APPENDIX TWO

SALĀMĀN VA ABSĀL

Translation

In praise of God, the Merciful, the Compassionate.

Oh You, the memory of whom refreshes the souls of lovers,
The tongues of lovers are moistened by means of the water of Your grace.

From You, a shadow has fallen upon the world,
And become the very substance of the beautiful.

Lovers have fallen for that shadow,
They have remained melancholic, on account of that substance.

Only when the secret of Your beauty was manifested through Lailī,
Could the love for her kindle a fire in Majnūn.

5  Only when You made the lips of Shīrīn like sugar,
Could the two lovers suffer, livers engorged with blood.

Only when ʿAzrā became silver-cheeked, on account of You,
Could the eyes of Vāmiq cry mercury-colored tears.

All this talk of beauty and love is because of You, and nothing more,
The lover and the beloved are no one but You.

Oh You, for whom the beauty of the lovely ones is but the veil,
You have concealed Your face with the veil.

You nourish the veil through your own beauty,
From that, you give away the heart, like a veiled bride.

10  So completely is Your lovely face melded with the veil,
That one cannot differentiate the veil from Your face.

For how long then will You be a coquette in the veil?
A world love-plays with the form of the veil?

The time has come for You to loosen the veil in front of You,
To show Your own face, without the veil,

To make me selfless in my witnessing my true self,
And to free me from having to discern good and bad,

So that I may be a lover, made luminous for You,
My eyes sown shut and thus unable to gaze at others.
Oh You, the path to whom is manifested in all modes of divine reality,
There is nothing that concerns God's creatures, except You.

Though I became a witness to every divine manifestation,
I do not see any other, except You in this world.

You unveil Your self in the outer form of the world,
You are the All-Knowing One, wrapped in the garment of Adam.

Duality cannot enter into Your sacred precinct,
There is no talk there of particulars and universals.

My wish is that You will make me one out of this duality,
And thus give me a place in the spiritual station of unity,

So that, like the Kurd, I am delivered from duality,
And cry, “Oh God, am I me or You?”

If I am me, from where does this knowledge and power come,
And if it is You, from where does this impotence and weakness arise?

*The tale of the rustic Kurd, who, in the midst of a crowded town, fastened a gourd to his foot in order not to get lost.*

There was a Kurd, who, on account of the vicissitudes of fate,
Traveled from the desert and mountain to the town.

He saw a city, full of clamor and loud cries,
Coming to a boil, on account of its throngs of people.

The restless of the world were everywhere,
Running here, there, and up against one another.

That one, on the outside, wanted to come in,
While that other one, who was inside, wanted to go out.

That one went from right to left,
That other one, thought it better to go to the right.

When the poor Kurd saw the toil and commotion,
He left its midst and betook himself into a corner.

He said: “If I made a place in the ranks of men,
I might lose myself in that place.

If I do not fashion a token for my sake,
How can I find myself again?”

There was, by chance, a gourd lying there for him,
He tied the gourd to his foot, so that it would be a token,

So that if he lost himself in the city and streets,
He could find himself again by looking at the gourd.