiery inward mood,
Thou the fever of His blood ;
Dost thou not believe ? Go, rend
This world's body, end to end.

Is the Mind thy lamp ? To-day,
Set it out upon the way ;
Is thy beaker Love ? Drink wine
With some trusty mate of thine.

Ah, my heart is all aglow,
From mine eyes the bloodstreams flow ;
See, my ruby offering ;
Take, and wear this in thy ring.

15

Greed is acting still his play
This world to dominate ;
What new turbulence, I pray,
Behind Heaven's veil doth wait ?

Now and now Mind breaketh through
What idols it designed ;
Come, for Love believeth true,
And infidel is Mind.

Thou'rt the Leader of the train ;
Then labour fiercely still ;
In our tribe, he rule doth gain
Who hath a warrior's will.

Thou hast closed thine eyes, and said,
" The world's a dream, no less " :
Ope thine eyes ; this dream-abed
Is all of wakefulness.

In thy solitude, alone,
Create a company ;
Love, that's made to know the One,
The Many loves to see.

But an instant quivered he
Ere to the saddle bound—
Fortunate gazelle, to be
So singled out to wound !

In the garden and the mead
I sow my jewelled air ;
Precious goods, yet cheap indeed
When there are none to hear.

16

Although the Angel dwells beyond
The talisman of the skies,
Yet on this hand of dust in fond
Affection rest his eyes.

Think not upon one fashion goes
The game of love forlorn ;
Sane are the tulip and the rose
And yet their robe is torn.

The tale of passion told may be
Where the Friend sojourneth
Alone, with a lament that's free
Of all defiling breath.

So from a star a man may clutch
The apple of its eye ;
Mind is a falcon at his touch
Eager and swift to fly. •

Unveil thy face ; for He Who spake,
“ Thou shalt not gaze on Me ” •
A hand of dust in view to take
Still waiteth patiently. •

Who sang within the flowery mead ? •
Say, whence his anthem came
That lo ! the rosebud hides her head,
The roses blush for shame. •

17.

Where is the Arab, to revive
The old night-revelry,
And where the Persian, to bring alive
The love-lute's minstrelsy ?

Under the Sufi elder's gown
The flagon is bare and dry ;
Alas, for none can tell in the town
Where young red wine's to buy. •

Every man in this grassy mead
Fashions and takes his rest,
But where is he, ah, where indeed,
Who will make, and burn, his nest ?

A thousand caravan-trains have stared
Like a stranger, and then passed on,
But he that close as a lover dared
To gaze—is there anyone ?

Rise like a wave, and surging flow
In the ocean eternally ;
Thou seek'st the shore, and dost not know
Where ever the shore may be.

Hither (for in thy tendril's vein
The fresh young blood doth bound)
Hither hasten, nor ask again
Where the Magian wine is found.

Twist into one vast war-array
All ages that ever were ;
Later and sooner are passed away ;
Where now is Time, ah, where ?

Rise like the morning air
And learn to blow again ;
Tulip and rose are fair ;
Play gently with their train ;
Deep in the rosebud's heart
Learn how to stab thy dart.

Though ermine wraps thy breast,
Thou tremblest listlessly ;
This way thou shiverest
Will nothing profit thee ;
In the assembly learn
With love to shake, and burn.

~~Faithless !~~ thy heart astray
Once more upon Him bind ;
Break from all else away,
Nor unto Self be blind ;
Learn with thy eyes to view,
And how to close them, too.

Breath is a messenger,
Unheard its message told ;
Thy dust a vision clear,
Yet thou canst not behold ;
Learn once again to see,
And hearing get for thee !

No falcon's heart of rage
 We have, no eagle's eye ;
 Like homebirds in a cage
 We lack the joy to fly ;
 Homebirds encaged ! arise,
 And soar into the skies.

Darius' royal throne
 Men sell not by the way ;
 That mighty mount of stone
 They barter not for hay ;
 Learn with thy own heart's blood
 To purchase thee this good.

Thou weep'st ; yet Destiny
 Unchanging doth abide ;
 The chain that circleth thee
 Was aye as firmly tied ;
 Despair not, but anew
 Learn how to weep for rue.

Art thou consumed ? Take flame
 Out of thy heart's desire
 And wrap thee in the same,
 And set the reeds afire ;
 Along the stubble learn
 To run a torch, and burn !

Little flower fast asleep,
 Rise narcissus-like, and peep ;
 Lo, the bower droops and dies
 Wasted by cold griefs ; arise !
 Now that birdsong fills the air
 And muezzins call to prayer,
 Listen to the burning sighs
 Of the passionate hearts, and rise !
 Out of leaden sleep,
 Out of slumber deep
 Arise !
 Out of slumber deep
 Arise !

~~Now~~ the sun, that doth adorn
 With his rays the brow of morn,
 Doth suffuse the cheeks thereof
 With the crimson blush of love.
 Over mountain, over plain
 Caravans take route again ;
 Bright and world-beholding eyes,
 Gaze upon the world, and rise !
 Out of leaden sleep,
 Out of slumber deep
 Arise !
 Out of slumber deep
 Arise !

All the Orient doth lie
Like strewn dust, the roadway by,
Or a still and hushed lament
And a wasted sigh and spent :
Yet each atom of this earth
Is a gaze of tortured birth,
Under Ind's and Persia's skies,
Through Arabia's plains, O rise !

Out of leaden sleep,
Out of slumber deep
Arise !
Out of slumber deep
Arise !

