Spiritualism in the Poetry of Shah Abdul Latif Bhittai

Compiled & Translated by Munawar Arbab (Halo)

Edited by Dr. Fahmida Hussain

Shah Abdul Latif Bhittai Chair
University of Karachi
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Spritualism in the Poetry of Shah Abdul Latif Bhittai

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Compiled & Translated by: Munawar Arbab (Halo)

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Publisher’s Note

The present book is the latest addition to the treasure of research and literary contribution, in the form of English translation of selected verses of the great Sufi poet Shah Abdul Latif Bhitai. The responsibility of translating Shah Latif’s poems, popularly known as “Baits” has been fulfilled by a relatively new and not very well known person in literary circles, yet the outcome proves him to be well versed with the thought process and spiritual quest of the great poet.

Mr. Munnawar Arbab has attempted to arrange the “Baits” according to the gradual mental and spiritual elevation of the poet from simpler to more complicated states of mind and soul.

On behalf of Shah Abdul Latif Bhitai Chair, it is my privilege to present this book with the hope that the general public as well as students and intellectuals would benefit from this translation of the “Risalo” — the Message of love, peace and harmony for the entire humanity.

Dr. Fahmida Hussai
Director
Shah Abdul Latif Bhitai Chair
..University of Karachi
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Preface

Having served in government job at senior level and having travelled extensively to different regions of the globe and having met and discussed with the people from various walks of life, religions, thoughts and experiences, I was inspired to write on some appropriate area. I also discussed my interest in writing with a number of my friends who are known writers and who have been honoured from literary bodies like Writers Guild and Writers Forum etc. After a long thought and consideration the only name could come to my mind to write on, was none else but Shah Abdul Latif Bhittai - the great saint poet of Sindh.

Shah Abdul Latif Bhittai, a great celebrated poet, a saint, a spiritual guide and a philosopher of the Indo-Pak subcontinent region, known throughout the world, was born about 300 years ago. He is known as an individual with exceptional spiritual insight, creativity and powerful expression. Shah Bhittai composed thousands of verses on different subjects. He has composed quite a large number of these verses in the field of “SPIRITUALISM”. After conducting a detailed research on his poetry, I have compiled more than 700 verses on this area and have translated them from Sindhi into English prose. To simplify this further for the reader, I have divided the topic further into several sub-topics.

I would like to emphasise that while translating these verses I have taken utmost care, keeping in view the following factors:

a) It is neither a translation in any poetic verse form nor a detailed explanation but exclusively a translation into prose;

b) It is a word by word translation without any addition or deletion of any word as is done while translating holy books;

c) Usage of possible appropriate and closely accurate words of English and proper setting of prose is aimed to convey the exact message while simultaneously maintaining the poetic rhythm,

d) Reference of original poem is given below the each translated verse

In my task of compiling and translating this book I am thankful to my friends and well wishers especially to Mr. Mazhar-ul-Haque Siddiqui, Dr. Fahmida Hussain, Mr. Kazi Mushtaq Ahmed Qureshi, Mr. Mushtaq Ahmed Mangi, and my son Kashif.
Munawar without whose assistance, guidance and support this task could not have been possible.

*Munawar Arbab (Halo)*
1. Profile of Shah Abdul Latif Bhittai

Introduction

Shah Abdul Latif Bhittai, lovingly called 'Shah Bhittai, is not only known throughout the length and breadth of Sindh (Pakistan), but in the places all over the world as well, where Sindhis live, who number over 40 million at present.

Shah Latif is adored by all, irrespective of peoples religious beliefs and intellectual standing, not only as the greatest and a celebrated poet and a social reformer but also as a saint, a sufi and a spiritual guide. Perhaps he is the only original poet whose poetry has passed un-adulterated to us. His is a heroic figure belonging to all ages, all groups, all races, all classes of people.

The Greeks made no difference between Poets and Prophets. Shah Latif may not be identified as a prophet but in every way, he can surely be identified as a saint. He was a true natural and God-gifted poet who composed all his poetry on musical modes and one can say that he thought musically, he spoke musically, he acted musically, even his very silence was musical,

Early Life

Shah Latif was born sometime around 1689 A.D, (1102 A.H) in a noble Sayed family of Matiari at a village called Hala Haveli, Taluka Hala, District Hyderabad, Sindh (Pakistan).

His father, Syed Habibullah Shah, Son of Abdul Kudus Shah, lived in Hala Haveli where he passed his early days. Some time later his father went to live in a nearby village called Kotri where Shah Abdul Latif passed some time of his youth. Later, he cut himself from the old ties moved to a place with only barren sand dunes at a small hill called Bhit (sand dune) near Karar Lake. It was later named after his name i.e. Bhitshah.

Bhittai's Education

The tradition is that Shah Bhittai had no regular formal education but had learnt everything by himself.

He was thus self-educated through observations; travel, living with ascetics and literate religious personalities. Although he had received scantly formal education, his
poems clearly show that he was well versed not only in Sindhi, Sanskrit, Seraiki, Arabic, and Persian languages but also with the Holy Quran, Hadith, Mathnawi of Maulana Rumi and verses of Shah Karim of Bulri. These books were always his constant companions; the references of which have been made in his poetry on many occasion.

Soon after the death of his father in 1742, Shah Latif shifted all his family members from Kotri to Bhitsah. His father was buried there. For the last eight years of his remarkable life, Shah Latif lived at Bhitshah.

Towards the end of his life, he went into seclusion in his hujra (room) for 20 days. During this time he occasionally ate a few morsels or drank a few sips of water. He began to sing what would be his final composition. On the twenty-first day, he came out and took a bath. It is said that the verse "On what count am I here” was on his lips. Latif asked the fakirs (disciples) at the Bhit to play music and sing verses, and he threw a white sheet over himself as he sat in contemplation,

For three consecutive days, his faqirs engaged themselves in reciting, singing and playing music. When they stopped they discovered that Shah's soul had flown to the abode of Eternal Bliss. He suffered from no sickness or pain of any kind. Thus he died, at the age of sixty-three, on 14th Safar 1165 Hijra i.e. 1752 A.D. He was buried in Bhitshah.

Since his death, his poems are being recited and sung weekly on every Thursday night at the mausoleum, which draws thousands of people from all over the country. Every year his death anniversary is celebrated with holding a grand Mela - a fair at Bhitshah where he is remembered and paid tributes by his countrymen who consider him a saint and sage as well as as a guide, a reformer and above all the greatest poet of all times.
2. Poetry of Shah Abdul Latif Bhittai

Shah Abdul Latif of Bhit was the poet of all classes of people. He denounced extravagance, injustice and exploitation of all forms and at all levels, and praised simplicity and hospitality.

It is said that he never wrote his poems but they would come out automatically through his ascetic and saintly intuition, which were collected and recorded by his disciples. No verses of any poet in the world are so much remembered and recited by people of all walks of life as those of Shah Latif.

Shah Jo Risalo: The Message of Love

The recorded comprehensive collection of verses known as “Ganj” is preserved at the mausoleum of the poet at Bhitshah, near Hala, Sindh. The full volume of the poetry of Shah Bhittai has been compiled in a book form called “Shah Jo Risalo”, which means "Message of Shah".

Shah Bhittai’s poetry is originally meant to be sung. hence “Shah Jo Risalo” is comprised of 30 Surs i.e. musical tones consisting of 195 chapters with total 3038 verses. In Shah’s poetry every chapter is composed on a mode of singing called “Sur”. The Surs are named, accordingly, to their metres and music and also according to the subject matter. Methodically, a sur is sung according to the theory and practice of Classical music, sung at different times of the day and night and on different occasions. The underlying theme of all surs, however, is to find out ways to cultivate those godly attributes in one self, which will assist a person in his or her endeavours towards a higher evolution. Hence, Bhittai's poetry reflects the process by which man's inner life is developed.

The perusal of his poetry takes one to a wonderful journey, where the parables, the incidents, the legends, the episodes, are not related as mere stories. It is only their significance that is expressed in the poems, which deal with the higher evolution of human soul. These folk stories and episodes quoted by him are but the pegs on which Bhittai hangs his Divine themes.
The history goes that just before his passing away; he threw the manuscripts of his work into the Karar Lake, adjacent to his abode at the Bhit (sand dune). He did this, fearing that people may not be able to understand the main theme and purpose of his message in the verses and they may misunderstand him. By this action, his disciples were disappointed and extremely grieved. With deep love for his people and being kind at heart, considerate and benevolent, he could not see his disciples in sorrow. Therefore, he allowed them to prepare another manuscript from the manuscripts that were in possession of some of his disciples. The main contributor to this collection was a lady by the name of Mai (lady) Niamat, a devoted disciple of his, who had memorised most of his verses.

As she sang the verses, in different suras, his disciples recorded them into manuscripts. A copy of the recorded collection of his verses known as "Ganj" was retained at the mausoleum. The original copy disappeared sometime in 1854. It was in 1866, 114 years after the poet's death, that Ernest Trumpp, a German scholar who knew Sindhi as well as many other languages of India, compiled the "Risalo" and got it printed from Germany.

**Characteristics of His Poetry**

Shah was a missionary and believed in practical learning. It is through his journeys that he acquired the background for most of his poems with many unique characteristics such as:

a) He received scanty formal education only, but he had the sound knowledge and command and was well versed in Sindhi, Sanskrit, Seraiki, Arabic, and Persian languages. Besides, the books like Holy Qur'an, the Hadith, the Masnawi of Maulana Jalaluddin Roomi, were always his constant companions where from the references in verbatim numbering 113 have been made at different places in his poetry.

b) The verses of his poetry have a unique beauty, they are lyrical, spiritual descriptive and historical, The language is rich and picturesque.
What you consider mere poems are infact verses (Quranic).

They link the soul with your beloved (Lord)

c) His poetry contains message of peace and love for entire humanity and it has universal appeal.

d) His diction is unique, rich with qualities of a beautiful poetic expression such as:

i. frequent use of different synonyms for one word such as for “minstrel” he has eight words, for “liquor” five words, for “arrow” twelve words, for “camel” eighteen words, for “boat” fifteen words, for “mother” eight words, for “crow” seven words, for “brave” five words.

ii. frequent use of words, phrases, verses and dialects of many local and foreign languages such as Arabic, Persian, Urdu, Saraiki, and Sanskrit in such a way that they have been assimilated in Sindhi language with ease.

iii. use of alliteration in almost every verse.

iv. use of antithesis or opposites of the words such as:

سَوِّهٰی، سوَهُو، سَوَاجَلٌ سَوَالَّهٰ.

سَوَبَرَینِ، سوِبَسَاهُ، سوِبَرِیٰ سوِوَاهُروُ.

He is This and He is That,

He is the Destroyer and He is the Creator,

He is the Beloved and also the Breath,

He is the Enemy and He is the Saviour as well

v. use of correlative terms, similes, analogies.

vi. his expression for love is unique, universal and bewitching such as:
May I search and ever search
but pray never to find
And pray also to never meet the Beloved
The yearning in my heart
may otherwise subside on union

e) the poetry has the lilting melody, the charm of words, and unique qualities of
superb poetry with sheer hypnotic effect on heart, mind and soul.

f) the Surs of Bhittai are based on 'musical themes,' and his art is 'impressionistic
par excellence.

g) his poetry has a special melodious and musical character. The peasant
ploughing his field, the herdsman and the shepherd tending to the herd of cattle
or flock of sheep, the fisherman casting his fishing net in the water, the sailor
sailing in the sea, the village house-wife at her daily chores and the villager
midst his companions at leisure time, sings, recites or hears this sublime poetry
that uplifts his very soul. In the towns and cities of Sindh, the scholars,
intellectuals and learned people hold sessions of its recitation and it is sung by
renowned artists of the land.

h) his spiritual and mystic poetry carries a universal message of love and peace
for the human race.

-to-down ,his poetry is expressed in most touching l significance ofi) the spiritua
It makes a direct appeal to the .harmonised with a musical setting ,earth words
,including the elite as well as men in the street ,hearts and souls of the listeners
.rs to every eyeand it brings uncontrolled emotional tea
Bhittai’ s poetry refers ,In addition to the profound mystic and moral themes (j
, the fishermen , the peasants , frequently to the plight of the poor and the lowly
the helpless and the needy women the suffering and the , the weavers
.dsuppresse
whether literate or heart by young and old-most of his verses are known by (k and are often quoted in daily conversations at significant , men or women , not . occasions not only for his motherland Sindh , Bhittai’s poetry depicts his sincere concern (l . ut for the whole universe as wellb

سائتين سدائيين تكريم متي سنده سكران.

دوست منا دلدار عالم سب آباد تكريم.

O’ Lord! May you always bless profusion on Sindh,
O’ Sweet Beloved! Let the entire Universe prosper.
3. Bhittai's Quest for Truth & Spiritualism

In his quest of spiritual knowledge, Shah Bhittai travelled to many parts of Sindh and also went to the bordering lands. In his search for truth, peace, and harmony he travelled for three years as a jogi (ascetic), in the company of the Sufis (mystics) and jogis - all dressed in similar saffron-coloured clothes, to hills, valleys, the banks of the rivers, and the fields in Jesalmere, Hinglaj, Lakhpat, Junagardh, at the foot of the Himalayas, and parts of the Thar desert.

He always probed into the mystery of man's relationship with his Creator, and was perturbed by the questions like: what relationship do we bear to our Creator? What is the nature of our Creator? He had an intense longing for a direct approach to the Creator rather than through intermediaries.

In the relentless search for truth, an intense longing for a direct approach to his Creator seized Bhittai. His soul was constantly thirsting for the Divine and all things divine. This led him to the path traversed by mystics. His quest for eternal truth became his primary concern. He found God in everything - believing that "All that is, is God" rest is all illusion and deception. Bhittai was a saint and a mystic - a Sufi. Guided by deep feeling and contemplation, he had been able to arrive at certain truths of the spiritual life.
i. Allah (God) - The Creator & His Manifestations

The very first is Allah, He is omniscient
Supreme and Lord of the universe
By His divine might He exists since infinity
He is the Lord, one and only, fosterer
Merciful and compassionate
Praise Him- The real Lord by reciting
the admiring verses for Him
It is He, the compassionate who planned
and perfected the universe.

He is this, He is that
He is the destroyer, He is the creator
He is the Beloved, He is the breath
He is the enemy, He is the saviour as well.
He is the lover of Himself
He himself is the Beloved
He himself creates perfectly
He himself longs for them.

Even before the origin of the universe
Allah created them as an embodiment of light
Those truthful have
“no fear to them and no regrets to them”
Allah made good fortune for them
from the beginning.

“Allah is unique and without a partner”
This is the testimony of His oneness
Those who adhere to duality are the losers.
Listen O’ Deaf!
“He is unique and without a partner”
Did your ears hear not
the spiritual consciousness inside you?
You shall shed tears
on the Day of Judgment
when witnesses shall confront you.

You must choose the bargain
that “Allah is unique and without a partner”
Whether you gain or lose
your only dwell is this world
He will himself offer you to drink
a full divinely cup from Heaven
He is mighty, He is the absolute beauty
He Himself is the reflection of the Beloved
He is the perfection of beauty
He Himself is the guide and also the follower
He is His own manifestation
You would perceive from within.

Your manifestations are written
in thousands and millions
Common spirit is present in every one
appearances are diverse
O’ Lord! How far and how many attributes
of yours can I describe?

It is He who blocks the way
and it is He who guides
He elevates whom He chooses
and He degrades whom He wishes.

پابوهی هیکار، مون کان پچیو سکین.
الست برهکم، چیائسون جنکه وار.
سندي سور چکن تن تدھاکنون تن لهی.

(سر حکیان. داستان 3)

My Beloved affectionately asked me once
“Am I not your Lord”?
Since then the spike of love’s pain
does not go away from my body.

هاریا! تو هری چکیچ چکایا سین چکیب
سکھن جی چکری ٹن تو توانا تکیب.

(سریمن حکیان. داستان 2)

O’ Stupid man! With awful behaviour
you put your body to sufferings
If you adopt self-discipline
you could be healthy and well.

وسرتیب سبق! پھرین ست ن سینریان!
اجان هی؟ ورق، ھی؟ مطالع نتیبوا!

(سریمن حکیان. داستان 5)

I have forgotten the lesson
and I remember not even its first line
I could read not even the relevant page.
He is in front of every one
no place is empty of Him
Of what use are those cowards
who are ignorant of the one?
Although an illiterate
I could discover the Beloved within.

In millions of books there is only one word
If your vision is clear
just “Bismillah” is enough for you.

remembering Allah at night Those who kept vigil
even their dust was honoured
Millions would call on their courtyard to pay homage.
The waves would not harass those who are devoted to the Lord. The efficacy of the penitence got them through the storm. They relied on Him and thereby passed safely through the stream. The saviour met them in mid-stream. 

Assign all your affairs to Allah. Put away all the sorrows and doubts and submit completely to Him. You will achieve your objectives with graciousness of God.
They keep awake for the entire night
dealing with (praying to) the Lord
With utmost submission
the veterans filled their boats and proceeded
The bold one crossed the waters speedily.

Do put all (our acts) on the right track
make me not go off the track
Collect all the followers, even the sinners
and make them join the Beloved.

The river’s current is swift
and the channel is tumultuous
The swift of love thereto is unique
Those who have love as deep as the ocean
are seclusion minded
O’ Lord! May you make return those
who have captivated my heart.
Beloved is concerned about those who are concerned about him.
Raft is a burden for those who are deeply involved in love.

The attributes of the Beloved already existed even before they were not written.
Neither there was “Be and it became” nor there was any utterance.
Your sweet talk was there even before the angels existed.

“With love she embraced the Beloved”, says Latif.

Those who drown while attempting to reach their destination
The Beloved will extend help to them
on both the banks.

