

Hafiz Poems

Hafiz of Shiraz, 1320 to 1389 - a beautiful, mystic, Sufi poet from Persia...

<http://www.astrodreamadvisor.com/Hafiz.html>

Translated beautifully and with verve by Daniel Ladinsky

The Happy Virus

I caught the happy virus last night
When I was out singing beneath the stars.
It is remarkably contagious -
So kiss me.

All the Hemispheres

Leave the familiar for a while.
Let your senses and bodies stretch out

Like a welcomed season
Onto the meadow and shores and hills.

Open up to the Roof.
Make a new watermark on your excitement
And love.

Like a blooming night flower,
Bestow your vital fragrance of happiness

And giving
Upon our intimate assembly.

Change rooms in your mind for a day.

All the hemispheres in existence
Lie beside an equator
In your heart.

Greet Yourself
In your thousand other forms
As you mount the hidden tide and travel
Back home.

All the hemispheres in heaven
Are sitting around a fire
Chatting

While stitching themselves together
Into the Great Circle inside of
You.

It Felt Love

How
Did the rose

Ever open its heart

And give to this world

All its

Beauty?

It felt the encouragement of light

Against its

Being,

Otherwise,

We all remain

Too

Frightened.

The Day Sky

Let us be like

Two falling stars in the day sky.

Let no one know of our sublime beauty

As we hold hands with God

And burn

Into a sacred existence that defies -

That surpasses

Every description of ecstasy

And love.

Faithful Lover

The moon came to me last night

With a sweet question.

She said,

"The sun has been my faithful lover

For millions of years.

Whenever I offer my body to him

Brilliant light pours from his heart.

Thousands then notice my happiness

And delight in pointing

Toward my beauty.

Hafiz,

Is it true that our destiny

Is to turn into Light

Itself?"

And I replied,

Dear moon,

Now that your love is maturing,

We need to sit together

Close like this more often

So I might instruct you

How to become

Who you

Are!

The Subject Tonight is Love

The subject tonight is Love

And for tomorrow night as well,

As a matter of fact

I know of no better topic

For us to discuss

Until we all

Die!

A Suspended Blue Ocean

The sky

Is a suspended blue ocean.

The stars are the fish

That swim.

The planets are the white whales

I sometimes hitch a ride on,

And the sun and all light
Have forever fused themselves

Into my heart and upon
My skin.

There is only one rule
On this Wild Playground,
For every sign Hafiz has ever seen
Reads the same.

They all say,
"Have fun, my dear; my dear, have fun,
In the Beloved's Divine
Game,
O, in the Beloved's
Wonderful
Game."

At This Party

I don't want to be the only one here
Telling all the secrets -
Filling up all the bowls at this party,
Taking all the laughs.

I would like you
To start putting things on the table
That can also feed the soul
The way I do.

That way
We can invite

A hell of a lot more
Friends.

Becoming Human

Once a man came to me and spoke for hours about
"His great visions of God" he felt he was having.

He asked me for confirmation, saying,
"Are these wondrous dreams true?"

I replied, "How many goats do you have?"

He looked surprised and said,
"I am speaking of sublime visions
And you ask
About goats!"

And I spoke again saying,
"Yes, brother - how many do you have?"

"Well, Hafiz, I have sixty-two."

"And how many wives?"

Again he looked surprised, then said,

"Four."

"How many rose bushes in your garden,

How many children,

Are your parents still alive,

Do you feed the birds in winter?"

And to all he answered.

Then I said,

"You asked me if I thought your visions were true,

I would say that they were if they make you become

More human,

More kind to every creature and plant

That you know."

A Great Need

Out

Of a great need

We are all holding hands

And climbing.

Not loving is a letting go.

Listen,

The terrain around here

Is
Far too
Dangerous
For
That.

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 is
Always
Near!

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.

An Astronomical Question

What
Would
Happen if God leaned down
And gave you a full wet
Kiss?
Hafiz
Doesn't mind answering astronomical questions
Like that:
You would surely start

Reciting all day, inebriated,

Rogue-poems

Like

This.

Why Not Be Polite?

Everyone

Is God speaking.

Why not be polite and

Listen to

Him?

Find A Better Job

Now

That

All your worry

Has proved such an

Unlucrative

Business,

Why

Not

Find a better

Job.

—

And For No Reason

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,

Start passing their

Cups of wine

And their wild songbooks 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.

Dropping Keys

The small man
Builds cages for everyone
He
Knows.
While the sage,
Who has to duck his head
When the moon is low,
Keeps dropping keys all night long
For the
Beautiful
Rowdy
Prisoners.

Elegance

It
Is not easy
To stop thinking ill

Of others.

Usually one must enter into a friendship

With a person

Who has accomplished that great feat himself.

Then

Something

Might start to rub off on you

Of that

True

Elegance.

If You Don't Stop That

I used to live in

A cramped house with confusion

And pain.

But then I met the Friend

And started getting drunk

And singing all

Night.

Confusion and Pain

Started acting nasty,

Making threats,

With talk like this,

"If you don't stop 'that' -

All that fun -

We're

Leaving."

Damn Thirsty

First

The fish needs to say,

"Something ain't right about this

Camel ride -

And I'm

Feeling so damn

Thirsty."

These Beautiful Love Games

Young lovers wisely say,

"Let's try it from this angle,

Maybe something marvelous will happen,

Maybe three suns and two moons

Will roll out

From a hiding place in the body

Our passion has yet to ignite."

Old lovers say,

"We can do it one more time,

How about from this longitude

And latitude -

Swinging from a rope tied to the ceiling,

Maybe a part of God

Is still hiding in a corner of your heart

Our devotion has yet to reveal."

Bottom line:

Do not stop playing

These beautiful

Love

Games.

I Want Both Of Us

I want both of us

To start talking about this great love

As if you, I, and the Sun were all married

And living in a tiny room,

Helping each other to cook,

Do the wash,

Weave and sew,

Care for our beautiful

Animals.

We all leave each morning

To labor on the earth's field.

No one does not lift a great pack.

I want both of us to start singing like two

Travelling minstrels

About this extraordinary existence

We share,

As if

You, I, and God were all married

And living in

A tiny

Room.

Like Passionate Lips

There are

So many positions of

Love:

Each curve on a branch,

the thousand different ways

Your eyes can embrace us,

The infinite shapes your

Mind can draw,

The spring

Orchestra of scents,

The currents of light combusting

Like passionate lips,

The revolution of Existence's skirt

Whose folds contain other worlds,

Your every sign that falls against

His inconceivable

Omnipresent

Body.

Imagination Does Not Exist

You should come close to me tonight wayfarer

For I will be celebrating you.

Your beauty still causes me madness,

Keeps the neighbours complaining

When I start shouting in the middle of the night

Because I can't bear all this joy.

I will be giving birth to suns.

I will be holding forests upside down

Gently shaking soft animals from trees and burrows

Into my lap.

What you conceive as imagination

Does not exist for me.

Whatever you can do in a dream

Or on your mind-canvas

My hands can pull - alive - from my coat pocket.

But let's not talk about my divine world.

For what I most want to know

Tonight is:

All about

You.

I Got Kin

Plant

So that your own heart

Will grow.

Love

So God will think,

"Ahhhhhh,

I got kin in that body!

I should start inviting that soul over

For coffee and

Rolls."

Sing

Because this is a food

Our starving world

Needs.

Laugh

Because that is the purest

Sound.