See, thy ocean is at rest,
Slumbrous as a desert waste ;
Yea, no waxing or increase
E'er disturbs thy ocean's peace,
Ne'er thy ocean knoweth storm
Or Leviathan's dread swarm :
Rend its breast and, billow-wise
Swelling into tumult, rise !

Out of leaden sleep,
Out of slumber deep
Arise !
Out of slumber deep
Arise !

Listen to this subtlety
That reveals all mystery :
Empire is the body's dust,
Spirit, true Religion's trust ;
Body lives and spirit lives
By the life their union gives.
Lance in hand, and sword at thighs,
Cloaked, and with thy prayer mat, rise !

Out of leaden sleep,

Out of slumber deep

Arise !

Out of slumber deep

Arise !

Thou art true and worshipful
Guardian of eternal Rule,
Thou the left hand and the right
Of the World-possessor's might.
Shackled slave of earthy race,
Thou art Time, and thou art Space :
Wine of faith that fear defies
Drink, and from doubt's prison rise !

Out of leaden sleep,

Out of slumber deep

Arise !

Out of slumber deep

Arise !

Against Europe I protest,
And the attraction of the West :
Woe for Europe and her charm,
Swift to capture and disarm !
Europe's hordes with flame and fire
Desolate the world entire ;
Architect of Sanctuaries,
Earth awaits rebuilding ; rise !

Out of leaden sleep,
Out of slumber deep
Arise !
Out of slumber deep
Arise !

20

Our world is dusty clay
Trampled upon the way ;
I do not think our breath
Returneth out of death.

This night, whose only home
Is in the strangers' tomb,
No moon, no stars here burn ;
To dawn how shall it turn ?

The heart, whose whole desire
Is quenchless flame and fire,
Who knows, if it shall grow
To lightning flash, or glow ?

High fancy, passion's glance,
 And life's exuberance,
 Fear not, for these all three
 Dust of the road shall be.

So live, that if our death
 For aye continueth,
 God shall be shamed, to know
 What things He wrought below.

21

Sleeper, rise thou up, and fast !
 Once again upon the past
 And the future fix thy gaze ;
 Thou must think on other ways.

Love hath laid his heavy load
 On Time's saddle to the road :
 Art thou lover ? In thy need
 Eve and dawn must be thy steed.

Elder said, "This world below
 In no certain gait doth go ;
 We must close our eyes, nor care
 What is foul herein, or fair.

"If, the world being wholly spurned,
 Unto Him thy mind is turned,
 First of all the things to do
 Is thy own life to forgo."

"Ah, within my heart", said I,
"Yet unbroken idols lie":
"Then this temple", answered he,
"Must be shattered utterly!"

22

My mind awhile was gone
About the heavens to pace,
High on the back of the moon,
Fast in the stars' embrace.

Think not we are enfurled
Within this globe of clay;
Each separate star's world,
Or was a world one day.

The lowly emmet sees
In vision clear and true
A thousand mysteries
Which we lack sight to view.

Earth on her back doth bear
A many mountain tall;
We, for the dust we were,
Lay heaviest of all.

The panting tulip sighed;
How deeply, well I know;
Her cup with blood is dyed,
Her heart's a brand aglow.

A melody swept me through and through
And nobody knew ;
The air and the note is all they know,
The high and low.

Love in my heart was made to chime
With thought sublime ;
Not like the moon I wax and wane ;
I never attain.

Weep no more, but with brave heart take
Disunion's ache ;
Love, till it sigheth, scarce can guess
Its attractiveness.

Be thou a torch, and set afire
~~The~~ bush and briar ;
Men of clay have no right to be
In life's sanctuary.

A falcon thou art ; yield not thy soul
To domestic fowl ;
Rise, spread thy wing and pinion, and soar
Both high and far.

The poet's a glow that giveth light
In life's dark night ;
A radiance shines in his wings anon,
And sometimes none.

Iqbal in his song his Self has bared
And truth declared ;
This new-unbeliever knoweth naught
Of cloister rote.

24

No Jamshid's memory, the wine
That floweth in this inn of mine,
It is the pressing of my soul
That sparkleth in my Persian bowl.

Man like a billow quivereth
In eager quest of Being's breath,
While yet his arrow lies encased
About annihilation's waist.

Come, let us shatter (for we can)
Like Abraham this talisman ;
Within the temple, idols be
Whatever I have seen, but thee.

Until thou deeply enterest
The very heart in Being's breast,
To leave the gaze to speculate
Is wickedness, and sin most great.

To wander idly, without guide,
Peculiar pleasure is, beside ;
Happy am I, that our abode
Is far, and ever winds the road.

The casual glance, that gave to me
 The leave to wander, and to see,
 'Twas better far, that casual glance,
 Than rapt attention to my chance.

Though I was nourished all my days
 Where infidel to idol prays,
 Behold, my opened lips impart
 The secret of the Kaaba's heart.

25

I am a blossom of the plain ;
 Carry me back from the avenue
 To mountain and wilderness again
 Where air's to breathe, and the vast to view.

Far from self I have gone astray,
~~Learn~~ me the foxy and furtive wont ;
 Carry me, helpers of the way,
 Back to the reeds, my ancient haunt.

Once I had a word in my heart ;
 Now it has vanished from my breast ;
 Though I am old, let me depart
 Back to the school that taught me best.

I am a hushed and silent lute ;
 Now in my head is a new, sweet air ;
 O let my strings be no longer mute,
 Take me to him who will repair.

In this night that enshroudeth me
Sufficient sun is my ancient brand ;
Take away from my dormitory
The shuttered lamp that is in thy hand.

