

The Seventeenth Word

In the Name of God, the Merciful, the Compassionate.

*That which is on earth We have made as a glittering show for the earth, in order that We may test them, as to which of them are best in conduct * Verily what is on earth We shall make but as dust and dry soil.¹ * What is the life of this world but play and amusement?²*

[This Word consists of two elevated Stations, and one brilliant Addendum.]

The All-Compassionate Creator, the Munificent Provider, the All-Wise Maker made this world in the form of a festival and celebration for the World of Spirits and spirit beings. Adorning it with the wondrous embroideries of all His Names, He clothes each spirit, great or small, elevated or lowly, in a body decked out with senses, suitable to it and appropriate for benefiting from the innumerable, various good things and bounties in the festival; He gives each a corporeal being and sends it to the spectacle once. And He divides the festival, which is most extensive in regard to both time and space, into centuries, years, seasons, and even days and their parts, and makes them all exalted festivals in the form of parades for all the groups of His creatures with spirits and for His plant and vegetable artefacts. Especially the face of the earth in spring and summer, it is a series of festivals for the groups of small beings so glittering it draws the gazes of the spirit beings and angels and the dwellers of the heavens in the high levels of the world. For those who think and contemplate it is a place for reflection so wonderful, the mind is powerless to describe it. But in the face of the manifestations of the Divine Names of Most Merciful and Giver of Life in this Divine feast and dominical festival, the Names of Subduer and Dealer of Death appear with death and separation. And this is apparently unconformable with the all-embracing mercy of,

My Mercy encompasses all things.³

However, in reality there are several ways in which it is conformable, and one of these is as follows:

After each group of beings has completed its turn in the parade and the

¹ Qur'an, 18:7-8.

² Qur'an, 6:32.

³ Qur'an, 7:156.

desired results have been obtained from it, in a compassionate way the Most Generous Maker and Compassionate Creator makes most of them feel weariness and disgust with the world, and bestows on them a desire for rest and a longing to migrate to another world. And when they are to be discharged from their duties of life, He awakens in their spirits a compelling desire for their original home.

Moreover, it is not far from the infinite mercy of the Most Merciful that just as He bestows the rank of martyrdom on a soldier who perishes on account of his duty while fighting, and rewards a sheep slaughtered as a sacrifice by giving it an eternal corporeal existence in the hereafter and the rank of being a mount for its owner on the Bridge of Sirat⁴ like Buraq, so too with other animals and beings with spirits who perish while performing the dominical duties peculiar to their natures and in obeying the Divine commands, and who suffer severe distress, – it is not unlikely that there should be for them in the inexhaustible treasures of His mercy a sort of spiritual reward and kind of wage suitable to their capacities, and that they should not be unduly troubled at departing this world, indeed, that they should be pleased. None knows the Unseen save God.

However, although man, the noblest of beings with spirits and the one who benefits most from the festivals with regard to both quality and quantity, is captivated by the world and absorbed in it, as a work of mercy, the Most Merciful induces in him a state of mind whereby he feels disgust at the world and a longing to travel to the eternal realm. A person whose humanity is not plunged in misguidance profits from that state of mind, and departs with a tranquil heart. Now, by way of example, we shall explain five of the aspects which produce that state of mind.

The First: By showing with the season of old age the stamp of transience and decline on the beautiful and inviting things of this world, and their bitter meaning, it makes a person feel disgust at the world and causes him to seek a permanent beloved in place of the transient.

The Second: Since ninety-nine per cent of all the friends to whom a person is attached have departed this world and settled in another, impelled by his heart-felt love, it bestows on him a longing for the place they have gone to, and makes him meet death and the appointed hour with joy.

The Third: By means of certain things, it makes a person realize the infinite weakness and impotence in man, and understand how heavy are the burdens of life and responsibilities of living, and awakens in him a serious wish for rest and a sincere desire to go to another world.

The Fourth: Through the light of belief, it shows to the heart of a believer that death is not execution, but a change of abode; that the grave is not the mouth of a dark well, but the door to light-filled worlds; and that for

⁴ Ibn Hajar, *Talkhis al-Khabir*, iv, 138; Suyuti, *Jam' al-Jawami'*, No: 3017.

all its glitter, the world is like a prison in relation to the hereafter. To be released from the prison of this world and enter the gardens of Paradise, and pass from the troublesome turmoil of bodily life to the world of rest and the arena where spirits soar, and to slip free from the vexatious noise of creatures and go to the presence of the Most Merciful is a journey, indeed, a happiness, to be desired with a thousand lives.