سئکی بذان چی، ساهرن سائی چی جو
لہرن سر لطیف چی، سکھن چاھیو چی چی
جی پچین پنڈ پری چن 1 مائی اورہو چن

(سر سهفی، داستان 6)

Beloved is with those who die on his way
“On shoulders they are taken
along the waves”, says Latif
Those who aim for the far destination
are brought closer by him.

قَرَّهِ پر یلیہرا سبھرین یالا دیپرا
تُبِرَة تاری ناه چکا، والیا تورے واء.
ساهرن چی صلاح چن کی چکی تار مان

(سر سهفی، داستان 8)

O’ Gracious Beloved! Guide of the lost ones
Without you there is neither any help nor approach
There who follow advice of the Beloved
are pulled out from deep waters.

جر تر تک تنوار وئن تن چائی هیہکریا
سپیی سپی بیئیا، سوئی سزاوار
ہمد منصور هزار چکھتا چاھیو چاھیو چن

(سر سهفی، داستان 9)
The seas, oceans and lands mumble intensively
even the trees and shrubs voice the same
All proclaimers of Truth deserved the gallows
Since there are thousand Mansoors
how many would you hang?

The Beloved is remembered
by everyone every where
The whole universe is like Mansoor
how many would you hang?

In depair, just look to Allah
The road leading to Him is very clear
only the seductions have veiled it.

O’ Seeker! Recollecting all (avenues)
look into the corners of the house
Go not far to search
your Beloved is within yourself.
Your Beloved is within yourself
return home and ask inwardly
It is no use going out to seek the Beloved.

Avoid inquiring about the Beloved
from other houses (sources)
Inquire within your self
He is there, for whom you are bearing hardships.

O’ Seeker! Taking Him along
you are seeking Him again
None ever acquires knowledge through wandering
Inquire yourself about the Beloved
you will discover Him within yourself.
Whom you search afar
He is always with you
Latif says, “look for the Beloved within yourself”
You will know from within
He resides in you.

Why do you go to places,
why are you not searching the Beloved here?
“The Beloved is not hidden anywhere else”, says Latif
Be a chaste woman, bind your loincloth
and pledge your love with the Beloved
Lower your eyes to look
your love dwells within yourself.
The pseudo lovers inquire
about the land of the Beloved
They look not for Him within
Those who are entwined with Him
care not for a journey by foot.

Walk on with your heart to the Beloved
forget to go by foot
Walk not like a messenger
As that way you will never reach
the Beloved's place.
Walk on with the heart to the Lord
leap not in the mountains
The priceless Beloved has His citadel
your body. inside

Walk on with the heart to the Beloved
leap not in the mountains
I have discovered the mountaineer
Beloved within myself.

Walk on with the heart to the Beloved, disassociate yourself from ego
Those who maintained the ego
fell short of the goal.
If the beloved would make promises with you
then you shall have to make efforts
if you claim to be in love.

After running away from home
I struggled in mountains (transitory period)
I reached the land where the Beloved is
Submitting I said: “You reside in every one
whom would you punish?”
How can I sit quiet intentionally?
The fire of love inside me
has intensified into a blaze
“Love is the fire kindled by Allah”
it is burning like a furnace
There is only one Allah, O’ Friends!
I know none else.

Firstly you carry out the covenant
thereafter the Beloved is to carry out
Forget not the promise
that you had pronounced before Him.

The scar of your desertion
is all the times killing me, a pathetic one
O’ Beloved! In the name of Allah
go not far away, return
so that I may throw the jewel in fire in your presence.
(سر لیلا چنیسر داستان ۲)

O’ Allah! May I not be wise
as the wise ones face sorrows
My Beloved did benevolence to me
while I was ignorant.

(سر مومل راثی داستان ۵)

Stick to your path, never turn away your neck
Else, a clout would twist your face, says Latif.

(سر مومل راثی داستان ۵)

Never turn away your neck, stick to the path
Either today or tomorrow
you would be thrown in the dust.
The earth that is under my feet
is over the bodies of loved ones
See the stalwarts buried beneath the earth
says Latif. "Life is so short: get up to seek

Last night, a fresh message came from the Beloved
"I have been blessed", by the Lord”, says Latif
What pedigree you ask for?
He accepts whosoever approaches Him.

When “Am I not your Lord?” fell on my ears
I heartily said then and there “Yes, You are!”
At the very moment I made a covenant with my rustic loved ones.

There is neither beginning nor any end to a worshipper. Those who recognized the Beloved went a long way for ever.

Even after having manifestation of the Lord they recognized not the universe. The pedigree horses are in the stable surrounded by ignorance. And those who were knowledgeable their calculations confused them.
I wander and ponder in unbounded space
but find not His limit
The beauty of the Beloved
has neither limit, nor any boundary
While I yearn abundantly here
the Beloved remains unconcerned there.

Even after having manifestation of the Lord
They recognized not the universe
While to appreciate the Beloved
the frustrated got confused.
Enable your eyes for union with the Beloved
Throw away duality; have pleasure of oneness
While to manifest the beauty of the Beloved
spare no obstruction
Acquire an eye of vision
so that you enjoy status of the believers.

May I lose my ability to talk
and may I hear not from ears
If the Lord so wishes
may I lose my sight as well.

Why do you become servant to others?
Hold the rope of Allah, who is Lord of the universe
Those shall remain happy who are in love with Allah.
Sometimes the Beloved shuts the door
sometimes He opens it to me
Sometimes I am called
sometimes I deserve not to enter
Sometimes I long for a call
sometimes He shares secrets with me
Such is the Beloved, Lord of mine.

Sometimes the Beloved’s doors are wide open
sometimes they are closed
Sometimes I can not enter
sometimes He Himself calls me in
Sometimes He is absolutely silent
sometimes He is mercifully chatty
Sometimes He promises a lot
sometimes would converse not.
Why do you inquire about the past? Do not fuss about now and then. Join only those, who are in your pulsation. Get along the path of Allah and be careful about the present.

Those who sat for years with dust in their hair, unclean. Their eyes are focused on Allah never ever turning away.
grey turning Their hair got blistered in the fire
“They tremble and shed blood-red tears
Sufferings happily
They would not forsake their love.

Those who sat for years with their dusty heads
Their hair have turned from black to grey
They put their knowledge in fire
How would they point else where
If they find their guide in side the heart?

Pledge your love with Him
who is present at good and bad places
Do waste not your love
where it does not last till the end
Never deviate from the love’s way
fulfill it as a unique one.
To search is very difficult
search not without His light
Stay that long in your cell
till the guide is there
Only when he departs
may you leave your abode.

Do not search without light (guide)
to search is very difficult
This darkness (ignorance) has made
millions, and billions blind.

O’ Bard! Beg from Him who gives always
O’ Minstrel! Begging on false worldly doors
would belittle you, in their eyes.

ذاتار ًذك مكيًا، باناث محتشمين.
مون در دیش مبکشان مکین حکوه بباب
تندهن توبیا، وچان ولها دینهرا...

(سر پریاتی، داستان 1)

The Provider made clear His point
“O’ Supplicant! Why do you beg
from other doors leaving my doorway?
Hence you are distressed with the difficult days”.

تون سبب آً سبکترو، تون صاحب آً سبکب.
پچکی تنهنچو بکب، کم لمه پاتمر کینترو.

(سر پریاتی، داستان 1)

You are the generous, I am a seeker
You are the Lord, I am a beleaguer
Having inquired about your abode
I put on the fiddle on my shoulder.

تون سبب ًآً سبکترو، تون ذاتر ًآً کون ًذک،
سغی تنهنچو سبک، کم لمه پاتمر کینترو.

(سر پریاتی، داستان 1)

You are the generous, I am a seeker,
You are the giver, I am an empty hand
Hearing your call
I put on the fiddle on my shoulder.

You are the generous, I am a seeker
You are the giver, I am a sinner
You are the miraculous stone
I am merely an iron core
If only you touch me
I would be transformed into gold.

You alone are the donor
others are mere seekers
Rain is seasonal but you alwways pour
If you happen to visit my house
I, a lowly person, would be honoured.
O’ Allah! I pray compassion, I am exposed
Cover me up, you are the one to offer shelter.

Though you have unlimited might
you are still full of compassion
Forsake not the benevolence from me, I am yours.

O’ Allah! As great is your name
so much I do bear hope
O’ Creator! There is no limit to your forbearance
Only your name, O Lord’ is infused in my soul.

As sweet is your name so much I bear hope
I looked to many doors but there is none like yours.
O’ Lord! What an amazing sovereignty you have
You drown deep the leaves
but keep stones floating, if you wish
If you were to come to me
I, a lowly person, would be honoured.

O’ Lord! Your sovereignty is very amazing
Though you have unlimited might
you are so compassionate.

You are the refuge, you are the shade
You are the shelter, you are the leader
You are our hope here and hereafter
They who are under your patronage
pay neither the taxes nor penalties.
Egoism, Oneness, Plurality & Patience

The plurality has emanated from the unity
There is only one unique Truth
Be not forgettable that the Reality is One
I swear by Allah
what ever sounds and speculation you hear,
is originated by Him.

One divine cup and two contenders!
Love doesn't endorse it
How can those accomplish their Love?
who believe in figures of multiplicity
Just see! How the existamce (ego)
has denied their union with the Beloved.
One divine cup and two contenders!
Love doesn't endorse it
Those who are absorbed in love
get dissolved and unite
When the dagger of love operates
it cuts the duality into pieces.

O' poet! How did you desire this with the singer?

O' Unfortunate! By studying words
how could you become learned?
Do not pretend and assert yourself
About this taste of the sip
do check with Satan.
Egoism and Allah
cannot exist in one and the same soul
Just like the two swords
which cannot be contained in one sheath?

Be modest and humble, anger brings (سریمن سکلیان، داستان 8)
enormous sorrow
Patience yields contentment, if you were to understand.

Be modest and humble, anger is a mental distress
If you stand firmly on these footsteps
you will acquire wisdom.
Anger is a collaborator of grief
while patience is akin to musk
ones”. The Lord has said, “Allah is with the patient

Be humble! They win while the arrogants lose
The aggressors do not know the taste of patience.

Malicious never benefit from malice
If the bow-string is overstrained
The danger of breaking the string is always there.
Divest yourself of the egoism and abandon intermediaries
Take your feet with love in the direction of the Beloved.

Divest yourself of egoism and forget intermediaries,
O' Lover! Love will take you across
the turbulent water to the other bank
Those who have love and longing
will pass swiftly through midstream.

Divest yourself of the egoism
proceed without any intermediaries
O lover! Over the water surface, walk with trust
Recite the word “love”, and proceed
towards the direction of the Beloved.
Divest yourself of the egoism
march onward without any intermediaries
Those who are guided by love
would find the Beloved.

proceed without any intermediaries
Throw and break the unbaked jar
instead take love to the deep sea.

Patience dwells in the seekers’ abodes
Those who are lost in union, disclose not a bit
The broken hearted, swim without any help.
If once you abandon individual entity
you will get close to him
Since there is nothing (in the universe)
which is devoid of divine manifestation
get your abode erected there
If you do so, He will never be far from you.

O’ love! Forsake me not, I cannot bear the pain,
I look out for you, O’ my Beloved! Do come.

I would never abandon to be patient or grateful
Beloved! I have forgotten the jauntiness of the world.
What would I do of patience and gratefulness?
I need union with the one whom I belong to.

I have committed myself to patience and gratefulness
Do come someday and meet this distressed one.

I have now put up myself
to patience and gratefulness,
O’ my love! Come and inquire
personally from this afflicted one.
Hear so as to get absolved of duality, abandon your “I”
Do not argue, hear what the Lord has to say.

Be attentive as the beloved speaks
interrupt not when he would converse
Comprehend his directions with patience
Sit with him to hear, so that you may achieve compassion.

Move out without possessions (Self renunciation)
leaving all the clothings behind
She will lead all those, who carry nothingness.

The Beloved is away from egoism, and likes selflessness,
He is with those who move out with “nothingness”.

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Get the dagger of “nothingness”
stab this mule (of lust) therewith
Dispose of all traces of desires
Take your steps cautiously
so that you may move ahead easily.

The Lord is on the side of those
who have no possessions
He would himself come to them graciously
amidst mountains (distress)
He would converse pleasantly with them, says Latif.
O’ Beloved! Abandon me not in the mountains
Egoism has confined me behind
Please, help those who are misled by ego.

Desolation becomes inhabited
for those who are passionate
Take love to the seekers of the Truth
Cockeye perceives three (plurality) but He is only One.

Discard all waywardness and deviate not
Unload not the wares, put on the load
so that you may achieve
your objectives by the sun’s twilight.
Do not move off, do not deviate
get along courageously
The sun is onto your face, do waver not
you may meet your Beloved at the sun’s twilight.

So long you are alive burn yourself
there is no let off except to burn
Keep on goging, whether it is hot or cold
No time is there to relax.

Push on forward whether it is cold or hot
no time is left to relax
Else it may become dark, you may not locate
the foot-prints of the Beloved.
If you wish to seek the friend
get away from all forbearances
Those who saw him, kept away all religions.

You were enticed by the trinket
With false pride you were confused
Arguing with the beloved, changed everything
You have been abandoned!

O' Beloved! Your patience is a pride for the shamed
Those who explicate in silence, they are to be respected.
O' Beloved! Your patience is a pride for the shamed
you have admonished the sinner without uttering even a word.

O' Beloved! Your patience educates everyone
What happened in the lover's case I can not understand, what happened.

O' Beloved! Your patience educates so much
Bad luck stopped me from benefiting from it.
Your patience gives wisdom to the unwise
Your silence is a great virtue, a priceless quality.

(O' Beloved! Your patience prevents the unwise (from sin)
Its effectiveness made me repent quickly.

(O' Beloved! Every one feels ashamed
while recollecting the lapses
Only shame was accredited to my credit.

Beloved! Those who felt ashamed
on recollecting their lapses
They feel distressed and repent on realizing their faults.
O' Beloved let me throw away plurality
keep me away from egoism
Keep “I” away from me
Pride is only your privilege, O' Lord!

O' Lord! All the Pride is only your privilege
O' polytheist! If you discard your doubts
there would be no other thought except his.

Keep away “I” from me
I have abandoned thinking of “Self”
O’ Saviour! I do have passed
numerous days in polytheism.
So long as you are conscious of your “self”
your Namaz is thereby done away
Wipe out all your belongings first
and then offer your prayers.

The worship, prayer and recitation
even Namaz, have been forgotten
since the falcon of love has clutched
my heart in its claws.
You bow your head to prostrate, but lack humility
That in the mind’s rosary, you remember not ecstatically
O’ liar! You will have no benefit
by fanning the fire (of worldly desires).

Self annihilation leads to elevation of
the human
Though their look is hidden
they have the same appearance
How can I describe the Beloved’s secrets here?

Those who succeed in self abnegation
become mortal for the sake of Allah
They carry out no prayer
Neither they bow in prostration
Nor do they sit or stand
In order to “be”
They had to negate their 'self'.

The reality has changed my life
I am not able to take one breath without the Beloved
Nothing else has remained in my soul
except the Lord and Lord only.

It is a mere human reasoning of “Is “ or “ Isn't ”,
It is far away to envisage the beauty of the Beloved.

The stupid can't understand the divine secrets
They rather talk frivolously
How can they perceive the Beloved
who have bias in their eyes?

We yearn for those who we are ourselves
O’ Doubt! Leave, I have recognized the Beloved.

We yearn for those who, we ourselves are
Get unto him “who neither begets nor is begotten”
O’ Connoisseur! Find the Truth from these words.

Drop ‘me’, ‘you’, ‘I’ and ‘we’ all four from your mind
The fire of hell will not then touch you.
Everybody gets irritated over bad habits
but my Beloved was annoyed at good deeds
Thus those I had counted as good ones
I wish I had never performed
I have wiped out the ego
and have regarded my good deeds as worthless
I submitted the request to him
of the shame for my performance
The Beloved was reconciled
only when I discarded my ego.

Everybody gets irritated over bad habits
but my Beloved was annoyed at good deeds
In my childhood I did lie a lot
And therefore in my life
I got more of sorrow than joy

Abandon your solitude, and forget loitering
These are the guidelines
which you should listen to guide others.

Egoism itself acts as a covering against you
listen and be careful
The hindrance to your union
is indeed because of this ego.

Namaz and Fasting are indeed good deeds
but there is some other wisdom
by which to behold the Beloved.
May “I” (Self consciousness) be developed within me
I am indeed worthy of “I”
May I perceive my “self” through my “I”
There is no chance for argument
where should I go to.

He alone deserves to say so, you should not proclaim
Allah alone is the origin of existence
Just as meat cannot be baked in husk
love cannot sprout in an earthen vessel.
An addict gets soothed
when he gets what he is addicted to
O' hypocrite! You may deny the beauty of Truth
The infidel and his disbelief
have compromised with belief.

It is not his norm to get irritated
hence there is no reconciliation with him
Perceive love inside your own self
Its the way universe operates.

Take “nothingness” with you, do not assert your existence
Attire made you lost, you too humiliated the attire
The ascetic is he
who has annihilated to discard his “self”.

رسِمُ نفسٍ نبّ – آهِي رَيْتُ. پہ‌ہی نِیَ پَھِیتُ ناھِی کَوُ.
پِسَو مسِنْجُہ بِرِویتِ، جِی‌ہاَگِی جُوَّرُ وَہی.
(سر آسا، 4)

It is not his norm to get irritated
hence there is no reconciliation with him
Perceive love inside your own self
Its the way universe operates.

فِنْکَرُ ناہٍ کَلِهِی سکری، هوُندن جِیِگَن مَر۹ هَوَّ.
tوکی ویس وجاَیو ویس وجاَیو تو.
سامی آهی سو جن۷ن پان وجاَیی پوُہ کِیو.
(سر رامشکوی، 3)

Take “nothingness” with you, do not assert your existence
Attire made you lost, you too humiliated the attire
The ascetic is he
who has annihilated to discard his “self”.

