The Sun's Breath
poems of Hafiz
Daniel Ladinsky

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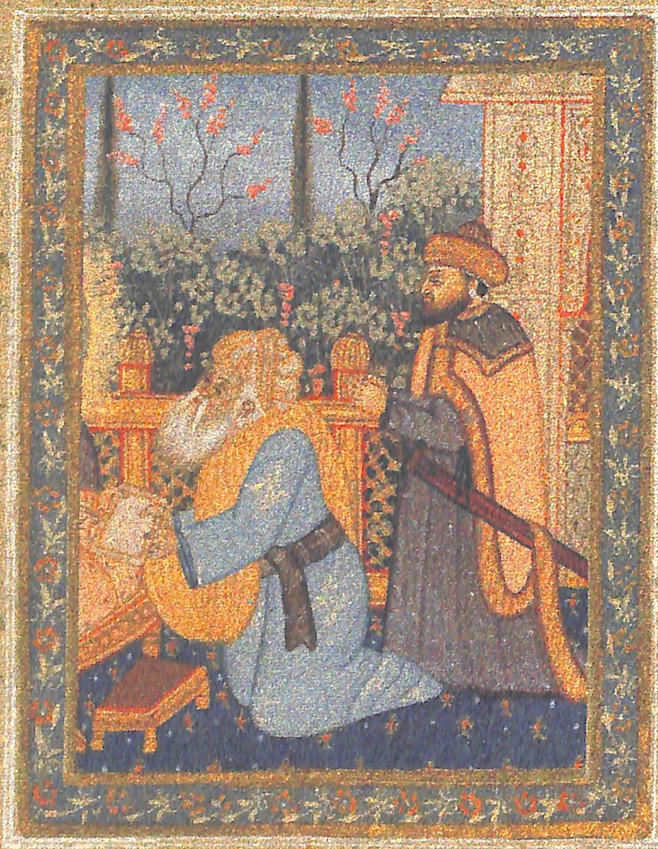

Poems of Hafiz

Versions by Daniel Ladinsky

Jai Baba,
Jai Baba,

for Enuch

love,
love,
Danny

The Sun's Breath

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The acknowledgements are to be added.

INTRODUCTION

My work with Hafiz began on an early morning walk in the countryside of India, on a beautiful tree lined road that leads to a place I hope you may someday visit called Meherazad.

I was walking with an elderly Zoroastrian man who lived most of his life with Meher Baba and was one of His most dear and closest disciples, until Meher Baba's passing in 1969. We were talking about Hafiz, who was Baba's favorite poet. And I was somewhat raving about how sad it seemed to me that the Western world knew so little of that Great Old One's (Hafiz's) astounding love and spirit. Thus began this work. That night, working from a literal translation, I wrote my first version of a Hafiz poem.

All the poems here are based on that remarkable translation of the "Divan of Hafiz," by H. Wilberforce Clarke, originally published in 1891. I work from a beautiful two volume, 1011 page edition of Clarke's work recently republished in Iran. I also borrow and shape ideas and thoughts from several thousand other pages of material and poems that are attributed to Hafiz and his life.

The number of poems that are said to have been "written" by Hafiz varies; according to Clarke there are 693.

I believe there is a profoundly greater love, light and treasure in the eyes of Hafiz than is available in all the portraits (i.e., books and poems) of him that I have seen. Because of this belief I have expounded on the poems in his "Divan." From what I feel to be the heart or the spirit of a particular poem (or poems), I have often written many interpretations. Thus my work with Hafiz is clearly a version, as defined: "A description or account from one point of view."

It is my understanding that Hafiz never actually wrote poetry, but only spoke it out loud or sang it when in the mood. And some of the most respected scholars feel that the first complete manuscript of his poems wasn't even compiled until many years after his passing. Still I feel there is a tremendous foundation that has been provided from which one can render a living portrait of Hafiz.

I have been told by those who know the nuances of the language that Hafiz, when read in Persian, can appear extraordinarily rich, humorous, robust and alive, even Perfect, to one who understands him. Although I do not speak the language and have given up my study of Persian, I have listened for hours to Hafiz's poetry being recited and sung in Persian in order to get some idea of how the sounds blend, and how 'sound' in itself can become a tangible and nurturing divine hand. And as I devote myself more to the study of the "Divan of Hafiz" and his life, the more I come to believe that what the Western world sees of him is but a tiny fraction, such a tiny fraction, of one of history's most magnificent teachers and friends.

What I see of Hafiz's verse, caged in the restrictive English language, saddens me. For the verses usually appear as golden bones – sometimes stripped so bare of Reality and Music that some miracle of DNA reconstruction seems to be needed to restore divine sinew, hair, guts and grandeur, so that Hafiz might be himself again, and dance and roar and laugh, while helping us to play catch with the Sun; "O, play catch with the Sun!"

Words like "translation" or "version" in regard to the Divine (as I view Hafiz's abode) are meaningless and absurd unless they can communicate light and humor and give us comfort; unless they can let us sit with the Beloved for a moment; unless they give access to hope and can spill a flammable insight all over us and then – even strike a welcomed match.

The simple but profound gauge of judging Truth's presence in any words attributed to Hafiz should always be: Does God live close enough to them to kick you with His beautiful foot? Do they have the grace, power and the majesty to bestow that degree of love that can transform us?

I have written 4,000 renderings since I began my study of the "Divan" and Hafiz in the Fall of 1992. These are among the first to be published. Most are not complete. For the majority of the poems still appear to me as uncut diamonds, and I know if I give them further care and love, they will reveal a greater brilliance and more of their tender and playful facets of God.

In another volume of Hafiz poetry that has been recently published (called "I Heard God Laughing"), there is a rendering of some of my favorite lines of Hafiz. These lines to me reveal so much of him. Upon being asked what is a poet Hafiz responds: "A poet is someone who can pour light into a spoon, then raiSEit to nourish your beautiful parched, holy mouth." May some of these poems give you that wondrous taste – give you a few moments of respite in the arms of the Sweet Reality.

Sometimes I feel that I have just begun to open a sacred music box that Hafiz wound up. Just the other day I caught him in the "Tavern" singing:

"No one could ever paint a Too Wonderful picture of my heart or God."

Sometimes I feel that I have just begun to wade – with my little cane pole and piece of string with a hook on it – between the lines in the "Divan" where Hafiz seems to have stocked deep pools with beautiful shining fish that want to leap out into our world and give us nourishment and love and rides upon their backs.

I hope to continue throughout my life the study of Hafiz, who has been known for centuries as "The Tongue Of The Invisible." I hope to go through his "Divan" again and again, and to be able to write with a greater strength, depth and purity. I have prayed hundreds of times like a sweet madman for help with this work and for the ability to make known and clear a few notes of the Luminous Sound Of God, which I feel I once literally heard and saw in Hafiz, when he, as a Resplendent Fountaining Sun, sang hundreds of lines to me in a remarkable dream.

I treat this work with the utmost respect and care. I am in gratitude for having completed what I have thus far.

What can I say to my dear Master, Meher Baba, for all His help and guidance. For whatever truth, beauty, laughter and charm you may find here, I would say, it is a gift to this world from Him, the Avatar.

Daniel Ladinsky
10 July 1997

No one

In need of love

Can sit with my verse for an hour

And then walk away without feeling

That God just came

Near.

Hafiz

Comments About Hafiz And Existing Works

Shams-ud-din Muhammad Hafiz was born in Shiraz, Persia. The dates attributed to his birth and death vary; they are commonly believed to be 1320 to 1389.

I feel that most readers who pick up this book will have some knowledge of Hafiz, so rather than go into a long sketch of his life, I would just like to reflect upon some of the more important translations of which I am aware and to make a few more comments about my own work, and rather presumptuously attempt to "define" Hafiz.

In Gertrude Bell's "Teachings of Hafiz," The Octagon Press, London, 186 pages, a reprint of her original 1897 work, there are some hundred pages of preface, introduction and notes on the life, times and poems of Hafiz. Her translations of Hafiz, though few in number, are considered some of the best of that century.

In the H. Wilberforce Clarke work there are 40 pages of introduction to the life of Hafiz and a literary history and outline of the sources Clarke used.

Probably the most accessible book of Hafiz's poetry found in the U.S.A. today is "Fifty Poems of Hafiz" by A. J. Arberry (recently reprinted by Curzon Press). It contains an excellent 34 page introduction. And just recently I came across the Hafiz book entitled "The Green Sea of Heaven," translated by Elizabeth T. Gray, published by the White Cloud Press, 1995, which strikes me as a wonderful and important brush stroke toward portraying and revealing the majesty of "God's Tongue" – Hafiz.

The contemporary Australian writer, Paul Smith, has written a version of the "Divan of Hafiz," 791 poems, New Humanity Press, Melbourne. In a separate 256 page book, Mr. Smith has put together probably the greatest collection of literary facts and history concerning Hafiz and the English language. This book also includes what Smith feels is the life story of Hafiz.

Included in Smith's work are some intriguing quotes about Hafiz and his poetry by such personalities as Emerson, Goethe, the famous Sufi teacher Inayat Khan, and Edward Fitzgerald, best known for his version of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.

What I say on the back cover of this book basically summarizes the life of Hafiz in my view. And the profundity of that statement reveals his unique role and significance – allowing the reader of his poetry not only to see and taste for a moment something of our True Self, but to begin to grow and unfold from the essential nutrients therein.

Who is Hafiz? He is our very Destiny. He is someone who reached that stage, or station, in his evolutionary/involutionary process and thus naturally fell crazy in love with God. But, he was also someone with whom God fell in love, with whom God married, as it were, making Hafiz's verse sanctified, making Hafiz's verse God's own Divine Offspring.