The Fifth: By informing a person who heeds the Qur'an about the knowledge of reality it contains, and through the light of reality the world's true nature, it makes him realize that love for the world and attachment to it are quite meaningless. That is, it says the following to man, and proves it:

'The world is a book of the Eternally Besought One. Its letters and words point not to themselves but to the essence, attributes and Names of another. In which case, learn its meaning and grasp it, but ignore its decorations, then go!

'The world is also a tillage; sow and reap your crop, and preserve it. Throw away the chaff, and give it no importance!...

'The world is also a collection of mirrors which continuously pass on one after the other; so know the One Who is manifest in them, see His lights, understand the manifestations of the Names which appear in them and love the One they signify. Cease your attachment for the fragments of glass which are doomed to be broken and perish!...

'The world is also a travelling place of trade. So do your commerce and come; do not chase in vain the caravans which flee from you and pay you no attention. Do not weary yourself for nothing!...

'The world is also a temporary exhibition. So look at it and take lessons. Pay attention, not to its apparent, ugly face, but to its hidden, beautiful face which looks to the Eternal All-Beauteous One. Go for a pleasant and beneficial promenade, then return, and do not weep like a silly child at the disappearance of scenes displaying fine views and showing beautiful things, and do not be anxious!...

'The world is also a guesthouse. So eat and drink within the limits permitted by the Generous Host Who made it, and offer thanks. Act and behave within the bounds of His law. Then leave it without looking behind you, and go. Do not interfere in it in a delirious or officious manner. Do not busy yourself for nothing with things which part from you and do not concern you. Do not attach yourself to passing things and drown!..'

This Fifth Aspect shows the secrets in the world's inner face through apparent truths like these, and greatly lightens the parting from it. Indeed, to those who are aware it makes parting desirable for them, and shows that there is a trace of mercy in everything and every aspect of it. The Qur'an indicates these Five Aspects, and its verses point to other particular aspects.

Woe to that person who has no share of these five Aspects!

The Second Station of the Seventeenth Word⁵

*Cry not out at misfortune, O wretch, come, trust in God!
For know that crying out compounds the misfortune and is a great error.*
* * *

*Find misfortune's Sender, and know it is a gift within gift, and pleasure.
So leave crying out and offer thanks; like the nightingale, smile through your
tears!*
* * *

*If you find Him not, know the world is all pain within pain, transience and loss.
So why lament at a small misfortune while upon you is a worldful of woe?
Come trust in God!*
* * *

*Trust in God! Laugh in misfortune's face; it too will laugh.
As it laughs, it will diminish; it will be changed and transformed.*
* * *

*Know, O arrogant one, happiness in this world is in abandoning it.
To know God is enough. Abandon the world; all things will be for you.*
* * *

*To be arrogant is total loss; whatever you do, all things will be against you.
So both states demand abandoning the world here.*
* * *

*Abandoning the world is to regard it as God's property, with His permission,
in His Name;
If you want to do trade, it lies in making this fleeting life eternal.*
* * *

*If you seek yourself, it is both rotten and without foundation.
If you seek the world outside, the stamp of ephemerality is upon it.*
* * *

*That means there is no value in taking it; the goods in this market are all rotten.
So pass on; the sound goods are all lined up beyond it.*

⁵ The pieces in this Second Station resemble poetry, but they are not poetry. They were not put into verse intentionally. They rather took on that form to a degree due to the perfect order of the truths they express.

A FRUIT OF THE BLACK MULBERRY

[The Old Said spoke this with the tongue of the New Said
under the blessed mulberry tree.]

The one I'm addressing isn't Ziya Pasha, it's those enamoured of Europe.
The one speaking isn't my soul, it's my heart in the name of the students of the Qur'an.

* * *

The previous words are all truth; beware, don't lose course, don't exceed their bounds!
Don't heed the ideas of Europe and deviate, or they'll make you regret it!

* * *

You see the most enlightened of them, in brilliance their standard-bearer,
Exclaim in bewilderment: Of whom, to whom can I complain?

* * *

The Qur'an says, and I say too – I won't hold back:
I lodge my complaint with Him. I'm not confused, like you.