فِنْکَرُ ناہٍ کَلِهِی سکری، هوُندن جِیِگَن.
لَژِیمِلُ سَمَی، هوو آدیسی اَئِین.

++لاهوتی – لطیف چِبگی، هوو آدیسی اَئِین.++
Take “nothingness” with you do not assert your existence
“O’ Ascetics!” Says Latif
“the ascetics’ conduct is not like that”
How could they be Ascetics
if they maintain relationships
even as little as the sesame seed?

They have no desire for abode
self-abnegation is their dwelling place
They remain happy to the will of Allah
and seek nothing else.

While ideally pondering
do not be anxious or astonished
Curb the talks of hypocrisy
associate not with those who say “I”, “We”
Mix with the true seekers
so that you get to be near union.

Even if you were learned, assume ignorance
his door is for the innocent persons
Only those are accepted on his door
who have dissociated from egoism
The merciful Sovereign is for the innocent.

O’ bard! Do not be on excessive coveteous
After giving you the gem
they would just throw you out.
You should neutralize yourself
at the door of the generous Lord
O’ bard! Never take off your fingers
from your chord
Your only source of appeal to him
is through the musical performance.

Fight not the already obedient one, fight your “Self”
Forget not the major war (with self)
it is no gain having minor combats.

It is no gain having minor combats
forget not the major aim
for killing your “self”
come to the major war.
He is within yourself  

O’ seeker! Abandon all avenues  
Forget the corners of the house  
Go not far to search  
your Beloved is within yourself.

Your Beloved is within yourself  
return home and ask inwardly  
It is no use going out seeking the Beloved.
O’ seeker! While talking him along
you strive seeking the same
None has ever acquired knowledge through wandering
Inquire yourself about the Beloved
you will discover him within yourself.

Avoid inquiring about the Beloved
from other houses (sources)
Inquire within your self, He is there
for whom, you are bearing hardships.

Why do you go to the oasis
why do you not search the Beloved here?
The Beloved, is not hidden anywhere else
Be a chaste woman ready to sacrifice
Pledge your love with the Beloved
Lower your eyes to look
your Beloved dwells within yourself.

Whom you search so far, he is always with you
“O’ you imbecile!” Says Latif
“look for the Beloved within
you will know his abode is there within yourself,”

The pseudo lovers inquire
about the land of the Beloved
They look not for Him within
Those, who are entwined with the Beloved
care not for a journey by foot.

iv. If you want to be Ascetic
The seekers, who always recite:
“No God except Allah”
are inflicted by their belief in Oneness
Their hearts are absorbed in the Reality
they carry out self abnegation
With silence they wander far away
for the divine knowledge
They never sleep in peace
and never settle to live anywhere
“The true lovers sacrifice their heads” says Abdul Latif.

وِحْدَهُ چِی وَیَبِیاَ کُسُبِیا اَلِّی اَلَّهُ اَلْعَلَّامُ
سِیِّئَی بَیِسِی سِیْسِی چِکْنِهِنِ اَیاَبِی‌یَ نَۡ تَنِیِ

The seekers, who are cut off into two
for believing in “No God except Allah”
Perceiving their corpses
only the unfortunate would not aspire
to have such desire.
They are distressed if something is offered to them
and pleased if nothing is offered
They have become Sufis (Ascetics)
by carrying no desire with them.

Sufis do not believe in religious convictions
no one knows their faith
Their mind is always busy for war
with egoism, but disclose nothing
They help those who are antagonistic to them.

You call yourself a Sufi
and still wish for worldly desires!
That is not the peculiarity of Sufis (Ascetics)
Put off your (Sufi’s) headdress (egoism)
and throw it into fire.

If you retain Sufi’s cap on your head
then be a true Sufi
Locate an over flowing cup of poison
and drink it off
This is the proper place for those
who have acquired spiritual ecstasy.

Those who could find the right path
have joined the Lord
They deserve congratulation for their union with him.
The Sufi purged the inner-self from egoism
thereafter he could behold the Beloved during his life.

Satan (Azazil) was a true lover
other lovers only wished
Due to his extreme love he was condemned.

How can you reach the Beloved
while holding head high? O' seeker!
The more you hold your ego against him
The more you would be broken into pieces
Be humble, leave your arrogant
else you would lose the Beloved.
O' seeker! Be a co-traveler
Breaking the stones, speed up
For the Beloved, stain the stones
with blood of your feet
Explore the tracks and stand up
to pass through the mountains
He is going away from you
hurry up to get close to him.

O' seeker! Search not at a distance
nor remain indifferent
Walk not with the feet; forget to sit
forego all comforts
Walk with the heart
so that the journey may soon end.
ان پر چچارو ویچو ناہو وصل سپین。

(سر آسان داستان ۴)

With a face brighter than a mirror
but a heart so black
an unimpeded tongue outwordly, sinful inside
such a wretched person can have
no union with the Beloved.

O’ seeker! Listen, egoism acts as a casing against you
preclude all ego and argumentation
all the veils would then be removed.

Do not do anything malaise, consider it unworthy
O’ seeker! Like hermits
bind your loincloth cautiously
so that you may cross through
with all the four sides of the loincloth dry.
The ascetic seekers sought the Lord through secret devotion
this way the lovers passed through a spaceless place
Those ascetics who roasted themselves (in love)
united with the Beloved
They saw the Lord's manifestatious everywhere

Those ascetic seekers- those days
those mountains and their ways
whosoever sought love
wandered about in burning heat.
Go and sit in the courtyard of the ascetics
Hidden from the public
they blaze love in their hearts
The ascetics enjoy no peace even in their sleep
Due to certain inside affliction.

Most people collect food (knowledge)
from places near by
The real seekers have always
a remote goal in mind.

The food (knowledge) is never exhausted
for the ascetics who struggle for it
They narrate the signs of this world first
Thereafter they divulage about the Beloved.
I have seen the wanderers (ascetics) who do not reside in their houses
For the sake of the One they wander in extreme weather
and they weep and shed tears
All such seekers live in sadness after they acquire food (for thought)

I have seen the wanderers (ascetics) who had no rest
They exhausted their strength in acquiring the food (knowledge).

I have seen the wanderers (ascetics) who do not waste time
On hot days they wander
amidst mountains for the food (knowledge)
In jungles too they strive till they find it.

I have seen the wanderers (ascetic)
who do not sleep
They wandered in wilderness
acquired the ascetic knowledge
They happened to wander there
where there is nothing except nothingness.

Hunger and thirst is like a feast for the ascetics
They keep fasts, but never celebrate Eid.

and cover
The seekers are always happy
for what ever is their fate.

The fires of the ascetics flare up at dawn
Let us feel the heat of that fire (of Love)
A peg of love from these devotees
has struck my heart,

The ascetics have annihilated
and roasted themselves for their Beloved
They neither care for sin
nor do they look for virtue
They shed bloody tears from their eyes
How would you ask them
about their caste and creed?
The ascetics’ sufferings are their belongings
and their sorrows in quilts
Holding fast the divine commandments
the holy men left sounding their horns.

The ascetics deserve renunciation
Renunciation too deserves ascetics
They have mysterious secrets in their soul
Alas! I did not learn abnegation.
You do not deserve (سر رامکلی. داستان 4)
renunciation
still you talk of renunciation
The journey towards the Beloved is long
secondly the ground is hot
The ascetics on way to the Beloved
went shedding tears of blood.

The ascetics are never otherwise alive
adopting renunciation they are nonexistent
O’ imbecile! Hear this reprimand
with your same ears
Annihilate your existence
and keep away from the ‘Self’
non-existent is O’ negligent! that
yet you proclaim “I”.

(سر رامکلی. داستان 4)
O’ Ascetic! You need a lot
to perfect your renunciation
Cut your self, tear to pieces
make minced meat and roast it secretly
Kindle within such a blaze
that it belittles the actual fire.

O’ ascetic! Get yourself beheaded
ripping ears is normal
“Correlate your company” says Syed
“With the holy men”
“Whom so Allah wills
He guides him towards his light”
is an observation for such seekers
That is the abode of those
who have renounced both the worlds.
Forsake the hair bound ropes of ascetics
kindle not the fire like them
Kindle within yourself the fire
“Remember Allah in your heart”
Those who have known the Beloved
regard nothing better than “nothingness”.

With what intention
the ascetics adopt such conduct?
They neither think of Hell
nor do they demand Paradise
They have no concern with the infidels
nor with the believers
They stand up and say
“O’ Beloved! Accept us as yours.”
Those who wandered did not know
the Beloved can meet them just by sitting
They journeyed with sufferings
but discovered the spiritual guide within
“They are relieved of the bodely chains”, says Latif
The ascetics had never seen Kabul or Kashmir
Those who love righteousness
meet the Guide just by sitting.

climate The ascetics bear hunger, extreme
besides Allah, none is their protection.
Desperation is the wear of ascetics
Sometimes on the back of a swift horse
sometimes they walk on foot
sometimes they swim in the sea like a float
Even when in crocodile’s jaws
they die but utter not a word.

The ascetics are never happy
as if staughtered with a knife
Their bodies are in sufferings, all day and night
The ascetics’ class is always afflicted.
The ascetics’ hair enlanged  
they are always in a mourning state  
None ever inquired to know their secret pains  
They pass their life in anguish.

Their burnt twigs and sticks  
are equal to Jasmine flowers  
I would die longing for these ascetics  
whose rags are full of flowers  
The ascetics are unattractive outwardly  
but inside they are like precious gems.

Standing besides the bazaar  
these rag wearers remember their guide  
They recite the verse of the Lord  
with full attention  
Just as they are sweet tempered  
to that extent they are intoxicated with love.
The ascetics are fed up with food
they are not fond of delicacies
They solicit nothingness
never begging for a moment
They seek pain (of love) together with adversity.
Ascetics’ respect is manifested in their eyes
They have not any pedigree
nor have a family distinction
Whatever the way the ascetics may be
the Lord resides in their soul
Except loincloth as their wealth
they save nothing else.

O’ Allah! May the ascetics
return to my courtyard
I would purge sorrows from my body
just as husk floats on water separately
They would come to my abode
and give me happy news of union
After staying for a night
they would depart in the morning
“Let your veins pulsate with their memory,” says Latif
These ascetics would hardly ever meet you another time.

They are in your courtyard today
the patient ones would depart in the morning
Satisfy your heart from these ascetics
path lest you may long for them. follow their

The ascetics did not look
at the places where the Lord is
Some ill-believers traveled to far off places
He is near here (in the heart)
they unnecessarily went to the holy places.

The ascetics did look at the place
where the Lord would be
Those rightly guided ascetics
travelled to far off places
Some found Him near by
Some met him at holy places.

O’ ascetic! Pass through a holy place
kindle not the fire
Expect not to be so near (union)
put not the foot to far away (journey)
Join those who have no relatives or abodes.
O’ ascetic! Perceiving flowers and hues
believe not in multiplicity
Identify him; He is the only one.

Where there is neither sky, nor space
nor piece of earth, nor rising of moon
not any sign of sun
The ascetics reached that limit
Meditating, they perceived the Lord in “nothingness”.

If you aspire to be an ascetic
then break off all relations (worldly)
O’ yogi! Cry not at the door of the friend
Beg divine knowledge from those
who know but pretend to know not.

If you aspire to be an ascetic
then break off all relations (worldly)
Attach your soul to him who
“Neither begets nor is begotten”
So that you reach an ultimate objective
in the arena of love.

If you aspire to be an ascetic
then observe the traits of the guide
While going to the holy place
forget all desires
O’ yogi! O’ saint!
Search the Lord with extreme yearning.
If you aspire to be an ascetic
then abandon all the greediness
You should be the devotee
of the slave of the slaves
Execute malice and malevolence
with the sword of forbearance
So that O’ Yogi!
Your name is written amongst ascetics.

If you aspire to be an ascetic
then put yourself on the guide's track
O’ holy man! Bear all sorts of sufferings
with extreme pleasure.

(سر رامکلی داستان 4)
If you aspire to be an ascetic
then control the desires, and offset them
Kindle a glow in your heart
recite on the rosary with devotion
Accept his every desire with respect.

(سر رامشکلی، داستان 4)

If you aspire to be an ascetic
then drink from the cup of nothingness
Look and acquire nothingness
stand up with having no ego
O’ seeker! Then, you shall have
the opportunity to acquire.

(سر رامشکلی، داستان 4)
If you aspire to be an ascetic
then put rings to your mouth
Your ears have never been detriment
wherein you have put million slits
Leave off the cloth sheet
leather gridle or footwear do not suit you
O’ holy man! Then the Lord
will not be unfavourable to you.

Still being at the early stage
you are worn out by the journey
You have not met the Master
yet you wish for a reward
Fulfill the promise, always be faithful to the Beloved.

v. Materialism
I have forgotten the covenant with him
I even remember not its first line
I haven't fully read the relevant page.

I have dealt in imitation and falsehood,
I have contravened all pledges with Allah
My skeleton is filled to the brim with sins
O’ confused! Do you have any idea about this affair?
You have dealt in falsehood and imitation
get up and remember Allah
Purge all disloyalty from your heart
The Lord loves the truth
O’ precious soul!
glow a blaze of dedication within yourself
dealing that way would be worthwhile.

Those who traded the merchandise of truth
the reward is guaranteed to them in both the worlds
The Lord helped them to cross the entire ocean.
(سر سریراگ، داستان ۲)

Favour me with only that deal which is worthwhile
O’ Lord! Please help this helpless servant of yours
Without the help of the guide I can not reach my goal
kindly help cross my boat with kindness
from the ferocious waves.

و کسر و هوايين لوين، رنگ کتیسوئی گهرین!
یسنگو تنهمجویس تی جسر گالهانی بهصون
متن و جگائی مور، کتیسیو تنهمجو گهوریو.

(سر سریراگ، داستان ۲)

O’ trader! You have traded in a product like salt
but in return you ask for musk
Your life is about to end, do not lie
lest you may lose your own capital
even the profit thereon.

موهیندء مجاز گهیتین توری ذنپیدی
هتن دئ مباز، هاربا! تون حقیقت جو.

Materialism will deceive you sooner (سر آسا، داستان ۳)
or later
O’ imbecile! Let not the falcon of the Reality
Materialism will deceive and desert you some day
Your eyes are not to be relied upon.

Materialism will deceive and desert you some day
Your eyes are not to be relied upon.
vi. Prayers & Worship

A drop of love is precious, yearning is martyrdom
We are to worship, He is to bless us.

O’ steerman! You cannot be having both the ends
you are asleep near the helm entire night
tomorrow you shall be questioned about your deeds.

Seek to find Allah, sit not in ignorance
Always be vigilant as the lightening may flash at any time.
Neither the stars rest nor the rivers stop flowing
Taking it comfortably whatever comes before you
how can you assess your worth, sleeping the entire night?

On one end man proposes
on the other end the Master disposes
He would help the boat cross the river
keeping it afloat
and would help us reach a safe place!

On one end the man proposes
on the other end the Lord takes a decision
Extricating from the deep eddy is his miracle
Only He has the power to save
the drowning from the deep sea.
On one end the man proposes
On the other end Allah disposes
He himself traps the boat in a whirlpool
He himself takes it to the coast
All credit goes to Allah
who takes all to safe landing place.

On one end the man proposes
On the other end Allah disposes
He himself traps a boat in a whirlpool
He himself takes it to the shore
Even those boats reach at landing place
which had lost their way.
Die while living so as to perceive
the beauty of the Beloved
If you accept this submission, you would stand approved.

Die today before the time so as to be honoured
O’ seeker! So long you are alive
turn away from materialism
Get along with the Beloved
so as to derive pleasure of the Angel of death.

Die today before the time so as to be honoured
Do not put off the struggle by remaining static
Do not think to backing off
Even if you find no sign of foot prints
even then the pleasure lies in crawling to him.
Die today before the time so as to be honoured
O’ lover! Live not by remaining static
You will reach the Beloved after death.

Indeed fortunate are they
who die on the way (to the Beloved)
All others put up false pretension with the Lord.

Those who die before their death
they really die not so as to be called dead
They would live forever
having lived even before the resurgence.
Those who had lived even before this life
shall remain alive forever
They shall not die again
as they have died before their death (renounced).

O’ Life! You have bonds with many,
get away from me
O’ Death! Come with me so that I may follow you.

Those who recognize the call of the Lord
but respond not to the call
Why do they have false pretension with the Lord.
You pose yourself as the reciter of Kalima
the faith is not like that
Your heart bears deceit, disbelief and Satan (evil)
By face you appear to be a believer
inside you are an idol worshipper.

Your face is as pure as that of Moses
but the habits are as those of Satan
Why don't you throw out
such a crude rogue from your soul.

Your face is as pure as that of Moses
but the character is that of Satan
Why don't you throw
such worthless deceit from your innerself.
Worship is abandoned, and praise not uttered
Where the Lord is summoning none else is there
Only those drink from divine water
who have no limit to love.

Abandon not remembrance, nor enjoy sound sleep
if the love pangs are more today than were yesterday as

Worship not yourself fie O’ friend!
Avoid public recourse to you
O’ Ascetic! “abstain from hypocritical utterance
Annihilate thy self so that to reach your goal.
Worship not yourself
nor get yourself worshiped by others
Abandon the ego deliberately
    proceed in the eastern (divine) direction.

O’ ascetic! Maintain asceticism
Having people as your followers is a great woe
Running away from this world is not a joke
only the true seekers pass through.

How could you sleep? Shed tears and pass the night
Tomorrow your musical instrument (life)
shall be lying neglected on the ground.

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O' sleeping one! Awake, sleep not that much,
One can obtain no Sovereign Beloved just by sleeping.

