

Poem 1

From His inspiration upon her after His blessings had wafted in.

- 1) When a breeze of acceptance wafts in,
a deep love reminds me of union's covenant,
- 2) And when a flash of inspiration appears from my Lord,
my eyes cloud up and pour.
- 3) When the leader calls out His name
as the caravan departs, desire wants my heart to stay,
- 4) And when passion's fire is kindled in my ribs,
then, my friend, I take a drink from recollection's cups.
- 5) If critics belittle my claims to love,
well, ancient is my tale of love for Him,
- 6) And when others slander me because of Him,
my every limb opposes them with passion.
- 7) If all the world abandons me, recollection of him
remains my heart's close companion and friend.
- 8) When the One I love is pleased, He guides me
to the path of righteousness, the straight path,
- 9) And He brings me to the pastures of acceptance
and gives me a taste of inspiration's fruitful knowledge.
- 10) He gives me a drink from the spring of love,
and I attain what I seek and desire,
- 11) And He leads me to smell a scent on the breeze of nearness,
reviving me, though the hot winds blow.
- 12) He tears away the veils of pride and heedlessness
that cloud the skies of the heart,
- 13) So I behold the truth of Truth in every atom,
and leave aside what passes and does not last.
- 14) O, Lord, confirm my view of You, for You are, indeed,
all-knowing of needs, most generous with grace!¹

¹ Homerin *Emanations...* p. 53, "Recalling You My Lord", p. 135-6 & 148-9

Poem 2

From His inspiration to her during a mystical audition (samā‘)

My friend, please,
 mention again the one I love.

Despite my devotion to come to him,
 I can't get enough as long as I live!

Tales of passion for him
 have been told by me,

And in spreading them arose
 a new life that will never end.

So I can't forget him;
 I can't wait or be without him;

I can't be away from him.
 No. I can't cope.

My tears flow from passion;
 my heart is grilled by love

For between my ribs is a fire
 burning me within.

Critics blame my heart,
 but, my friends, it won't be turned

By their honeyed lies
 for they are masters of deceit.

Yet, when I complained of my state,
 my love sickness, and tribulation,

My heart answered:
 "This is not the way of one who loves.

"To complain about what one encountered
 in love is a disgrace!

"To die for him is nothing;
 misfortunes are adored for him!"

So, do you think I can win
 his nearness curing all my ills?

Being close to him is my highest goal
and furthest desire,

And I don't mean by this, old loves
like Salm. or 'Alw. or Hind.

My only aim is Him
who knows the heart and love talk,

One everlasting God
Who shaped all creation.

From Him, I hope for an honored place
in the safe Abode of Eternity.²

² Homerin *Emanations...* p.41, "Recalling You My Lord", p. 141-2 & 150

Poem 3

From His inspiration to her during a mystical audition (samā')

Recollection of Him was sweet to taste
when He whispered to my heart,

And His herald proclaimed:
“Come quickly to me, obedient to Him!

“Arise, and enter Our presence
with sincerity as We have ordered;

“Kneel before Our might and submit,
and this will please Us.

“Give up everything
until you see only Him,

“For one who comes before Our presence
with what you have, We have remembered him.

“We accept him, for after the break,
We mend it with happiness.

“Just so, after rejection,
We confer nearness.

“What is desired, We have attained;
what is hoped for, is given!”

My heart replied with obedience:
“Your wish is my command!”

So He befriended my heart, then made it expand.
He summoned it, then whispered to it lovingly.

He astonished it, then gave it comfort;
annihilated it, then made it stay.

He drank with it, then exalted it;
He graced it, then pleased it.

He made my heart present, then led it away;
He gave it a drink and quenched it,

And He made it drunk, then baffled it;
He revived it and gave it new life,

With a cup whose contents
was beyond the mind's grasp.

For the cup held:
Allāha: lā ilāha illā hū

“God! There is no deity but Him!”³

³ Homerin *Emanations...* p. 55-6; “Recalling You My Lord”, p. 144-5 & 150-1

Poem 4

From His inspiration to her.

You effaced me in awe
until vanquished, I vanished,

And this brought Your beauty,
so You stabilized and restored me in grace.

If not for You, I would have no existence,
and my fate would be nothingness.

Yet, I am happy, my spirit refreshed,
for among the atoms, I won a drop of life.

In You is my hope and joy,
so what despair is the void of avoidance!

You, most high, Who lifts and cheers me,
delight and preserve me, You, my obsession!