* * *

I cry out to the True God; I don't slip away, like you.
I shout my cause from the ground to the skies; I don't flee, like you.

* * *

For all the Qur'an's cause is light upon light; I don't renege, like you.
In the Qur'an is truth and wisdom; I'll prove it. I count as nothing hostile philosophy.

* * *

In the Criterion are diamond truths; I take them to myself, not sell them, like you.
I journey from creation to Creator; I don't lose the way, like you.

* * *

I pass over thorny paths, I don't tread on them, like you.
From the earth to the Throne, I offer thanks; I don't neglect it, like you.

* * *

I look on death and the appointed hour as a friend; I am not frightened, like you.
I'll enter the grave smiling, not trembling, like you.

* * *

I don't see it as a monster's mouth, a beast's lair, descending to nothingness,
like you.

It joins me with my friends; I'm not vexed at the grave, like you.

* * *

It's the door of Mercy, gate of Light, portal of Truth; I am not discomforted by it;
I won't retreat.

Saying: In the Name of God, I'll knock on it.⁶ I'll not look behind me nor feel terror.

* * *

Saying: All Praise be to God!, I'll lay down and find ease. I'll suffer no trouble
nor remain solitary.

Saying, God is Most Great!, I'll hear the Call to the Resurrection and rise up,⁷
I won't hang back from the Great Gathering, or the Mighty Mosque.

* * *

I'll feel no distress, thanks to Divine favour, the Qur'an's light,
and the effulgence of belief;

Not stopping, I'll hasten, fly, to the shade of the Most Merciful's Throne.
God willing, I won't go astray, like you.

* * *

⁶ I won't exclaim: 'Alas!', and flee.

⁷ I'll hear the Call of Israfil on the dawn of the Resurrection, and declaring, 'God is Most Great!', shall rise up. I won't hold back from the Great Gathering and Congress of Prayers.

A SUPPLICATION WHICH OCCURRED TO ME IN PERSIAN

[This supplication occurred to my heart in Persian, and was therefore written in that language.⁸ It was first included in my published work, *Hubab*.]

O my Sustainer! Heedlessly not trusting in You but in my own power and will, I cast an eye over 'the six aspects' searching for a cure for my ills. Alas, I could find no cure for them, and I understood it was being said to me: 'Are your ills not sufficient as cure for you?'

In heedlessness I looked to past time on my right to find solace, but I saw that yesterday appeared to be my father's grave and past time as the huge tomb of all my forbears. It filled me with horror rather than consolation.(*)

(*) Belief shows that horrific vast grave to be a familiar and enlightened meeting and a gathering of friends.

Then I looked to the future on the left, but again I could find no cure. For tomorrow appeared as my grave and the future as the vast tomb of my contemporaries and the forthcoming generations; it afforded not a feeling of familiarity, but one of fright.(*)

(*) Belief and the peace of belief shows that terrible huge grave to be a feast of the Most Merciful in delightful palaces of bliss.

Since no good appeared from the left either, I looked at the present day, and I saw that it resembled a bier; it was bearing my desperately struggling corpse.(*)

(*) Belief shows the bier to be a place of trade and a glittering guesthouse.

Thus, I could find no cure from this aspect either, so I raised my head and looked at the top of the tree of my life. But I saw that its single fruit was my corpse; it was looking down on me from the tree-top.(*)

(*) Belief shows the tree's fruit to be not the corpse, but the worn out home of my spirit, which will manifest eternal life and is destined for everlasting happiness, from which it has departed in order to travel among the stars.

Despairing of that aspect too, I lowered my head. I looked and saw that the dust of my bones underfoot had mixed with the dust of my first creation. It afforded no cure, but added further pain to my ills.(*)

(*) Belief shows the dust to be the door leading to mercy and a curtain before the halls of Paradise.

⁸ The Supplication is included in the original together with an enlarged Turkish rendering, which is the basis of the translation here. [Tr.]

I turned away from that too and looked behind me, where I saw a transient world without foundation revolving and departing in the valleys of nothingness and the darkness of non-existence. It was no salve for my ills, it rather added the poison of horror and fright. (*)

(*) Belief shows the world revolving in darkness to consist of missives of the Eternally Besought One and pages of Divine inscriptions, which, having completed their duties and expressed their meanings, have left their results in existence in their place.