You may sleep or wake up for some time
but sleep not too much
This world, which you consider
as a permanent abode
is just an afternoon dwelling.

O' Brother! They, who keep awake deserve appreciation
“They get the rust removed from their hearts,” says Latif
Get up early and make efforts as soon as you can.
Sleep will not benefit you, remember the Beloved
The life will pass away, and you will repent a lot.

O’ Simple man!
You make error of counting these few nights
Other nights that you shall pass alone
would be numerous.

O’ friends! I have suffered a lot
due to sleep
which has deprived me from my Beloved’s company.

The dawn has appeared, the night has passed
and the stars are dimmed
O’ imbecile! You have lost valuable occasion
and you will repent a lot.

پیچیده‌ی جهانیت، سامانیت، پسمانده‌ی آن
روشی جهانیت را، تسمی ذکرین کنی.
(سر دُهر، داستان 3)

O’ people! Do not consider as dew
what has dropped at dawn
These are the tears, which the night sheds
at the sight of the afflicted ones.

سپس جهیون راتیون سمجھی، جذبینی پیپچار
پانزدهی سپ چمار، سپن هوندا مان گهرین.
(سر دُهر، داستان 3)

You slept for full nights
and abandoned remembering the Beloved,
considering that the Beloved would be with you
for the rest of your life.
Eventually when I read the page of my union
I found you and only you therein
there was absolutely nothing else in it.

If by the first word, they don't understand
nothing would be achieved by narrating the whole story.

They read and read over again
but digest not in their hearts
They commit more sins
even after turning pages after pages.
Study the letter of “Alif” and forget all other pages
Purge your soul, reading pages won't benefit you.

So long they turn over the pages
the more they come across sins
What would you do to that vast knowledge

Making the body a mosque
the heart a chamber for contemplation
observe not only the forty days conventional meditation
Remember the Invisible (Lord) all the times
then you will know by yourself
that He is everywhere.
Why do you continue writing on papers wasting ink?
Seek directly your way to Allah
where from the manuscripts are primarily composite.

Do sketch the figure of Alif (A) in your mind
It will impart the knowledge of innumerable books.

The divine mystery not yet disclosed remains secret
What is revealed, none comprehends
It is genuine like gold, but people fail to understand.
The divine mystery not yet disclosed remains secret
What is revealed none comprehends
The godlike genuine enunciation is deserved
by those who are so destined.

If they criticize you, do not counter back
He, who starts aggression, will have to regret
The malicious, would gain nothing, at the end.

"Make your soul humble" says Syed
"and be soft like wax with everyone"
Self-restraint is a good reward
whereas malice yields nothing.

Even if you hear against you with your own ears
counter back not
that is the core of the Guide’s gentle warning
Those who annihilated the “self”
would be rewarded with precious jewels.

If your sorrows increase
in association with some one
you must quit that company
even if you receive substantial benefit.

If your sorrows lessen
in association with some one
go and live in their neighbourhood
by putting up a cottage besides theirs.

It is normal that everybody is good to the virtuous
but none is like you
who does well even to the bad and vicious.

Virtuous ones do well to others; wicked ones do evil
Whatever behaviour suits to each of them
they display that one.

Imitation and falsehood is accepted
where as the pearls are returned
I feel embarassed by offering the truth
in my possession.
The lapidaries working on the precious stones
are no more there
Their descendents don't care even for the lead
The iron smiths heat the alloy of tin there.

Fasten your raft while you are in shallow water
no none would be there to help in deep waters.

What you saw in the deep water (in this world)
narrate it on the riverbank,
Though the river width is wide
and the surf is in excess
yet your clothes should not get wet
Keep the Beloved in your mind
so that you may pass the river unscathed.

Both sides are weighty, my heart gets puzzled
If I stay, it would cause delay
my love would be put to blame
If I go out, it would be well known
I will be defamed in the locality
There, it would be fulfillment of promise
here the mates would condemn me.

While in your attempt to reach the dry land
if you die then do die such a death
Make not a raft of straws and sticks
do not rely on Them
There would not be any call of the beloved
nor any trace of the lover.

Behold those who do cross and reach
the other bank of the river
Trust the raft of reliance, and have confidence in Him
They shall not drown, who are in league with Allah.

While drowning the clever ones
clutch even at straws
“Behold the great humility”, says Latif
“these tender straws have
either they take the drowning person to the bank
or themselves drown in midstream with them.”
The unripe straw reed rescues
the drowning person from deep waters
“Either it pulls him up or breaks with a shriek”, says Latif
The above tale about the reeds is well known
Either they give support to the drowning
or accompany them in midstream.

The waves’ patterns are in millions
but the water is the same
Stop thinking about the deep sea
where there is no limit
and only exceptional love can lead you
Discard the search for safe jetties
you would then be near the Beloved.
The fault is not either of the reed or straw (سر سهخت داستان 9)
or the pen
The fates are destined there
where the human arm can not reach
Whom should I complain, so was the ordain penned?

If I attempt to swim please do help me
O' Lord! Enable me to cross by removing obstacles.

As are waves in the monsoon
sand particles in the desert
and hair on a molehill
Allah has but done more favours to me
than all of them.
Do not become elated due to prosperity
nor become depressed due to misfortune
Do not sacrifice your own house
nor build it over again
O’ afflicted one!
Do not attempt to die
and enliven not your existance.

Do not become elated due to prosperity
nor become depressed due to adversities
Do halt not nearby, nor go far off
O’ mates! It is hard for the seeker woman
to abstain from both courses.

Those who transferred their minds from here to there
they reached the Beloved
-an embodiment of beauty and wisdom
is less than a step away.

ویهـر وساري پـچا کـبر مـپند چی.

نـرمل نـهاری هـیندنِ تان هـت کیو.

(سر سسی آبری داستان 9)

Sit not in forgetfulness
inquire not about the distance
Only the ramblers having the distance
meet the Beloved. would

اوجه‌ا ی سونهن دیه گهفوتی زوریو.

سرگر ره سونهن پهتي سکان پندت سکری.

(سر سسی آبری داستان 9)

In the wilderness, the seekers wandered a lot
without a guidance
None has ever got on the track
to reach the goal without the guide.

کتیو کیتی هدیون گوان مبرد چیپـر کاـی.

ابل نـیما حیـفـر طلاـبـهـا کـلاب ای ـهنـین سـین لاـی.

(سر معذوری داستان 1)

The dog gnaws at the bones
a brave man consumes his own liver
Bear in mind “The world is a carrion
and its seekers are dogs”. 
Move out without possessions
forsaking all desires and greed
You can have no success in your love
just by remaining asleep and static.

Those laden with desires
bear piousness neither here nor there
Wealth doesn't but love does help you meet the beloved.

Whether you go fast or at the normal pace
not a bit short of destined shall be obliterated.
Whatever is written on the forehead
shall not be set aside
You have to endure
what Allah has written in the destiny.

جَنَّتِي جَبَّرِيْنِ، لَكِيْنَ لَوْحٌ قَالَهُ مَيْ
تَنَي تَنَيْرِيْنِ، غَهَارِنَ غَايِبُونَ

Whatever moments have been (سر معذوري داستان 5)
written
in the destiny
One has to pass those moments herein.

نَندُ، وَبَرِيَّتُي هُوَ، جِيَذْيُونَ جِهَرًا سَمْهُ
مَنْنَان مُونَ جِيَذْيُنْ بَيْنَ وَرِنْ وَاكُ كَكَرِبُتَ

Sleep is an enemy, O' my sisters!
Go not to sleep
lest like me, you may have to wander
amidst the treachrous mountains.

سَكَنٍّيْنَ سَكَنٍّيْنَ مَانَّيْنَ، غَونَدْرَ وَذَيْ وَاَتَتَ
بَشّيْيَيْنَ غَرْبَتَ، سَانَوَّ ظَجْيَيْنَ سُورَ جَوُ

For some persons grief is a precious commodity
One should be ready to bargin for grief.
So long, the afflicted ones do not gather
there is no howling till then
Others merely regret
only the really afflicted lament.

O’ mates! I would distribute my sorrows
if they were divisible
How can others understand?
Only those who are afflicted know better.

Detach not yourself from the caravan
during the journey through the passes
else you may fall behind and be unable
to trace the path of the companions.
You halt and delay the journey
it is not love's requirement
Eradicate all such correlation
which stop your progress.

Awful deeds always crop up from evils
O’ gracious Beloved! Return
whatever is worthy of you, do it from your side.

The human sense is bewildered
to comprehend the divinity
A blind person can not perceive
the beauty of Truth.
The human sense is astonished by the comprehension of the divinity.
A blind person can not perceive the signs of divine love.

The plebeian has no power to comprehend the divine
My love is a puzzle, which the blind can't understand.
They died disgruntled, they did not die as experts
Like a sparrow they picked up
tiny grains with their beaks
They were like bubbles in this valley (world).

Go and reach the journey
embarrass even the journeying ones
Hide yourself from the public
    and do hide from the hidden as well.

Every body hides from the public
but none can hide from the hidden
Every person is apprehensive
    about this scheme of things.
The divine seeking chords always vibrate
for the oneness of Allah
They do sing: “Allah is one and without a partner”
They are conscious even while sleeping
their sleep being like a prayer.

Keep quiet, move not the lips
close the eyes and cover up ears
drink water, fill not your stomach full
leave the hunger half satisfied
-If you do all this, you shall witness
the manifestation in your mind.
If you learn to perceive
you would see the truth in every thing
O’ disbeliever! O’ blind!
Do not have doubts in this connection.

Look within yourself, do not wander
in contaminated places like an animal
If your eyes fear the deep waters
it would be difficult to reach the shore.

Thwart all doubts of polytheism
which come in the way of your belief
That negation is better in which
you find the Truth.

My Beloved tied me up and put me
in the deep sea
Standing on the shore He warned me
not to get the clothes wet.

How can one, who is put in deep water
escape from getting wet?
O’ seeker! Please teach me the way to this secret.

You have no visualization of the Beloved
you are describing Him
It is not an eloquent talk
which is not said face to face.

There is neither the length nor breadth
nor any face and frame
It is possible not for the blind
to perceive the
It is entirely mountainous, gravel and sand
where the lovers reside
Their feet are busted into bits by the stones
O’ my Love! My darling!
Take care of me, a plebeian.

Where there is no sign of even a bird
the fire twinkles there
Who can kindle it there
except the spiritualists.

The wanderers set forth the foot on an irregular path
Where people get puzzled
the path to the Beloved starts there
Only a few out of a million know
the secret of that land.

سُوَّنَهُمْ وَرَسُوْبُ جَهَّا، مِيْنِجَهُمْ نَّصُمَكي هُوُيُ.
پُرُو تَنَهِّيٍّنَوْ دُوْهٍ، جَرِىٍّ جَهَّیٍّ دِوْهٍ نَّنَیٍّ.
(سر کاهوزیٔ داستان ۳)

The virtuous path has lots of snakes
there is no sweetness of honey on it
They will come to know
after they cross them both (the worlds).

جَهَنْگُل هَلْیا، سَیْ نُ هِلْیا، رَاه هَلْیا قَرِجن.
اُوُجَهْرُ سَیْ نُ بُیٍّ بِیْنِیٍّ جَنَّی٣ن جَنَّی٣ن.
(سر کاهوزیٔ داستان ۳)

Those who travelled to the jungle
were not perplexed,
Those on the highway may get robbed,
Only those are not misled
who renounce them both (the worlds).

وُر سَلاسِجی وَرِیْنَ، جَنَّی سَجَنْ هَیچَکَوُ.
سو مَانَگ اُنْقُرُ، جَنَّی کَورِ کِمازَهَیْیِن.
(سر کاهوزیٔ داستان ۳)

That deserted place is welcome
where the Beloved resides alone
Leave that place forever
where malafides may inhabitate.

Welcome is the dark night
wherein you miss the way
There you do not think about anyone
and you are also forgotten.

Dark night, bright day, light is his attribute
Where the Beloved Lord is, there is no colour or form.

You take the load of Reality even without
having a head
Listen to the call for divine knowledge with deaf ears
Perceive the manifestation of the Beloved as a blind one.
The people have changed their sincerities
now man eats the flesh of another man
O’ dear! Only the fragrance of good deeds
will remain in this world
Most of the people are hypocrites
    hardly a few sincere do remain.

Those who met the Beloved
became more radiant than the gem
These ascetics put up their abode
on profound sea of non-existence
The dumb cleared the whirlpool
with the divine intuition.
"These saintly beings, carry not any worldly desire with themselves", says Latif.
The identification mark of the ascetics is that they have renounced the world.

Since the meeting
I am relieved of the distress
He showed the straight path to the blind ones and those with no guidance.

Since I met and witnessed the selfless ascetics my mind, which was like a bud opened up into a blossom.
They have neither a coverlet nor a patchwork quilt, nor a piece of loin cloth. Wherever they take a step, the Lord is in front of them.

They have neither a coverlet nor a patchwork quilt, nor wear a loin cloth. The ascetics kindled a dull blazing fire in the waste land. Sounding their musical instrument, these divine ascetics went their way.

You ask about the past, why don't you get ready to go off O’ ascetic! Die today tomorrow every body will eventually die.
Those persons, who die before death
One do not forget the
These aficionados never sleep
on way to their spiritual journey
Their eyes are brightened
due to continuous awakening.

What you thought to be a tiny lamp
was the sun’s light
For the blind it is all darkness
even if the night may turn into a day.

To hell with the coverings, and
take drinking bowl too, burn them all
Where your meditation is set on
turn your eyes there
You should apprehend
the musical instruments might be evil.

Take up quilts and raiments
do away not with the drinking bowl
O’ heart! get wedded to asceticism
Why did they say
that the musical instruments may constitute
evil in some hands?

The speech of the ascetics is mysterious
their journey is very tiresome
and their walk is also puzzling
Finding its secret is like a strange prayer.
Wrap your heart with the patchwork quilt
put not on the routine dress
Shut yourself in a shrine
and absorb your own self into frenzy
O’ ascetic! Only then your fragrance
will be felt even in the deserts.

Hunger is alms for them
and dust as their incense
They have adopted such appearances
which the people feel ashamed of.

The guide gave me a quilt
which if I put off is a shame for me
How many benefits a follower can specify?

The guide gave me a quilt
which is a matter of pride for me
O’ follower! Sit head-over-heels
and wear it humbly.

I much like the guilt, which the guide gave (سر رامبکلی، داستان 9)
me
If one wears it humbly
it will take one to the destination.

Pedigree does not influence spiritual elevation
it is achieved only by hard work
The Lord often favours the innocents' behaviour
He who passes the night with the Lord
shall come across no sorrow.
O’ minstrel! Forget not the Lord (سر پریاتي، داستان 1)

even for a moment

solder your fiddle, play your silver chords

O’ bard! Approach and appeal to Him

with humility and submission.

There are lots of expert musicians
what can you do there?

Human deeds are full of faults

O’ Lord! You are the miraculous stone

I am merely an iron core

If only you touch me

I would be transformed into gold.
The good ones are afflicted 

the bad ones seem laughing a lot 

They have forgotten the job 

for which they have been sent (in this world).
The beautiful swan would be
where the water is deep

Only the ugly birds muddle in the swamp.

As you ponder, never be nervously amazed
Thereon get into the deep pure water
Walk not around the shore sides
look not on the filthy path.

O’ Swan! Why to accompany the ugly birds?
Leave aside dirt, drink only pure water
Don't even enter the swamp with them.
If once you live with the geese with grace
you would never again associate with the ugly herons.

You should live a chaste life
as against dishonourable burial of herons
O’ swan! Disclose not the communiqué to the herons
After having your union (with the Beloved)
divulge not to any shortsighted being.

Years passed that the pond dried
the footprints of the goose are still wet (with tears)
Such an unusual felicity is not possible for a heron
All swans are swans, none of them is impure
They make the pond fragrant
where they even pass a night.

ویا مور مرن؛ هنج نر اگهیکاری
وطن تیبو وری جکری کئیکری جو
(سر گکارا، داستان 1)

All peacocks are dead, not a single swan survives
Now the malicious Kanero birds
inhabit the mother-land only.

سویکی سویچ جروسو سر، سوئی هنج
پرپی جان پروتی مون پهنیجوئی منجیه
دئیل جنکه جو دئنجی، سوماری تومنجی لئی
(سر گکارا، داستان 2)

The bird and the cage are the same
the swan and pond too are one
Looking within myself I learnt the secret
The one who is heart broken
is the hunter within one's own self.

وگر گیو وتی، پرت نریجی پان پر
پسواپیکرتی، مارهنتی مییت گھشی
(سر دئهر، داستان 1)

They move about in flocks
they never break away their connections
The birds have better affection
than the human beings ever have.
The universe is clearly revolving around “I”
We do have no knowledge
the Magician has set up the magical feat such.

The entire universe is seeking the Beloved
whose actual fountainhead is His beauty
Those who have perceived that feat
could not utter a word.

Beloved the entire universe is seeking The
whose actual fountainhead is His beauty
Human beings have no knowledge
of this magical feat set up by the Magician.
طالب هکثر. سونهن سر، رومی چیبو آهم.
تازی جی لاهی. نن منجهین مشاهدو نئی.

(سر یمن حکبیان. داستان 5)

The entire universe is seeking the Beloved
whose actual fountainhead is His beauty
If they remove their veil of ignorance
they would find His manifestation
within their own selves.

طالب هکثر. سونهن سر، ای رومی چی رهان.
بهرين وچائين پایان. پسن یوه پرین کی.

(سر یمن حکبیان. داستان 5)

The entire universe is seeking the Beloved
whose actual fountainhead is His beauty
First annihilate your identity completely
thereafter is manifestation of the Beloved.

طالب هکثر. سونهن سر،ای رومی چی راحت.
جنین ذئی سبست. تنین چیبیو سکین چکی.