Hafiz is considered one of the greatest lyrical poets of all time. I lack a musical background, but have tried to maintain his lyrical quality as best I can. Hundreds of times I could have easily rhymed lines but chose not to, feeling that to do so might have diluted the image I was trying to bring out and enhance. Instead, I have concentrated in this work mostly on excavating, laying bare and unveiling the astonishing charm and substance that I find ingrained within the "Divan."

As Hafiz's poems are inherently ecstatic and sacred, they are all firmly rooted in the Mystical Ground of Unreason – and a love and experience that surpasses the intellect, time and space. Thus it seems so very natural often to depart from any scholarly disciplines that might leave Hafiz looking pale, small, dated, or in any way lacking – as I know him to be so very much to the contrary. A tiny example of departing from what I consider to be the "finite or republican approach to Hafiz" is the occasional developed refrain in some of the poems that to my mind seems realistic, innate, and much closer to the Spirit of the verse. A larger example is the 4500 renderings of Hafiz that I have now done hoping to convey something of his vital connection to the heart of every lover of God, and his vital connection to our age, to the present day, and to the advents of the Beloved.

I love the extraordinary texture of a truth and image Hafiz expresses in one of his poems, contained in the book, "The Subject Tonight Is Love", when he says:

> "I have been lifted drunk off the floor in a Magnificent Tavern.
> Now at my seat upon Divine Love
> I gaze at Everything with brilliant clear eyes –
> I can so easily lean my cheek across the small table of time and space
> And let you touch my beautiful, laughing, wooly beard."

In translating Hafiz, or doing renderings, one has the awesome task – if one is to be considered successful – of bringing to the reader's senses the Splendid Knowledge, the gifts of courage, humor and intimacy with the Sun. As Hafiz says himself, "Having the strength to turn the Divine Pockets of the Hidden inside out." For indeed a wondrous, charming, gifted, Sweet Drunk Man and Light – a wild holy friend to the world – is how Hafiz would appear if we could somehow get sound equipment and film into the past.

I feel this wonderful 14th-century Poet had a special love for and interest in artists. For the true artist and the mystic meet over the same cup and have that precious talent to impart its contents of Truth and freedom. I hope that someday many of his verses can again be put into songs, paintings and performances, as music and dance was often the medium, the very catalyst for their original spontaneous expression.

Persian poets of Hafiz's era would often address themselves in the poems as if carrying on a conversation. This was considered a method of "signing" the poem as one might a painting or a letter to a friend. I have not eliminated this characteristic that sometimes makes the verse seem more intimate, playful and real. The reader should also note that sometimes Hafiz speaks from the point of view of a seeker, other times from the point of view of a realized Master and Guide. It is believed that after living with his Murshid for some 40 years Hafiz received the Divine Mantle of God Realization, and that during his early life with his Teacher, Hafiz had composed, sung, many of the poems that are now attributed to him.

Ralph Waldo Emerson said,

> "Hafiz defies you to show him or put him in a condition inopportune or ignoble...He fears nothing. He sees too far; he sees throughout; such is the only man I wish to...be."

I just returned from two months in India a few days ago as I write. I would say I have the great fortune of having a spiritual friend and teacher, an elderly man whom I have known for nearly twenty years and whom I have been able to live close to at times – eat beside, walk beside, hear him belch and laugh, and even catch the flu from him this last trip; and also feel my head get severed and roll in excruciating pain when my foolishness surged too much. As with any true teacher he wants nothing from anyone but only wants you to know the priceless treasure of serving, loving and becoming consciously closer to God. And speaking of all the

greatness of Hafiz on these last few pages reminds me of something I was able to read to my friend as we one day walked in the early morning on that "beautiful tree lined road." What I read was this:

> "The Perfect Ones such as Rumi, Hafiz, Kabir and Saadi – as moving and sublime as their words and effect can be – are sometimes not clearly understood. That is, as magnificent and vital as are their roles in Creation they are just shadows of the Avatar, the Christ, the Prophet. The glorious Perfect Ones whirl in the Beloved's Tavern Window – they all sing to the world saying, 'Come drink from the Heart of the Friend. Come let your every cell and the eye of your soul know the Resplendent Nourishment and Compassion, the Divine Beauty and Grace of the ever present Ancient One'."

"Come drink from the heart of the Friend." Throughout this book the words Friend and Beloved are mentioned many times. These words, as also the words Ocean, Sky, Sun and Moon when capitalized in these poems, can be a direct reference, a synonym, for the word God.

As one might have endearing pet names for family members or friends – Hafiz has a unique vocabulary of names for God. God to him is more than just the Father, the Mother, the Infinite or a Being beyond comprehension. Hafiz calls God a range of names, some are: the Sweet Uncle, the Generous Merchant, the Immediate One, the Problem Giver, the Problem Solver, the Clever Rascal. To him, God is someone we can meet, enter, and begin to eternally explore. God is the Dancer, the Music, the Wine, the Bottle, the Beautiful Companion, the Kind Radiant One. In these poems Hafiz gives the address of the holes in the roof, the cracks in the walls, to the front and back doors of God's favorite Taverns – so that our mouths and souls and lives can stop pretending to be empty or dry.

DJL

This "Comments About Hafiz And Existing Works" was first published in May of 1996 in **The Subject Tonight Is Love,** Poems Of Hafiz.

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Plan to use a 3/4 page photo of Baba from Love Personified page 22.

And below the picture have the Dedication to the Hafiz Book that reads exactly
as is the Dedication in the "Subject Tonight Is Love"
and in the right hand corner of the picture, or somewhere fitting
we want to put in "Meher Baba, Bombay 1929"

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Let's Eat

Why

Just show you God's menu?

Hell, we are all starving –

Let's eat!!!

Laughing At The Word Two

Only
That Illumined One

Who keeps seducing the formless into form

Had the charm to win my heart.

Only a Perfect One

Who is always laughing at the word – two

Can make you know of
Love.

Looking For Good Fish

Why complain about life
If you are looking for good fish
And have followed some idiot
Into the middle of the copper market?

Why go crazy
If you are looking for fine silk
And you keep rubbing your hands against
Burlap and hemp sacks?

If your heart really need to touch a face
That is filled with gold and tenderness
Then why didn't you come to this Old Man sooner?

For the campsite of the sky
And all its suns
Is now my cheeks.
And if you can make your prayers sweet enough
To God tonight –

Then Hafiz will lean down and offer you
All the warmth in my spirit's body
In case God is busy
And needing to do something else very wild –
Somewhere.

Why complain if you are looking
To quench your aching body
And have followed a deluded rat into a desert.

If your soul really needs to touch a face
That is always filled with compassion and tenderness
Then why,
Why my dear did you not come to your friend – Hafiz,
Sooner?

A Hunting Party

A

Hunting party

Sometimes has a greater chance

Of flushing love and God

Out into the open

Than a warrior all

Alone.

We Have Not Come To Take Prisoners

We have not come here to take prisoners,
But to surrender ever more deeply
To freedom and joy.

We have not come into this exquisite world
To hold ourselves a hostage from love.

Run my dear,
From anything
That may not strengthen
Your precious budding wings.

Run like hell my dear,
From anyone likely
To put a sharp knife
Into the sacred tender eye of your beautiful heart.

We have a duty to befriend
Those aspects of obedience
That stand outside of our house
And shout to our soul's reason
"O please , O please – come out and play."

For we have not come here to take prisoners
Or to confine our wondrous spirits,
But to experience ever and ever more deeply
A divine courage and freedom and
Light!

Then, What Was The Use Of This Story?

I can see angels
Sitting on your ears,
Polishing trumpets,
Replacing the lute strings,
Stretching new skins on the drums
And gathering wood for the evening's
Fire.

They all danced last night
But you did not hear them.

If you asked Hafiz for advice
On how to befriend their sweet voices
And how to have the nourishing company
Of the finer
Worlds

I would reply,

"I could not say anything –
Your heart could not tell
Me."

Then,
What was the use of this story?

O,
I just felt like talking.

To Dance

The sun turns a key in a lock each day
As soon as it crawls out of bed.

Light swings open a door
And the many kinds of love rush out
Onto the infinite polo field.

Your soul sometimes plays a note
Against His great blue ear
Which echoes

And for a few seconds
You are deeply glad you are alive.

In a world such as this:
That has all of us helplessly reeling
From the beauty of God –
Everything demands that we come
To so intimately know Her.

I have no more anger,
But many seasons of tears still rise and descend
As the earth and my body
Hold hands and spin –

Clasped and spinning
Trying to near the heart of every atom.

My soul now plays a constant tune
In the church of Existence

And this causes God,.
This causes even God
To dance.

Who Wrote All The Music

Why is it now
That I come to you like a humble servant
Willing to feed you brilliant words and love
From my own sacred mouth and palms,

Willing to say, "I am sorry,
I am sorry for all your pain?"

It is because when God
Fully revealed Himself in me

I saw that it was Hafiz
Who wrote all the Music you have been playing.

I saw it was Hafiz
Who wrote all your notes of sadness,
But also etched and gave you
Every ecstatic wince of joy your face and body
And heart – has ever known.

Okay my dear,
You have stumbled enough in the earth's sweet dance.
You have paid all your dues many times.

Now let's get down to the real reason
Why we sit together and breathe –
And begin the laughing, the divine laughing,
Like great heroic women
And wonderful strong
Men.

Your Mother And My Mother Were Friends

Fear is the cheapest room in the house.

I would like to see you living in better conditions.
For your mother and my mother
Were friends.

I know the Inn Keeper
In this part of the universe.
Get some rest tonight.
Come to my verse again tomorrow.
We'll go speak to the Friend together.

I should not make any promises right now,
But I know if you pray
Somewhere in this world –
Something good will happen!

God wants to see
More love and playfulness in your eyes
For that is your greatest witness to Him.