Since I could see no good in that either, I switched my gaze to before me. I saw that the door of the grave stood open at the end of my road. The highway leading to eternity beyond it, struck my gaze from afar. (*)

(*) Since belief shows the door of the grave to open onto the world of light and the road to lead to eternal happiness, it was both a salve for my ills, and a cure.

Thus, rather than receiving consolation and a feeling of familiarity, I felt only horror and fear at these six aspects. And apart from the faculty of will I had nothing in my hand with which to withstand them and act in the face of them. (*)

(*) Belief gives a document for relying on an infinite power in place of the power of choice, which is like the smallest indivisible particle; indeed, belief itself is a document.

But the human weapon called the faculty of will both lacks power and its range is short. And it is inaccurate. It cannot create, and apart from 'acquiring,' can do nothing. (*)

(*) Belief causes the faculty of will to be employed in God's name, and makes it sufficient before everything it may face. Like when a soldier employs his insignificant strength on account of the state, he can perform deeds thousands of times greater than his own strength...

It can neither penetrate the past nor discern the future, and in regard to my hopes and fears concerning these, was of no benefit. (*)

(*) Belief takes its reins from the hand of the animal body and hands them over to the heart and the spirit, and may therefore penetrate the past and the future. For the sphere of life of the heart and spirit is broad.

The arena of the faculty of will is brief present time and the passing present instant.

Thus, despite all my needs and weakness, want and poverty, and my wretched state induced by the horrors and terrors arising from the six aspects, clearly written on the page of my being by the pen of power, and included in my nature, were desires stretching to eternity and hopes spreading through eternity.

Indeed, whatever there is in the world, there are samples of it in my being. I am connected to everything. It is for them that I am caused to work.

The sphere of need stretches as far as the eye can see.

In fact, wherever the imagination goes, the sphere of need extends that far. There is need there too. Whatever man lacks, he is in need of. That

which he does not have, he needs. And what he lacks is endless.

But then the extent of his power extends only as far as his short arm reaches. That means my want and needs are as great as the world. Whereas my capital is as infinitesimal as an indivisible particle.

So, of what use is the faculty of will, worth twopence in relation to my needs which encompass the world and can only be obtained for millions of liras? They cannot be bought with it, and cannot be gained by it. In which case, one has to search for another solution.

The solution is this: to forego one's own will and leave matters to the Divine will; to give up one's own power and strength, and seeking refuge in the power and strength of Almighty God, to adhere to true reliance on Him.

'O my Sustainer! Since the way to be saved is this, I forego my own will in Your way, and I give up my egotism. Then Your grace may take me by the hand out of compassion for my impotence and weakness, and Your mercy may take pity on my need and indigence and be a support for me, and open its door for me.'

Yes, whoever finds the boundless sea of mercy, surely does not rely on his own mirage-like will and choice; he does not abandon mercy and have recourse to his will.

Alas! We have been deceived. We supposed the life of this world to be constant, and so have lost everything. Yes, this passing life is but a sleep; it passes like a dream. This frail life flies like the wind, and departs.

Arrogant man, who relies on himself and supposes he will live for ever, is doomed to die. He passes swiftly. The world, too, man's house, tumbles into the darkness of non-existence. Hopes do not last, while pains endure in the spirit.

Since the reality is this, come, my wretched soul, which yearns for life, is enamoured of the world and afflicted with endless hopes and pains! Awake and come to your senses! As the fire-fly relies on its own miniscule light and remains in the boundless darkness of the night, and since it does not rely on itself, the honey-bee finds the sun of daytime, and gazes on its friends, the flowers, gilded with the sunlight; if you rely on yourself and your being and your ego, you will resemble the fire-fly. Whereas if you sacrifice your transient being in the way of the Creator Who gave it to you, you will find an unending light of existence. So sacrifice it! For your being is a trust given to you for safekeeping.

Moreover, it is His property, and it is He Who bestowed it. So do not scorn it, sacrifice it unhesitatingly. Sacrifice it so that it will be made permanent. For negation of a negation is an affirmation. That is, if non-being is not, there is being. If non-being is negated, existence comes into being.

The All-Generous Creator buys His own property from you, and gives you the high price of Paradise in return. Also, He looks after that property well for you, and increases its value. And He will return it to you in both enduring and perfect form. O my soul! Do not delay! Do this trade which is profitable in five respects, and be saved from five losses; make a fivefold profit all at once!