(سر یمن حکبیان. داستان 5)

The entire universe is seeking the Beloved
whose actual fountainhead is His beauty
Those who witnessed the truth
did utter not any word.
The entire universe is seeking the Beloved
whose actual fountainhead is His beauty
If you break open the door of severance
you would find His manifestation within yourself.

The whole universe seeks your patronage
your grace has no limits
I can not be spared if justice done
until you grace me with compassion.

When they applied red antimony in the eyes
they could see all around as bright crimson.

When they applied white antimony in the eyes
they could see the universe as pure as white.

فاني چی فانتزی، دنیا دوره هیچکاری

لندی لوزمر لب‌های سبیل، جورنتندی، جانی!

سکوت هم اسکویی، آخر سر سیاه‌هیبه.

(سر برووسندی داستان 2)

Perishable, yes perishable it is,
the world is not even for a single moment
O’ dear! They will prepare your grave
by pressing earth with their feet
A spoke and a reed, are everybody's fate.
x. Arena of love

The lovers are habitual to poison taking
When they see the poison, they get thrilled
They are accustomed to the bitter and deadly wine
Their falling in love
has completely annihilated them, says Latif
Though they suffer from the wounds
even then they expose no secret to the public.

The true lovers never think of preserving their heads
“They sever their head ending their life”, says Latif
After servering heads from their shoulders
they ask for love's favours.
Those poor love-stricken persons
They bear the pain gracefully
they believe not in half way
but look to the last stage (union)

The love-stricken persons are always in pain
they quietly bear it and do not divulge
They seek this affliction again and again.

The un-inflicted know not the condition
of the inflicted ones
How do the love stricken persons live?
They get roasted for the Beloved
and weep for union with him
Those who yearn for the Beloved
sleep not but pass the night in tears.

In the arena of love, O’ lover! Be a target
“The arrows received on your front”
“would make a sieve of you”, says Latif
Utter not a word lest it may push you away
at a distance from the Beloved.

The true lovers have set their foot
on the arena of love
It is their decoration to be beheaded
and be torn from limb to limb
I saw them offering themselves in sacrifice for the Beloved.

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While in the arena of love
diffuse the echo to a silence
Let your head be on the gallows
trunk on battlements but never ever grudge
Love is a dreadful snake
only those who are bitten would know it.
Love is a dreadful snake
only those, who are bitten would know it.

Dash impulsively to the arena of love
O’ ideal lovers! Discard all worldly desires
Love is a dreadful snake
only those who are bitten would know it.

The lovers have the love of Allah in their mind
the Beloved’s yearning is always in their bodies.

The lovers never forget Allah
While sighing, they might breathe their last.
The lovers never relax
A single accusation of the Beloved
can finish them off.

Either learn the yearning or observe the yearning ones
Do not side with those who don't recon love.

Watching carefully, the lover entered the midstream,
The test for union is:
“It is right to sacrifice life
at the feet of the Beloved!”.
O’ Allah! May you help cross them to
who swim at night time.
Watching carefully, the lover entered the midstream
And crossed like those who
"Stand before Allah the Lord with fear"
Those who yearn for their Beloved
shall not be prevented by any danger
O’ Allah! May you help them to cross
who swim at night time.

There is nothing like a heart full of love
The pseudo lovers merely stand on this side
and ask for a raft or support
The true lovers find the river a mere stream
and swim without a raft and support
Their yearning helps them reach the Beloved
Those who seek the Beloved
are not prevented by any eddy.
The intense love serves as a raft for the lovers
Those who yearn for the Beloved
consider river water just like a millstone.

Offer not the raft to those who have intense love
Never ask for a boatman for meeting the Beloved.

O’ lover! Abandon those desires, which may entice you
The pseudo lovers just flirt, without the Beloved
It is a serious blunder to pass days with his rival.
Intensive love is where the current moves to
Its course flows tumultuously in that direction
“The lover may be helped to meet
the Beloved amidst the waves”, says Latif.

I do restrain my love within me but in vain
sacrificing my life, I enter the stream
Those who have the Beloved in their heart
only they have the right to proceed.

Even if you were to drown, touch not the Beloved’s raft
Tomorrow he will say, “I got you crossed”.

Even if you were to drown
depend not on the Beloved’s raft
If you want to meet him
take the anti-current course
Put the step in the direction
where there is nothingness.

Standing by the bank of the river
the lover reproaches the river
“How could you drown my beloved?
O’ River! I will complain against you
on the Day of Judgment.”

Where eddies stir up, and the river is in erosion
Where swimmers can not find the depth
and people on jars can not calculate the fathom
Where expert swimmers on floats dare not enter
How do you dare to enter? O’ lover!
I miss all those for whom my body yearns
But it is the Beloved
who has fastened my heart unto himself.

I knew not that it was risky to enter the river?
How could it be averted
what is destined by Allah?
It was my fate, and also love
which threw me in the whirlpool.

There is neither a limit to the anguish
nor a limit to the yearning
The love can not be measured
it alone knows its limits.
Love is limitless, listen before you approach it!
It has neither the beginning nor any end.

Sweetheart! Come near, go not far away
I am tired a lot in the wilderness
Raising my arms I cry
The pains shall surely kill me, kindly return!

Sweetheart! Come near, go not far away
Trust me, until I see you
I would not get tired, neither would I return
Unless you show the face
to this wretched one, I am to die.
Sweetheart! Come near, do not depart
Blemish not the wretched one of severance
leaving within me a tiger of love.

Sweetheart! Come near, do not depart
Blemish not the wretched one of severance
Beloved! Reach me, so that I may not die.
O' Sweetheart! In the name of Allah forget me not
My heart remembers and yearns for you.

O' Love! Forsake me not, I don't have patience
I lookout for you, Sweetheart! Do come.

Those who have a cupful of love in the souls
They are burning in such a fire
that they endure endless grief
The destitutes move in wilderness
where there is no limit to it
They are always in the mid stream of love
yet they die of thirst.
Those perceiving the dazzling beauty
had a sip of love
Their passion and yearning thereby
became more acute
They are always in the mid stream of love
Yet their thirst is never quenched.

Those who have love in their soul
have excessive thirst
Take a cup of thirst
to increase the thirst with that very thirst
O’ Beloved! Serve me the drink yourself
so that I may quench my thirst by thirst.
They are always in the midstream of love
yet thirst is in their souls
Perceiving of the Beloved always calls for (journey to) wilderness
They are always in the midstream of love
yet their thirst is never quenched.

All are wishful, none would accept hunger
To stride this journey is not the job
for all and sundry
Accompany me only those
who attach no value to their life.

If the flame (love) of has been kindled in you
fan it to the sky
Desert all the possessions that you have here
Worldly affairs should only be for self-renunciation.
The ingenious have crossed the mountain
Those laden with desires are dragging
“Without yearning for the Beloved they face frustration”, says Latif

The wretched one requested the Death angel
“If you come, I would offer today, tomorrow’s prostration!”
Either take away my soul or unite this wretched one with the beloved.

Either reunite the wretched one or kill her
Show the Beloved at least once to this afflicted one.
Have only the locals as in-laws
aliens cannot be loved ones
They would pack up and pack off
to their native place, any time
After the Beloved having left
you also give up staying therein.

What benefits separation bestows
are not achievable by the union
After coming to my abode
the Beloved separated himself from me.

Some persons view grief
as a precious commodity
One should carry adequate resources
to trade in grief.

سپسکن ساتی دیبان. سر بن دیبان ست.
چی مون مزی مت. تو ره، و هایان هیچ‌گزرو.

(سر حسینی، داستان 6)

I would give hundred pleasures in bargain
I would also give my life in bargain
if he is to meet me that way
I would accept pangs and pains in exchange.

مسیس! سر مبیان! مسیس وچ مرتین.
پورهیت تی پران. بایی جام پنهن؟ جی.

(سر حسینی، داستان 9)

If I die, I would be famous among my mates,
I wish to be just a servant
in close proximity of the beloved.

نحکی تی چیان! نحکی منی آهیان!
ساجن! ساء دیبان. تونکی ساریوسیرین!

(سر حسینی، داستان 9)

Neither I do live nor am I dead
O’ Beloved! I wish to tender my soul
while remembering you.

تونجی گناهان می. تمحکاله تی گذنی پیرین؟ کی.
سکدن سکان سنی. تمحکا سگنی گدنی سجیلین.

(سر حسینی، داستان 9)
If you had died yesterday
you would have met the Beloved then
None has ever met the Beloved
while having been in good health.

If you had died yesterday
you would have met the Beloved then
None has ever met the Beloved
while having been in good health.

I am to die sooner or later
let me die in his way
so that the Beloved may become
the cause of my death.

Put an accelerated step
disclose not even little symptoms of fatigue
The grief is an embellishment for those
who have a desire for the Beloved.

Never cease calling the Beloved
repeat calls after calls
May be you get response while on your way.
I don't know, what happened? Where am I going?
The hands, wrists and fingers I would clinch
to wreck them all
The celebration is on in other houses
whereas I have lost the Beloved.

Calls after the calls, echo among the trees
It is a long way to the Beloved
may be he hears them all.

Neither any talk nor any discourse is there
nor even any casual reference to love
No one talks of love any more
may be the poor love has moved out.
Take not the name of love
there are different ways of love
Dissociate not yourself from sorrows
bargain for more of pains.

My heart has been fastened to the Beloved
It has become so entwined
that it gets not untwined willingly.

No seekers of love (divine) are there
otherwise love is always there
I search so but there seems a famine
the true seekers have taken it away.
The talk of love is only with those who are the seekers of true love.
Love is never available on a shop so as to find it when you wish.

I wander in unbounded space
I find no limit of my Lord
The Beloved’s beauty too cannot be limited to any length and breadth
Here I yearn abundantly while there the Beloved is not concerned.

Even if the wicked ones came to know
what would they do to me?
It is no offence to look at the Beloved
The arrow of love has pierced me through
which has made me to shed tears of blood.

اًلاً! كر جنين مدی جنين جي من پر
ا،سان پرين جون مرادون پسن.
تهان پوه مرن سؤي انهی سور پر.

O’ Allah! May the wicked ones live
even though they have bad intentions
Let them live and see
Let mine and the Beloved’s desires
Let accomplished
Thereafter they may die of that agony.

گندی، تیہند ن سیجی، نده ن پچی ماهی.
سک چنی پر سکنہ، نگ سما چوگ سجیہین.

Neither love can be baked in an earthen silo
nor can meat be cooked on husk
How can immature love have
union with the Beloved?

ستوئی سبجی گھرین، جفا د کئین ن جان.
صلح رئی سیبیان، متنان نونئین ن چڑھہین.

You wish to have the bridal couch
but put yourself to no hardship
without prior accord with the Beloved
you would make yourself blameworthy.

They alone shall enjoy the bridal couch
who are at peace with the Beloved
and are “steadfast in their belief and righteousness”
They shall be duly adorned for marriage. (union)

As I recollect, I revitalize my love with him
All my hair and all my veins throb
like the chords of a violin.

“Love can neither be described nor expressed”, Says Latif
The fate asserts itself
and the eyes shed violent flow of tears

O’ Heart! Have patience
the Beloved departed yesterday.

Love is such that it puzzles even the stalwarts,
The lovers wander in the mountains
during day, and weep the entire night
they talk about the Beloved, every moment.

Everybody pretends and proclaims
to be a true friend indeed
You can only know the worth
when you are in need.

Internally they are in the blaze of love,
externally dealing with dust,
Having chosen a cave (in solitude)
they have shun falsehood, vice and evil
They go not near to bad, they do a lot of good
More they love, the more they become pure
more they are inflamed, the more they are happy.

Pledge your love with Him
who is present at good and bad places
Do not carry on with such a being
with whom it does not last to end
Never deviate from the path of love
fulfill it as a unique one.

The lotus plant’s roots are deep in water
the bumble bee flies in the air
The Providence satisfies the desire of both
Their love deserves credit
which brings both of the lovers together.
The lotus plant’s roots are deep in water
the bumble bee flies in the wilderness
This is the sign of love that they converse
Though both continue to drink from love
yet their thirst never satiates.

Those who take no rest are the true lovers
They roam in wilderness to find the way
with instruments on their shoulders.

Many others have consorts
but mine is an immense wealth for me
Keeping his hand over me
he has covered my faults.
Many others have consorts
but mine has great vision,
Even if he sees me sin with his own eyes
He would not let me down before others.

Many others have consorts
but mine has unique forbearance
Even if he sees me sin with his own eyes
he covers it with kindness.

Many others have consorts
but mine has supreme magnificence
Even if he sees me sin with his own eyes
He would not expose it to others.
xi. Arrow of the Beloved

He who kills you, looks after you
and also summons you nearer
Beloved has adopted this trait
at all times like a surgeon
who cuts to give health to your heart

The universe is like a palace
with a million doors and a billion windows
Where ever I look I find my Beloved before me.

First sever your head with the knife
then imagine of love
Make your body to vibrate
like a musical organ for love’s sake
Let your flesh roast on burning iron bars
if you claim to be a true lover.

The fault lies not with the knife
as its handle is in the hand of the person
Perceiving the will of the Beloved
the iron knife shakes away
Lovers have all the time thoughts of the Beloved.

May the knife not be sharp
rather let it be blunt
That way my Beloved’s hands
would be touching me for a longer time.

The Beloved’s knife can only sever the skin and bones
whereas the lovers sever their heads
as sacrifice for Him.

If you have learned to be a lover
do not groan when the knife is applied
Do not let the people know of the pain
caused by the Beloved
Preserve and consider this distress as a blessing.

Stay, if ready for the sacrifice or else go your way
This world belongs to those
who hold the knife in their hands.

I am involved in love
with those who hold the knife
I would move my foot ahead
to the path of love
Putting my head on the chopping block
I wish the Beloved would behead me.

It is not the trait of true lovers
to preserve their heads
A single moment with the Beloved
is far superior to hundred lives
This body of flesh and skin
is not worth a sip of the Beloved’s love.

If in exchange of the head
union with the Beloved could be had
every one would aspire for that
If sacrificing heads could be a bargain
all lovers would have done so
The precious Beloved is achievable
only through good fortune.
I do not like to be with physicians,
The Beloved is the only remedy
of my present condition.

In confidence they inquired
about the causes and effects of love
Prescribing hard remedy for this pain
eventually, I was advised patience in the matter
Thereafter, I am yearning for a salutation.

The Beloved's talk is sweeter
than the sweets, nothing is bitter
Even silence is like a salutation
from the Beloved's side.
Those whom you remember
they too remember you
Apprehend the reality that
“If you remember me, I will remember you”
It is the Beloved’s trait
to carry a knife in his hand
and talks to you sweetly.

The Beloved once beckoned me graciously
I have talked about it repeatedly
for the rest of my life.

Even if the Beloved calls to kill you
or he may kill and thereby call you
Keep not yourself away from love's spear
O’ lover!, proceed without self-consciousness
straight in the face of death.

The rejection by the Beloved
is actually your acceptance by him
This unusual trait actually evokes more love
Never give up the hope
as breaching and connecting are his attributes.

O’ ignorant physician! Why do you brand my skin?
as I am already in bodily distress
You force me to take the (bitter) potion
Those who deem the gallows a bridal bed
death is spiritual revelation for them.
I wish not to be cured
The Beloved may perhaps visit me some day
to inquire about my ailment.

If you learn to have the company of physicians
you will certainly be healthy
O’ afflicted one!
You will have to abandon old habits
so as not to be tormented.

The physician tried his medicines
and other remedies on me
The Beloved will merely look at me
and give me a merciful medicine
Whosoever is looked after by the Beloved
he is surely relieved of his pain.
Being in the company of the physicians
how did you get physically crippled?
Why did you not exchange your head
for the treatment (of your affliction)?

Love is not a sport
wherein the immature may pander to
It will devastate and breakup the body
soul and your life
Throw your body on the spear point
so that you may be cut into pieces.

O’ lover! Crouch in the lane of the Beloved,
Never be taxed to leave his door
He would grace you
with the medicine of compassion
You would be cured of wounds
O’ Beloved! I can subsist not without you
how can you subsist?
O’ lover! Crouch on the route of the Beloved
He will approach to inquire
about you with affection
He who is the source of enormous compassion
will guide you on to the way.

O’ lover! Crouch at the Beloved’s doorstep
The Beloved will inquire and take care of you
He who has enormous compassion
will guide you on to the way.

O’ lover! Crouch at the shop of the Beloved
Modestly do surrender yourself
to him with head bowed
You may then be happy with him for ever.

O’ lover! Crouch at the track of the Beloved
He will himself offer you wine from divine tavern
Do keep not your self away from him
after getting closer to him.

Frequent visits to the Beloved’s door
would be an immature act
O’ Stupid man!
Don’t purposelessly visit the beloved’s locality
Be not ignorant to share love secrets with any passersby
The Beloved will change your sorrows to pleasure
Talk secretly to share love with him.
O’ Beloved! If you inflict me
with the kindness of love
I would not consult a physician
rather would aspire to live with the wound.

If you want to meet the Beloved
learn the traits of thieves
It is a pleasure for them to keep awake
they have no rest during the entire night
Having full knowledge of their exploit
yet they divulge it not
while heading to the gollows
they narrate not the secret
even if cut with daggers.
Where the Beloved shoots an arrow of love
there the physicians feel baffled
and forget all of their knowledge.

O’ Beloved! Strike by raising the hand
do desist not to favour me
If I die of the wound caused by you
I shall be honoured.

O’ Beloved! Strike by raising the hand
it is my heart’s silent prayer
If I cry people would know
I can’t bear patience as well
How would I express to others
that the beloved has himself struck me.
O’ Beloved! Strike the arrow
raising your hand, aiming precisely
with this pretext I would then fall in your lap
In that way I may get the opportunity
to be near you O’ Beloved!

