

THE ILLUMINATED HAFIZ

Love Poems for the Journey to Light



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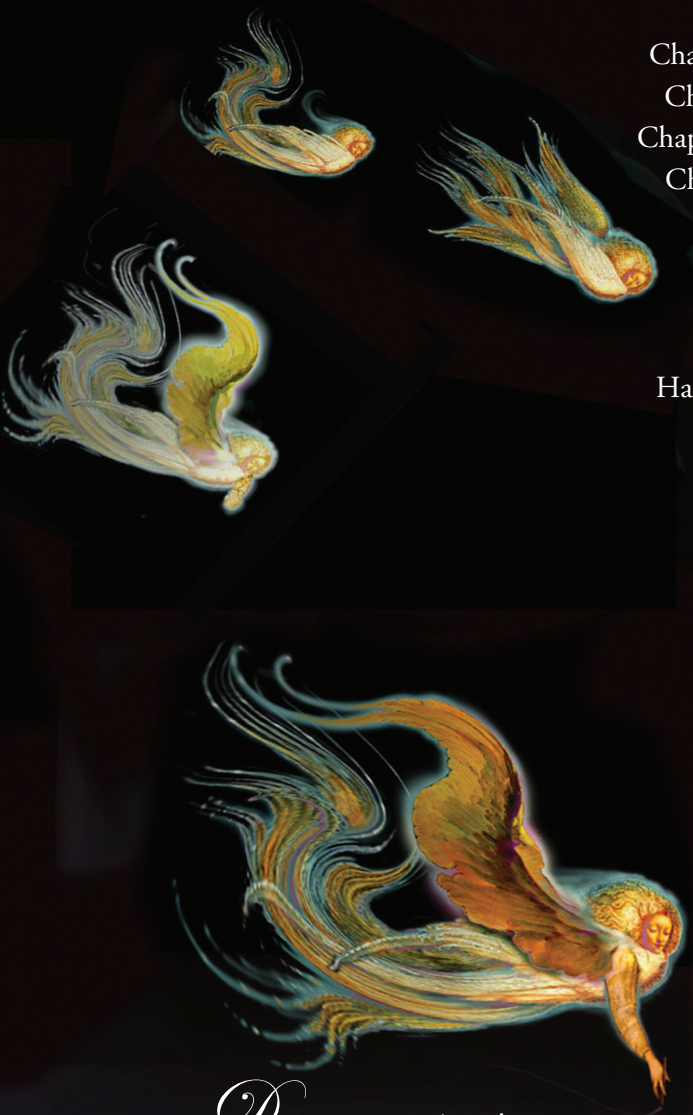
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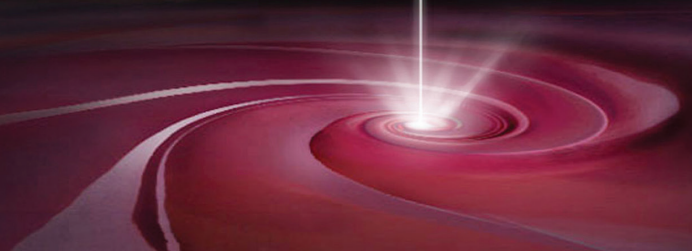
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*Do not procrastinate!
Start to love this very moment.
Do not forget the Beloved
even for one instant.*



Chapter One
THE SKY-WHEEL TURNS US



AND I AM NEARER TO YOU

THAN THE BEATING

OF YOUR OWN HEART

Last night in the radiance

LAST NIGHT I HEARD ANGELS
POUNDING ON THE DOOR
OF THE TAVERN.

THEY HAD KNEADED
THE CLAY OF ADAM,
AND THEY THREW
THE CLAY IN THE SHAPE
OF A WINE CUP.

I AM A NOBODY,
JUST A SQUATTER
SITTING IN THE DUST
OF THE PUBLIC STREET;
AND YET THESE SACRED BEINGS
FROM THE INNERMOST SANCTUARY
DRANK SOME WINE WITH ME.

THE HEAVENS COULD NOT BEAR
THE WEIGHT OF THE TRUST.
WHEN THE LOTS WERE
THROWN AGAIN,
THE TRUST FELL ON MAN,
ON ME, AN IDIOT AND A FOOL.

