

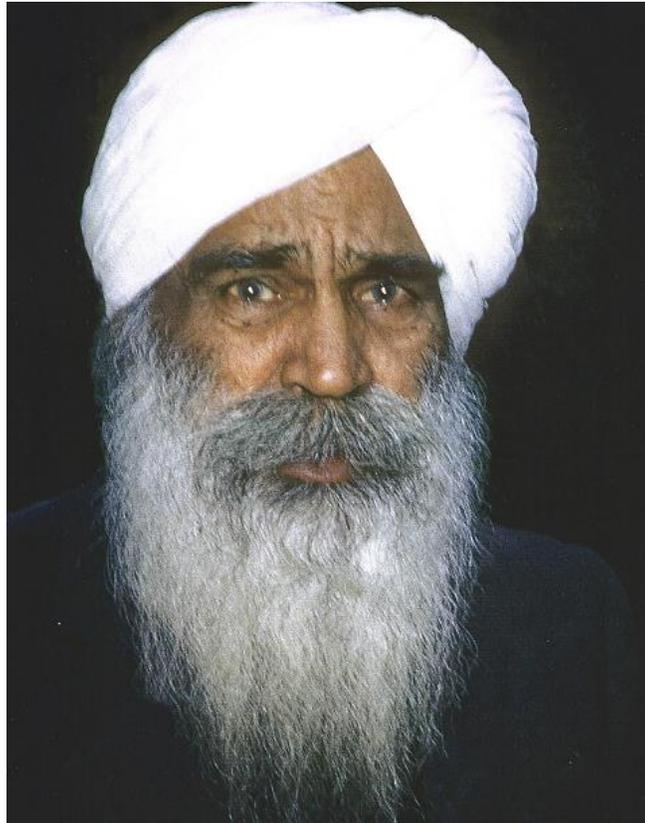
From: The Hundred Letters

Sharafuddin Maneri – A Sufi Master, 1263-1381

Due to this good fortune, I have stumbled across You!
God knows, I am bursting with joy on account of You!



I am astonished at my good fortune! Take me by the hand,
O You who grasp the hand of all astonished by You!



If I saw You a thousand times a day,
I would still want yet another glimpse!



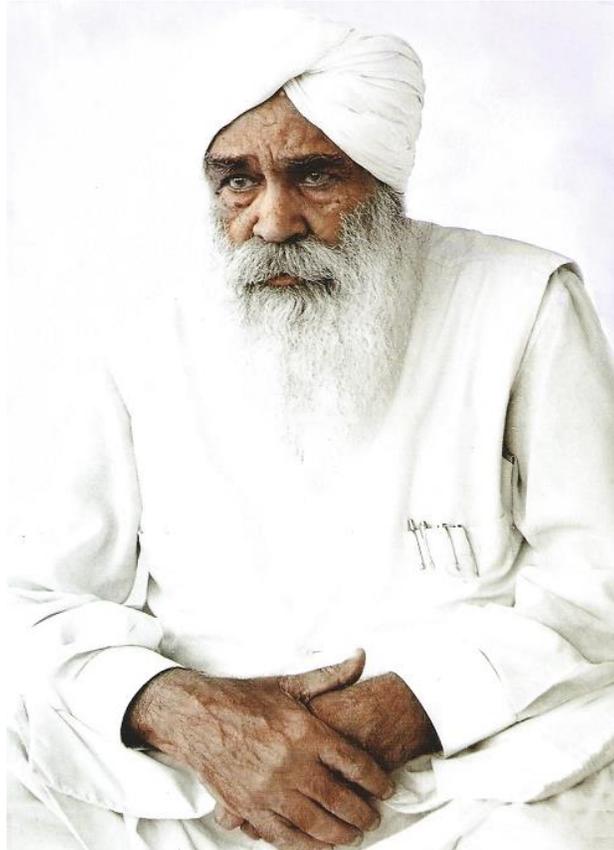
As long as I live, my trade and my task is this:
It is my rest, composure, and companion.
This is how I busy myself each day:
I am on a chase and this is my prey!