If the Beloved sets the arrow in the bow
hold your chest as a shield
Relish the cuts and pains on the front
bestowed by your Beloved
Have no doubt about the gallows
be the true lover so as to achieve magnificence.
If the Beloved sets the arrow in the bow
offer your chest as a shield
Stand firm to his arrows on your front
Never think to retreat
be true lover so as to achieve the magnificence.

You are the Beloved
You are the physician
You are the medicine for my pain
O’ Beloved! There is abundant pain in my heart
O’ Lord! Bless the patients with convalescence.
You are the Beloved
You are the physician
You are the sole medicine for ailment
The medicine to my heart is your sweet words
I beseech you for relief
so that no other is referred to
for treatment of my ailment.

You are the Beloved
You are the physician
You are the medicine for the fallen
You cause ailments and you cure them
You indeed are the guide O' God
It is really surprising as to why you bring
other physicians for my treatment.

You are the Beloved
You are the physician
you give the medicine for all sufferings
O' Lord! You cause ailments
and you cure the patients
Medicines can heal only when you so wish.

O’ Beloved! Aim not the arrow
of your bow at me so as to kill me
you are within me
your arrow might strike your ownself.

Pseudo lovers never face the bows
rather they avert the beloved’s arrows
Those offering as the target
succumb to the very first arrow

The Beloved! is manifestation of grace
due to His own goodness
He, the compassionate would never
rapproch on face to face
I always commit sins
but the Beloved does goodness.

O’ Allah! When will you unite me
with the beloved during lifetime?
The minds of the seekers are puzzled
My beloved is far away
whom should I tell my secrets in confidence?

My heart has remembered the beloved
where could he be at the moment?
O’ beloved! Would you come and grace me
with your feet on my bed
It is time to share love secrets
Whom should I tell my secrets in confidence?
The plants have blossomed
northern wind is blowing, please come back
O’ Beloved! for your sake
I have offered hundreds of commitments.

The shrubs and the plants have budded
even bad reeds have blossomed
O’ beloved! How could you forget to return?

Enliven me with the talk of my beloved
Rebuild my heart
which is broken like the turret of the fort.

O’ heart! Go and check the abode of the beloved
Kiss and again kiss that doorsill of the beloved.
O’ mates! If they return to my courtyard
it would be happiness for me
For the beloved I would sacrifice gems and jewels.

Those who beheld
the face of the beloved even once
They could not sleep soundly
in union with their husbands
And they entered the water and rushed
into the eddy even without jars.

O’ mates! If all of you were to behold
the beloved as I have
you would sleep not soundly
beside your husbands
and would go into the water
with jars even ahead of me.

جیسکی ذنومان سوجی ذنوجیدین.

گهر ورنین سنان هوند گهفن گهوری چندیا.

(سر سهفی داستان 1)

If my coevals were to behold him
as I have done
many of them would have sacrificed
their houses and husbands.

جبیر لوهک چھپ سکری دزوجاک نہویں
اوہیر اچھو سرتیون پسھ پریان جوبویں.
جب کچو جونر کشو تمرک پانیان مہفو.

(سر سهفی داستان 5)

When every one is in deep sleep
none being awake
O' sister! Thoughts of the beloved engross me
If someone has to tease me
I am proud of that taunt.

ہیمنگزی حجون چھڈیوں. قوت رہیم ھکان.
مون ذی مونتج مون پرین! ساهز جام سجاون!
آہیان گھمتا جان پر، پلیرا سپیرین!

(سر سهفی داستان 8)

The heart doesn't argue
I have no strength left
O’ all knowing beloved! Return for my aid
O’ gracious beloved!
Reconcile with this ignorant one.

If the Beloved meets on the Day of Judgment
it would be considered quite near
The good news of the union
still seems quite far away.

No home and spouse nor any possession
only the Beloved is in my mind
With this expectation to meet him
I get up early morning to adorn myself
O’ Beloved! I would some how manage
to encounter you.

I have cherished
neither from maternal nor paternal relations
I have had numerous favours
from the Beloved's side.

The immature seekers stood on both sides
but the current did not subside
Only those dare to enter the water
who happily retain the image
of the Beloved in their mind
Creek is just one step for those
who remember him.

Those who dare to enter, make it
Plunge fearlessly into the raging river
you will meet the Beloved ready with a float.

Those who kept their eyes focused
on the face of the Beloved
even without a float, they enter the raging river
The current would never drown them.

What you consider as mere poems
are in fact Verses (Quranic)
They link your soul with the Beloved (Lord)

Sooner or later
I got to go to the beloved
O God! Waste not the labour of the labourers
Be gracious to me so that
I may meet the beloved in my lifetime.

Whosoever wants to go to the Beloved
the way thereto is not easy
Accompany me me only those
who attach no value to their life.

Close to water are their huts
yet the fools die of thirst!
The Beloved is their breath
yet they cannot find him
They know not their aim
but cry like afflicted ones.

My heart is not at rest
It can't rest without the Beloved?
He has knotted my heart
with a strong thread of love
My heart, body and the property
now belong to the Beloved.
All seek to always love the Beloved
Why would the pretending ones envy the lovers
Those who die in the way of the Beloved
are indeed fortunate ones.

By sitting you get no relation
by sleeping you find no association
Those will win over their love
who scarifice their bodies
Even knowing about the hurdles
they still move to reach the Beloved.

By sitting you get no relation
by sleeping you can't have the Beloved
Those seekers who weep on the tracks
can get to the destination.
My mind has no peace after the Beloved’s departure
O’ Allah! Bring them back who gave me a taste of love.

My mind has no peace after the Beloved’s departure
His longing acquainted me with the taste of love.

My mind has no peace after the Beloved’s departure
The loved one has given me the taste of love.

My mind has no peace after the Beloved’s departure
I will explore the mountains to find the Beloved.
Call none except calling the Beloved
Take no journey except to him
Endure not hardships except for him
Weep not except weeping for the Beloved.

My body parts are in ache
the soul also longs for the beloved
sufferings given by the beloved personally
subside not even during sleep
I welcome such pains
which otherwise kill the people.

While striding towards the Beloved
the Infidels get fatigued
The stones become soft for those
who wander for the Beloved
All mates seem to be
on the same path of love
O’ seeker! Do become bits of flesh
so that the dogs of the Beloved may eat you.

 EVEN IF THOUSANDS OF THORNS PRICK IN MY FEET
 EVEN IF TOES BECOME UNBENDING (STIFF)
 AND ROCKS TEAR THE FEET
 I SHALL NEVER WEAR ANY SHOES
 WHILE ON WAY TO THE BELOVED.
With hands, feet and knees
crawl to the Beloved with your heart
Be truthful in Love with him, till you live
match none alike to your Beloved.

Advance with hands, feet and knees to the Beloved
O’ maiden! Never give up
the thought of the Beloved
The lover’s only tribute
is his love for the Beloved
Even if you meet thousand others
match none alike to your Beloved.

With hands, feet and knees and with your head
advance to the Beloved
There is no aide in between
your Beloved is near
Have determination
match none alike to your Beloved.

Advance with hands, feet and knees
and keep your watch on the Beloved
March to the Beloved, speed up!
Even if you have thousand others
match none alike to the Beloved.

With hands, feet and knees
and even with every breath
crawl to the Beloved
The Beloved will meet you on the way
and the guide will take you forward
So long you breathe
match none alike to your Beloved.
Even if deterred by the Beloved
I cannot live without seeing him
I am handicaped till I find him
I have forsaken the Day of Judgment
and can not wait for the promise
I can not survive till tomorrow
either unite me or get me killed.

I will leave for the Beloved just now
sacrifying other considerations
I am to sacrifice my life and soul for him
He should come today
I refuse to wait till tomorrow.
O’ seeker! Doubt not
Seeing is better than imagining
Be his slave, fetch water
and fear not of the mountain passes
A moment with this Beloved
is better than twelve months with others.

O’ Allah! May they come
whose visit brings happiness to heart
Somehow, if I may succeed to behold
the dwelling of the Beloved
I may crossing the passes may I hear their voice
If I encounter the Beloved
I would like to be his slave.
The mountains have uneven and rough steps
My cry would surely reach the ear of the Beloved
It is my duty to cry and call
and the Beloved's privilege to heed.

O’ Beloved! May you extend grace
and send me greetings
Your love has affected my body
my hands refuse to attend to any work
My eyes are allergic to sleep
O’ Friend! I can not tolerate separation
while you pass time at strange land.

I exchanged a hundred pleasures
for a moment of true love
That led me to behold
the footprints of the Beloved.
Knife has not killed me
my mind is cut by the distress
O’ Coevals! I am killed by that pain
which does not let me to live.

You halt and delay the journey
and make inquiries from others
O’ feebleminded!
How do you expect to join the Beloved?

I am neither in relation, nor am I fit to be a relative
a lowly person, not a match for the Beloved.

O’ mates! All the others are
in relationship with the Beloved
I am contented with his love only
Bearing in my mind the word of the Beloved
I cherish his love
I do merit not any relationship.

Those who saw the Beloved
consider returning as blame worthy
It is honour for the wretched ones to die
on the path to the Beloved.

Those who saw the Beloved
they made him an ornament for their neck
How can others assess the worth of this alchemy?

Sorrows are the beauty of joys
let joys be scarified over sorrows
Thanks to the pains
which brought the Beloved to me.
I am indisposed today

O’ Allah! I may not get alright
I may crawl and weep along the road
taken by the Beloved and his companions.

The silence of the Beloved will finish you
shed not the bloody tears
O’ maid! Give up not the hope
egoism may make you lose the Beloved.

Those will be together even after death
with whom is the attachment during life
Those who can not see the Beloved here
how will they behold him there?
I thought I had advanced on the path of love
but love is still far away
Now I wish to die, not to live.

As are the rose flowers, like are their dresses
Their hair have fragrant oil from jasmine flowers
While seeing their beauty, love gets intoxicated
No words could praise, the beauty of the Beloved.

I kept the candle burning
till the first glimmer of dawn appeared
O’ beloved!
Return in the name of Allah as I am dying
Longing for you, I have sent ravens to you.

I kept burning lamps with fragrant oil
till the Muezzin’s morning call
Perhaps the Beloved has been detained
in the desert due to some emergency
O’ beloved! Get onto the saddle and do come to me
I have sent out numerous ravens
in different directions to make you come.
O' Beloved! I had not the correct sense
I committed numerous lapses,
which I shall face up tomorrow.

O' Beloved! I had not the correct sense
I committed lapses in this world
which I would face hereafter.

I shall be bound with you if you forgive my faults
My Beloved!
Expose not the faults that you have overlooked.
If the beloved were to come
to my house as a guest
I would put my ego and arrogance in flames
I would also throw my pride into the oven
and would sacrifice my self
all relations and belongings for love.

How can I forget the Beloved
who is present in my mind since the Day
when the first Covenant was ratified
or even earlier than that!
“He neither begets nor is begotten”
The poor girl is helpless
she may die today or tomorrow
while remembering the Beloved.
who is always present in my mind?
I cannot behold the Beloved
and “there is nothing similar to Him”
My Beloved has his dwelling in “Nothingness”.

I lament and languish
since my kinsmen have been away
O’ Allah! Let some camel rider bring
the good news of the loved ones
so that my heart may stop mourning,

Why should I wash my clothes?
I shall attend not any marriage
The Beloved is not with me
for whom should I wear clean clothes?

I shall definitely not have another consort
the rag wearer is alright
He may be poor, yet he is in my heart.

The favours of my Beloved are not few
How can one measure his graceousness.

The secret of the Beloved is unknown
O' heart! Neither argue nor get confused
Lest you may drift away from the Beloved.

Discuss not about the Beloved
whom you can only visualize
Call it not a dialogue
when He is not face-to-face with you.
With every breath I identify
and with respiration perceive Him
These two occasions, my soul enjoys.

The Beloved’s ways are perfect
but people call them confusing
It is indeed difficult to solve
the puzzled ways of the Beloved.

The way of the Beloved is not comprehensible
It is unheard, unseen
It really causes perplexity to the senses.

I did disclose not the desire
of my heart, not even to my breath
I kept secret my love for the Beloved from all
It got exposed some how
and the Beloved came to know about it.

Laatu Jowria, manjeen tumaj biy.

Sawaajheenyh skathan, jahneh surnindz, mshereen?

(سر رپ داستان 1)

Just as the grass grows in barren lands after a rainfall
the sorrows have the similar behaviour
when the Beloved separates.

Jawa n sego dinhen, heingetwa oni. wag jeen.

Mun perjan sibin dinhen, jahenn hkaaren n hkeeno.

(سر رپ داستان 1)

What had been kindled inside me is burning as a blaze
How can it be put off
which is being fanned by the Beloved?

Jawa n sego dinhen, heingetwa oni. wag jeen.

Mun perjan sibin dinhen, jahenn hkaaren n hkeeno.

(سر رپ داستان 1)

Just like a herd of grazing camels
my heart is not at one place
I fell in love with the Beloved not to break it later.

Laheenan ji n jeenah, allaha a namirwan.

Mazheen manjeerah, ji, mehingojin siban.

(سر ساموندي داستان 2)

O’ Allah! May he not forget me
whom I always remember
My heart is entwined with him from inside.

I do restrain (my heart) every moment
but it can not survive without the Beloved
The more I appease it
the more it becomes depressing.

I live by recollecting your dialogues, Beloved!
How many favours of yours should I count
as these are countless?

When I remember the Beloved
he moves my heart
I try to forget him but in vain
his face is engraved in my soul.
Just as an oar creates many swirls in water
similar number of times, I think in mind
as to, how to meet him!

Beloved! Learn to love from the kiln
It burns for the entire day
yet no vapour comes out of it.

O’ Beloved! while remembrance, if you come to me once
I would place my eyelashes under your feet
and would stretch my hair as your bed
O’ darling! I would be a maidservant all of my life.
Some though close but are far off
while others so far seem very close
Some are never remembered
while some are never forgotten
Just as curve-horned buffaloes entangle
the beloved is bound with my heart.

The people demand wealth
I always desire for the Beloved
I would sacrifice entire wealth for him
Mere mention of his name delights me
what to talk about his manifestation.

One should have only one Beloved
Never have many of them
though hundreds may aspire
Those are the whimsical persons
who try to find love at every door.
O’ Allah! Kindly blow that wind
which may facilitate my union with the Beloved
While sitting on the passing through way
my heart is not giving up the hope.

xii, *Eyes to behold the Beloved*

O’ trees! Grow not denser
O’ mountains! Grow not higher
O’ eyes! Shed no tears
as I am for the footprints of the Beloved.
Weep, forget the fun, understand counsels of the leader
You had the union of the Beloved for a few days.

Weeping is a pleasure, laughter is heart burning
The eyes will rest after meeting the Beloved.

My eyes did nothing
they did not shed the tears of blood
While standing, they simply gazed
at the departing Beloved.

Look with eyes full of compassion
so that my sufferings may vanish
I am on the look out
to have a tête-à-tête with the Beloved
O’ Beloved! Take a chance to visit me
to enjoy the quilts and pillows.
Come to dwell in my eyes
so that I may lovingly close them
The world may not see you
and I may perceive none else.

The eyes have indeed strange habits
They procure pains for the sake of strangers
They entangle in love there
where no other tool is effective.

My eyes are still where you left them
These submissive eyes glance not anywhere else
Were they to default
I would offer them as food to ravens.
My eyes seem to have seen something somewhere
They are automatically attracted
towards that direction.

My eyes seem to have seen something elsewhere
They have become lunatic
having fallen in the intensive love
“Thereafter they have never slept soundly”, says Latif.

My eyes have beholden something today
“The Beloved so honoured me that
my eyes emit red sparkles”, says Latif.
My eyes did behold something yesterday  
The Beloved’s beauty made them sparkle  
They became contented after seeing the Beloved.

My eyes weep and wait  
for the daily manifestation of the Beloved  
The more they see the Beloved  
the more they become ecstatic.
even then they long for him
They wish to always be on this face.

My eyes have strange ways
I only see the face of the Beloved
even if the rival stands before me.

The eyes never ever had any rest
All the time the roasted ones
were in the midst of fire in the furnace.

My eyes suddenly got me entangled
They made me entangle there
where no argument is possible.
My eyes did not get my prior consent
before advancing in love
They entangled where there is no argument
Poor heart waits, weeping on the Beloved’s path.

Early morning the eyes would come
to see the Beloved
They were lost in worship
and did not express anything else
They would become red without any dye
and then would be reconciled with the Beloved.

At sunrise if your eyes behold not the Beloved
You should pluck both eyes out
and serve them to the ravens.
At sunrise if my eyes behold not the Beloved
I would pluck both eyes out
and serve them as food to the ravens.

If my eyes were to look
at something other than the Beloved
I would pluck them out
and serve them as food to ravens.

Offer your fasting eyes
the treat of the Beloved's sight
The manifestation of the Beloved’s face
is better than taking seventy courses of meals.

It is like a breakfast for the eyes
which behold the Beloved at dawn;
or like a pilgrimage for the body and soul.
How many barriers I may lay to my eyes?
They crossed the world in their sleep
and found the Beloved to their satisfaction
putting me to inconvenience.

The eyes have lots of ways to fight
they constantly resolve not to give up
Like the clouds in the sky
they are loaded with water
Just as monsoons rains
they hardly cease at any time
My eyes shed tears non stop like seasonal rain.

Eyes reprimand and irritate the eyes
Since they have learnt to long
they take up quarrel in every matter
They laugh and show anger
then reconcile with each other.

The eyes decided on their own
They have entangled in love
where it is harmful to life
Neither any argument nor any result
only life is to be scarified for settlement.

Have such eyes which only behold the Beloved
Never look at any one else
as the Beloved might be annoyed.

Look not with your corporal eyes on your face
By looking, they can not recognise the Beoloved
Only those would behold the Beloved
who close both their eyes

Depend not on the worldly eyes
do not let them wander
O imbecile! Look for the pathway to Reality.