Your soul and my soul
Once sat together in the Beloved's womb –
Playing footsie.

Your heart and my heart
Are very, very old
Friends.

I Have Learned So Much

I have
Learned so much from God
That I can no longer
Call myself

A Christian, a Hindu, a Muslim,
A Jew.

The Truth has shared so much of Itself
With me

That I can no longer call myself
A man, an angel, Existence
Or even – pure
Soul.

Love has befriended Hafiz so completely
It has turned to ash
And freed me

Of every thought and word
I know.

Why Just Ask The Donkey

Why
Just ask the donkey in me
To speak to the donkey in you,

When I have so many other beautiful animals
And brilliant colored birds inside
That are all longing to say something wonderful
And exciting to your heart.

Let's open all the locks upon our eyes
That keep us from knowing that Intelligence –
That begets love
And a more lively and satisfying sohbet (conversation)
With the Friend.

Let's turn loose our golden falcons
So that they can meet in the sky
Where our spirits belong –
Necking like two hot kids.

Let's hold hands and get drunk near the Sun
And sing sweet songs to God
Until He joins us with a few notes
From His own sublime lute and drum.

If you have any better ideas
Of how to pass a lonely night
After your glands may have performed
All their little magic –

Then speak up sweethearts, speak up,
For Hafiz and all the world will listen.

Why just bring your donkey to my door
Asking for stale hay
And a boring conference with "the Idiot"
In regards to this precious matter –
Such a precious matter as Love,

When I have so many other Divine Animals
And brilliant Colored Birds inside
That are longing
That are all sweetly longing
To greet you!

The Jaws Of This World

It
Was
Posted last night
On the Tavern wall
A hard rule that God decreed
For all of Love's
Inmates,

It read:

"Dear Ones,
If your heart cannot find some intelligent
Work

Then the jaws of this world will grab hold,
Will so tightly grab hold –

Of your
Ass."

If God Invited You To A Party

If God
Invited you to a party
And said,

"Everyone
In the ballroom tonight
Will be my special
Guest."

How would you treat them
When you
Arrived?

Indeed, indeed!

And Hafiz knows, there is no one
In this world

Who
Is not upon
His Jeweled Dance
Floor.

To Build A Swing

You carry all the ingredients
To turn your life into a nightmare –
Don't mix them!

You carry all the tools
To build a swing in your backyard
That will seat you
And God.

That sounds
Like a hell of a lot more fun.
Let's start laughing, drawing blueprints,
And gathering our close friends.

I will help you
With my divine lute and drum.

Hafiz
Will sing a thousand words
You can take into your hands and mind
Like golden saws and
Hammers,

Polished teak wood,
And strong silk rope.

You carry all the ingredients
To turn your existence into Joy –
Mix them.

Our Brilliant Reed Instruments

My heart
Is an unset jewel
Upon the tender night
Yearning for its dear old friend –
The Moon.

When the Nameless One
Debuts again
Ten thousand facets of my being
Unfurl wings
And I enter such a divine realm
That even I too begin
To so sweetly peddle light all
Through the streets of this wondrous earth.

My heart is an unset jewel
Upon existence
Waiting for the Kind Ancient One's Touch.

Tonight
My heart is an unset ruby
Offered bowed and weeping to the Sky.

I am dying in these wee cold hours
For the resplendent glance of God.

I am dying
Because of a divine remembrance
Of who – I Really Am.

Hafiz, tonight,
Our souls are brilliant reed instruments
In need of the breath of the
Christ.

The Great Expanse

Anger sinks the boat.

Now we are not praising any kind of
'Drowning' –

Just crossing the great expanse
Of each minute

With dignity and
Poise.

His Winter Crop

I have seen You heal
A hundred deep wounds with one glance
From Your spectacular eyes,
While your hands, beneath the table,
Pour large bags of salt into the open wounds
Of Your most loyal servants.

Dear world, I can offer
An intelligent explanation
Of our suffering,
But I hope it really makes sense
To no one here,
And, come morning,
You are again at God's door
With ax and pickets,
Eloquent petitions and complaints.

Think of suffering as being washed.
That is to say
Hafiz, you are often completely soaked
And dripping.

The only advantage I can see in this –
In the Friend's long-range-plan,
Is that when the Beloved bursts
Into ecstatic flames

This whole world will not turn into
A bright oil wick all at once,
Then divine ash,
And ruin His 'winter crop'.

Infidelity

Sitting here
Loving like this

Alone again in the desert valley
After that magnificent storm
Of Your presence
Just passed.

I am like an elegant cypress
Whose face and form
Your beauty
Ruined.

Why not accuse You of infidelity
Or much worse –

When most every lover of God
In this world

Would so gladly testify
On my behalf.

To See My Own Heart

You are
A divine shy deer
That I cannot cease but track.

Though only once of late Beloved
Did I get so close
To see

My own face and heart
Reflected –

Reflected in Your wondrous soft eyes.

Only once of late Beloved
When I thought that I had You
At last cornered

Did Hafiz come to know
The sublime beauty of God's body,

Of God's body
Against my own
Hand.

Removing The Shoe From The Temple

Once someone asked me,
"Why does a saint seek divine annihilation,
And is often humble
And likes to spend their free time
Upon their knees?"

And I replied,

"It is a simple matter of etiquette."

And then they said,
"What do you mean Hafiz?"

"Well," I continued,
"When ones goes into a mosque or temple
Is not it common to remove what covers your feet?

So too does it happen
With this whole mind and body
(That is something like a shoe)

When one begins to realize
Upon Whom you are – really standing,

One begins to remove the "shoe" from the
Temple."

Out Of This Mess

Pray
To be humble
So that God does not
Have to appear to be so stingy.

O pray to be honest,
Strong,
Kind,
And pure,

So that the Beloved is never miscast
As a cruel great miser.

I know you have a hundred hidden cases
Against God in court,

But never mind, wayfarer,
Let's just get out of this mess

And pray to be loving and humble
So that the Friend will be forced to reveal

Himself so
Near!

That Tree We Planted

Beloved Master
That tree we planted near the spot
That became your
Tomb

Has grown so well
That it is now several times my height.

When the season comes
To make its leaves
Begin to bow and fall,

Hafiz will then sleep upon the ground
Hoping in at least a
Dream –

You will kiss my cheek
Again!

The Great Work

Love
Is the great work
But every heart is first an apprentice

That slaves beneath the city of Light.

This wondrous trade and throne your soul
Is destined for –

You should not have to think
Much about it,

Is it not clear
An apprentice needs a Teacher
Who himself

Has charmed the universe
To reveal Itself – inside his cup.

Happiness is the great work,
But every heart must first become
An apprentice

To one who really knows
About Love.

If The Falling Of A Hoof

If the falling of a hoof
Ever rings the temple bells.

If a lonely man's final scream
Before he hangs himself

And the nightingale's sounds
Of happiness
All become an equal cause to dance,

Then the Sun has at last parted
Its Curtain before you –

God has stopped playing child games
With your mind
And dragged you Backstage by
The hair,

And has shown to you the only possible
Reason

For this bizarre and spectacular
Existence.

Go running through the worlds
Creating divine chaos –

Make everyone and yourself ecstatically mad
For the Friend's beautiful open arms.

Go running through this world
Giving love, giving love,

If the falling of a hoof upon this earth
Ever rings the Temple Bell.

Outside Her Window

The real love
I always keep a secret.

All words
Are sung outside Her window.

For when She lets me in
I take a thousand oaths of silence.

But
Then She says –

O, then God says,

"Hafiz,
You can give the whole world
My
Address."

Who Can Hear The Buddha Sing

Hafiz,
Tonight as you sit with your young students

Who have eyes burning like coals for the
Truth,

Raise your glass in honor
Of The Old Great One from Asia –

Speak in the beautiful style
And precision wit of a Japanese verse,

Say a profound truth about this path
With the edge of your "sailor's" tongue
That has been honed on the finest wine and sake.

O.K. dears ones,
Are you ready?
Are you braced?

Well then:

Who can hear the Buddha sing
If that dog between your legs is barking?

Who can hear the Buddha sing
If that canine between your thighs
Still wants to do
Circus tricks?

A Crystal Rim

The earth lifts its glass to the sun
And light – light is poured.

A bird comes and sits on a crystal rim
And from my forest cave I hear
Singing,

So I run to the edge of existence
And join my soul in love.

I lift my heart to God
And grace is poured.

An emerald bird rises from inside me
And now sits
Upon the crystal rim
Of His glass.

I have left our dark cave forever
I have joined hands with God

I lay my wing
As a bridge to you

So that you can join Us
Singing.

I Know I Was The Water

Who can believe the divine kindness of God?

For Now,
Because of my union with reality.
For Now,
Whenever I hear a story
Of one of His Prophets
Having come into this world,

I know I was a tree that stood near
And bowed down
And took notes.

I know I was the earth
That felt His feet.

I know I was the water
I know I was the food and water that nourished –
That went into God's mouth.

Pilgrim,
If it is your wish,

You will someday See
You sat inside of Hafiz

And with the lute you gave me
We sang of Truth and the divine intimacy:

"I know I was the water that quenched His thirst.
I know I was the food and water
That nourished –
That went into our Beloved's mouth."

I Hold The Lion's Paw

I hold the Lion's Paw
Whenever I dance.

I know the ecstasy of the falcon's wings
When they make love against the sky,

And the sun and the moon
Sometimes argue over
Who will tuck me in at night.

If you think I am having more fun
Than anyone on this planet
You are absolutely correct.

But Hafiz
Is willing to share all his secrets
About how to befriend God.

Indeed dear ones,
Hafiz is so very willing
To share all his secrets
About how to more deeply befriend
Our Beloved.

I hold the Lion's Paw whenever I dance.