If You welcome me, then I am Your accepted one:
If You do not, I am still Your rejected servant!
I should not be worried whether You accept or reject me:
My task, in either state, is to remain preoccupied with You!



You saw my faults from head to toe, but still purchased me:
How shoddy are the goods, how gracious is the buyer!



I experience neither aversion to hell nor desire for heaven:
Remove the veil from Your countenance, for it is You I long to see!



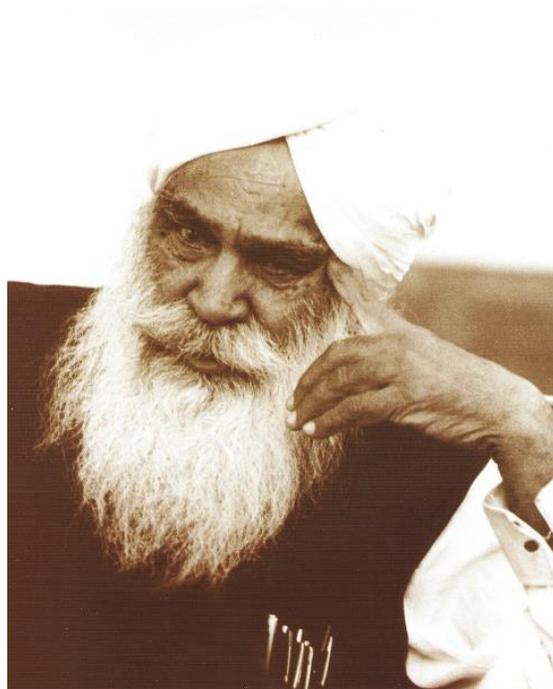
God forbid that my heart should ever become separated from You,
Or that it should grow intimate with anyone other than You.
Diverted from love of You, whom would it love?
If it were to quit Your lane, where would it go?



May it never happen, O dearest “idol” of mine,
That love of You should depart my heart, or thought of You, my mind!
Even if You seek my death there will remain
That taste for You in my rotting bones.



Grief for You has plundered my heart,
And for You my heart has forsaken all.
The secret unknown even to holy people,
Your love whispered in the ear of my heart.



Even what is not asked for He grants;
If you ask, imagine what He will give.
He is a King: If He so wishes,
He can bestow both worlds upon a beggar!



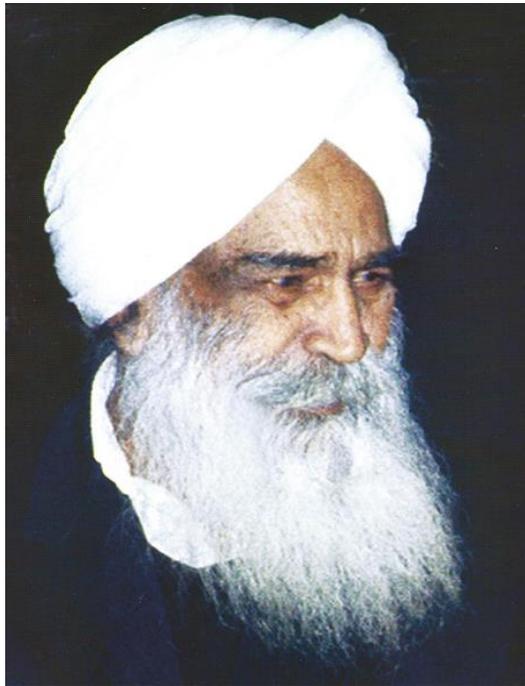
O generous one who, out of Your hidden treasure,
Give sustenance to all,
How could You possibly disappoint Your friends,
You, a King, with eyes even for me?



Here am I accepting grief suffered for Your sake as happiness,
Crying out as I endure oppression for Your sake.
Despite all this, were I to become dust on Your path,
I would still not be worthy of being touched by Your feet!