They who neither have the Beloved in their eyes
nor do they offer their heart to him
They live in vain proclaiming empty boastings.

Make your abode in my eyeballs
or dwell in my pupils
O’ Beloved! Do come into my eyes
so that I may get contentment.
The clouds are in my head
rain stops not from my eyes
Last night the remembrance of my Beloved
yanked very much in my heart
O’ darling! Come to attend me
as I am overtaken by the sorrows.

O’ Beloved! Remove not your eyes from me
Like the monsoon rains wash off all my misgivings
Sorrows of several days vanish on seeing you.

With the Beloved away in a far off land
my agony has reached its peak
The eyes are looking to the paths
leading to the Beloved’s village
Foot messengers would bring the good news
With the zeal to meet the Beloved
I roam about as a wanderer
With the hope that the Beloved
may raise his eyes to look at me.

His eyes raised smilingly, console me
A mere smile of the Beloved
relieves me of all sorrows
People assume the leanness of the ascetics
being due to hunger
rather it is due to the travails of separation.

May they live long under whose patronage I live
May the well not dry up
from which the thirsty drink love
O’ smiling eyes! Whenever I see you I get comfort.
xiii. Gallows Call the Lovers

The gallows is beckoning
would any of my contemporaries accompany?
Only those are to go who claim true love.

The gallows is openly calling the lovers
If you have the desire of love
keep away not your feet from it.
Sacrifice before you think of love.

The gallows has always been an adornment
for lovers
It is a dishonour for them to turn away
rather they significantly offer themselves
It is the pledge of the true lovers to be cut to pieces.
The gallows adorns the true lovers
“They never back out, and significantly offer themselves
they are called to that side and immolated”, says Latif.

My illness has been acknowledged
as my Beloved is grieved
After mounting the gallows (self-effacement)
I tasted goodness.

O’ ignorant physician!
Why do you burn my skin?
I am already in bodily distress
you make me take bitter medicine
Those who take the gallows as a bridal bed
death is like revelation for them.
Why are the lovers so enthusiastic on the gallows?
Ever since their eyes met with the Beloved,
gallows have become a bridal bed for them.

It is the lovers’ trait
to either be immolated or enjoy a bridal bed
They know not to evade
but march straight to the gallows.
xiv. I can live not without them

In the world, the asectics may have come from Light or Fire (divine)
They burn themselves to light the congregation
I can live not without them.

These yogis, while in this world
were in the fire of the divine love
They dissociated from sleep
and never went close to rest
They did extreme actions
I can live not without them.

I search for benefit from the ascetics
but they have left
I remember their association
I can live not without them.

I die, I regret, I look for them

I remember their conversation

I can live not without them.

Help me! forget not the ascetics for a moment
Search their footprints with humility
After finding their path, get going
pursue day and night and
I can live not without them.

The ascetics have reached their spiritual height
Those who have achieved precious knowledge
I can live not without them.
The musical sound of the ascetics is a great treasure for me. They are far away from dialogue and do not even converse. They are in divine love. I can live not without them.

While I was asleep on my couch a sigh of love woke me up. Those who did so I can live not without them.

Better they should fasten with ropes and take me along with them. I have learnt many of their secrets through their musical instruments.
Now those settled in my heart
I can live not without them.

(سر رامحکی. داستان 1)

Better they should fasten with ropes
and take me along with them
Their sounding horns are my strength and hope
Turn back and blow the instrument
I can live not without them.

(سر رامحکی. داستان 1)

Through blowing horns, they exposed me
their musical instruments had me killed
Those who got me executed
I can live not without them

(سر رامحکی. داستان 1)

In the morning they left blowing their horns
causing suffering to me
They are too far away to be seen
I can live not without them.

In the morning they left blowing their horns
causing misfortune for me
I search and search but can find not
the party of those ascetics
in whose abode there is a fragrance
I can live not without them.

Through the musical instruments
what they conveyed to me
that struck me as such
I shall not live without them.

The ascetics making piles of ego
set a beacon of them
By blowing horns they wipe out the “self”
Those who make me survive
I can live not without them.

While sighting their abode, I have no rest
I am enchanted by their musical instrument
For me it is a funeral hymn
I can live not without them.

While sighting their abode
powerful feelings are created within me
The music of their instruments
is heard no more in the morning
Those who live in the desert
I can live not without them.

Sitting with them, I look at them
but can see them not
None is like them, their beauty is unmatched
can if I see, but can perceive not
I can live not without them.

The ascetics have left
they are not at their abode today
They wiped out the ego
and moved putting no foot on the ground
“Alas, alas!” Is heard at their camps
I can live not without them.
بابو بیکاری تیا، آسان و نی‌نگ
نسروری نینه‌هند جو نانگن ون نن‌نن
سرکندن چنین سان، آن‌ند جهی‌نندی ان چن

(سُر رامشکلی داستان ۱)

The ascetics have become beggers
they have wiped out the ego
These aficionado ones have only
divine love in their abodes
Those who smell sandal wood
I can live not without them.

بابو بیکاری تیا، آسان و نِن‌نِج
نسروری نینه‌هند جو سامی چون سنج
هی‌ئی‌نندی تیگن سین سنج، آوِن‌ند جهی‌نندی ان چن

(سُر رامشکلی داستان ۱)

The ascetics have left
and are not at their abode today
They are engrossed in divine love
O’ heart! Be with them
I can live not without them.

جسی سندر جوگ، ریه، مون‌ند گهرچی ما‌ه
سامی منه‌ن Horde به، آوان‌ند جهی‌نندی ان ری

(سُر رامشکلی داستان ۱)

I do not want the bodily flesh (life)
without devotion

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The holy men are my life
I can live not without them.

They neither take any thing with them
nor does “self” (ego) go with them
Those having such marks
I can live not without them.

They discuss secrets among themselves
they talk and talk of their departure
They simply can't leave
I can live not without them.

The ascetics left for their journey
after demolishing their dwelling
Their parting makes me cry
I can live not without them.

It is very difficult to understand
the traits of the ascetics
Firstly they are deaf to talk to
secondly I don't have the art
One needs special ears to follow them
I can live not without them.

Ascetics have abandoned individuality
they deal only with totality
Space-less-ness is their only abode
I can live not without them.
Those who were here now
I can live not without them.
I have not met the Beloved since many suns have set
I wish to see him before I breathe my last.

I have not met the Beloved
and am about to breathe my last
While in coma I yearn for him
and tearfully inquire about his path
I wish to die not without seeing him.
I have not met the Beloved
life has faded away
O’ mates! this wretched one wasted all days
Even in old age I would look for the Beloved.

I have not met the Beloved
youth is wasted away
I have steep mountains before me to climb
I, the wretched one, am not able to walk
or take brisk steps in the old age
Having wasted my life in vain
I now cry in wilderness.

I have not met the Beloved
and this day is also lost
Love had entrapped me in its clutches
The wretched one would die on the way
calling “O’ Beloved, O’ Beloved”.

آتون نَّگذَّی پرینّ کی، آبوعزرائیل.
جوراثی سین جیدیّون! نحکقال نْ قیل.
آیوموت دلبل. ماربندومسراد کان.

I have not met the Beloved
and Izrael (Angel of Death) has arrived
O’ coevals! Neither pretension nor argument
would workout before this tyrant
The catching death has come
it will divest me of my wish.

آتون نَّگذَّی پرینّ کی، متنان آیوموت.
واجهائیئندی ورّه، تِبا. هدّا نَّگذَّیم هِوت،
جبکس تیندیس. فوتّ، فنا تی فراق بر.

I have not met the Beloved
and the death has taken over
I looked for years
but never had a union with him
I would perish and die due to separation.

آتون نَّگذَّی پرینّ کی، صکاری تی قیام.
هتن هاج، قاتی صکّی. نیشند حرام.
I have not met the Beloved
which is like the Day of Judgment
The hands have given up doing work
the eyes have lost sleep
I have been killed with a dilemma
due to the departure of the Beloved.

I have not met the Beloved
and you are setting, O' sun!
If I give you a message
take it to deliver to the Beloved
Go to the land of the Beloved and say:
“The miserable died on the way”.

xvi, Learn Love from Moths & Oysters

Ask the moths of their desire to burn
They simply plunge themselves in the fire
as their hearts are pierced by the spears of love.

If you liken yourself to a moth
come and extinguish the fire
This fire has roasted many
you should try to burn the fire itself
Like an expert, put off the fire
never let out the fire of love.
If you liken yourself to a moth
do not retreat at the sight of the blaze
Enter into the Beloved’s brilliance
so as to become like a groom
You are still immature and not aware
of the propensity of the oven.

The moths resolved to proceed
and moved stealthily to the blaze
All of them rushed warmly
and flung themselves in the blaze
They discarded all considerations
and burnt themselves in the furnace.

The moths resolved to proceed
they moved stealthily near the blaze
They will encounter the Beloved
if they face the blaze.
The moths resolved and assembled at the blaze
They did hesitate not on feeling its heat
rather burnt themselves for the truth.
The poor moths! They lost their lives.

The moths resolved to proceed
and assembled at the blaze
They faced the blaze
and burnt themselves for the truth.
The poor creatures! They lost their necks.

The moths fly in the atmosphere
to look for the blaze
on sighting they rush towards it.
These lovers are jubilant to see the blaze
like the flowers in a garden
You too, like the moths, entangle yourself
in the midst of the furnace

While the oysters in deep water
always look up for a cloud
While the crane remembers its mountains
like wise I long for the Beloved
There had been a divine word to go back
I never imagined so here
Had I not been a prisoner
I would have never stayed here
in this fortress (this world).

O’ mates! You should learn persistence from
oysters
They discard all other waters
and look for the clouds (for rain water).
O’ mates! You have to learn
the tradition of yearning from the oysters
They seek water from upwards
and never look close by.

xvii. Let us Go & Visit Their Abodes:

The ascetics are always in pain
due to some affliction
They have all the time love of Allah
The seekers constantly fear Him
Those who roam about day and night
let us go and visit their abodes.

سکنن جنن سناسی سور, جو تین وغلور.
پسہر بولی پر گہت گهازی گھور.
چیتا جننین چا جور. هلوا تتحکی پسون تین جا.

(سر رامحکمی، داستان 3)

The asceties are always in pain
due to some affliction
Outwordly they refer to other topics
internally they are smitten by the agony
Their hearts are broken to bits
let us go and visit their abode.

سداشین سفر پر رمن ملی راه.
پسرن پورہ چند دی ہلوا موانئ مہ.
جن الک سین اگاہ ہلوا تحکی پسون تن جا.

(سر رامحکمی، داستان 3)

They are always in journey
roaming on the trails
They go eastward
from place to place in ecstasy
Those who are familiar with Allah
let us go and see their abodes.
The ascetics belong to that community
whose ears are pierced, slit and cut (wear big earrings)
The lovers always sit facing the northern wind
They starve themselves and weaken their bodies
Those mendicants have wiped out their “self”
Let us go and visit their abodes.

The ascetics belong to that community
whose ears are pierced and slit
and they get their ears cut
“They never change their objective”, says Latif
Those who have wiped out their ego
let us go and visit their abodes.
The ascetics belong to that community
whose ears are pierced and slit
and they get their ears cut
Those who have smoldered fire
at reaching the destination (annihilated)
Those whose couch is the ground
let us go and visit their abodes.

The ascetics belong to that community
whose ears are pierced and slit
and they wear the red loincloth
“The ascetics are not lured by wealth”, says Latif
Those whose condition is such
let us go and visit their abodes.
whose ears are pierced and slit
They have their ears rolled down (due to earrings)
They leave for the divine shrine
abandoning all worldly loads
Those who accept “Nothingness”
let us go and visit their abodes.

So long they are in their abode
chat with them
Sacrifice yourself over them ten times a day
Once these ascetics leave for the holy place
they would meet you only by luck.

The ascetics would proceed for journey
to an intended place in wilderness
The ascetics with such signs
would meet you only by luck.
So long they are in their abode
pass your time with them
The ascetics would proceed for journey
to an intended distant place
Renouncing comforts of their native place
they leave eagerly for the holy place.

So long they are in their abode
continue visiting them
They have not forgotten
the benefits acquired at holy place
The ascetics have tasted
both annihilation (union) and separation
Having left you
ascetics would proceed to a distant place.
Today there is no assemblage of ascetics in their abodes
Remembering the ascetics you continue weeping on
Alas! Holy men have migrated from your side.

Today the seekers are not there crooning in their abodes
The stranger ascetics have left their deserted places are depressing
Those holy men are gone who used to regenerate the soul.

Today there is no congregation of the ascetics in their abodes
Remembering the ascetics
I have become wretched
Those holy man are great
whom the heart has been entangled with.

Today there is none of the ascetic folks
in their abodes
Remembering the ascetics
I have wept for the entire night
Whom my heart remembers
they have migrated.

Today there are no stones and straws
left in the abodes
The ascetics are gone, only the ash is blowing
The ascetics playing their musical instrument
have gone far away.

(سر رامشکلی. داستان 8)

(سر رامشکلی. داستان 8)

(سر رامشکلی. داستان 8)

(سر رامشکلی. داستان 8)
Today they are not in the abodes
to weep bitterly
The destitute ascetics are gone
who made the abodes beautiful
Having deserted the places silence reigns
the musical instruments are not blown
The aficionado ascetics have left
there is none of them behind
While remembering the ascetics
I feel distressed
The ascetics have tied up their hearts
with ropes (of love).

Today there is no smoke
no fog or light in the abodes
The ascetics are gone
giving ecstatic taste to the hearts
O' mother! The silence is killing
of those ascetics.

XVIII. May I Search & Search But Find Not

جو تون دو پیچ دو سو سدا آهی سان تو
لاین لئ لطیف چنی منچنی تی؟ معذور
منچنے پانی پرون تو منچنے آهیس تحیب

(سر مسعودی آپری داستان 3)
Whom you search at far, he is always with you
“Look for the Beloved inside yourself”, Says Latif
You will know from your heart
as his abode is within yourself.

May I search and ever search
pray never to find
and never to meet the Beloved
The yearning in my heart
may perhaps subside on meeting.

May I search and ever search
pray never to find the companions of yesterday
Possibly they left every thing
and journeyed to somewhere else.

May I search but pray never to find you
O’ Beloved! May you remain far away
May the mind not be satisfied
and the soul may not saliate.

آتون ذورينء شال، م لهنينء تن م ملنين تون!

لغنہ لبنة منجھان مون، لتنةنچي ن لہنیا

(سر حسینی، داستان 7)

Let me search but pray never to find you
may my body not meet yours
May the thirst for you not subside
from the pores and veins of my body.

آتون ذورينء شال، م لهنينء ساجن! مج سوال.

سعک تنهنچي سربرين، تکي جان زوال.

وهاني، وصال، اثان آرامي حكري

(سر حسینی، داستان 7)

Let me search but pray never to find you
O’ Beloved! Grant this wish
The yearning for you attribute to death
Tomorrow when I rise
may I have the union.

پچن سی پسن، جذہن تذہن پرینء کی.

ذوريندون ذسن، افکن عجیبیں جا.

(سر حسینی، داستان 7)

Those concerned about the Beloved
shall behold him every time
Those who search for him shall reach his abode

Those who attempt to search are not away from him.

(سر حسینی، داستان 7) Those who are concerned about the Beloved should go forward to inquire

Those who attempt to search are not away from him.
xix. O’ Raven! Take Message & Fly Them Back:

The Beloved, for whom I yearn
has gone on a voyage
“O’ Raven! do tell me
when would he return to me?” Says Latif
May be for some genuine cause
the Beloved is in the foreign land.

"O’ raven! Would you inquire
as to when would my dear one come?
I have carried out many strives
for the sake of the Beloved.”
“O’ raven! While doing obeisance to the Beloved
touch his feet
Whatever message I give to you
do not forget it on way to him
For the sake of Allah narrate it secretly”, says Latif
Repeat whatever I tell you, O’ Raven!
May you always be happy and blessed.”

(سر پورب. داستان 1)

“O’ raven! Come back flying
and narrate to me the Beloved’s message
Stay here for some time
to tell me about your meeting
Fly him back on your wings
who is in a far-off land.”

(سر پورب. داستان 1)

“O’ raven! Return quickly
Come and sit on a tree to tell me
about the return of the loved ones
fly and bring them back
who have settled in a far off land.
“O’ raven! Return quickly,
Bring the happy news of the return of the Beloved,
Those who are gone to a far off land
fly and bring them back to me.”

“O’ raven! Invite only those loved ones
who have gone to a far off land
without whom my eyes are mournful
“For the sake of Allah
inform the whole village”, says Latif
If they are offended due to some lapse
fly and bring them back to me.”
“O’ raven! Narrate the news of the loved ones
who are in a far off land
O’ bird! I would then decorate
all your feathers with gold
Fly above the Beloved’s house
and please deliver my message to him.”

(سر پورب. داستان 1)

“O’ raven! Come, sit on a tree
and give the news of the motherland,
Are my loved ones alright
and does happiness prevail in my land?
For my Beloved I have been looking a lot
towards the far off land.”

(سر پورب. داستان 1)

O’ raven! I would hand over my heart
to you
to take it to the far off land
and eat it in the presence of my Beloved
Perhaps the Beloved may inquire
as to who has offered this sacrifice.”
"O' raven of the Beloved!
Come and give me the message
You have the fragrance of spring and musk
Having been in the Beloved’s courtyard
If I see you in person,
All my agony will be gone.

“O’ raven! Take along the message
And deliver it to the Beloved
“My love, what caused you
This delay of so many days?
Without you, O’ Beloved!
I am living in agony always.”
"O' raven! I would be indebted to your community
if you fly to the Beloved this morning
Putting forward my entreaties and requests
tell him, “I can not find any one
like you in the whole universe.”

