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Rumi's Urs Celebration, Friday, December 12, 2014

### SUN AND SKY

Sit with lovers and choose their state.

Do not stay long with those who are not living in the heart.

There is one who shines inside the face,  
whose hair grows with the world,  
whose eyes recognize you,  
whose body is all honey and milk,  
who holds absolute beauty in an embrace,  
"full morning without a dawn,  
essence without attributes,  
living without grief,  
twilight with no dark streaks in it.

How can this be?

Can the sun borrow light from the sky?

Can a rose smell like jasmine?

Be a fish in this ocean, speechless.

I will whisper the answer in your ear.

Do not tell anyone.

In Tabriz, the one named Shams.

## BACK TO BEING

The ocean can do without fish.

My soul, let me tell you a secret.

It is rare to meet a fish like the ocean.

Seawater is the nursing mother,  
fish the crying babies.

But sometimes the ocean comes looking  
for a particular fish to hear what it wants.

The ocean will not act before it knows.

The fish is an emperor then, the ocean, its minister.

How long will I keep talking in riddles?

Shams is the master that turns the earth fragrant.

When plants feel him near, they open out.

I would not have a soul  
if after tasting the taste of Shams,  
I could go back to being who I was

PARINDA, THE ONE WHO FLIES AWAY

The one my soul is searching for is not here.

Where has he gone?

The one like a lit candle,  
like a seat with roses growing around it.

Our eyes look for that one first,  
but I do not see him today.

Say his name. If anyone here  
has kissed his hand, give us your blessing.

I do not know whether to be more grateful  
for the existence of his face,  
or for what is inside that.

There is no one like him in the world.

But if there is no form for that now,  
how is it everything turns with the motion of his love?

Say all the possible nicknames for Shams Tabriz.

Do not hide anything from someone  
who only wants to be in his presence.

THE ONE WHO LEFT

Bring back the one who left.

Lure him with music,  
or any irresistible pretext.

If he says, I will be there in a little while,  
that is part of his beguiling,  
his art that can tie strands of water into knots  
and make weavings of the wind.

Do not accept those. Bring his presence.

Sit down within that,  
and live inside what is beyond physical beauty,  
beyond the sun's extravagance,  
or the handsomeness of human beings.

Yemen has the most exquisite rubies,  
but the one I want to see coming through the door  
is the one who lives here.

A CAVE WHERE SHAMS TABRIZ IS RESTING

Every day this separation, this December hoping for spring,  
city after city refusing me, because of a prince I serve.

“My house and shop are torn down,  
because of the tulips I grow.

I suffer the cold arrogance of strangers  
because of a mountain with a ruby mine inside,  
the quarry that cannot be caught.

Still I keep spreading traps.

You say, Will you endure this failure  
and homelessness without relief?

Yes. Because my chest  
is a cave where Shams Tabriz is resting.

## A LANTERN

You so subtle you can slip into my soul,  
how would it be if you, for a time, were living visibly here?  
So hidden you are hidden from hidden things,  
you enter me and my hiddenness shines like a lantern.  
You Solomon, who understands bird-language and speaks it,  
what will you say now through my mouth?  
King, whose bow no one can draw,  
use me for an arrow.  
I am nothing but a head,  
set on the ground as a gift for Shams.