My eyes desire only the sight of You:
My ears long to hear nothing but Your speech!
Look upon the high aspirations of both,
Even though they be not worthy of Your splendor!



An ignorant traveler will get lost on this Way,
For the Way is long, dark, and full of pitfalls!
Hold the lamp of knowledge and wisdom before you,
Otherwise you will stumble headlong into some hole!



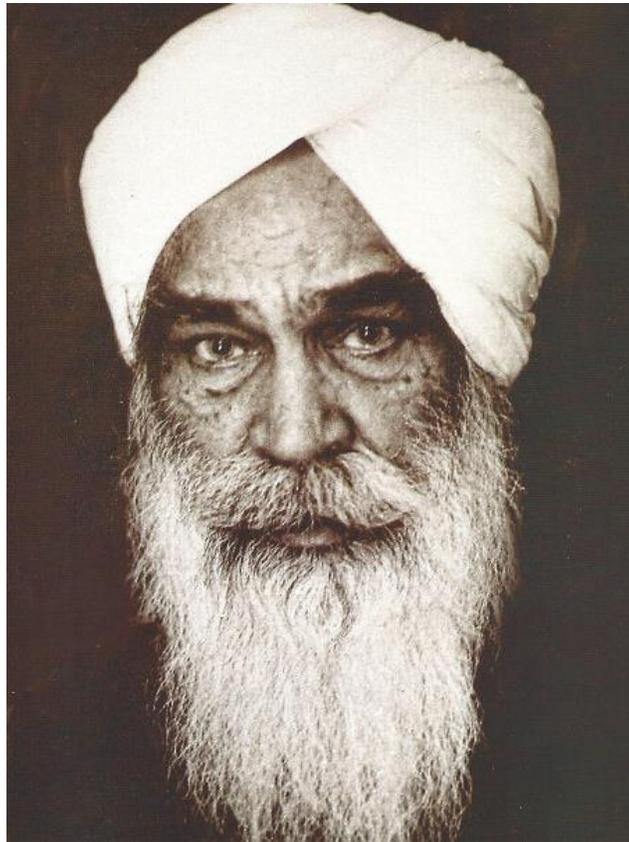
Sometimes I am plunged to the depths, at other times raised on high.
Sometimes I experience the scar of separation, at others, the garden of union!
Your awesome majesty may threaten many of us,
Yet no lips will part in even a sigh of complaint!



Until the glance of a man of God falls on you,
Where will you learn about your own existence?
If you are prone to sitting by yourself,
You will not be able to travel this Path alone!
You need a guide for the road, do not go alone!
Open your eyes lest you drown in this ocean!



Even if I were to have nothing in this world or the next,
By having You, I do have everything! There is no need for anything else!



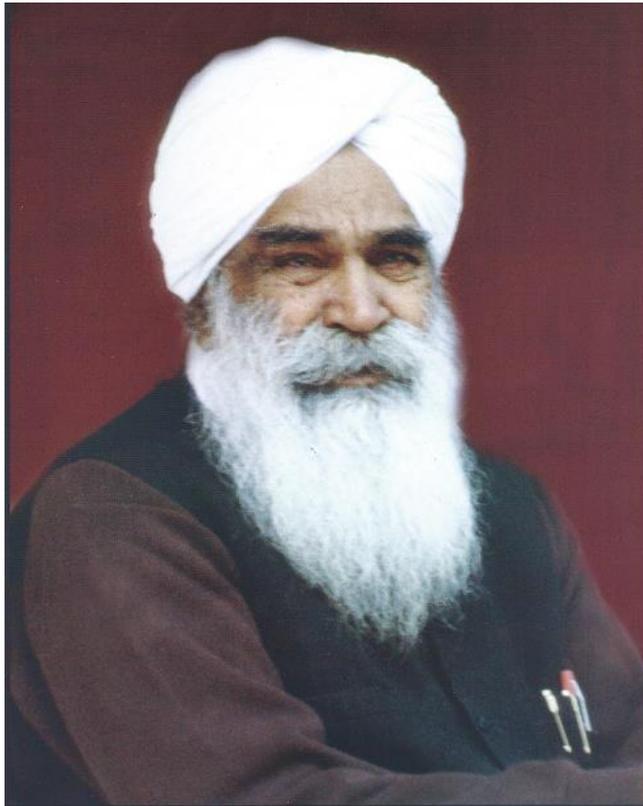
When a well-esteemed man comes across your path,
He will protect you in all your endeavors!
Since you can never distinguish the Way from its pitfalls,
How far can you progress without a staff?
The volcanoes that mark this Way are many;
It is not for everyone that this work is intended.