LET'S FORGIVE
THE SEVENTY-TWO SECTS
FOR THEIR RIDICULOUS WARS
AND MISBEHAVIORS.
BECAUSE THEY COULDN'T ACCEPT
THE PATH OF TRUTH,
THEY TOOK THE ROAD OF MOONSHINE.





THANKS BE TO GOD,
THE DARLING WHOM I LOVE AND I
LIVE IN PEACE. EACH TIME THE PLAYFUL ANGELS
IN PARADISE CATCH SIGHT OF US,
THEY REACH FOR THEIR WINE GLASSES
AND DANCE.

In the cosmology of Persian mystics the descent of man's spirit is represented in an allegory that describes angels, under God's instructions, kneading dust with the wine of God's love over a forty-day period and shaping it into human form—the chalice of the covenant of God's love. It is the metaphorical drinking of the wine of God's love that leads the soul back to its source in God. The Persian mystics call this process the spiritual path. The culmination of this journey is termed God-realization, or Union with God as infinite eternal Love. This is the subject of Hafiz's poetry—his magnificent love poems for our journey to light.

I did not fall away from the mosque

TO THE TAVERN OF RUIN
BY MY OWN WISH.
EVERYTHING THAT HAS HAPPENED TO ME
TOOK PLACE THROUGH SOME AGREEMENT
MADE IN PRE-ETERNITY.

WHAT CAN BE DONE? FOR EACH OF US
WHO HAS FALLEN DOWN INTO TIME,
THE SITUATION IS THE SAME
AS THE NEEDLE FACES
INSIDE THE COMPASS.

THERE IS NO WAY
TO KEEP FROM TURNING.

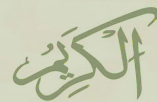




We are the lords of owning nothing!

BUT WE HAVE
NO TONGUE
TO USE FOR REQUESTS.

IS THERE A NEED FOR APPEAL
WHEN WE'RE ALREADY
WITH THE GENEROUS?







*T*HE SKY-WHEEL TURNS US INTO DAWN
AND FILLS CREATION AGAIN
WITH COLOR.

LET IT BE OUR WEAKNESS, THIS THIRST-LOVE
FOR THE WORLD, THE SUN COMING UP
LIKE RED-GOLD BEING POURED!

THE POTTER'S WHEEL MOVES,
AND SHAPES CHANGE QUICKLY.

LET THE JAR I AM BECOMING
TURN TO A WINE CUP.
FILL ME WITH YOUR LOVE
FOR BEING AWAKE.

I'M NO HYPOCRITE RENUNCIATE.
CALL ME THIS DELICIOUS SUBSTANCE
YOU TASTE WHEN YOU CREATE NEW BEAUTY.

BE STRONG, HAFIZ!
WORK HERE INSIDE TIME,
WHERE WE FAIL, CATCH HOLD
AGAIN, AND CLIMB.

*Seek life and patience,
for the great wheel, with its sleight of hand,
has a thousand tricks more strange than these.*

This is what the broke drunkard says.



*D*ON'T VEX ME WITH YOUR CONTEMPT.
OLD FRIENDS HAVE CERTAIN RIGHTS, SURELY,
MORE RARE THAN ALL THE JEWELS YOU'VE STASHED.

BUT YOUR FACE, THE WEALTH
THAT MIRRORS THE SUN AND MOON.
I CAN'T SAY ITS VALUE!

DON'T SCOLD ME AGAIN. WHATEVER HAPPENED
WAS SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN, WASN'T IT?

DON'T YOU WORRY THAT MY BREATH
MAY STAIN YOUR WHITE WOOL?

POUR ME MORE OF THAT FROM LAST NIGHT,
SO I CAN FORGET HOW MUCH I SPENT.

AND HAFIZ! I WANT TO HEAR *YOUR* SONGS.
THEY'RE THE BEST, I SWEAR IT,
BY THE BOOK INSCRIBED IN YOUR CHEST.

میان عاشق و معشوق هیچ حایل نیست
تو خود حجاب خود می حافظ از میان خنجر



*Now that you've ripped open the shirt of their patience,
your lovers will not let go of the hem of your garment.*



*Between lover and Beloved
there is no veil.
Hafiz, you yourself are the veil.
Get out of the way.*