Lo, to the slaves I have declared
True kingship's innermost mystery ;
I am a slave who greatly erred ;
To the king for judgement O carry me !

26

I uttered a new word,
But there was none that heard ;
Vision to rapture grew,
But glance was none to view.

Be thou a stone, and pass
Within these works of glass ;
Woe, stone to idol wrought
That goblet shattered not !

Break down the old, and then
Rebuild the world again ;
Who in " No God " remained
Has ne'er " Except " attained.

O happy rivulet
In selfhood passionate,
Who to earth's heart dost flee
And flowest not so sea !

To Moses' lesson list ;
For Europe's scientist
Though ocean's depth he plumb,
Could ne'er to Sinai come. •

Love's self learnt quivering's art
From this our trembling heart ;
Our spark it was that spired
Until the moth expired. •

27

Never lover true is he
Who lamenteth dolefully ;
Lover he, who in his hold
Hath the double world controlled.

Lover true is passionate
Selfhood's world to recreate,
Not content to be enfurled
By a bounded, finite world.

Wakeful heart was never given
Europe's scientist by heaven ;
All that God has marked him by
Is the speculative eye.

Love he knows not, and the Brain
Snakelike bites into his vein,
Even though his golden cup
Flowing ruby filleth up.

Take the lees I give ; for lo !
 In the taverns that I know
 Aged vintner never more
 Stands, the young, fierce wine to pour.

28

In the heart of the birds, that range
 This garden, is ever change ;
 'Tis one with the rose at breast,
 And other within the nest.

Look thou to thyself intent ;
 Of the world what cause to lament ?
 There's a different world to see,
 Be there change of sight in thee.

Each moment, if but thine eye
 Regardeth attentively,
 Changeth the tavern road
 And the Magian's wonted mode.

The caravan's leader greet
 With my blessing, and then repeat :
 "Though the way unchanged remain,
 'Tis a different caravan !"

29

We are gone astray from God ;
 He is searching upon the road,
 For like us, He is need entire
 And the prisoner of desire.

On the tulip's petal He writes
The message His heart indites,
Yea, and His voice is heard
In the passionate song of the bird.

He lay in the iris' fold
Our loveliness to behold ;
Bright cup of the ardent gaze
Whose glance is a hymn of praise !

Parted from us, forlorn
He sighs with the breath of morn,
Within and out He doth stand,
Around, and on every hand.

Great riot created He
A creature of clay to see,
Fashioned the piercing view
To gaze upon mortal hue.

Hidden in every grain
Not yet is He known to man,
Though bright as the full moon's grace
In cottage and street is His face.

In our envelope all of dust
The jewel of life is lost ;
Is it we, or Himself (O say),
This pearl that is gone astray ?

Of the hireling's blood outpoured
Lustrous rubies makes the lord ;
Tyrant squire to swell his wealth
Desolates the peasant's tith.

Revolt, I cry !

Revolt, defy !

Revolt, or die !

City sheikh with string of beads
Many a faithful heart misleads,
Brahman baffles with his thread
Many a simple Hindu head.

Revolt, I cry !

Revolt, defy !

Revolt, or die !

Prince and Sultan gambling go,
Loaded are the dice they throw,
Subjects soul from body strip
While their subjects are asleep.

Revolt, I cry !

Revolt, defy !

Revolt, or die !

Preacher's at the mosque, his son
To the kindergarten gone ;
Greybird is a child, in truth,
Child a greybird, spite his youth.

Revolt, I cry !

Revolt, defy !

Revolt, or die !

Brother Moslems ! woe to us
For the havoc science does ;
Ahriman is cheap enough,
God is rare, scarce-offered stuff.

Revolt, I cry !

Revolt, defy !

Revolt, or die !

See how Falsehood's blandishment
Shadows Truth, with ill intent,
How the Bat, with blinded eyes,
Plots against the Sun to rise.

Revolt, I cry !

Revolt, defy !

Revolt, or die !

In the Churches, Jesus Christ
On the Cross is sacrificed,
With God's Book Muhammad too
From the Kaaba flees anew.

Revolt, I cry !

Revolt, defy !

Revolt, or die !

I have seen into the bowls
Furnished by this age for souls ;
Such the venom they contain,
Serpents twist and writhe in pain.

Revolt, I cry !

Revolt, defy !

Revolt, or die !

Yet the weak are given at length
Lion's heart and tiger's strength ;
In this bubbling lantern, lo !
Haply yet a flame will glow.

Revolt, I cry !

Revolt, defy !

Revolt, or die !

31

Although the soul, I know,
One day unveiled shall be,
Think not it shall be so
By writhing endlessly.

It needs a blow, to stir
The sleeping soul from earth ;
Unswapt, the harp can ne'er
Bring melody to birth.

Thy cup replenish still
With tears and midnight sighs,
Replenish it until
The radiant sun shall rise.

So faint a mote thou art,
I fear thou'lt vanish quite ;
Then fortify thy heart
To meet the morning light.

Transcend the dust, nor take
Thy self but dust to be ;
If thou thy breast wilt break,
The moon shall shine from thee.

If in thy face they look
The gate to selfhood's shrine,
Strike head upon the rock
And see the ruby shine.

32

Whether the world be foul or fair,
 With a smile fare on ;
 Forth from the nest, the cage, the snare,
 The bower, be gone !

Though stranger thou art, and dost not know
 How the way doth wend,
 In a bold, familiar manner go
 In the lane of the Friend.