If I were wise, I would talk less about You.
I would close the path of conversation.
I would gather together a few scorched hearts.
And then I would weep over my talking and lament it.



As long as you doubt that I am enamored of Your face,
Regard me as dust clinging to the paw of Your alley dog.



One glance from the Friend equals a thousand felicitations;
I am waiting for the moment when that glance will come!



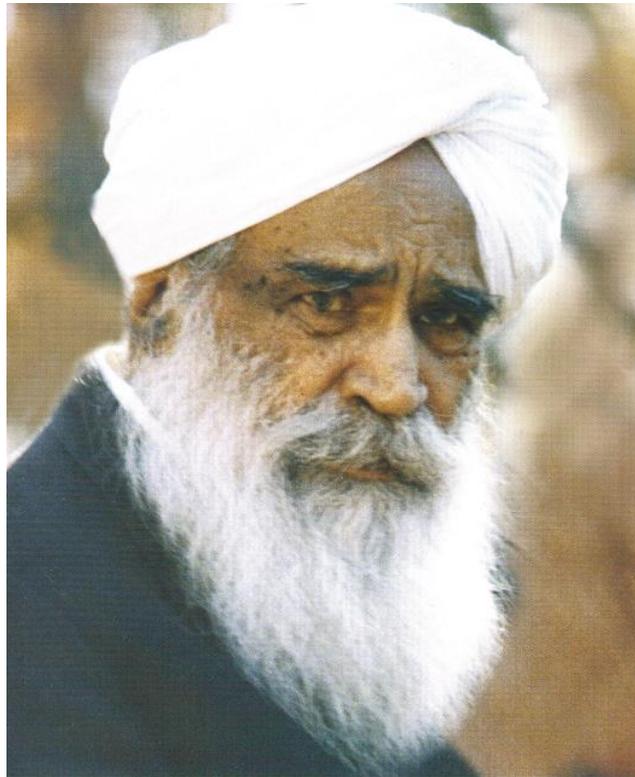
The source of happiness is this mine of bounty and generosity;
Toward the face of the Friend I turn and not toward any other!



You said, "Seek another!" I shall, O Peerless One –
If You show me another like Yourself.
O God, how can those who seek You be content with heaven;
How can Your lovers descend to anyone else?



If You water, it is Your own plant that is nourished;
If You crush, it is the work of Your own hands that suffers!
I am a servant of the type that You know well:
Do not throw me away, for it is You who have sustained me!



I do not lack hope in Your presence,
Even though my sins be many,
Since it is Your forgiveness and mercy
Which now and in the world to come are my refuge!