“O’ raven! Come and sit near me,
and let me know the news of the motherland
Open the letters, which you have brought
from the loved ones
You narrate and I would hear
the message of the Beloved.

For God's sake, fly
waste no time in-between
The message that I give you
preserve it as dear as life
Disclose not my secretive message
except to my Beloved.

"Sit on a branch, narrate to me
the Beloved’s message”, says Latif
Evade not your attribute
which has been the tradition of your folk
Fly and bring those back to me
who have a bright look.

Who made the raven fly away from my
hut?
He had brought news from my Beloved
O’ coevals! It was unfair
I wish I had heard the message brought.
Today the raven has brought felicitations from the Beloved
The heart’s wishes are granted
and my soul rejoices
By return of the Beloved by Allah
my appeals are all granted.
xx. O’ Moon – Not like my Beloved

O’ Moon! I would not match your self
to that of my Beloved
You are luminous only at night
whereas my Beloved shines at all times.

O’ moon! You are the one who can
witness
the Beloved from where you are
Communicate the message to him
which I tearfully give to you
“nothing should stop our union.”

O’ Moon! Let me tell you the truth
if you would not mind
Sometimes you rise as slender
sometimes sizeable you seem
Your face has a blazing brilliance
but not as bright as my Beloved’s forehead.

O’ Moon! May you get blackish shade around
and become spike like in the early night
So that I may meet my Beloved
in the pitch black darkness.

“O’ Full Moon!
You rise with lots of embellishments
you can not match equally my Beloved
even for a moment
Though you may try thousand time
a ray of my Beloved's beauty
is more than your entire life.”

O’ Moon! Let me tell you the truth
though you may scuffle or be irritated
You have no match with
the two eyes and the nose of my Beloved."

ناسيدي نگاه، بهرين سکح پرين ذي
احوال عاجزن جا، آکح لگ الله
روز نهارين راه، اکیون اوهانجي آسري

(سر کئیات داستان 2)

O’ moon! On rising,
first look towards my Beloved
For God's sake communicate to him
the humble one’s news that
my eyes are fixed on his path.

چگا چندا پخيچ، سنبيها کي سجذين.
متنان اگن اھري پرين چي پخيچ.
جمهلو گاههائي پرين وچهي هنیا.

(سر کئیات داستان 2)

O’ good moon!
Convey my message to the Beloved
when you rise on the courtyard of his house
Please do speak humbly, touching his feet.

آتون چي ذين، سنيها، سي تون چندا پلي، پندت.
چنچ حال حيبب کي، نمي نوزائي ھکندت.
نوتيذاھين پندت، چيداھن عالمرآسرو.

(سر کئیات داستان 2)

O’ moon! Whatever messages I give
knot them with your heart
Bow your head humbly
and convey the news to the Beloved
You are on to that way
where the entire mankind looks to

ا یہ چند ہے بہرہ بنے تو اوہا مون ہے
سجنا سجنا ولہ بہرہ چوتا ہے ہے بہرے کہ ہے
پہیریں آتون نی پسجگی باب سئے دئی دئی ہے بہرے
جنہن تئی چڑھی اسور سنجدھی سجنا سبیاں

(سر کئیات داستن 2)

O’ moon! Rise and behold the Beloved
who is near you and away from me
My Beloved is asleep outside in the open
having sandal wood scent in the hair
I can not reach there by foot
my father does'nt allow me to take the camel
whereon I may mount
and reach the Beloved before dawn.

سہسین سجنا ا یہری چوراسی چندن
باہرہ ری ہئرین سبیا نداھی پانگئیاں

(سر کئیات داستن 1)

Hundreds of suns and eighty-four moons may rise
yet by Allah! Without the Beloved
I would find darkness all over.
Tonight too is the full moon-lit night
I hear, my Beloved would be visiting my house
Felicitations for me, bad news for the rivals.

Tonight the full moon prepares to rise
It is my Beloved’s turn to visit my dwelling
He is gracious indeed; to visit me at dawn time.

There is immense beneficence
in the Beloved’s forehead
He kindly graces the courtyard
of those solicitous, with his feet
No moon or sun is comparable with my Beloved.
May I have union with my Beloved for ever
may he never depart from me
His eyes have always dwelled in my soul
My mind and heart depend on those
whose deeds are excellent.

My Beloved lifted his dozy eyes
and glanced elegantly
The sun’s rays dimmed and the moon faded
perceiving the Beloved
The stars and constellations showed obeisance,
Even the precious stones’ luster faded
at the beauty of the Beloved.
The Beloved displayed himself in dark midnight
All the constellations along with the moon
drew away into a trance.

On rising, first look towards my Beloved
O’ moon! Tell him about this helpless being
I have no other patronage
the eyes are looking towards you.”

On rising, first look towards my Beloved
O’ moon! Tell him sensibly that
I have none else for support
the eyes are looking towards you.”
On rising first look towards my Beloved
O’ moon! Whatever messages I give
convey many times to him
My eyes are towards him for my entire life.
xxi. O’ Rain Learn Weeping from the Eyes

O’ Rain! If you were to learn raining from my eyes
You would never cease pouring day and night.

It rains for the entire night
and then stops for a while in the morning,
O’ Cloud! If you had anxiety
and similar yearning for the Beloved
You would have never stopped raining
having no break at dawn.

Inside (me) it is raining like monsoon
outwardly there are no clouds
The lightning and rain
would bless only those who are in love
Those who have the Beloved
would never close their eyes.

The clouds are in my head
rain does stop not from my eyes
Last night the remembrance of my Beloved
poured very much in my heart
O’ Darling! Come to attend me
as I am overtaken by love pangs.

The rain is within me
what would I do of the clouds?
The Beloved’s memory leaves me not
for the entire day.
xxii. Yearning for the Beloved

Why do you yearn for an obeisance from him?
Why don’t you go for an obeisance to him?
All other ways are forbidden
for those who have seen his door.

I do not trust those persons
who shed pretentious tears
They bring tears in their eyes
just to show to the world
Those who remember the Beloved
neither weep nor speak thereof.

Torchèd, burnt, roasted and writhèd, I yearn
In my heart I have lot of thirst of the Beloved
which quenches not
Even if I were to swallow the entire ocean
It would not satiate.

O’ Beloved! The yearning for you
becomes intensive as I proceed
Only you are present in my heart
and outside in the eyes as well
O’ Beloved! I have been looking for you
for so many years.

O’ Beloved! Yearning for you
cuts and snippets me
The chain of love is so strong,
that I can move it not.
is very immense within me
It has filled all my inside
and then overflowed like some fall.

Quench the yearning of the yearning
ones
Unite the Beloveds who are separated
O’ True Lord! Only you are worthy
to have such strength
Make them merciful
whom my soul is seeking
O’ mother! When would the raven bring news
for the union of those in love.

I hardly had union with the Beloved
when his party took him along at night
putting my breath in a string of sorrows
O’ Death! Just a moment
let me once meet the Beloved.
Those who afflicted me, I recognize them
No blood is left in my limbs
and all joints are weak
The Beloved would give me the medicine
with his own hands.

If I were to disclose the factual status
of this suffering of mine
the beasts would get numbed
mountains would break into pieces
trees would be set on fire
and no plant life would ever grow.

If I were to vocally disclose
the factual status of this suffering
the beasts would get numbed
herdsmen would get distressed
rocks would never survive
and mountains would all be blazed to ashes.

How should I weep for the Beloved?
I know not how to weep
I wander lifting the hands wet with tears.

How should I weep for the Beloved?
My weeping may seem hypocrisy
O' coevals! I have heard the wails
of so many others in the desert.

The sufferings do not decrease
suddenly they flare up
I have numerous woes from my Beloved
Those who cause to cast off the modesty
have come before me.

(سر حسینی, داستان 6)

O’ sisters! The sorrow inflicted me
the rocks burnt and the earth got scorched
As such my heart has lost
the hope of survival.

(سر حسینی, داستان 6)

Whosoever would wish
to love the Beloved like me
She will have to long for him all the day
and will have to endure hardships as well.

(سر حسینی, داستان 7)

Whosoever would wish to have relationship
with the Beloved like me
she will end on the scaffold
and shed tears of blood.
Whosoever would give out her mind
to the Beloved like me
she can never stop tears from her cheeks.

Tributes to those pains
which stayed with me in my suffering
The Beloved bears not a single (pain)
all of them are with me
When I die, these pitiable (pains)
would part away from me.

Keep wailing and wailing
lest you forget the wailing
Shed not the tears apparently
weep blood from within
Patience is a great virtue
as it unites the Beloved soon.

Those afflicted by love have renounced the world
Now from whom should I to get
the news of the Beloved?

O’ Beloved! Patch up, visit my courtyard
you are the cause of my life!
I can bear not the separation for a moment
Favour me with a glance of love
so that my suffering may vanish.

While yearning is not an easy job
yearning adorns yearning,
You must secretly preserve the love
so as the wicked ones may know it not.
It is immature to reveal (pains)
but it is not easy to conceal them
O mother! my body is full of pains.

Just as a frying pan’s bottom is burnt
while placed on top of fire
similarly my Beloved has given me pain
with a sip of his love
which though welcome, is like a slow fever
yet my Beloved should separate not from me.

My mind does not stay cheerful
it wants not to be bounded with raproaches
As dust covers up roadside trees
likewise I am surrounded with sorrows.
My mind does not stay cheerful
and is not patient due to agony
Remembering the Beloved
it becomes crazy in sadness.

Today too my eyes sought their Beloved
The tears stop not from my cheeks
The yearning for the Beloved
would subside not by beholding the masses.

Like a stalk cries when it is cut
similar cry comes out suddenly from myself
on separation from the Beloved
O’ physician! Why do you brand my arm
whereas the pain is in my soul?
Since the Beloved has left for his journey
I have had no serenity at night
or calmness during day
I would sacrifice myself million times over him
If Allah so wishes
I would endeavour for the union with him.
EPILOGUE

The Poetry of Shah Abdul Latif Bhitai is published in a book “Shah Jo Risalo”. in which he has divided his poetry into Surs, which are based on different folk tales of the land. These are sung in particular musical tones. Here is a brief explanation of Surs, based and named after musical tones:

*Asa:*
Asa means “Hope”. It is the name of a very sweet musical tone, which is usually sung in the early morning. In this Sur Shah Latif has described the Sufism (asceticism) in full length whereby he makes the humans aware of their relationship with Allah, which ought not to be ignored by involving in worldly temptations.

*Bilawal:*
Bilawal is a musical melody, and when sung it gives a very soothing and peaceful effect on the singer and listener as well. This Sur contains praise for Prophet Mohammad (PBUH) as an ideal leader, in the allegory of the notables of Sindh.

*Barvo Sindhi:*
Barvo means “Beloved”. This Sur is a musical melody sung in the praise of Allah, the creator in the allegory of a Beloved.

_Dahar:_
Dahar means “Desert Valley”. This Sur also contains praise for the notables of Sindh for their bravery and generosity. It also symbolizes this world wherein many grandeur civilizations came and then disappeared leaving behind only a desert.

_Ghatu:_
Ghatu means crocodile killer. This Sur is based on the folk story of a fisherman named Morero who lived near Karachi, and who avenged a crocodile of his six brothers’ death. In this Sur Shah Bhittai symbolizes the Crocodile with the worldly fascinations, and Ghatu, a person who resists and wages war against them.

_Kalyan:_
It is the name of musical tone, well known for its sublimity and sweetness. It is sung at late evening or at dawn for devotional purpose. This Sur is full of Sufic doctrines with mystic Character where by the Sufis (Ascetics) seek the path, which leads them to the revelation of the eternal truth. In this topic Shah Latif has praised Allah and the Prophet Mohammad (PBUH), He describes spirit of the Real being in the universe, the annihilation of the true lover, and the spiritual wines and poisons of the true love.

_Yaman Kalyan:_
The word Yaman means “Passage to Peace”. It is also the name of a musical tone and full with Sufi thought In this topic Shah Latif guides the seeker of the divine path i.e. a Sufi to have control on himself and to subdue the passions. It contains the complete mystic philosophy of perceiving unity in diversity. It advises to follow the path of self-control to bring peace through humility, kindness, courtesy, patience and forbearance. To explain Shah Latif has given examples of black smith's furnace, butterfly, moths burning itself over the candle.

_Kamode:_
This Sur is a musical melody in the praise of human beings blessed with divine attributes because of their humanity and submissiveness to Allah. It is sung in the afternoon, and has a sweet soothing effect.

**Kapaeti:**
Kapaeti means “A cotton spinning woman”. Shah Latif in this Sur has compared the deeds of the man with the quality of the spun cotton whereby he would be paid accordingly in this and the next world. Thus one should put persistent efforts and continuous hard work, and should remove all lumps and defects to bring perfection in his deeds.

**Karayal:**
Karayal means “A beautiful bird like Swan, Peacock and Hanj” who always live in deep clean waters, and are symbolic of seekers of the divine truth, and prove to be divine guidance for good of the humanity.

**Kedaro:**
Kedaro means “Battle field”. This Sur is based on and contains the verses on the true tragic and legendary event of the martyrdom of Imam Hassan and Imam Hussain, the grand maternal children of Prophet Mohammad (PBUH), who faced the challenge of the forces of cruelty and ruthlessness but stood firm till the death of all his companions.

**Khahori:**
Khahori means wandering ascetics or those who search. This Sur contains the verses on the wandering life of ascetics who symbolize search of reality, spiritual path taken by them to have glimpses of the Reality.

**Khambhat:**
The word Khambhat means “Shelter or Refuge”. There is a place by the name also. It is the most beautiful and lofty Sur of Shah Latif. In this Sur Shah Latif praises the beloved by saying that he is more beautiful even than the moon. He addresses camel and moon to carry his messages to the beloved.

**Leela Chanesar:**
This Sur is based on the folk love story of Lila, Chanesar and Kaunru whereby the beloved queen wife, Lila of king Chaneser is lured away by Kaunru, a beautiful princess
to allow her to sleep with Chanesar for a night in exchange of a million dollar diamond necklace. The sufferings of queen Lila then started, and thereafter inspite of her many efforts she couldn’t win Chanesar back, and ultimately while dancing before him she died. Shah Bhittai has used this story as an allegory to depict the fall of Allah’s favoured one from grace for exchange of loyalty to some other worldly benefit, and repentance thereafter,

**Marvi:**
This Sur is based on the folk story of Umar and Marvi, (king and an abducted woman), Marvi who stands as a symbol of patriotism for her folks and homeland, against her abductor by refusing and turning down all the temptations offered by the king in return for her consent to marry.

**Momal Rano:**
This Sur is based on the folk love tale of Mumal and Ranu whereby Mumal loses her beloved Ranu purely because of her folly. On failing to appease Ranu back she throws herself in fire and dies. Ranu learning this also sets himself to flames. It contains verses about Sufism (asceticism), and of pathetic lover on separation from the beloved,

**Pirbhati:**
Pirbhat means “Dawn”. It is a musical melody and sung at dawn in praise of God’s Divine magnificence, kindness and generosity symbolized in the Ruler of Las Belo (Baluchistan), Sappar Sackhi for his generosity.

**Poorab:**
Poorab means “East” i.e. the direction from where light comes, which Shah Bhittai symbolizes with the spiritual goal of ascetics. He has also symbolized the ravens as messengers to the beloved.

**Ram Kali:**
Ramkali means” Divine buds, or the person having Divine qualities”. It is the name of musical tone, which is usually sung in the early morning. Shah Latif describes the various classes of ascetics; and their various ways, timings and places of worships.

**Rip:**
Rip means “a great burden”, In various verses of this Sur, Shah Latif describes the pangs of love and the way these should be concealed in the heart not to be disclosed to
the world, even if one may come across a deep distress, which is a real state of mind of Sufis (Ascetics).

*Sarang*

Sarang means “Rainy Season”; it is the name of musical tone, which is usually sung, in a rainy season. In this Sur, Shah Latif has described thrilling view, scenario and blessings of the rainy season. The rain symbolises mercy and generosity of Allah.

*Saamundi*

Samundi means ”Sailor”. In this Sur Shah Latif apparently describes the state of the departing sailors and their wives, while on the voyage in the sea. But eternally he refers it to the spiritual journey to understand the spiritual truths, and those refractory forces may not hinder him.

*Sasui (Abri, Mauzoori, Desi, Kohyari, and Hussaini)*

The folk story of Sasui Punhon is composed by Shah Latif in five Surs. Shah Latif describes Sasui’s pathetic wandering in mountains to find Punhu, during which she ultimately dies. Shah Bhittai symbolises Sasui’s efforts to the seeker of the Divine path who neither loses heart, nor gives up hope, nor is discouraged with the hardships and obstacles.

*Suhni*

The word “Suhni” means “Beautiful”. This most beautiful Sur is based on the folk love tale of Suhni and Mehar. It contains the vigorous and pathetic Sufic illusions based on the sorrows that Suhni suffered while going to her beloved through swimming. Shah Bhittai has taken this love story as parable of the human soul in quest of Allah and the spiritual truths.

*Sorath*

This Sur is also melody in music and is sung during second part of the night. It is based on the tale of abandoned princess Sorath and a king, Raja Rai Diach, wherein the later magnanimity cuts and gives his head at the promise made by him to one Bijal, a fiddler who was sent by a rival Raja to bring his head, not knowing that Raja Rai Diach
was Bijal’s real maternal uncle. Knowing this later on, the grieved princess Sorath and repenting Bijal throw themselves in flames.

_Srirag_
This Sur is one of the chief melodies of music. It is sung from the evening till early night. In this Sur Shah Latif compares the man with a merchant, sailor and passenger, advising him to do good and virtuous actions, and to deal in the true bargain of love and keep away from evil passions. Only then, with the help of God, man will come out safe from the perils.