Each breath that thou drawest, differently
 The world adorn ;
 Within this ancient hostelry
 Swift as Time be borne.

If Gabriel lay his hand on thy rein,
 And the Hours, too,
 With a loving glance pass on again
 As fair charmers do.

33

What is this life ? A pearl
 In thy own shell to bear,
 In the flame's heart to hurl
 Thyself, nor melt to air.

Love is with speed to pass
 Out of this shuttered sphere,
 To cast the moon's bright glass
 High over heaven clear.

Power is from hand to fling
The cash of heart and faith.
To rule the world, a king,
And brave the chance of death.

Philosophy is taught
By manly zeal alone,
To whet the blade of thought
Upon the world for stone.

The living spirit's trust
Is no disordered dream,
But of this scattered dust
To build a braver scheme.

34

Beyond heaven's shuttered dome
I have found a way to come
Where swifter than thought may fly
The breath of a morning sigh.

Falcon thou art, and hast made
Thy nest in the grassy glade,
And its air, I am fearful, might
Foreshorten thy pinions' flight.

Art thou dust become ? It is clear
Thou canst not be resting here ;
On the breeze of the morning ride,
Sit not by the roadway side.

From the stream of the stars arise
And cross the Nile of the skies ;
For the heart must die right soon
If it lodge, though it be in the moon.

Let its breast no longer beam
With the reckless lightning's gleam,
Less worth than a straw reckon I
The mountain of Sinai.

How men may the manners keep
Of the throng, yet consuming leap
Ask not of us, whom the gaze
Of the passing fair one slays.

When I am dead, this my lay
Men will recite, and say :
"One man, who was self-aware,
Transformed a world everywhere !"

35

A sinner proud am I ; no meed
I take, except I work for it ;
I rage, because men say He writ
Predestinate my wilful deed.

The surge of drunkenness and love
Hath lifted up my thoughts, to where
The world-illuming sun doth stare
Amazed upon me as I rove.

From the first dawn my hand was made
Artist of whirlpool and wavecrest,
And when the ocean lies at rest
Of the typhoon I gather aid.

A hundred times before this day
I set the universe afire ;
Its peace and health destroys entire
The ardent music that I play.

Before the idols I have danced
And bound the girdle about me,
Till, thundering at my blasphemy,
The city sheikh is God-entranced !

Anon they leap from me away,
Anon they follow in my train,
For no man knoweth in this plain
Whether I hunter am, or prey.

Of Supermen's society
Naught gains the heart that's not aglow :
Bring me thy molten brass and, lo !
My elixir shall work in thee.

The world had lost its sight
And the glass of the heart forsook,
But an eye now sees the light
That into the heart can look.

Dark is the night, twists the road,
All faithless the wayfarers ;
And the caravan's guide what load
Of problems oppressive bears !

Drunk are the feckless spy,
The lover, the messenger ;
So the words of the sweethearts lie
In how many loads to wear.

Its faith of believer true,
Its doubt of the infidel—
O Moslems, what shall I do
With the heart that in me doth dwell ?

Sometimes the helmsman's skill
The storm doth display, and more !
Lo, the waves, impetuous will
Hath cast our craft on the shore.

Who fashioned these seeing eyes
In the wave, far in ocean lost,
That the pearl in the sea's heart lies,
And the potsherd breaks on the coast ?

No part of my soul's unrest
Hath stirred in my native land ;
With my magic I tried my best,
It was lost on the desert sand.

If a New World thou hast
 In thy bosom, declare thy faith !
 Wounded in heart and breast,
 Europe is nigh to death.

37

No friend in the world entire thou wilt find
 Sincere in solicitude ;
 Go, lose thyself in thy self, and mind
 The honour of loverhood.

I am grieved, that He Who created us
 In rapture to be displayed
 Hath concealed the infinite various
 Manners of that His trade.

None but Ayaz alone doth know
 This subtle and secret truth,
 How the Ghaznavid's love augmented so
 His poor slave's anguish and ruth.

Less than a grassblade, in my view,
 The knowledge and vision vast
 That the trusty sword and the buckler true
 From the hand of the warrior cast.

Whatever the price of these goods, 'tis well
 And profit will yield, not harm,
 Razi's intelligence to sell
 For the power of Haidar's arm.

If there is a drop of blood in thy vein,
A flutter to storm the height,
Come, learn with me the way to attain
The falcon's ascending flight.

If fluting thou thinkst is but taking breath,
How little truth thou hast guessed ;
The minstrel his skill accomplisheth
With the point of the sword in his breast !

38

The fine science thou dost learn
After vision does not yearn ;
'Tis no wanderer far astray,
But a straggler on the way.

He whose all-embracing brain
A new universe doth plan
Burneth still with passion's fire,
Never lacketh high desire.

Though Love made the moon to err
On the road a wayfarer,
Never blazeth in its breast
The vast furnace of unrest.

So His beauty doth entrance,
I can never lift my glance
From His Face, who heedlessly
Doth not spare a glance for me.

See, Iqbal in manly clothes
To his worldly labour goes ;
Proving that his dervishhood
Ne'er depends on gown and hood.

39

Vision can be won
As of morning sun,
Making this dark clay
Radiant as day.

Let thy vision be
Needle-sharp in thee,
Like its lustre pass
Thro' the heart o' the glass.

• In this garden, where
Hushed is warbler's air,
As each bursting bud
Chant thy tragic mode.

Earth hides not His grace,
Heav'n veils not His face
Thou may'st view, for sure,
If thou canst endure.

