

Week 3: Two *Ghazals* by Jami

I sought delight from her ruby-like lip; instead she gave me a curse;
praise be to God, that thus I gained my desire!

Depart, O moon of the heavens, seek out the corner of seclusion
for my moon has emerged on the corner of her roof.

When I drink ruby-hued wine remembering her lip
my goblet overflows with the blood of my liver.

Her cheek is like a moon, but a moon that lights the heart
her stature like a cypress, but a cypress formed like the rose.

When did love for you begin, and how long shall it last?
My love has neither beginning nor end.

Would that you called your dog 'Jami'
so from time to time your tongue would utter my name!

lucky is the one who realizes the secret of being nobody
for no-one gets anywhere by being somebody

whatever is not about desirelessness and detachment
is a delusion and will but lead to disillusion

there is a light on your face
which whispers of the Divine Flame
as God is my witness you have issued from the same

for the caged bird to reach the perfumed garden
it has to pass through the realm of imagination

you have to rise above that
which you think human destiny
to fulfill you destiny
for your covenant is not with man
but with God

should you be not be allowed yet
to join the Beloved's caravan
be content if you hear its bells from a distance

in the realm of the hearts none but our King rules
the One who by day is the ruler
and by night the life-bestowing thief.