

## Uftade: poems from the Divan

1.

The one who knows his origin cannot live in these places

Like him, the heart flees far from what is other than God.

The heart that remembers its origin in these places

At once Love comes galloping into its abode.

Finding his aim, reaching the object of his adoration

Freeing himself from separation, realising union.

He reduces his being to nothing, he leaves not a trace of his existence

Existence is a veil barring realisation of union.

Whoever brings his own being into this abode

Even though he search day and night, will find nothing.

The perfect master is drowned in the light of the affirmation of Unity (*tawhīd*)

He gives relief to the seekers, bringing out manifold treasures.

Throw your drop into the ocean, oh suffering Üftāde!

Let it be the ocean, full of countless sorrows!

2.

Whoever madly desires to see the Beauty of the Friend, let him

Surrender himself to invocation (*dhikr*)

Whoever wishes, like the moth, to dissolve in the candle, let him

Surrender himself to invocation.

The way which leads to the Beauty of the Friend is the invocation

Of those who invoke

Whoever aims to reach the light of this Beauty, let him

Surrender himself to invocation.

Whoever is sincere in the way of God must

Give up his soul

Whoever is fit to give up his soul let him

Surrender himself to invocation.

Whoever invokes with all his spirit and with all his heart will reach

The One he invokes

Whoever is reduced to nothing in invocation, let him

Surrender himself to invocation.

Whoever aspires to be invoking God, with every breath

Let him implore.

Whoever ardently desires to truly find the King, let him

Surrender himself to invocation.

This is the constant wish of

Suffering Üftāde!

That he who contemplates the Friend, renouncing all other, let him

Surrender himself to invocation.

3.

You have to come soon to the Real

You have to find His wise ones

If you truly cannot find them

With all your soul and with all your heart, you must love.

Those who have loved have found them

Their souls have reached the Real (God)

Their faith has become whole

With all your soul and with all your heart, you must love.

Always trace out their tracks

Listen to their beautiful discourse

If you say you would like to see their faces

With all your soul and with all your heart, you must love.

This dervish, this unhappy Üftāde,

Has become a beggar on the road of God

May God fulfil his desire

With all your soul and with all your heart, you must love.

4.

As I walked in my own condition

I encountered an incurable pain

Travelling through my country and my city

I encountered an incurable pain.

All that I knew faltered, confused

My union collapsed into separation

All my friends deserted me

I encountered an incurable pain.

When my path brought me to the [divine] throne

When I came to the high places

When I was joined with the angels

I encountered an incurable pain

So many sighs did I let forth

I reduced all existence to nothing

To see the Beloved my only hope

I encountered an incurable pain.

To make my reason understand

None of my thoughts could manage

This is my tongue's invocation

I encountered an incurable pain.

All the gnostics I questioned

Does anyone understand my pain?

I found none gave me answer

I encountered an incurable pain.

Poor Üftāde, this pain

Better to keep it hidden in your heart

From yourself will you get the reply

I encountered an incurable pain.

5.

Oh my God! Do not leave me where I have fallen, pick me up!

I cry on and on, just for one moment

Let me laugh.

For the love of rejoining You, I have given my whole existence

I am poor, without resource

Let me be filled with Your Light.

Oh my King! At this moment when You invite me

Reveal Yourself in Your Essence

Let me be killed.

You Lord are the source of generosity, oh Generous and Merciful One!

In the sea of compassion and forgiveness

Let me be cast.

I am Üftāde who walks in the ocean of wonder, oh Beloved

May my time here be successful

Let me be brought to Your Union.

## **The Nightingale's Lament**

1.

At dawn I heard the nightingale lamenting  
Recounting the pain of all those who suffer  
Those who heard him took pity and said  
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love

I saw that his love-passion had overwhelmed his reason  
The rose's serene purity struck deep into his soul  
So that he thought it was the remedy for his affliction  
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

The fire of separation had taken over his soul  
He was warbling love-songs in a blaze of passion  
Its scent drew him deep into the rose garden  
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

Under the weight of its perfume he lost his senses  
He lost all control of his body  
So that he took on all the burdens of the world  
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

He searched every corner of the garden  
He could find no roses, neither red nor white  
He had lost all hope of union, he knew not when it could be  
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

The rose season passed in this state of anguish  
His soul burnt this time with the flame of separation  
His drunkenness passed, his cries abated  
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

Listen well to the words of Ūftāde the Nightingale  
That you may trace out the tracks of the people of gnosis  
If you wish to see the face of the Friend  
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

2.

