

All your images of winter I see against your sky.  
I understand the wounds that have not healed in you.

They exist because God and love  
Have yet to become real enough  
To allow you to forgive the dream.

You still listen to an old alley song  
That brings your body pain;  
Now chain your ears to His pacing drum and flute.

Fix your eyes upon  
The magnificent arch of His brow  
That supports and allows this universe to expand.

Your hands, feet, and heart are wise  
And want to know the warmth of a Perfect One's circle.

A true saint is an earth in eternal spring.  
Inside the veins of a petal on a blooming redbud tree  
Are hidden worlds  
Where Hafiz sometimes resides.

I will spread a Persian carpet there—woven with light.  
We can drink wine—from a gourd I hollowed  
And dried on the roof of my house.  
I will bring bread I have kneaded  
That contains my own Divine genes  
And cheese from a calf I raised.

My love for your Master is such you can just lean back—  
And I will feed you this truth:

Your wounds of love can only heal when you can forgive this dream.

Hafiz.