I know the ecstasy of your heart's wings
When they make love against the Sky,

And the sun and the moon and the planets
Will someday argue over
Who – who will tuck you in at night!

A Strange Feather

All
The craziness,
All the empty plots,
All the ghosts and fears,

All the grudges and sorrows have
Now
Passed.

I must have inhaled
A strange
Feather

That finally fell
Out.

Stop Calling Me A Pregnant Woman

My Master once entered a phase
That whenever I would see him
He would say,

"Hafiz,
How did you ever become a pregnant woman?"

And I would reply,

"Dear Attar,
You must be speaking the Truth
But all of what you say is a mystery to me."

Many months passed by in his blessed company.
But one day I lost my patience
Upon hearing that odd refrain
And blurted out,

"Stop calling me a pregnant woman!"

And Attar replied,
"Someday, my sweet Hafiz,
All the nonsense in your brain will dry up
Like a stagnant desert pool of water
Beneath the sun,

But if you want to know the Truth right now –
I can so clearly see that God has made love with you
And the Universe is germinating
Inside your belly."

The Ear That Was Sold To A Fish

It is true.
I once had an ear that got sold to a fish.
I will be glad to tell you all about how it happened.
But first I must digress a bit
Perhaps way beyond any logical sequence
Of events
We may ever again piece together.

Let's see,
We could start anywhere –
With any word,
In this luminous world in which I live.

What is the first letter of your alphabet?

"A"
O –
That will be just fine.

Art is the conversation between lovers.
Art offers an opening for the heart.
True art makes the divine silence in the soul
Break into applause.

Art is, at last, the knowledge of
Where we are standing –
Where we are Standing
In this wonderland of Existence
When we rip off all our clothes
And this blind man's patch, illusion,
That got tied across our brow.

We are partners straddling the universe.
Someone inside of us
Has one foot
Upon each resplendent pole.

Someone inside of us is now kissing
The hand of God
And wants to share with us
That wonderful news.

You will find yourself knee deep in ecstasy
When all your talents to love
Have reached their heights.

Hafiz, time, space and boredom
Are just passing fads.
All your pain, worry, sorrow
Will someday apologize and confess –
They were a great lie.

Let's see,
O yes,
Look how we got distracted –
"Beyond logical events"
I remember we were talking,
I was talking about:
The Hairy Ear,
The Ear That Got Sold To A Fish.

It is true
The moon once hired a gang of young thugs
And put a price upon my head.
It seems the Beloved felt
I had been telling too many secrets;
I had been giving too much of His precious wine
Away for free.

So I got called before a Fat Burly Judge.
But I pleaded my own case well.
I said,

"It is all the fault of prayer –
It has filled my heart with divine treasures
That I love to loosely spend."

So,
I bought a ticket for my eye
Upon that White Sky Bird
That never touches ground,

And I bribed an ancient deep sea fish
To buy my hairy ear and drown.

Now whenever the Beloved whispers
Or even slightly moves
I get a scouting report –
That a thousand saints could envy
And would pawn their hearts to know.

Hafiz has become
One of the greatest spies upon God
This world has ever seen.

That is why the moon once got rough.
That is why that Fat Burly Judge
Once crowded all of heaven into a small jury box.

God knowingly did risk, though,
My case becoming famous if I won – He apparently wanted
My name and love
To spread forever wide.

Have you ever contemplated the thought
As I once did –
That the Beloved already knew, already Knew,
Everything long before,
So long before we were ever born.

But now to end this drunken song
With a few more lines rising from my cup:

Indeed art is the conversation between lovers.

True art
Makes the Silent One in the heart

Break into Applause.

Cupping My Hands Like A Mountain Valley

Like the way the valleys of the earth
Cup their hands for light and drink,

Like the way the desert opens up its sweet mouth
And laughs

When someone melts pearls in the sky
And rain, rain –
Returns like a divine lover
With a hundred wonderful gifts

O the words from the true Murshid
Now bring my mind and cells
Such sacred nourishment and life.

When the moon is full
It gets gregarious and likes to chat.
I have heard it say,

"Look what can happen dear seeker
When you lean your graceful arms toward God in prayer,

Look at all of that amorous light you can catch
That will help the night musicians and your soul –
To get Wild."

I stand revolving like a great dervish
In an ecstatic submission to His will.

I have been hired to perform the final act of grace.
I am the Priest in every sacred wedding tent.

Tonight, I am a sovereign planet
With an great wool skirt;
I am a divine artist –
On stage before God's entire court.

With each sublime whirl and orbit
I bow upon the Sun's feet.
I fill my glass for you dear pilgrim –
Beneath the luminous leaking barrel.

I then pour all the contents of my heart and eye's
Experience
Upon your table of existence,

For your body and mind are a silk cloth,
Such a precious silk cloth –
Hafiz has come to dye and stain!

I circumambulate the Truth from the sky –
Like a golden vulture
For I have forsaken all the crippling manners
Of even the most royal birds.

I carry a lute in my talons like a mortal weapon.
Please, please enter into a holy battle with me.
For I – I am God's friend
Who maims with compassion and love!
And you – you are a lost dove upon His wing.

I can teach you
How to bribe the Beloved with an angelic tune

So that the divine manna of His glance
Will fall upon your palate.

Somedays I know
That you are in route to your own slaughter.

Some days I know
You are being trained as an emissary
To serve in His office of joy.

Dear one,
Last night, in the gallery of Reality –
I saw a portrait I will never forget:

The Beloved was stirring a spoon
In this universe-pot
And when He lifted it
I saw this whole world and its affairs
Were not even a floating speck of barley,
Before the radiance of two brilliant diamonds –
That were His cheeks!

And all I could do when beholding that vision
Was to fall upon my knees

And cup my hands and feet like a humble valley
Huddled between the exquisite thighs
Of this holy mountain range

And try to build a reservoir to hold the Beloved's
Resplendent wink and tide.
That offers a myriad tickets to freedom,
That offers the splendor of hearing God sing!

I am a spinning wheel upon the infinite.
I have swallowed that axis and hub
That fathered light and truth.

Grab hold and swing from me my dear
Doing the Impossible –
With your hands and feet both clapping.

I offer a mother's comfort and knowledge
To those who are tired and weak.

And when you become strong
I will conduct like a skilled warrior king
Your divine volcanic glands
Exploding like new galaxies
In all their blessed madness.

God offers – love, love, love,
With His own hands,
To your beautiful parched holy mouth.

Open your soul handsome dying one;
See all gender talk and thought as a mighty joke,
In a oneness as wild and glorious as – this!

Hafiz, go running from that gallery
Like a naked drunk lion
Roaring with a laughter that will shake
The whole earth
And every window and door throughout the sleeping
Cities

Like a man,
Like a man who is delivering on a great steed –
Fantastic news!

Tie yourself as a golden bell
To herds of mating camels
And spring flocks of clouds and birds.

Tie yourself to spawning stars,
And to leaping gentle whales
Who are playing tag with the Moon!
Tie yourself to everything in creation
That got poured from the magic hat.

O, tie your soul like a magnificent sweet chime
To every tender leaf and limb in existence,

And then begin to shout divine obscenities all night
At the creator,
So that He will surely send a tremendous storm.
Because Hafiz,
Because Hafiz,
O sweet Hafiz,
You are a man with such benevolent and fantastic,
Fantastic – Good News!

Dear wayfarer,
Now indulge me in a sober moment.
Please set down your glass,

For I can help you write a letter of resignation
To all your fears and sadness.

Listen:
Let all movement and sound,
Let all movement and sound,
Begin to speak the truth to your heart
And write its music upon your vision and soft pink tongue.

Soak all your prejudices in oil –
I would consider it a favor:
Bring and sing to me your darkest thoughts.
For my whole body is a blazing emerald wick
And I am a Pure Flame –
Who needs and loves to burn your trash.

We should lean against each other more
In such a strange world as this
That can make you scared and weep
And even believe in that lie called death.

We should lean against each other
And give more warmth,
In such a hard and cruel world – as this.

Let all movement and sound,
Gently begin to yield and spill
Something of God upon your chin and vision
And roll down onto your prayer mat –
That will take root in the holy soil of your surrender.
May I hone your devotion with a kiss?

For all in existence is just spinning like this sweet earth
In a divine current,
Why not dance like Hafiz in the cup,
In the cup of His spoon.

I offer my clapping hands and feet to you –
That are in eternal movement.

Hafiz, offers to bow at your feet,
With hands that God has shaped and pounded.

Look into my palms, my dear,
They now contain your face and infinite existence;
All your ideas of space and time will run from me.

I want to tie my hands as a gift and bowl around
Your tender neck,
And send a wonderful secret
Racing through your veins.

Why not use my verse as a golden camel bell
That you can turn upside down into a chalice
And fill with wine.

Hafiz,
You are a divine camel bell
That the Beloved is ringing with His own hand.

Hafiz, you were a blessed slave to Truth
That died like a cut reed – and became hollow,

And turned into a divine instrument
That God now lifts to His own mouth
And plays to summon this world to freedom.

How many men exist upon this earth
Who I could whisper to a holy secret.

Dear ones,
"God has sown Himself onto my tongue."

Like the way the valleys of the earth
Cup their hands for light and drink.

Like the way the desert opens up its sweet mouth
And laughs

When Someone melts pearls in the sky

And rain, rain,
Returns like a divine lover
With a thousand wonderful gifts,

O the luminous words of my Beloved,
Now bring my mind and soul
Such a sacred nourishment
And Peace.

An Infant in Your Arms

The tide of my love has risen so high
Let me flood over you.

Close your eyes for a moment
And maybe all your fears and fantasies
Will end.

If that happened
God would become an infant in your arms

And then you
Would have to nurse all – Creation!

Without Brushing My Hair

The closer I get to you, Beloved,
The more I can see
It is just You and I all alone
In this world.