Childlike watchest thou
Nests beneath the bough ;
Mount on wings, and soon
Hunt the sun and moon !

Too oft was thy light
With strangers to take wine,
To suffer others' light
Within thy bowl to shine.

The orient wine-bearer
Hands thee the purple cup ;
Drink ! Let the drunkard's air
From thy parched earth mount up !

The heart that knoweth well
The fever of desire
Moth-like will hover still
About the candle's fire.

Sprinkle thy morning tears
Upon life's desert plain ;
New harvest scarce appears
Except thou sow thy grain.

Pass wine ! Speak not to me
Of Europe's tumult vast ;
Caravans countlessly
That desolation passed.

Love went searching thro' the earth
Until Adam came to birth ;
Out of water, out of clay
Manifested his display.

Sun, and moon, and stars on high,
These were little to set by
So to purchase in life's mart
Adam's dust, that owned a heart.

42

Come ! The Asiatic man
Has created a new plan :
Go not, pilgrimage to make
To the idol that he brake.

What is this epiphany
That men's hearts, rejoiced to see,
From the ashes of the way
Gladly leap, like sparks at play ?

To attain what far abode
Strive the Turks upon the road,
That their bosom fluttereth
With the quickness of their breath ?

Strive thou, selfhood's joy to know :
They who on this journey go
Shatter every worldly chain
That they may to Self attain.

Men whose hearts are dead and cold
As a cell this world behold ;
With two cups to fill their head,
From the whole of life they fled.

I will ever be the slave
 Of those horsemen bold and brave
 Who, with spear uplifted, far
 Ride, to pierce and thread a star.

Angels lack the season now
 Prostrate to their Lord to bow ;
 Creatures of pure light, for they
 Rapturous gaze on men of clay !

43

I boast a love that is not grieved
 By being of To Be bereaved,
 Whose infidelity doth ne'er
 The girdle of existence wear.

If Love shall ever so command,
 Let precious life slip from thy hand ;
 Love is thy one beloved and goal ;
 There is no gain in life of soul.

The shattering of the idol-shrine
 Doth infidelity refine ;
 It needs Mahmud's immortal ire
 To set the temple-house afire.

In Moslem mosque and church of Christ,
 In incensed temple, tavern spiced,
 Although a hundred charms were tried
 The heart was never satisfied.

Never in bower sweet with scent
I raised a sorrowful lament,
But from the mountain cataract
I learned this music to enact.

Wouldst thou approach me, here apart ?
Come cold of breath, and warm of heart ;
In thee is movement never calm ;
Such verve was not in David's psalm.

Seek less my faults, but take my bowl
To be the measure of thy soul ;
The pleasure of my bitter brew
Is never without spirit's rue.

44

The saki, pouring his pure wine
Upon my restless heart,
Converts this quicksilver of mine
To gold, by magic art.

I do not know if it be light
Within my breast, or flame ;
I only know its radiance white
Shines with a moonlike gleam.

Nature, all hushed, doth suddenly
My quiet heart assail ;
The instrument in ecstasy
Playeth its own sweet scale.

Grieve not, thou fool ; the starry skies
Within this desert waste
Have many founts, that secret rise
And to the torrent haste.

O thou who didst my sweet wine take,
Grieve not at my sharp sting ;
It needs my sting, that I may wake
Man from his slumbering.

45

Brighter shall shine men's clay
Than angels' light, one day ;
Earth, through our Destiny
Turn to a starry sky.

The fancies in our head
That upon storms were fed
One day shall soar, and clear
The whirlpool of the sphere.

Why askest thou of me ?
Consider Man, and see
How, Mind-developed still,
Sublime this subject will.

Come fashioned forth, sublime,
This common thought, in time,
And with its beauty's rapture
Even God's heart shall capture.

I have never discovered well
Law's way, and the wont thereof,
But know him an infidel
Who denieth the power of Love.

The travellers of the Shrine
O may God succour and aid,
That they may truly divine
Man's rank, who of clay was made.

I do not ask of the Way ;
The Friend is my only quest,
For so I have heard men say,
"The friend, then the way, that's best !"

Europe's philosopher
So misseth the rapture fine,
In the red bowl shines more clear
The gleam of the crimson wine.

Better a man were blind,
Better a thousandwise,
Than knowledge to have in mind
That the seeing heart denies.

Though intellect's jugglery
Peculiar joy impart,
Better than subtlety
Is the faith of a simple heart.

I have washed my heart's tablets clean
Of the learning that charmed my youth,
Opened my teeming brain
With the lancet of utter truth.

Far from the threshold now
Of the Sultan's gate I have strayed ;
No infidel I, to bow
To a god who can nothing aid.

47

Far, far from every other go
With the One Friend upon the road ;
Seek thou of God thy self to know,
And seek in selfhood for thy God.

One piercing glance can ne'er impart
The consummation of it all :
The gaze, the intellect, the heart,
Each needs its vision several.

Love is at Being's board to sup,
To drain its glass, till all is gone ;
Seek not the world-revealing cup,
Seek the world-conquering hand alone !

Naked of foot the travellers are,
Thorny the way, and hard indeed ;
Till thou shalt reach thy selfhood far,
Take acquiescence for thy steed.

Only in perfect poverty
The proof of kingship is displayed ;
Beneath the rushes seek, to see
The royal throne of Kaikobad.

Look onward ; Life is but a way
That to another world doth wend ;
From what has been, and passed away,
Depart, and ever seek the end.

But if Fate's buffet maketh thee
Like the lamenting reed to moon,
Lay down the wine thou took'st from me ;
Seek liniment to mend thy bone !