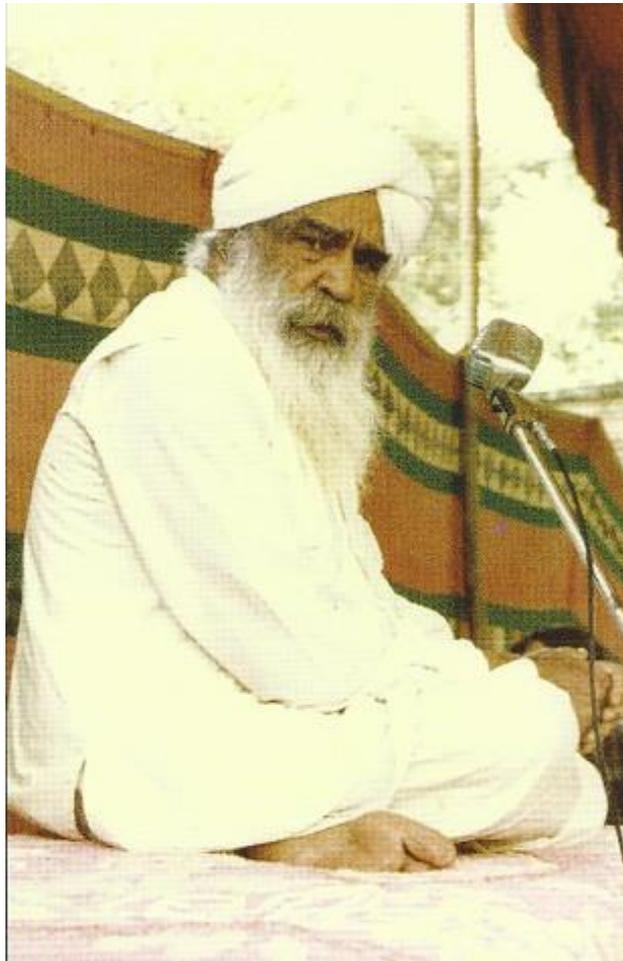
O that I might become dust on the paw of Your dog!
Since it is not my lot to be a dog in Your lane!



Until you sweep the Way with the broom of “no,”
How can you arrive at the stage of “but God?”
O pearl-diver in quest of the pearl of “but,”
Place the garment of your soul on the shore of “no”!
Dualism has been preempted from the world of love:
Why ask about this saying? You yourself are the saying!



I desire no chains other than Your tresses.
See what a wise madman I am!



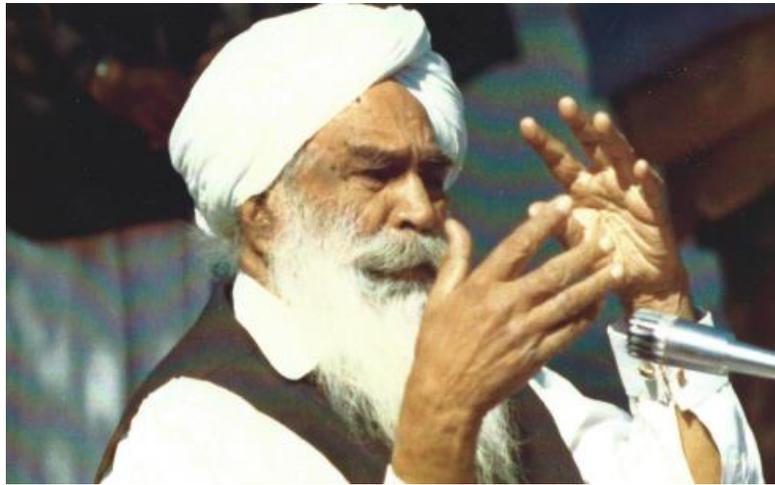
Sometimes I am intoxicated by the sweetness of union with You;
Sometimes I am crushed by the blow of Your departure!
As soon as I put aside the grief of separation from You,
Immediately I feel the urge to continue loving You!



Who am I along Your Way that in my abode
Flowers should sprout in my soil from Your glance?
And beyond even this, I have received, from Your bounty,
The adornment of Your love upon my heart!



One day I will have to go and leave this burden behind;
Except for Your name, nothing will be found in my record.
If my head is not in Your hands, O Ravisher of my heart,
At least the dust from under Your foot will form a crown upon my head.



Any labor undertaken for the sake of love has no trace of laziness about it:
Although a person's body might grow tired, still his heart never flags.



How can a base person, by mere talk, reach this Way?
One has to suffer, even be consumed, and stride forth manfully!
If there are two directions along the path to Unity, one loses the Way:
You must decide either to please the Friend or to indulge yourself.