I hear a knock at my door
Who else could it be –
So I rush without brushing my hair.

For too many nights
I have begged for Your return

And what is the use of vanity
At this late hour
And divine season –
That has now come to my bowed
Knees?

If your love letters are true – dear God
I will surrender myself
To who You keep saying
I AM.

Let Thought Become The Beautiful Woman

Let thought become the Beautiful Woman.

Cultivate your mind and heart to that depth

That it can give you everything
A warm body can.

Why just keep making love with God's child –
Form

When the Beloved Himself is standing
So open armed?

My dear,
Let prayer become the Beautiful Woman

And become free,
Become free of this whole world
Like Hafiz.

A Golden Gun

Effacement is a golden gun.
It was not easy to hold it against my head
And fire!

I needed great faith in my Master
To suffocate myself
With his holy bag
Full of Truth.

I needed great courage
To go out into the dark
Tracking love into the unknown

And not panic or get lost
In all the strange and new scents, sounds,
Sights and wonders,

Or lose my temper
Tripping on those scheming
Night and day around me.

Hafiz,
Effacement is a sacred emerald dagger
That upon this path to God

You will need to plunge
Deep into yourself.

A Mime

A mime stands upon a gallows
For a crime he did not do.
And when given a last chance to speak,
He remains true to his art.

A crowd of hundreds has gathered
Knowing he would not talk
And thus to see his last performance.

The mime takes from the sky
The circle of bright spheres
And lays them on a table,
Expressing deep love
For the companionship and guidance
They have given him for so many years.

He brings the seas before our eyes:
Somehow a golden fin appears and splashes,
Look – there is turquoise rain.

He removes his heart from his body –
And all the warmth from this beautiful earth
With such a sacred tenderness,
There for an extraordinary, extraordinary moment
It looked liked someone was giving birth
To the Christ again.

He mounts his soul
Upon the body of Freedom,
The great Breeze comes by

And the sun and the moon join hands
And bow so gracefully

That for a moment, for a moment
Everyone knows that God is Real –

So the tongue fell out
Of the mouth of this world
For days.

Some Fill With Each Good Rain

There are different wells within your heart
Some fill with each good rain
Others are far too deep for that.

In one well
You have just a few precious cups of water –

That "love" is literally something of yourself,
It can grow as slow as a diamond if it is lost.

Your love
Should never be offered to the mouth of a
Stranger,

Only to someone
Who has the valor and daring
To cut pieces of their soul off with a knife

And then weave them into a blanket
That will always protect you.

There are different wells within us
Some fill with each good rain –
Others are far, far too deep
For that.

When I Want To Kiss God

When
No one is looking

I swallow deserts and clouds
And chew on mountains knowing
They are sweet bones!

When no one is looking and I want
To kiss God

I just lift my own hand
To my mouth.

Like a Life Giving Sun

You could become a great horseman

And help to free yourself and this world

But only if you and prayer become sweet
Lovers.

It is a naive man who thinks we are not
Engaged in a fierce battle,

For I see and hear brave foot soldiers
All around me going mad

And falling on the ground in tremendous pain.

You could become a victorious horseman

And carry your heart through this world
Like a life giving sun

But only if you and God become sweet
Lovers!

Someone Untied Your Camel

I cannot sit still with my countrymen in chains.
I cannot act mute
Hearing the agony of your loneliness
Pounding against the Beloved's heart.

My love for God is such
That I could dance with Him tonight without you —
But I would rather have you there.

My dear, is your caravan lost?

It is if you no longer weep from happiness

Or weep
From being cut deep with the awareness
Of the extraordinary beauty
That emanates from the most common of things.

My dear, is your caravan lost?

It is if you can no longer be kind to yourself
And loving to those who are stuck
With the sometimes difficult task – of loving you.

At least come to know
That someone untied your camel last night

For I hear its sweet voice
Calling for God in the desert.

At least, come to know
That Hafiz will always hold a lantern
With galaxies blooming inside
And that

I will always want to guide your soul near
To the divine warmth and exhilaration
Of our Beloved's Wild Tent.

So Many Gifts

There are so many gifts
Still unopened from your birthday,
There are so many hand crafted presents
That have been sent to you by God.

The Beloved does not mind repeating:
"Everything I have is also yours."

But please forgive Hafiz and the Friend
If they break into a sweet laughter
When your heart complains of being thirsty
When ages ago
Every cell in your soul
Capsized forever
Into this infinite golden sea.

Indeed,
A lover's pain is like holding one's breath
Too long
In the middle of a vital performance –

In the middle of one of Creation's favorite
Songs.

Indeed, a lover's pain is this sleeping,
This sleeping –
When God just rolled over and gave you
Such a big Good Morning Kiss!

There are so many gifts, my dear,
That are still unopened from your birthday.
O, there are so many hand crafted presents
That have been sent to your heart
From God.

The Other End

Like
A clever piece of mutton
Refusing to go down the 'well'

Knowing it will so quickly just come out
The 'other end' –

So it lodges itself between one's teeth:

That's the kind of poems Hafiz
Wants to sing
Today.

Forest Animals

The stars got poured into the sky
Out of a Magician's hat last night,
And all of them have fallen into my hair,
And some have even playfully tangled my eyes lashes
Into luminous knots.

Wayfarer,
You are welcome to cut a radiate tress
That lays upon my shoulders

And wrap it around your trembling heart and body
That craves divine comfort and warmth.

I am like a pitcher of milk
In the hands of a mother who loves you,

But all of my contents now
Have been churned into dancing suns and moons.

Lean your sweet neck and mouth
Out of that dark nest where you often hide
And I will pour effulgence into your mind.

Come spring
You can find me
Rolling in fields
That are exploding in holy battles

Of scents and sounds
And brilliant colored novas on a stem.

Forest animals hear me laughing
And surrender their deepest instincts and fears –

They come charging into meadows
To lick my hands and face,

I become so happy,
I become so happy,

That my rising wink turns into a magic baton –
When my soft-eyed creatures see that wonderful signal
We all burst into singing

And make strange and primal beautiful sounds!

My only regret in this world then becomes:

That your shyness keeps you from placing
Your starving lips upon God

And then seeing the Beloved become so pleased
With your courage

That His belly begins to rock and rock,
And then more planets get to leap
Onto the welcome mat of existence
All because of your precious love.

The Friend has turned my verse into sacred pollen,
When a breeze comes by

Falcons and butterflies
And playful gangs of young angels
Mounted on emerald spears

Take flight from me like a great sand storm
That will blind you to all but the Truth!

Dear one,
Even if you have no net to catch Venus,

The music, the ecstasy and my divine dust
Will circle this earth for hundreds of years

And fall like resplendent debris
And holy seed onto a fertile strong woman.

For Hafiz
Wants to help you laugh at your every desire and
Fear –

Hafiz,
Wants you to know:

That your dance within God's arms,
Your dance within God's arms –

Is already Perfect!

You Passed Out Songbooks

Your love made the ground so hot
I had to leap.

You passed out songbooks
To the mountains,
To the trees, to the stars –

Just to assure my madness
About your music and beauty
Would be complete.

And to be absolutely certain
That Your divine presence would constantly ruin me

You sat at Your loom

And weaved Your wink
Into every atom
And eye.

Where The Drum Lost Its Mind

You are one of us now
Because you cannot forget His beauty.

If we all lifted our shirts in unison
The stitch marks around our fortunate wounds
Could all join hands and commiserate
For hours.

Near the campsite of Love
The drum (the heart)
Lost its mind,

And our eyes now wear
That envied royal brand.

Look,
Huma's wing
Cast a great shadow upon this earth
And there the world wisely built
A thousand sacred temples.

I see you have the tender wounds
From visiting His oasis of light –
From visiting God's own private chamber;
Indeed, indeed,
You are one of us.

And the golden drum
That surrenders its life
Will come to so sweetly play –

So divinely laugh,
Like Hafiz.

Don't Die Again

I am a man who knows
The ten thousand positions of divine love.

I can tell by the light in your eyes
That you are still most familiar
With the few earthly ones,

But, would not a good father
Instruct all of his heirs
Toward that path that will someday
So deeply – satisfy.

This world is a treacherous place
And will surely slay and drown
The lazy –

The only life raft here
Is love and the Name.

Say it brother,
O, say the divine Name, dear sister,
Silently as you walk.

Don't die again
With that holy, resplendent,
Ruby mine Inside –
Still unclaimed,

When you could be swinging
Your golden pick with
Each step.

The Earth Braces Itself

The earth braces itself for the feet
Of a lover of God about to
Dance.

The sky becomes very timid
When a great saint starts waving his arms
In joy;

For the sky knows its prized fixtures,
The sun and moon and planets
Could all wind up
Rolling so wild on the floor!

My dear, this world, its laws
And our perceptions
Are such a minute part of existence,

Should not all of our suffering and sadness
Be like this:

As just dropped from an infant's palm
That is now asleep on the breast of God.

The earth braces itself for the feet of Hafiz.
The sky pulls a mirror from its pocket
And is practicing looking coy

For the Beloved has at last
Opened His arms
And is inviting my heart to eternally
Dance!

The day candle (sun) has forgotten the hour,
The whole world has gone joyously mad.

Look,
The Sun's sweet cheeks are blushing
In the middle of the night –

Desiring the rampage of the feet
Of God's lovers.

For A Single Tear

I
Know of beauty
That no one has ever known
Of

But how could that be possible
When I may 'seem'
So new in Infinite-time?

It is because God belongs to only you!

Did you hear that?
Did you hear what Hafiz just said.

That God belongs to only you!

It is the only reasonable payment
For a single
Tear.

Scratching My Back

You
Can think of Hafiz as a divine
Old dog

Who just keeps scratching his back
On the Moon –

O, I don't care.