48

The world, but not selfhood, thou canst see ;
How long in thy ignorance wilt thou sit ?
With thy ancient flame let the night be lit ?
The hand of Moses is sleeved in thee.

Set forth thy foot from the circling skies ;
Greater and older than these thou art ;
Fearest thou death in thy deathless heart ?
Death's but a prey that before thee lies.

Life, once given thee, none can take ;
Tis for lack of faith men faint and die ;
Learn to be sculptor, even as I,
And haply anew thy selfhood make !

In the accidents of night
 There is naught can me affright,
 Seeing that the night is borne
 By the wheeling stars to morn.

Of its station unaware,
 It has fallen in its own snare,
 This thy love, that did arise
 From thy supplicating cries.

When the heart gives forth a sigh,
 'Tis of burning inwardly ;
 Let it not thy lips defile ;
 Break it in thy breast, and smile !

None remains in tavern now ;
 Beg of Nature's saki thou
 The rich wine that cannot pass
 In the drinkers' narrow glass.

Not with mosque and chanted verse,
 Not with learning schools rehearse
 To repose returns the heart
 When its Darling doth depart.

What man art thou, and where thy home ?
 In the blue skies
 The stars have oped, to see thee come,
 A thousand eyes !

Why shall I tell what thou hast done,
What thou now art ?
Mahmud is now with Ayaz one—
This breaks my heart !

No Milky Way thou mountest up
At prayer to kneel ;
The Sufi's and the poet's cup
Thy soul doth steal.

Though Europe many knots untied
That chained thy thought,
Intoxication magnified
Her next draught brought.

Much of the Balance and the Scroll
I hear thee say ;
Strange, that thou seest not at all
This judgement-day !

Blessed the man, who in his breast
The shrine hath known,
Fluttered awhile, then from the nest
Of speech was flown.

No more the tavern and the school
I venerate ;
I do not reckon worshipful
The brow-swept gate !

51

In the abode of passion, where
The dust is fraught with pain,
Shineth in every atom there
Pure spirit without stain. .

No Magian wine from Magian boy
The revellers there take ;
One glance of rapture and of joy
Each fragile glass doth break.

Let madness surge not in thee so
When thou dost stand at prayer ;
Keep firm thy reason ; do not go
With shredded raiment there !

52

The young beloved, the ancient wine,
The maids of Paradise,
These joys men reckon rare and fine
Charm not the truly wise.

Whate'er eternal thou dost deem,
Mountain, and sea, and shore,
Land, plain, whate'er assured doth seem,
These pass, and are no more.

The learning of the Westerner,
The East's philosophy,
All is an idol-house of prayer—
And idols nothing be !

Cross not this desert terrified ;
Fix on thy self thy thought ;
Thou only art, and all beside,
Yea, all the world, is naught !

Upon this way mine eyelashes
Have quarried out of stone,
Nor stage nor caravan there is,
And shifting sands are none.

53

Kalendars, who to their sway
Water strive to win and clay,
From the monarch tribute bear
Though the beggar's robe they wear.

They appear, and round the sun
And the moon their rope is spun ;
They retire, and in their breast
Time and Space repose at rest.

When the revel rules the day
Bright as shimmering silks are they,
Yet when battle is toward
For the sacrifice prepared.

A new order they devise
For the broad and dappled skies,
Bear the ancient stars and all
On their backs to funeral.

Time hath from her face untied
Morrow's veil, to lay aside ;
Yet to-day men still delight
In the wine of yesternight.

Hovers on my lip the word
That must never be declared ;
Strangers, the learned of the town
Silent are, nor even frown !

54

A double-handled sword am I
Laid naked by the circling sky ;
Fortune hath sharpened me in Space,
And whetted me upon Time's face.

I am the world of fantasy ;
The Genius of eternity
The world of nightingale and rose
Hath shattered, fashioning me for those.

The youthful wine to cheer the soul
That I am pouring in thy bowl
Is from the vat, whereby my jar
And glass decanter molten are.

The breath is burning in my breast ;
The sanctuary is my nest,
And men may recognize my throat
By the great ardour of my note.

Wrecked is the barque the ancient guide
 Built out of sense, therein to ride ;
 Blest is the one who fashioned me
 To be his vessel on the sea.

55

Each atom's body like a spark
 I set a-quivering,
 Each atom quivers through the dark
 And soars as on a wing.

List to my music burning new !
 Each diamantine grain
 I fashion like a drop of dew
 To trickle soft as rain.

From manifesting's stage when break
 My soft, sweet melodies,
 Even in the dead of night I make
 The dawn desire to rise.

Joseph, concealed from sight so long,
 I have revealed anew,
 That ! may fire the needy throng
 His beauty to pursue.

Dear love, that doth man's patience try,
 To dust in ecstasy
 Hath given eyes to weep, and I
 The wondrous joy to see !

Ever to be about with men
Proveth the self doth not attain ;
To friends be thou a stranger, then,
Who art familiar with pain.

How long before the palace gate
Of princes wilt thou bow thy face ?
From God, Who did thy soul create,
Learn thou the pride of matchless grace.

The warrior's love will come one day
To such a point of excellence
That notice he will no more pay
To mortal beauty's blandishments.

I sang before the sanctuary
So sad a song of heart's desire,
That each initiate learned from me
The joy of separation's fire.

Unseeing are the buyers' eyes,
And I rejoice and jubilate
Because Love's precious merchandise
Remaineth still immaculate.