* * *

*In the Name of God, the Merciful, the Compassionate.
But when it set, he said: 'I love not those that set.'*⁹

It made me weep, the verse I love not those that set, which was uttered by Abraham (Peace be upon him), and announces the universe's passing and death.

The eyes of my heart wept at it, pouring out bitter tear-drops. Each tear-drop was sorely sad as the eyes of my heart wept. The verse causes others to weep, and as though weeps itself. The following lines in Persian are my tear-drops, they are a sort of commentary of some words present within the Divine Word of God's Wise One, the Prophet Muhammad.

A beloved who is hidden through setting is not beautiful, for those doomed to decline cannot be truly beautiful. They may not be loved with the heart, which is created for eternal love and is the mirror of the Eternally Besought One, and should not be loved with it.

A desired one who is doomed to be lost on setting; such a one is not worthy of the heart's attachment, the mind's preoccupation. He may not be the object of desires. He is not worthy of being regretted with the sorrow and grief that follows. So why should the heart worship such a one and be bound to him?

One sought who is lost in ephemerality; I do not want such a one. For I am ephemeral, I do not want one who is thus. What should I do?

A worshipped one who is buried in death; I shall not call him, I shall not seek refuge with him. For I am infinitely needy and impotent. One who is impotent can find no cure for my boundless ills. He can spread no salve on my eternal wounds. How can one who cannot save himself from death be an object of worship?

⁹ Qur'an, 6:76.

Indeed, the reason, which is obsessed with externals, cries out despairingly at seeing the deaths of the things it worships in the universe, and the spirit, which seeks for an eternal beloved, utters the cry: I love not those that set.

I do not want separation, I do not desire separation, I cannot abide separation...

Meetings followed immediately by separation are not worth sorrow and grief, they are not worthy of being longed for. For just as the passing of pleasure is pain, imagining the passing of pleasure is also a pain. The works of all the metaphorical lovers, that is, the works of poetry on love, are all cries at the pain arising from imagining this passing. If you were to constrain the spirit of all the works of poetry, from each would flow these grievous cries.

Thus, it is due to the pain and tribulations of those meetings stained with transitoriness, those sorrowful, metaphorical loves, that my heart weeps and cries through the weeping of, *I love not those that set*.

If you want permanence in this transitory world, permanence comes from transitoriness. Find transience with regard to your evil-commanding soul so that you may be enduring.

Divest yourself of bad morals, the basis of the worship of this world. Be transitory! Sacrifice your goods and property in the way of the True Beloved. See the ends of beings, which point to non-existence, for the way leading to permanence in this world starts from transitoriness.

The human mind, which plunges into causes, is bewildered at the upheavals of the passing of the world, and laments despairingly. While the conscience, which desires true existence, severs the connection with metaphorical beloveds and transient beings through crying like Abraham, I love not those that set, and it binds itself to the Truly Existent One, and Eternal Beloved.

O my ignorant soul! Know that the world and its beings are certainly ephemeral, but you may find a way leading to permanence in each ephemeral thing, and may see two flashes, two mysteries, of the manifestations of the Undying Beloved's Beauty.

Yes, it is within the bounty that the bestowal is to be seen and the favour of the Most Merciful perceived. If you pass from bounty to bestowal, you will find the Bestower. Also, each work of the Eternally Besought One makes known the All-Glorious Maker's Names like a missive. If you pass from the decoration to the meaning, you will find the One signified by way of His Names. Since you can find the kernel, the essence, of these ephemeral beings, obtain it. Then without pity you can throw away their meaningless shells and externals onto the flood of ephemerality.

Among beings there is no work which is not a most meaningful embodied word and does not cause to be read numerous of the Glorious Maker's Names. Since beings are words, words of power, read their meanings and place them in your heart. Fearlessly cast words without meaning onto the winds of transience. Do not concern yourself looking behind them, needlessly occupying yourself.

Since the chain of thought of the worldly mind, which worships externals and whose capital consists of 'objective' knowledge, leads to nothingness and non-existence, it cries out despairingly in its bewilderment and frustration. It seeks a true path leading to reality. Since the spirit has withdrawn from 'those that set' and the ephemeral, and the heart has given up its metaphorical beloveds, and the conscience too has turned its face from transitory beings, you too, my wretched soul, attract the assistance of I love not those that set, like Abraham, and be saved.