Just open up this book whenever you are
Sad

For I love the way you
Smile!

The Silk Mandala

The spider and the lizard
Grabbed hold of each other's mouths
Because of love.

The details of their affections
Most would not like to hear.

But I watched for awhile
As God might

Their holy dance –
Spinning from one thread
That hung
From The Silk Mandala.

I watched until they fell
As our own body someday will –

Panting like a great falling
Star.

Stay With Us

You leave our company when you speak
Of shame

And this makes everyone in the Tavern
Sad.

Stay with us
As we do the hardest work
Of rarely laying down
That pick and shovel

That will keep revealing our deeper kinship
With God,

That will keep revealing
Our own – divine worth.

You leave the company of the Beloved's friends
Whenever you speak of guilt,

And this makes everyone in the Tavern
Very sad.

Stay with us tonight
As we weave love

And reveal ourselves –
Reveal ourselves

As His precious garments.

Love Is The Funeral Pyre

Love is the funeral pyre
Where I have laid my living body.

And all the false notions of myself
That once caused fear and pain

Have turned to ash
As I neared God.

What has risen
From the tangled web of thought and sinew

Now screams with jubilation
Through the eyes of angels

And from the guts and lungs
Of Infinite existence –
Itself.

Love is the funeral pyre
Where the heart lays its body.

While You Look Bored

Emerald
Waves now roll in against
My feet

From a hidden Sea inside of you.

And golden fish get caught
Between my toes

And
Die laughing
While you stand before a thousand miracles
Looking bored.

I could keep this poem
Drifting for days
Like a ship not wanting to leave
The port of God,

But I hope you already have the gist
Of what Hafiz wanted to say

And can soon attend to other matters
When this refrain is finished:

Golden fish and wise men are very busy
Dying, laughing,

In a Sea hidden in
You.

Allah, Allah, Allah

Now
The sky-drum plays
All by itself in my head

Singing all day –
"Allah, Allah,
Allah."

Some Things We Need To Keep
A Secret

You should remember
A time tested fact
Next time your feeling insane –
Cause it should help to chase
The crazy-ghost away.

A calf calls to its mother
When it is hungry
If she is not near.

That wise instinct you once practiced
And look – your still living.
Why not revive that clever talent again?

For no one looking for light complains
When God reveals He is really
A heavy breasted Woman.

Some things we need to keep a secret –
Like the above,
And like this:

There is a warm udder
I have hidden amongst these pages
That is filled with a divine liquid sun
That will quiet even the most severe
Screaming brain.

That Shapes The Eye

Children can easily open the
Drawer

And let the spirit rise up
In its favorite mood and costume
Of mirth and ~~laughter.~~ [redacted]

leave "laughter" in.

When the mind burns all its useless
Business clothes

Something divine happens to the
Heart

That shapes the hand and tongue
And eye into the word
Love.

The Camel Is Loaded To Sing

Your camel
Is loaded to sing.

Look what good poetry can do:

Untie the knot in the burlap sack

And lift the golden
Falcon out.

The Thousand Stringed Instrument

The heart is
The thousand-stringed instrument.

Our sadness and fear come from being
Out of tune with faith.

All day long the earth coaxes my lips
To speak,

So that your tears will not stain Her
Dress –

It is not that the Earth is vain
It is just your heart She cares about.

Sometimes the Beloved
Takes my pen in hand
For Hafiz is just a simple man;

The other day the Sweet Wild One
Wrote on the Tavern wall:

"The heart is
The thousand-stringed instrument."

And God now keeps orchestrating my tongue
In The Reed's Mouth

So that your tears will not erode
Or stain
Your beautiful cheek or dress.

The Hand Of The Sky

Who can I tell the secrets of love?

Who has not chained their life
To the lunatic's sphere?

Look at the nature of a river.
Its size, strength and ability to give
Is often gauged by its width and current.

God too moves between our poles and depths.
He flows and gathers power
Between our heart's range
Of forgiveness and compassion,

And the skill to accept happiness –

That is always being offered
From the hand of the Sky.

Who can I tell,
Who can Hafiz tell tonight
The secrets of
Love?

The Stairway Of Existence

We
Are not in pursuit of formalities
Or fake religious laws

For through the stairway of existence
We have come to His door.

We are people who need love
Because this is the soul's birthright,

Because this is simply –
Our life's greatest nourishment
And joy.

Through the stairway of existence,
O through the stairway of existence Hafiz –

Have you now come,
Have we all now come to
God's door.

Stop Being So Religious

What
Do sad people have in common?

It seems
They have all built a shrine
To the past

And often go there
And do a strange wail and worship.

What is the beginning of happiness?

It is to stop being so religious –
Like "that".

Holding Their Buckets

The
Body a tree.
God a divine wind.

When Light moves me like this –
Like this,

Angels bump
Heads with each other
Gathering beneath my cheeks
Holding their buckets carved
From effulgence

Catching the brilliant
Pearl-rain.

That Regal Coat

Joy is the royal garment

And now everyday I could wear
That regal coat,

But I so love the common man
And feel for all their labor

So I often paint a drop of sadness
In my eye.

My Brains Got Splattered

It happened
Again last night:

Love got wild
And splattered my brains
Across the sky-roof.

I imagine now for ages
Something of Hafiz will appear

To fall like
Stars.

Stealing Back The Flute

Something in your soul trusts me,

Otherwise it would not have brought you
So near these words.

God has spilled a Great One
Into each of us –

This warrior is always fearless
But also always kind.

The only business I am concerned with these days
Since I heard the Moon's drunk singing –

Is stealing back our flute
From Krishna.

Buttering The Sky

Slipping on my shoes,

Boiling water,

Toasting bread,

Buttering the sky,

That should be enough contact

With God in one day

To make anyone –

Crazy.

How Fascinating

How

Fascinating the idea of death

Can be –

Too bad though

Cause it ain't

True.

The Easy Language

Where does the real poetry come from?

From the clear summer sounds in the moist dark

After making love with God

And then talking with the easy, clear simple language

The way contended, exhausted lovers do.

Where does the real poetry come from?

From the keen awake senses

That were just honed against the Sun's naked body

As Light and Everything

Danced!

His Ballet Company

Everything
Of Intelligence
Innocently watches the way

One manages their own body
And silver.

Ones service to bottled atoms (form)

Is a divine audition to joining
His Wild Ballet
Company.

Jan Adam Amadan

We are at
The Nile's end.

We are carrying particles
From every continent and creature.

It has been raining on the plains
Of our vision for a million years

And our water
Is so muddy compared to Yours – dear God,

But I only hear three words from You
Where we are now all embracing
The Clear Sky-Ocean –

"Jan adam amadan"

Jan adam –
Amadan.

Dear one –
Come.

When You Can Endure

When
The words stop
And you can endure the silence

That reveals your heart's
Pain

Of emptiness
Or that great wrenching-sweet longing,

That is the time to try and listen
To what only the Beloved's
Eyes

And the soul of Hafiz

Most want
To say.

For God To Make Love

For God to make love –

For the divine alchemy to work –

The Pitcher desires a still cup.

Why ask Hafiz to say

Anything more about

Your most vital

Needs.

Two Puddles Chatting

It rained during the night
And two puddles formed in the dark
And began chatting.
One said,

"It is so nice to at last be upon this earth
And to meet you as well,

But what will happen when
The brilliant Sun comes
And turns us back into spirit again?"

Dear ones,
Enjoy the night as much as you can

Why ever trouble your heart with flight
When you just arrived
And your body is so full of warm desires
And look:

You are covered
With so many glands and meadows
Of soft hair.

Why ever trouble yourself with God
When He is so content and kind

Unless you are so blessed and live
Near the circle of a demanding
Perfect One?

All The Tambourines

Time is the shop
Where everyone works hard

To build enough love
To break the
Shackle.

Wise men keep talking about
Wanting to meet – Her.

Women sometimes pronounce the word God
A little differently
They can use more feeling and skill
With the heart-lute.

But even the greatest differences and chaos
I now know,
All happen in the Splendid Unison –

Our tambourines are striking
The same thigh.

Hafiz stands at a great juncture in this poem.
There are a thousand new wheels I could craft on a wagon –
And place you in,
And lead you to a glimpse of the people
And seasons on other worlds.

But then again – God will have to drop you
Back at the shop

Where you still have work
With love.

Trying To Wear Pants

Why
Be a royal fish
Trying to wear pants
In a country as foreign – as land

When you have always been the heir
to the Sea throne?

Your separation from God has ripened
Now fall like a golden fruit.

All your wounds from craving love
Exist because of heroic deeds.

But now trade in
All those purple medals
With forgiveness

And you will help the whole world
To dance!

Now forgive
All of God's misconceived debts to you
And help this world
To laugh.

Why
Be a royal fish
Trying to wear pants?

The Prettiest Mule

Sometimes a mule does not know
What is best for itself.

When the mind is confused like that
It secretly desires a Master
With a skilled whip

To guide it to those pastures
On the earth's table
Where the Kind One's light has
Made life more sweet.

Hafiz always carries such a whip
But I rarely need to use it.

I prefer just turning myself
Into the prettiest mule in town

And making my tail sing
Knowing your heart will then
Follow.

This Union

This
Union you want
With the earth and the sky,

This union we need with love –

A golden wing from God's heart
Just touched the ground

Now step upon it
With your brave sun-vows

And help our eyes
To Dance!

Startled By God

Not like a lone beautiful bird –

These poems now rise in great white flocks
Against the mind's vast hills

Startled by God
Breaking a branch

When His foot
Touches earth
Near
Me.

A Clever Trap

Every part of me that can speak –

My eyes and mouth and harp
And wine soaked liver,
And my hollow gourd filled
With golden seeds,

We all agree on one thing:

It is no fun
When You are not around.