God, my Lord, kindly guided me,
so misfortunes cleared away,

And He sent His Prophet in whom
I have glory and grace, for he is my life!

May he receive from his Lord,

May God bless his family, companions, and helpers,
the spiritual masters and their dependents,

As long as blossoms in the meadows smile in delight
when the early clouds break down and cry,

As long as the dawn of nearness arises
and nothing remains of the long night alone.⁴

⁴ Homerin *Emanations...* p. 65, "Recalling You My Lord", p. & 148

Poem 5

You who annihilates mystically
those absorbed in love of You,
Give to me! Give to me!
Grant me a good life and immortality
with clear vision in union.
Yā Hū, yā Hū, yā Allāhu, yā Hū, yā Hū, yā Allāhu, yā Hū, yā Hū, yā Allāhu
Yā Allāhu, yā Hū, yā Allāhu!

My love, my desire,
my goal, my being
Be mine! Be mine!
And mend my break and free me from poverty
with nearness and union.
Yā Hū, yā Hū, yā Allāhu, yā Hū, yā Hū, yā Allāhu, yā Hū, yā Hū, yā Allāhu
Yā Allāhu, yā Hū, yā Allāhu!

Love of You enslaved Your lover:
I was dazed when I lost
my reason, my reason,
And love bewildered me and kept me up all night
as it led me on and wore me out.
Yā Hū, yā Hū, yā Allāhu, yā Hū, yā Hū, yā Allāhu, yā Hū, yā Hū, yā Allāhu
Yā Allāhu, yā Hū, yā Allāhu!

Your beauty bound me tight,
and when the light appeared, gone was
my shadow, my shadow,
And it stripped me, and nothing remained with me,
as it annihilated me as was right.
Yā Hū, yā Hū, yā Allāhu, yā Hū, yā Hū, yā Allāhu, yā Hū, yā Hū, yā Allāhu
Yā Allāhu, yā Hū, yā Allāhu!

I left myself and went away.
My veil was gone, and my nearness appeared:
My union! My union!
For, He had astonished, then revived me,
and He gave me new life in beauty.
Yā Hū, yā Hū, yā Allāhu, yā Hū, yā Hū, yā Allāhu, yā Hū, yā Hū, yā Allāhu
Yā Allāhu, yā Hū, yā Allāhu!

In His epiphany, when He called out
from His brilliant fire,
He said to me, He said to me:
“Arise, drink, and enjoy
the goodness of My grace!”
Yā Hū, yā Hū, yā Allāhu, yā Hū, yā Hū, yā Allāhu, yā Hū, yā Hū, yā Allāhu
Yā Allāhu, yā Hū, yā Allāhu!

For He had set a radiant cup out for me
filled with truth's pure wine.
He gave to me, He gave to me
this pure drink with relief
and hope and peace.
Yā Hū, yā Hū, yā Allāhu, yā Hū, yā Hū, yā Allāhu, yā Hū, yā Hū, yā Allāhu
Yā Allāhu, yā Hū, yā Allāhu!

These wine jars are unveilings of beneficence
with gnosis to their tavern-mates,
my folk, my folk,
my masters, my loves,
my brothers in my mystical states.
Yā Hū, yā Hū, yā Allāhu, yā Hū, yā Hū, yā Allāhu, yā Hū, yā Hū, yā Allāhu
Yā Allāhu, yā Hū, yā Allāhu!

I have an exalted axis among them
who appeared with his fidelity
to me, to me,
and he drew me and brought me near
and raised me up in nobility.
Yā Hū, yā Hū, yā Allāhu, yā Hū, yā Hū, yā Allāhu, yā Hū, yā Hū, yā Allāhu
Yā Allāhu, yā Hū, yā Allāhu!

My Master, the greatest to come among us
is the most exalted Prophet.
Bless him! bless him!
and all the apostles, his family
and closest friends, You Most High!
Yā Hū, yā Hū, yā Allāhu, yā Hū, yā Hū, yā Allāhu, yā Hū, yā Hū, yā Allāhu
Yā Allāhu, yā Hū, yā Allāhu!

As long as Your cup comes round to my heart
with Your wine in the tavern of nearness,
my drink, my drink,
given to me to drink, quenching me,
and reviving me in union!
Yā Hū, yā Hū, yā Allāhu, yā Hū, yā Hū, yā Allāhu, yā Hū, yā Hū, yā Allāhu
Yā Allāhu, yā Hū, yā Allāhu!⁵

⁵ Homerin *Recalling Your Lord...*, pp. 146-7