See how well Mawlana Jami expressed it, whose nature was kneaded with love and who was intoxicated with the cup of love:

Yaki khwah(1) *Yaki khwan*(2) *Yaki ju*(3) *Yaki bin*(4) *Yaki dan*(5) *Yaki gu*(6)¹⁰

That is,

1. Want only One; the rest are not worth wanting.

2. Call One; the others will not come to your assistance.

3. Seek One; the rest are not worth it.

4. See One; the others are not seen all the time; they hide themselves behind the veil of ephemerality.

5. Know One; knowledge other than that which assists knowledge of Him is without benefit.

6. Say One; words not concerning Him may be considered meaningless.

Yes, Jami, you spoke the truth absolutely. The True Beloved, the True Sought One, the True Desired One, the True Object of Worship is He alone...

For, in a mighty circle for the mentioning of the Divine Names, this world together with all its beings and their different tongues and various songs declares, *There is no god but God*; together they testify to Divine unity. And binding the wound caused by *I love not those that set*, point to an Undying Beloved in place of all the metaphorical beloveds, attachment to whom has been severed.

* * *

¹⁰ Only this line is Mawlana Jami's.

[About twenty-five years ago on Yuşa Tepesi (Mount Joshua) above the Istanbul Bosphorus, at a time I had decided to give up the world, a number of important friends came to me in order to call me back to the world and my former position. I told them to leave me till the following morning so that I could seek guidance. That morning the following two Tables were imparted to my heart. They resemble poetry, but they are not. I have not changed them for the sake of that blessed memory, and they have been kept as they occurred to me. They were added to the Twenty-Third Word, and now have been included here on account of their 'station'.]

THE FIRST TABLE

[The Table depicting the reality of the world of the heedless.]

*Don't call me to the world; -- I came, and saw it was transitory.
Heedlessness was a veil; -- I saw the light of truth was concealed.
All the beings in existence, -- I saw were ephemeral, harmful.
If you say, being, I dressed in it; -- Alas! It was non-being; I suffered much!
If you say, life, I tasted it; -- I saw it was torment upon torment.
The mind became pure torture; -- I saw permanence to be tribulation.
Life became pure whim; -- I saw attainment to be pure loss.
Deeds became pure hypocrisy; -- I saw hopes to be pure pain.
Union became parting itself; -- I saw the cure to be the ill.
These lights became darkness; -- I saw these friends to be orphans.
These voices became announcements
of death; -- I saw the living to be dead.
Knowledge was transformed into fancy; -- I saw in science a thousand
ailments.
Pleasure became pure pain; -- I saw existence to be compounded
non-existence.
If you say the Beloved, I found him; -- Alas! On separation I suffered
grievous pain.*

THE SECOND TABLE

[The Table indicating the reality of the world of
the people of guidance, those with easy hearts.]

Then the heedlessness passed, -- And I saw the light of truth clearly.
Existence became the proof of God; -- See, life is the mirror of God.
The mind became the key to treasures. -- See, transience is the door to permanence.
The spark of perfection died, -- But, behold the Sun of Beauty!
Separation became true union; -- See, pain is pure pleasure.
Life became pure action; -- See, eternity is pure life.
Darkness became the container of light; -- See, there is true life in death.
All things became familiar; -- See, all sounds are the mentioning of God.
All the atoms in existence -- -- See, each recites God's praises
and extols Him.
I found poverty to be a treasury of
wealth;-- See, in impotence is perfect strength.
If you find God, -- See, all things are yours.
If you are the slave of the Owner of
All Things, -- See, His property is yours.
If you are arrogant and claim to
own yourself, -- See, it is trial and tribulation without end;
Experience its boundless torment; -- See, it is a calamity most crushing.
If you are a true slave of God, -- See, it is a limitless pleasure and ease.
Taste its uncountable rewards, -- Experience its infinite happiness...

* * *

[Twenty-five years ago in Ramadan after the Afternoon Prayer, I read Shaykh ‘Abd al-Qadir Geylani’s composition in verse about the Most Beautiful Names. I felt a desire to write a supplication with the Divine Names, and at that time only this much was written. I wanted to write a supplication similar to that of my holy master, but, alas! I have no ability to write poetry and it remained deficient. Nevertheless, the supplication was added to the Thirty-Third Letter of the Thirty-Third Word, known as the Thirty-Three Windows, then was included here on account of its ‘station’.]