All are hunters.
The wise man learns God's weaknesses
And sets a clever trap –

For the Friend has agreed to play a game
We call love.

Our sun sat in the sky
Way before this earth was born
Waiting so patiently to warm our faces.

Hafiz cannot help
But to keep encouraging and to applaud
All art

For at its height
It brings the light
In my Beloved's eye near to mine.

The wise man learns God's weaknesses
And sets a clever trap in his
Heart.

The Highest Gift

A billion times God has turned man
Into Himself.

You stand in line for the
Highest gift
For His generosity can not end.

But best to bring an instrument along
While waiting in the cold desert

And make some dulcet sounds
To accompany the palms swaying arms –
Casting silhouettes
Against the sky's curtain
From our fire -

And remind the Friend of your desire
And great patience.

A billion times God has turned man
Back into Himself –

We all stand in line
For the highest
Gift.

Now Is The Time

Now is the time to know
That all that you do is sacred.

Now you should consider
A lasting truce with yourself and God.

Now is the time to understand
That all your ideas of right and wrong
Were just a child's training wheels
To be laid aside
When you could finally live –
With veracity and love.

Hafiz is a divine envoy
Whom The Beloved
Has written a holy message upon.

My dear, please tell me –
Why do you still
Want to throw sticks at your heart
And God?

What is it in that sweet Voice inside
That incites you to fear?

Now is the time for the world to know
That every thought and action is sacred.

Now is the time
For you to deeply compute
The Impossibility
That there is Anything
But His Grace – that we inhale.

Why Abstain

Why
Abstain from love
When like the beautiful snow goose
Someday your soul
Will leave this summer
Camp?

Why
Abstain from happiness
When like a skilled lion
Your heart is
Nearing

And will someday see
The divine prey so
Near!

The Quintessence of Loneliness

I am like a heroin addict
In my longing for a sublime state,

For that ground of Conscious Nothing
Where the Rose does ever
Bloom.

O, the Friend
Has done me such a great favor
And has so thoroughly ruined my life,

What else would you expect
Sight of God to do!

Out of the ashes of this broken frame
There is a noble rising son pining for death,

Because,
Since we first met Beloved
I have become an increasing stranger
To every world
Except that one
In which there is only
You.

Now that the heart has held
That which can never be touched
My subsistence is
Blessed desolation

cont.

And from that I cry for more loneliness.

I am lonely.
I am so lonely dear Beloved
For the quintessence of
Loneliness.

For what is more alone than God.

O Hafiz,
What is more pure and alone

And Magnificently Sovereign –
Than God.

Mohammad's Twin

I know
The one you are looking for.

I call that man Mohammad's twin.

You once saw Him so now your eyes

Are weaving a great net of tenderness

That will one day capture
God.

There Could Be Holy Fallout

We are so often in battle.
So often, it may seem
Defending every side of the fort all alone.

Sit down my dear,
Take a few deep breaths,
Think about a loyal friend.
Where is your music,
Your pet or brush.

Surely one who has lasted
As long as you
Knows some avenue
Or place inside
That can give respite.

If you can not slay your panic.
Then scream within
As convincingly as you can
"It is all God's will!"

Now pick up your sword again.
Let whatever is out there
Come charging in,

Laugh and spit into the air –
There could be holy fallout.

Throw those ladders
Like tiny matchsticks
With 'just' ghost upon them
Who might be trying

To scale your heart.

Your love has an astounding
Sweet tone.
Angels and I want to hear it!

If you still feel helpless
Give our battle cry again –

Hafiz,
Has shouted it a myriad times;

"It is all,
It is all – the Beloved's will!"

What is that luminous rain I see
All around your in the future,
Sweeping in from the east plain
Upon a great steed?

It looks like, O it looks like –
Holy Fallout
Filling your mouth
And your palms with Joy!

When The Sun Conceived A Man

What could Hafiz utter about that day
When the Sun conceived a Man
And gave birth to Itself
As Reality and Truth?

What justice could all the speech
And gossip in creation
Ever say or do
About that resplendent morning
When the Eternal Handsome One
Let His face and heart
Reappear by grace in form?

There is something I have seen
In the interior of Mohammed
That is the luminous root
Of all existence,
Independent of space and time's
Novice dance
Across a single lute string
Of the Infinite.

What can even the love of Hafiz express
For the Ancient Sweet Man
Who forever begets compassion
And divine playfulness.

What can the vortex of my sublime wit
And insight and gratitude ever say
About the Father of the Perfect Ones
When they, themselves –
Can turn you into God.

I carry gifts today
From the kings of fish and beasts
And birds and angels.

I carry gifts today
From rivers, seas, fields, stars,
And from every soul,
From every soul –
That will ever
Be!

Beloved
Let us know
What light first saw and said
When It discovered
You

And then leaped and swooned
In such a wonderful laughter
That light became
This earthen floor
And sky.

O Eternal One
On this ever present holy day
Forget your divine reserve

Throw wide the Tavern doors

Give all your thirsty loyal rogues
A drink of your sacred vintage
And free us from ourselves awhile

With the blessed consuming knowledge
Of your Omniscient pervading Being.

We are wet brides – why hide it.
We are singed, dervish moths.
Our souls know
Of that immaculate fire you keep
That belongs to us!

Even death now will have no power
To quiet your Name
From beating wildly in our hearts.

Wayfarer
Now is no time to sit still

For nothing but a great clamor of joy
And music

Could make any sense
Today!

This Sky

This

Sky where we live

Is no place to lose our wings

So love, love,

Love.

My Master's Body

Because
There is nothing
Outside of my Master's Body

I try to show reverence
To all things.

Because there is nothing
Inside of my Master's Body

I am saved,
I am saved from all reason
And surrender – understanding.

O
No wonder Hafiz
It has been unusual

For a smile to forsake
You!

I Saw Two Birds

Both of our mouths
Can fit upon this flute I carry.

My music will sound
So much sweeter that way –

With your breath and my breath
Poking each other in the ribs
And kissing.

I saw two birds on a limb this morning
Laughing with the sun.
They reminded me of how
We will one day sit.

My dear,
Keep thinking about God –
Keep thinking about the Beloved
And soon we could be camping again
Under the stars
In a beautiful golden nest I have built.

Forget about all your desires for Truth
For we have gone far beyond that,
For now it is just – all pure need.

Both our hearts are meant to sing.

Both our souls are destined to touch
And kiss

Upon this holy flute God carries.

You Were Brave In That Holy War

You have done well
In the contest of madness;

You were brave in that holy war.

You have all the honorable wounds
Of one who has tried to find love

Where the Beautiful Bird
Does not drink.

May I speak to you
Like we are close
And locked away together?

Once I found a stray kitten
And I used to soak my fingers
In warm milk

It came to think I was five mothers
On one hand.

Wayfarer,
Why not rest your tired body?
Lean back and close your eyes.

Come morning
I will kneel by your side and feed you.
I will so gently
Spread open your mouth

And let you taste something
Of my sacred heart and mind.

Surely,
There is something wrong
With your ideas of God,

O surely there is something wrong
With your ideas of God

If you think
The Beloved would not be so
Tender.

I Turn Into a Leaf

And
For no reason
I start skipping like a child.

And
For no reason
I turn into a leaf
That is carried so high
I kiss the Sun's mouth
And dissolve.

And
For no reason
A thousand birds
Choose my head for a conference table
And start passing their cups of wine
And their wild song books all around.

And
For every reason in existence
I begin to eternally,
To eternally laugh and love!

When I turn into a leaf
And start dancing
I run to kiss our beautiful Friend
And I dissolve in the Truth
That I Am.

I Want Both of Us

I want both of us
To start talking about this great love

As if you and I and the Sun were all married
And living in a small room –

Helping each other to cook,
Do the wash,
Weave and sew
And feed our beautiful dogs, cats,
Birds.

And we all leave each day in the morning
To labor hard on the earth's field.

I want both of us to start singing like two
Great musicians
About this extraordinary existence we share,

As if
You and I and God were all married

And living in a tiny
Room.

What Happens To The Guest

The hand sat in the classroom
Of the eye

And soon learned to love
Beauty.

The sky sat in the classroom
Of God

And now look – it gives us at night
All that it did learn.

There was a time when man
Was so armed with survival
That he rarely bathed in dancing sounds –

But dear ones,
Now drop your pointed shields that wound yourself.

What happens to the guest who visits the house
Of a great musician?

Of course his tastes become refined.

There are some who can visit
That Luminous Place that reveals
This world and self
Never was –

The truth of that Experience
Is reserved for so very few,

But God draws back like a kite –
Some of those who get lost in the Sun

And after their divine recovery
From being sublimely independent –
And having known the unspeakable union with
Conscious Non-Existence,

They might try again with all their courage
To sing a simple tune like this:

"What happens to the guest who keeps visiting
The verse of a Perfect One?

Their voice and cells become refined
And like the soft night candle (the moon)

They will begin to give to this earth
All the light that they have
learned."

Your hand sits in the classroom
Of God

Learning as Hafiz did
To craft divine
Beauty

At the Potter's
Wheel.

The Heart Is Right

The
Heart is right to cry

Even when the smallest drop of light,
Of love,
Is taken away.

Of course you will kick, moan, scream,
Perhaps only in a dignified silence,

But you are so right
To do so in any fashion

Until God returns
To you.

Too Beautiful

The
Fire has roared near you
The most intimate parts of your body
Got scorched

So of course you have run
From your marriages into a
Different house

That will shelter you
From embracing every aspect of Him.

God has roared near us
The lashes on our heart's eye got burnt
Of course we have run away

From His sweet flaming breath
That proposed an annihilation

Too beautiful.

The Great Religions

The
Great religions are the boat –

Poets the life boats.