At dawn I saw where the nightingale had alighted  
He had placed his lantern in the house (*tekke*) of the rose  
He had drawn his sword to gift his soul to the rose  
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

He lost his reason until he no longer recognised himself  
His reason in ruins until he recovers from his rose anguish  
Never will those who are lovers of God perish  
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

The hue of the rose paled, it lost its bloom  
Its scent no longer reached the nightingale  
No-one came any more to the rose garden  
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

Then reason returned to the nightingale's mind  
Unable to see the rose, wherever he looked  
Aflame with the fire of separation, he went forth  
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

Traversing land and sea in this anguish  
Enduring such torment and pain  
The thought of the rose's perfume gnawed away at his heart  
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

One man of God said: leave the ephemeral rose  
Did you not know it was perishable since pre-eternity?  
No good can come out of a transient beauty  
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

Such is the supplication of poor Üftāde  
May the gift of God reach his soul  
May His light and His clarity fill the hearts  
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

3.

At dawn I heard the nightingale lament  
The scent of the rose had intoxicated his soul  
He had lost himself, he knew not where  
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

Blood mixed with tears flowed from his eyes  
His soul had foundered in the perfumed scent of the rose  
He had forgotten his exterior and his interior world  
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

Those who saw him pitied this poor sufferer  
He flew in the sky vigilant, sleepless  
The rose had reduced his soul to slavery  
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

Unless his soul is able to rejoin the beloved  
And for his pain are found a thousand kinds of remedy  
This separated soul will never reach that land  
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

Plunged in the perfume of the rose, his existence disappeared  
Renouncing the rose, he prostrated himself before God  
Such is the eternal contemplation of lovers  
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

Now the rose became the nightingale's lover  
She cried: "Oh sincere nightingale mad with love  
May God make you deserving of His beauty"  
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

These words are the nightingale of Üftāde's soul  
What he calls rose garden is the country of union  
It is the hand of Divine Power which leads the lovers  
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.



4.

At dawn I saw the nightingale's bed  
He had set up his tent in the shade of a rose  
I hope that he will give up his soul and his possessions  
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

He collapses drunk from the perfume of the rose  
The fire of separation fills his head through and through  
The ocean of the heart boils and overflows  
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

Sometimes he weeps, sometimes he makes up verses  
Sometimes taken with madness he cracks his head against stones  
Sometimes he crosses mountains, and winters in the wilderness  
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

Sometimes he rests in silence, staring at nothing  
His heart, forever bound to the rose, does not open towards another  
He enters into retreat and never comes out  
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

He plunges himself into the pangs of torment  
He doesn't know what he is  
His only desire is to see the face of the Friend  
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

He imagines that with that picture in mind he can reach union  
Laying his heart in shreds and tatters  
Obviously he has never met a person who reached that spiritual state  
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love

Listen to the words of Üftāde, the nightingale  
Efface your intimate being in the scent of the rose  
If you should really wish to see the face of the Friend  
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

5.

At dawn I heard the nightingale lamenting  
Indulgently singing tender gazels  
Branding the souls of the lovers who heard him  
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

I said: "Oh nightingale mad with love and wonderment  
How many times will you cry and call?  
To reach reunion is not possible in this state"  
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

Put aside these songs and verses  
Listen to what has been said by the pure elected one  
From white and black withdraw your existence  
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

Take the celestial Buraq to the country of annihilation  
If you wish no separation to stay in your soul  
Then you will reach the refuge of the people of Unity  
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

In that abode neither body nor spirit may be discerned  
There neither sea nor ocean to be contemplated  
There is the remedy for the pain of lovers  
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

There is there neither plaintiff nor plaint  
There is found neither desire nor inclination  
There no mention made of lowest or highest  
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

Such is the word of poor Üftāde  
No-one can see this station  
So long as he has not reached the peace and blessing of God  
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

6.

At night I saw the nightingale of dawn  
Flying high in the station of union  
The meanings opened up and he spelt them out  
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

I said: "Oh nightingale mad with love  
You deserve to reach that abode  
You who were sincere in the way of your beloved"  
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

There remained in him no strength to reply  
He knew there neither separation nor union  
Such is the final destination of lovers  
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

It was from annihilation that nothingness struck the nightingale  
He could see nothing other, be it white or black  
None but the Creator knew his state  
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

His existence sank in the ocean of reality  
His prostration grew and grew in perfection  
Thus is the eternal contemplation of lovers  
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

When the nightingale is aloft, reality is his spirit  
They are neither in the mountains nor in the nest  
There is neither stone nor thorn in this sphere  
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

These words do not apply to poor Üftāde  
He does nothing but trace out the tracks of the gnostics  
May God give him eyes to witness  
Marvel at this nightingale, falcon in the land of the Friend!