He is the Enduring One

The Wise Judge of affairs, we are under His decree;
He is the Just Arbiter; His are the heavens and the earth.
The One Knowing of the secrets and hidden matters in His dominions;
He is the All-Powerful, Self-Subsistent; His is all from the Throne to the ground.
The Perceiver of the fine points and embroideries in His art;
He is the Creator, the Loving One; His is the beauty and the splendour.
The Glorious One Whose attributes are reflected in the mirrors in His creation;
He is the Lord, the Most Holy; His is the might and the grandeur.
The Originator of creatures; we form the embroideries of His art;
He is the Constant, the Enduring One; His is the dominion and eternity.
The Munificent Bestower of gifts; we are the caravan of His guests;
He is the Provider, the Sufficer; His is the praise and laudation.
The Beauteous Granter of gifts; We are the weavings of His knowledge;
He is the Creator, the Faithful; His is the munificence, the giving.
The Hearer of complaints and supplications in His creation;
He is the Merciful, the Healer; His are the thanks and the praise.
The Pardoner of the faults and sins of His servants;
He is the Oft Forgiving, the Compassionate; His is forgiveness and acceptance.

O my soul! Together with my heart, weep and cry, and say:

I am ephemeral; I do not want one such as that.
I am impotent; I do not want one such as that.
I have surrendered my spirit to the Most Merciful; I do not want another.
I want one, but I want an eternal friend.
I am a mere speck, but I want an eternal sun.
I am nothing, but nothing, yet I want these beings, all of them.

A FRUIT OF THE PINE, CEDAR, JUNIPER,
AND BLACK CYPRESS TREES
IN THE UPLANDS OF BARLA

[While being a part of the Eleventh Letter, this has

One time during my captivity while gazing at the majestic and wonderful forms of the pine, cedar, and juniper trees on the mountain top, a gentle breeze was blowing. Transforming the scene into a magnificent, delightful, and clamorous display of dancing and a rapturous performance of praise and glorification, the enjoyment of watching it was transformed into instruction for my eyes and wisdom for my ears. I suddenly recalled the Kurdish lines of Ahmad al-Jizri, whose meaning is:

‘Everyone has hastened to gaze at You and Your Beauty; they are acting coyly before Your Beauty.’

My heart wept as follows, expressing their instructive meanings. The meaning of the verses in Persian written at Tepelice in the mountains of Barla about the fruit of the pine, cedar, juniper, and black cypress trees is this:

Living creatures have appeared from everywhere on the face of the earth, Your art, to gaze on You.

From above and below they emerge like heralds, and call out.

The herald-like trees take pleasure at the beauty of Your embroideries, and they dance.

They are filled with joy at the perfection of Your art, and utter most beautiful sounds.

It is as if the sweetness of their own voices fills them with joy too, and makes them perform a delicate melody.

In response the trees have started dancing and are seeking ecstasy.

It is through these works of Divine mercy that all the living creatures receive instruction in the glorification and prayer particular to each.

After receiving instruction, on high rocks the trees raise their heads to the Divine Throne.

Each, like Shahbaz Qalandar,¹¹ stretches out a hundred hands to the Court of God, and assumes an imposing position of worship.

They make their small tassel-like twigs and branches dance, so both they and those that watch them express their fine pleasure and elevated delight.

They give voice as though touching the most sensitive strings and veins of the veils of love: 'Ah! It is He!'

From it a meaning such as this comes to mind: they recall both the weeping caused by the pain of the fading of metaphorical loves, and a profoundly sorrowful moaning.

They make heard the melancholy songs of all lovers parted from their beloveds, like Sultan Mahmud.

They seem to have a duty of making the dead hear the pre-eternal songs and sorrowful voices, who no longer hear worldly voices and words.

The spirit understands from this that beings respond with glorification to the manifestation of the Glorious Maker's Names; they perform a graceful chant.

The heart reads the mystery of Divine unity from these trees, each like an embodied sign, from the elevated word-order of this miraculousness. That is, there is so wonderful an order, art, and wisdom in the manner of their creation, that if all the causes in existence had the power to act and choose, and they gathered together, they could not imitate them.