Every sane person I know in town
Has jumped overboard.

That is good for business –
Isn't it

Hafiz?

The Mountain Got Tired Of Sitting

The sun
Won a contest and became a jewel
Set upon God's right hand.

The earth agreed to be a toe ring on the
Beloved's foot
And has never regretted its decision.

The mountains got tired
Of sitting amongst a sleeping audience

And are now stretching their legs
Toward the roof of the
Universe.

The clouds gave my soul an idea
So I pawned my gills
And rose like a winged diamond

Ever trying to be near
More love, more love
Like you.

The Mountain got tired of sitting
Amongst a snoring crowd inside of me
And rose like a jewel into my eye.

My soul gave my heart a brilliant idea
So Hafiz is rising, rising like a
Winged diamond.

The Mule Got Drunk And Lost In Heaven

The
Mind is ever a tourist
Wanting to touch and buy new things
Then toss them into a
Filled closet.

So I craft my words into those guides
That will offer you something fresh
From the Hidden's grill.

Few things are stronger than
The mind's need for diverse
Experience.

I am glad
few men or women can remain
Faithful lovers to the unreal.

There is a kind of adultery
That God always encourages;

Your spirit needs to leave the bed of fear.

The gross, the subtle, the mental worlds
Become as a worthless husband.

Women need

To utilize their superior intelligence
About love

So that their hour's legacy
Can make us all stronger and more kind.

Sometimes a poem happens like this one:
The mule I sit on while I recite
Starts off in one direction
But then gets drunk –

And lost in
Heaven.

Dividing God

The moon starts singing
When everyone is asleep
And the planets throw a bright robe
Around their shoulders and dance up
To her side.

Once I asked the moon,
"Why do you and your sweet friends
Not perform so romantically like that
To a larger crowd?"

And the whole sky chorus resounded,

"The admission price to hear
The lofty minstrels
Speak of love

Is affordable only to those
Who have not exhausted themselves
Dividing God all day –
And thus need rest.

The thrilled Tavern fiddlers
Who are camped on the roof

Do not want their notes to intrude upon the ears
Where an accountant lives
With a sharp pencil –
Keeping score of words

Another in their great sorrow or sad anger
May have once said
To you."

Hafiz knows:
The sun will stand as your best man
And whistle

When you have found the courage
To marry forgiveness –

When you have found the courage
To marry love.

Elephant Wondering

A seed
Has sprouted in a dark forest
Beneath a golden leaf.

A leaf that is seriously wondering
About the moseying habits
Of elephants –

Why?

Because an elephant
Has its big foot upon the leaf.

The tiny divine seed in our heart
That has sprouted
God

Has many serious
Questions

About the Elephants
And even the Water Buffalo
So near.

The Trained Falcon

A trained falcon sits in a cage
All day weeping.

For you keep locked its holy desires
Wherever you go.

Now is not the time
For too many playful words Hafiz,
Look – the long caravans
Crave the nourishment of your love
And a well that God has fed
Is near.

Your soul can only satisfy your existence
When it burns its cheeks
Against Mohammad

Who is now dangling His feet
Like a happy child from the
Sky swing.

A falcon stands guard over your heart.
It has tied your soul to its body.

So God now says,
"Please turn me free –
With love!

Let me burn my wings
Against the Prophet's
Swinging feet."

A Great Musician

How should
Those who know of God
Meet and part?

Like the way an old musician
Greets his beloved
Instrument

And then will take special care
As a great musician always does

To enhance the final note
On each performance

That connects us all
To this perfect
Song.

Counting Moles

Lovers
Don't tell all of their secrets.

They might count each other's moles
That reside in the shy regions,

But then keep that tally strictly to themselves.

God and I have signed a contract
To be even more intimate and wild than young lovers
Until I die.

A clause though in our agreement reads:

Something about not drawing detailed maps
To all His beautiful
Laughing
Moles.

The Soup Was Boiling Over And Twelve Cats

The soup was boiling over and

My twelve cats were rioting loudly for their milk.

And the moon got rowdy and tossed a big rock

Through my roof

That hit me in the nose.

All of God's musicians

Were acting stoned again

And making my life a living hell;

But Hafiz rallied

And then even offered

To sing in their drunk choir

As their finest

Tenor.

Spiced Manna

Someone
Will steal you if you don't
Stay near

And sell you as a slave in the
Market.

I sing
To the forest parrots' heart
Hoping they will learn my verse

So that no one will ever encage
Your brilliant blue-green
Angel feathers.

Have I put enough spiced manna
On your plate
Tonight

In this divine Tavern
Where Hafiz
Serves?

If not please wait
For more verse is now fermenting
In my vast sweetheart
Oven.

It Has Not Rained Light

It has not rained love for many days.
The wells in most eyes
Look drought
Stricken.

Thus friends are not easy to find
In this barren
Place

Where most everyone has become ill
From guarding
Nothing.

On this primal caravan
Careers and cities can appear real in this intense
Desert heat,

But I say to my close ones –
"Don't get lost in them.
It has not rained light there for days

And most everyone is diseased and sad
From 'making love' to
Nothing."

'Nothin Doin' And Lingering Questions

Someone once
Asked Mohammed for advice
And He was in a grand
Mood

And
When the Sun opened Its mouth
Look what happened:

Infinite knowledge and light rushed out
And tied itself to every molecule in existence
And now shouts,
"No, no – Nothin doin."
Whenever asked
To return.

Thus Hafiz is always
Amazed

That someone might still have a
Lingering question

For him.

The God Who Only Knows Four Words

Every child has known God.

Not the God of names.

Not the God of don'ts.

Not the God who ever does anything weird.

But the God who only knows four words

And keeps repeating them, saying:

"Come Dance With Me."

Come Dance.

The Clay Bowl's Destiny

The
Ship you are riding on
Look where it is heading:

Your body's port is the grave yard.

Realizing the destiny of each clay bowl
Tossed into the air
With no one to catch it

I finally accepted the Beloved's kind offer
To enroll

In His sublime, ball-busting course
Of
Spirit
Love.

My Spirit's Foot

I have
Nothing to say
For God has taken His sharp knife
And has completely
Hollowed me.

But a mysterious wind comes by
And moves my Invisible Nature.

I enter into your soul
And your beauty dear pilgrim
Causes my spirit's foot to slip

Against one of the lute strings on
Your heart.

Then Hafiz just translates
The cries of your love
As if they were my own
Words.

I hope
You won't sue
This drunk Old Man
For that.

A River Rock

From my
Summerhouse in a magic land
The earth appears as a smooth round
River rock

That is continually made more lovely
Whirling against His skirt
That hangs like a curtain over
Each eye.

Hafiz too
Has become a smooth soft jewel
Reflecting beneath the
Ocean

Because for ages
I have been pouring barrels –
Full of His Name
Upon
Me.

Only The Nightingale

Madness
Is not any
Fun.

So I push a small cart through
The evening streets.

I stop in front of your house

And sing the best I can
In an excruciating holy dance

Only the nightingale
Knows

From a flaming perch
Held by
God.

The Millstone's Talents

To the
Heart's deepest sensibilities
Only the God who created every god –
Dares to sing.

In the Tavern
Where the Friend performs
I am amazed

For
There are often vacant seats at night.
And the old chairs miss their free dusting
By big warm rear ends.

The husk on the grain
Needs the Millstone's talents
Before the royal eye's Intelligence can cure
Life,

And one can see –
See, See that God is Everywhere
And Whirling.

To your deepest sensibilities my Beloved
Has asked Hafiz to sing
With all of the
Millstone's
Talents.

Hafiz

It

Is all

Just a love contest

And I never lose.

Now you have another fine reason

To spend more time with

Me.

When The Violin

When
The violin
Can forgive the past

It starts singing.

When the violin can stop worrying
About the future

You will become such a drunk laughing nuisance
That God will then lean down
And start combing you into
His hair.

When the violin can forgive
Every wound caused by others

The heart starts
Singing.

So We Weep

It was beautiful,
It was so beautiful one night

We all began straining our ears
Expecting to hear
God Speak –

In the waves reaching toward
The millet fields,

From the mouths of the hanging sky ornaments
Crooning in light's intimate codes,

From the glances of plants and children
Playing with effulgent love.

Existence was so beautiful one night
We all began to expect
Our Beloved would
Speak –

At the height of our wing's senses
That were stunned
Trying to comprehend the divine
Through the tiny organic
Filters,

That were stunned in glimpsing the reality
Of the thousand miraculous components
Of each moment
And step.

But we can't,
We can't yet hear God whistling inside,
So we weep.

We will all weep until
We do. in some way

I Vote For You For God

When your eyes have found the strength
To constantly speak to the world
All that is most dear
To your own
Life,

When your hands and feet and tongue
Can perform in that rare unison
That comforts the longing earth
With the food-knowledge

Your soul,
Your soul has been groomed
In His city of love,

And when you can make others laugh
With jokes
That belittles no one,
And your words always unite –

Hafiz
Does vote for you.

Hafiz will vote for you to be
The minister of every country in
This universe.

Hafiz does vote for you my dear.
I vote for you
To be
God.

Hamisheh Amal Azim

What is the secret
To untie the knot of your mind's suffering?

What
Is the great secret
To slay the Crazed One
Who each of us did wed

And once allowed to ruin
Our heart's and eye's exquisite tender
Landscape?

Hafiz has found
Two emerald words
That restored
Me

That I now constantly cling to as I would
Sacred tresses of my Beloved's
Hair.

Amal azim.
Jan adam – hamisheh amal azim.

Act great.
My dear one – always act great.

What is the secret
To untie the knot of the mind's suffering?

Amal azim.

Daniel
Ladinsky
Is just you basic nobody

But he does love Meher Baba
And Hafiz to
Pieces.