

## One Rose is Enough (262)

One rosy face from the world's garden for us is enough,  
And the shade of that one cypress in the field  
Strolling along gracefully for us is enough.

I want to be far away from people whose words  
And deeds don't match. Among the morose and heavy-  
Hearted, a heavy glass of wine for us is enough.

Some people say that good deeds will earn them  
A gated house in heaven. Being rakes<sup>1</sup> and natural beggars,  
A room in the tavern for us is enough.

Sit down besides the stream sometime and watch  
Life flow past. That brief hint of this world  
That passes by so swiftly for us is enough.

Look at the flow of money and the suffering  
Of the world. If this glimpse of profit and loss  
Is not enough for you, for us it is enough.

The dearest companion of all is here. What  
Else is there to look for? The delight of a few words  
With the soul friend for us is enough.

Don't sent me away from your door, oh God,  
Even to paradise. Your alleyway, compared  
To all space and time, for us is enough.

It's inappropriate, Hafez, for you to complain  
Of your gifts from Fate. Your nature is like water;  
Your beautifully flowing poems for us are enough.

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<sup>1</sup> This a reference to the *rind*, which Lewisohn says “represents Hafez’s most important contribution to the phenomenology of religious psychology. He is the righteous sinner, a pious rake, a holy renegade from faith. At the same time he is one whose pursuit of love, adoration of beauty and worship of wine embrace the while spiritual universe of Persian Sufism”. (*The Angels*, p. 74)

## The Man Who Accepts Blame (385)

I'm well known throughout the whole city  
For being a wild-haired lover; and I'm that man who has  
Never darkened his vision by seeing evil.

Through my enthusiasm for wine, I have thrown the book  
Of my good name into the water; but doing that ensures that  
The handwriting in my book of grandiosity will be blurred.

Let's be faithful to what we love; let's accept blame  
And keep our spirits high, because on our road, being  
Hurt by the words of others is a form of infidelity.<sup>2</sup>

I said to the master of the tavern: "Tell me, which is  
The road to salvation?" He lifted his wine and said,  
"Not talking about the faults of other people".

Learn to love the beautiful faces by noticing  
The light down on the face of the Friend; nothing is sweeter  
Than taking a stroll around the face that has beauty.

What is our purpose in admiring the garden  
Of this world? The answer is: Let the man inside  
Your eye reach out and take roses from Your face.

Let's veer towards the tavern, and turn our horses  
Away from the formal church. It's incumbent not to listen  
To the sermons of a man who never acts on his own words.

I have great confidence in the mercy hiding in the tips  
Of your curly ringlets!<sup>3</sup> If there were no evidence of grace  
On the other side, what would be the point of all our efforts?

Don't kiss anything except the sweetheart's lip  
And cup of wine, Hafiz; friends, it's a great mistake  
To kiss the hand held out to you by a puritan.

*All translations from 'The Angels Knocking at the Tavern Door, Thirty Poems of Hafez'  
translated by Robert Bly and Leornard Lewisohn, Harper Collins, New York, 2009; pp. 11, 31, 21*

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<sup>2</sup> A reference to *malamiyya* or 'people of blame.'

<sup>3</sup> The 'curly ringlets' in the language of poetry indicate the multiplicity of the Divine Names.