The soul, on seeing them, sees the whole earth as revolving in a clamorous tumult of separation, and seeks enduring pleasure. It receives the meaning: 'You will find it in abandoning worship of this world.'

The mind discovers from the chanting animals and trees and the vociferous plants and air, a most meaningful order of creation, embroidery of wisdom, and treasury of secrets.

The desirous soul receives such pleasure from the murmuring air and whispering leaves that it forgets all metaphorical pleasures, and through abandoning these, which endow it with life, wants to die in the pleasure of reality.

The imagination sees that appointed angels have entered these trees like bodies, from whose branches hang many flutes. It is as though an Eternal Monarch has clothed the angels in the trees for a splendid parade accompanied with the sounds of a thousand flutes. Thus the trees show themselves to be not lifeless, unconscious bodies, but highly conscious and meaningful.

¹¹ Shahbaz Qalandar was a famous hero who through the guidance of Shaykh Geylani took refuge at the Divine Court and rose to the degree of sainthood.

The flutes are pure and powerful as though issuing from a heavenly, exalted orchestra. The mind does not hear from them the sorrowful complaints of separation, that foremost Mawlana Jalaluddin Rumi and all lovers hear, but dominical praise and laudation and grateful thanks offered to the Most Merciful One, the Ever-Living, the Self-Subsistent.

Since the trees have all become bodies, their leaves have become tongues. At the touching of the breeze each recites over and over again: 'It is He! It is He!' With the benedictions of their lives they proclaim their Maker to be Ever-Living and Self-Subsistent.

With the tongue of disposition they continuously declare 'O God!', and seek the necessities of their lives from Him, from the treasury of mercy. And through the tongue of their manifesting life from top to bottom, they recite His Name of 'O Living One!'

O Ever-Living and Self-Subsistent One! Through the Names of Ever-Living and Self-Subsistent, endow the heart of this wretched one with life, and bestow sound direction on his confused mind. Amen.

[One time at night in a high spot on Çamdağı (the Pine Mountain) near Barla I was looking at the face of the heavens when the following lines suddenly occurred to me. With the imagination I heard the speaking of the stars through the tongue of disposition, and that is how the lines were written. Since I do not know the rules of versification, they were not written accordingly, but as they occurred to me. The piece is taken from the Fourth Letter, and the last part of the First Stopping Place of the Thirty-Second Word.]

THE UTTERANCE OF THE STARS

*Then listen to the stars, listen to their harmonious address!
See what wisdom has emblazed on the decree of its light!*

*Altogether they start to speak with the tongue of truth,
They address the majesty of the All-Powerful One of Glory's sovereignty:*

*We are each of us light-scattering proofs of the existence of our Maker;
We are witnesses both to His Unity and His Power;*

*We are subtle miracles gilding the face of the skies
For the angels to make excursions on;*

*We are the innumerable attentive eyes of the heavens
That watch the earth, that study Paradise;¹²*

¹² That is, since innumerable miracles of power are exhibited on the face of the earth, which is the seedbed and tillage for Paradise, the angels in the world of the heavens gaze on those miracles, those marvels. And like the angels, the stars, which are like the eyes of the heavenly bodies, gaze on the finely fashioned creatures on the earth, and in so doing look at the world of Paradise. At the same time they look on both the earth and Paradise; they observe those fleeting wonders in an enduring form in Paradise. That is to say, there, there are prospects of both worlds.

*We are the innumerable exquisite fruits that the hand of wisdom of the Beauteous
One of Glory has fastened
To the celestial portion of the tree of creation, to all the branches of the Milky Way;
For the inhabitants of the heavens, we are each of us a travelling mosque,
a spinning house, a lofty home,
Each is an illumining lamp, a mighty ship, an aeroplane;
We are each of us a miracle of power of the All-Powerful One of Perfection, The All-
Wise One of Glory;
Each a wonder of His creative art, a rarity of His wisdom, a marvel of
His creation, a world of light;
We demonstrated to mankind innumerable proofs, we made them hear with these
innumerable tongues of ours;
But their accursed unseeing, unbelieving eyes did not see our faces, they did not hear
our words; and we are signs that speak the truth;
Our stamp is one; our seal is one; we are mastered by our Sustainer;
We glorify Him through our subjugation;
We recite His Names; we are each of us in ecstasy, a member of the
mighty circle of the Milky Way.*