Come, let us on the tulip tread
And drink the wine-cup fearlessly ;
Lawful it is, if lovers shed
The blood of ancient piety.

Go forth from Muslim company,
And in Islam thy refuge take ;
For Muslims count as equity
The measures infidel they make.

57

Like a tulip's flame I burn
In your pleasance as I turn ;
By my life, and yours, I swear
Youth of Persia ever fair !

I have dived, and dived again
With my thoughts into life's brain
Until I prevailed to find
Every secret of your mind.

Sun and moon—I gazed on these
Far beyond the Pleiades,
And rebuilt a sanctuary
In your infidelity.

I have twisted well the blade
Till its edge was sharper made ;
Pale the gleam and lustreless
Wasted in your wilderness.

My thought's images dispense
To the Orient's indigence
The bright ruby that I gain
From your mines of Badakhshan.

Comes the man, to free at last
Slaves confined in fetters fast ;
Through the windows in the wall
Of your prison I see all.

Make a ring about me now ;
In my breast a fire's aglow
That your forebears lit one day,
Things of water and of clay !

58

Soft my breath doth pass
Soft as April airs ;
Jasmine-sweet the grass
Springeth from my tears.

Desert tulip glows
With the blood I shed
As in beaker shews
Wine all ruby-red.

Soareth so my flight
O'er the highest sphere
That the souls of light
Seek to trap me there.

Labours ever new
Make man's dust to glow ;
Moon and star still do
As long time ago.

My self's lamp I lit,
Now that Moses' hand
Men have hidden it
'Neath the wristlet-band.

Come, O come to prayer ;
Court no prince's door ;
So our fathers were
When the world was poor.

59

Leave him who never won to sight,
And bears report alone ;
Who makes long speech, but the delight
Of vision gives to none.

To bard and scholar listened I,
Philosopher to boot ;
Although their palm is proud and high,
It yields nor leaf nor fruit.

The gleam that hoary acolyte
So prides himself upon
Reveals a thousand shades of night,
But never glow of dawn.

I have a charge 'gainst God to lay
That still I keep concealed ;
He takes my precious heart away,
And Joseph does not yield.

Neither in idol-house nor shrine
That saki I can find
To grant, no ember's fitful shine,
But splendour unconfind.

60

It chanced within the desert nigh
A caravan was passing by,
And presently there reached my ear
The leader's carol, loud and clear.

"If from some Pharaoh's dark redoubt
A Joseph might at last come out,
Open for all to plunder lies
A caravan of merchandise."

61

Fool ! Is there then such hope in thee
Of winning Europe's sympathy ?
The falcon grieves not overmuch
About the bird that's in his clutch.

Shame on thee, only to desire
Rubies bequeathed thee by thy sire :
Is there not one delight alone—
To win thee rubies from the stone ?

Speak not about the world to me,
If it be not, or if it be ;
I only know that I am I,
The world-illusion let go by.

Trembles each tavern-glass with fear
Because the officer is here,
Except one lover's bowl doth make
The very stones with dread to shake.

Sayst thou that veiled the selfhood is ?
Say on ; but let me tell thee this—
Tear not this veil into a shred ;
Narrow's the vision in the head.

The ancient bough, beneath whose shade
Thy little sprouting wings were laid,
Were it not shame to move at last
Thy nest, when all its leaves are cast ?

Call that a song, which Nature brings
To serve as music for her strings ;
What use is in the minstrelsy
That all with Nature doth agree ?

62

Eschew the West, and do not be
Bewitched by Europe's wizardry ;
Not worth a barley, in my view,
Is all her ancient and her new.

Mighty Darius, Iskandar,
Khusrau and Kaikobad—all are
A blade of grass upon the way
Swept by a passing wind, to-day.

Life is the Self to beautify,
 To guard the Self right jealously;
 Upon a caravan thou art—
 Fare on with all, but go apart !

Radiant thou camest from the sky,
 Far brighter than the sun on high ;
 So live, that every mote may be
 Illumined by thy brilliancy.

Thou hast not spared thy precious ring
 Idly to Ahriman to fling—
 To pledge the which it were not well
 Even to trusty Gabriel.

The tavern is ashamed, because
 So narrow is become our glass ;
 A beaker take, and prudently
 Drink wine—and then be off with thee !

63

A secret 'tis, 'tis evident
 (Thou sayst) this world of hue and scent :
 Go, strike thyself upon its wire—
 Thou art the plectrum, it the lyre.

The gaze disclosed in ecstasy
 Trembles to view its purity,
 And yet thou sayst it is a veil,
 A covering, a thing unreal !

Pull down the pole of the immense
That struts heaven's cerulean tents,
For like a spark it naked lies
Before the contemplative eyes.

High Paradise is not so fair
As this clay garment that I wear ;
Within this sanctuary of mine
Is holy fire, and joy divine.

I lose myself a little time,
I lose awhile the great sublime,
The twain discovering presently—
O miracle, O mystery !

64

This brand of grief, His love apart,
Hath sown a garden in my heart ;
O desert-flame anemone,
I have a word to say to thee !

Best in the wilderness, alone,
To breathe the soul-consuming groan ;
Yet what can I, condemned for good
To wrestle with the multitude ?

65

When the tulip's heart I viewed
With the gaze of certitude,
All I saw was ecstasy,
Sighs, and sobbing bitterly.

In the highest and the least
Is life's quiver manifest ;
Over plain and hill and dell
Ever leaps this wild gazelle.

Life is not of us alone,
Life is not for us to own ;
Life is everywhere to see—
Ah, and whence came life to be?

