

This place where you are right now God circled on a map for you.

Wherever your eyes and arms and heart can move against the
earth and sky, The Beloved has bowed there~

Our Beloved bowed there knowing You were coming. I could tell
you a priceless secret about Your real worth, dear pilgrim,

But any unkindness to yourself, Any confusion about others
Will keep one From accepting the grace, the love,
The sublime freedom Diving knowledge offers to you.

Never mind, Hafiz, about
The great requirements this path demands Of the wayfarers,

For your soul is too full of wine tonight
To withhold the wondrous Truth from this world.

But because I am so clever and generous, I have already clearly
woven a resplendent lock Of His tresses
As a remarkable truth and gift
In this poem for you.

Hafiz (1320-1389)