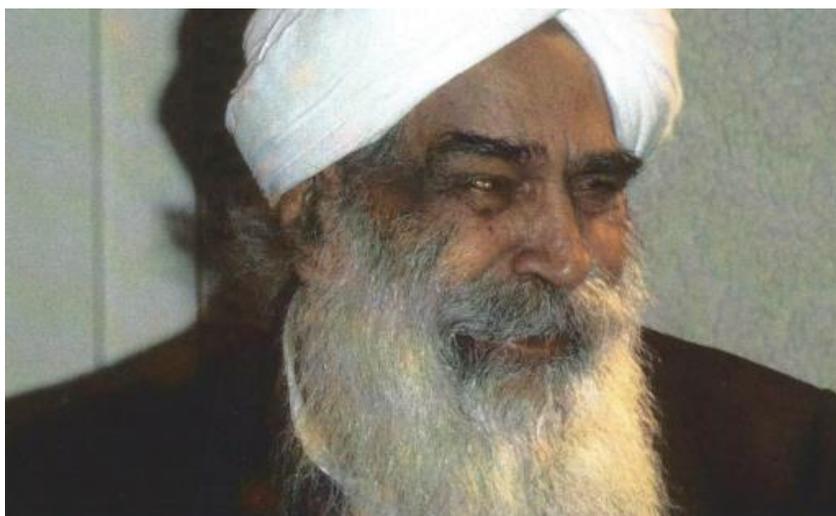
There is a city in which the praise of that good Face resounds:
The hearts of all peoples of the world have been veiled from Him.
We desire Him, along with others, each of whom
Eagerly waits to see who's favored, who will gain the Friend!



I write Your name on the palm of my hand;
Fixing my eyes on that Name, I shed tears of blood.
Yet I want nothing but to rivet my attention on You!
No matter where my gaze alights, it is of You that I think!



When your love proves to be true, then you will obey it,
For the one who loves is obedient to the One whom he loves!



Love does all that is necessary: be patient!
Simply be a disciple! Let love be your master – that is all!



Since the Beloved is a king, whatever He says, goes!
Concerning His actions, who will be so bold as to ask why?
If He accepts, it is because of His mercy:
If He spurns us, that is our misfortune!



I experience a thousand frustrations in my desire for Your face.
My whole life has passed in grief over You: I have done nothing!
Yet if I am helped and directed by You, this is wealth enough for me.



Many devoted to prayer fall from their mount and remain by the wayside:
Others, recipients of Your grace, reach home safely on the back of a lion!



Your heart should be acquainted with grief, your soul with danger:
All devoted to idols have their gaze fixed in one direction.
No longer enamored of their own heart or soul or sight
Are those whose heart desires the company of a certain face.



Even though, because of our work, we have reason to be proud,
And, because of what we know, have grown independent of others,
We are still no more than dice thrown by gamblers;
We are mere dust on the soles of the pure players!



The serpent of love has stung my heart;
There is no physician, and none to administer a charm,
Except that Beloved with whom I am enthralled.
With Him is the charm and the antidote as well!



Anyone who has taken shelter in the shade of a man of God
Will never be put to shame as he travels toward Him.
Until the glance of such a man falls upon you,
How can you find out anything about your own being?



The hearts of all are stirred
In expectation of seeing Your face!
Our bodies, out of fear of separation,
Cry out in the midst of pleasure and comfort!
Without Your beauty, flowers of desire
Turn to thorns in my hope-enkindled eyes!



If You bestow Your grace, we shall certainly be liberated.
But if You exercise Your justice – alas, how humbled we shall be!



Whoever has not become intoxicated with love,
Will have to remain perpetually half-asleep!



I walk along Your path. How is it that I do not see You?
Would that I could be liberated from the trials of life!
You have not even sent me a greeting from where You have gone!
O that but once I might find some trace of Your whereabouts!



O Beloved, my name is inscribed in Your register!
I am happy to be the least of Your soldiers!