66

This is a world, that like to it,
Each boundless is, and infinite,
An image each, a fantasy,
A smoke-wave from the torch in me.

Two moments this and that endure,
I only everlasting, sure ;
That ~~of~~ but little worth, as this,
My self the sole true coin is.

Here to abide, and there to dwell,
Both here and there a little spell ;
What is my labour, here and there ?
The lamentation of despair !

This world and that my path waylay,
In this and that is loss my pay ;
Each my brief nest and dwelling-place—
Both let me kindle, and both raze !

67

Spring is come ; bright glances dart
 In the tulip's bowl of fire ;
 Thousand thousand sighs upspire
 From each several ember's heart.

Pour a stoup of ruby glow
 O'er the garden's dusty bed ;
 Strange and shy, in autumn's dread,
 Tulip and narcissus grow.

Hue-and-scent world fills thine eyes ;
 What the heart is, knowest thou ?
 'Tis a moon, that round its brow
 Casts a halo of the skies.

68

The Artist, Whose vast mind
 Both day and night designed,
 Engraving these, displays
 Upon Himself His gaze.

Sufi ! Step out before
 Thy dim and dusty store ;
 Nature has merchandise
 To offer—at what price !

Down, and the stars and moon,
 Nightfall, the sun at noon—
 All these unveiled the eye
 For but one glance may buy !

This ancient universe
 New youth must now rehearse,
 Its trembling blade of grass
 Huge mountains should surpass.

The handful of poor clay
 That did a glance display
 All-viewing, in the brain
 Must shape a cry of pain.

Our aged moon and sun
 The course have never run ;
 Fresh stars we must pursue
 To build the world anew.

Each image of delight
 That dawns upon my sight
 Is fair; yet fairer still
 The image that I will.

God said, "The world so lies,
 And say not otherwise";
 Said Adam, "So I see ;
 But *thus* it ought to be !"

In the mead a tulip blows
 In whose breast no yearning glows,
 A narcissus, languid too,
 Yet it lacked the eye to view.

Billowing breath was in the clay,
 But no heart did it display ;
 Caravan upon the road—
 Such was life, yet where the load ?

Time itself was void and free
 Of the topers' song of glee,
 Wine was in the glass aflame
 Yet was none to quaff the same.

Sinai's lightning made complaint
 That desire was dumb and faint ;
 In the peaceful valley there
 Silent was the voice of prayer.

Love upon our woe exprest
 Builds anew the great unrest,
 Else no murmur ever stirs
 From these silent banqueters.

71

Whence hath this commotion swirled
 In our old, slow-moving world,
 That each girdled infidel
 Like a reed of grief doth tell ?

In the hut of the fakir,
 In the palace of the ameer
 There is pain and there is ruth
 Huge to bow the back of youth.

Where is cure ? For the disease
With the cure doth yet increase ;
Science is all wizardry,
Mean deceit, and trickery.

Adam's ship rides not the main
Save the torrent strive and strain ;
Every heart a thousand wise
Doth the helmsman agonize.

Of life's story do not seek
Any tale for me to speak ;
All its pain I suffered long,
And departed with a song.

I have let my breath to ride
With the breeze of morning tide ;
I have wandered in this mead
Yet no rose hath known my tread.

Far from cottage and from street,
Yet in both abroad, and fleet,
With the vision of the moon
I have gazed this world upon !

Tulip in the mountains blowing,
Lamp in mead and garden glowing,
Gaze on me, for I will give
Guidance on the way to live.

We are not the pigment charming,
Nor the scattered scent disarming,
We are that which moves confined
In the heart, and in the mind.

Drunkenness is wine-engendered,
Springeth not of goblet tendered,
Though it needs the goblet, too,
To consume the wine, 'tis true.

Let thy breast be flame-conceiving,
For within this night of living
Self may never come to sight
Save discovered by this light.

Wave of flame, O bare thy bosom
To the morning-breeze; O blossom,
Do not seek the dew, to quell
Thy heart's fiery crucible !

73

I am a slave set free,
And Love still leadeth me ;
Love is my leader still,
Mind bows to do my will.

The tumult flareth up
Out of my circling cup ;
This is my evening star,
My full moon, flaming far.

The spirit slept at rest,
 Desire stirred not the breast,
 Then struck a drunken air
 Caught in my circling snare.

O world of scent and hue,
 How long shall we so do ?
 Death thy survival proves,
 My living all is Love's.

The One my thought reveals,
 The One my thought conceals ;
 Here is His dwelling-place—
 Behold my lofty grace!

74

Silent rosebud in her heart
 Had a secret, veiled apart,
 Suffered countless aches and woes
 Buffeted by thyme and rose.

So she sought, to keep her word,
 Breeze of spring and meadow-bird,
 Putting faith in those (yet both
 Soared on wing) to guard her troth.

75

To my self alone I bow ;
 Temple, shrine are vanished now,
 Calls not shrine in Arab land,
 Nor in Persia temples stand.

In the tulip and the rose
Shines not sheen, nor pigment glows :
In the anthem of the bird
Neither high nor low is heard.

In the workshop of the sky
No new plan do I descry ;
Haply no new plans remain
Hid in pre-existence' brain.

Heaven's stars stand unpossessed
All of revolution's zest ;
Night and day, as it may be,
Have no more the power to flee.

In no stage they take repose,
And no quest is left to those
Earthy creatures, from whose hearts
Haply every breath departs.

Either in contingency
No fresh leaves unwritten be,
Or Fate's pen hath not the might
Any more fresh fates to write.

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