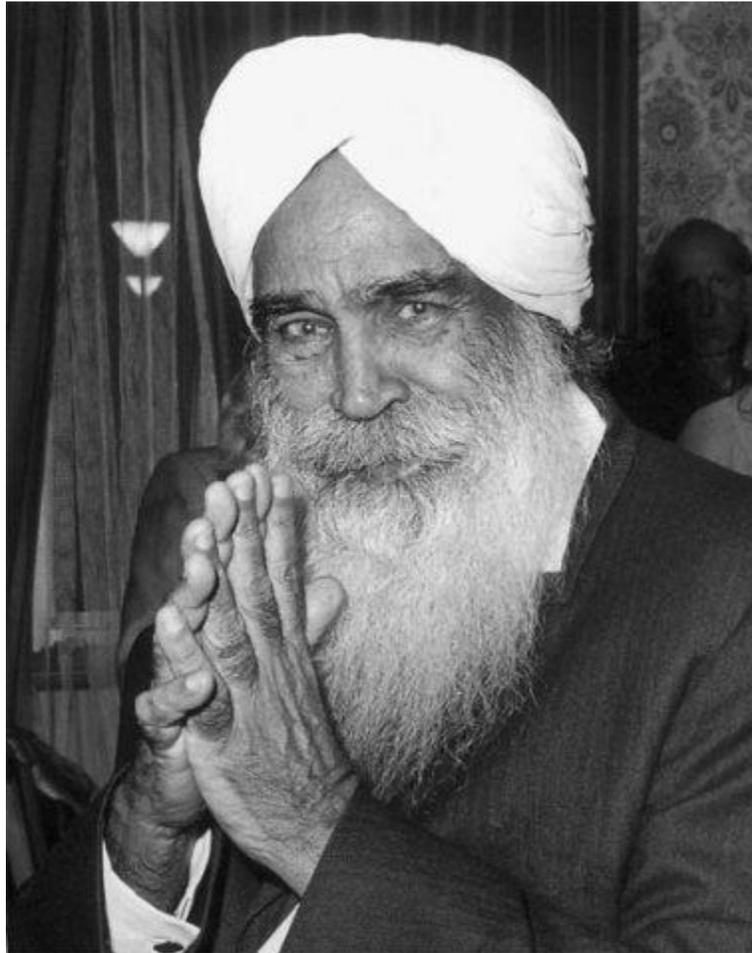


Poems of Love & Longing

Shaikh Abu-Saeed Abil-Kheir
(10th Century Sufi Mystic)



Dedicated to the Beloved Master
Sant Kirpal Singh Ji Maharaj

A person in whose heart love for the Master has been bestowed by God
is really fortunate, because love for the Master is the method by which
we come to love God.

(Sant Kirpal Singh)

santmat-thetruth.de/index.php?option=com_book&book=3886&page=111



Referring to himself as “Nobody, Son of Nobody,” Shaikh Abu-Saeed Abil-Kheir [also spelled Abū-Saʿīd Abul-Khayr] expressed the reality that his life had disappeared in the heart of God. This renowned but lesser-known Sufi mystic of the 10th century preceded the great poet Rumi by over two hundred years on the same path of annihilation in love. (Vraje Abramian)

During his lifetime, which spanned from 967 to 1049, his fame spread throughout the Islamic world, even to Spain. He was the first Sufi writer to widely use ordinary love poems as a way to express and illuminate mysticism, and as such he played a major role in the foundation of Persian Sufi poetry.

His system is based on a few themes that appear frequently in his words, generally in the form of simple emotional poems. The main focus of his teachings is liberation from “I”, which he considered the one and only cause of separation from God and to which he attributed all personal and social misfortunes.

He believed that the full application of these teachings to one's life requires both divine grace and the guidance of an experienced Sufi, and is impossible through personal efforts alone. His picture as portrayed in various Sufi writings is a particularly joyful one of continuous ecstasy.

Other famous Sufis made frequent references to him, a notable example being the Persian Sufi poet Farid al-Din Attar, who mentions Abil-Kheir as his spiritual guide. Many miracles are attributed to him in Sufi writings.

At his funeral he requested the following poem.

*What sweeter than this in the world!
Friend met friend and the lover joined his Beloved.
That was all sorrow, this is all joy
Those were all words, this is all reality.*

(wikipedia.org/wiki/Ab%C5%AB-Sa%C4%ABd_Abul-Khayr)

Abu-Sa'id Abul-Khayr



The perfect mystic is not an ecstatic devotee lost in contemplation of Oneness, nor a saintly recluse shunning all commerce with mankind, but "the true saint" goes in and out amongst the people and eats and sleeps with them and buys and sells in the market and marries and takes part in social intercourse, and never forgets God for a single moment.

AZ QUOTES

I am the one You created from dust,
a handful of dust moving at Your wish.
You planted this seed,
this growth is obeying that command.



Rise early at dawn, when our storytelling begins.
In the dead of the night, when all other doors are locked,
the door for the lovers to enter opens.
Be wide awake in the dark when lovers
begin fluttering around the Beloved's window,
like homing pigeons arriving with flaming bodies.



Be an early riser,
seek the Beloved in your silence and solitude.
Do not let go of the One who receives you at the end.
Avoid attachment to all and everyone else.

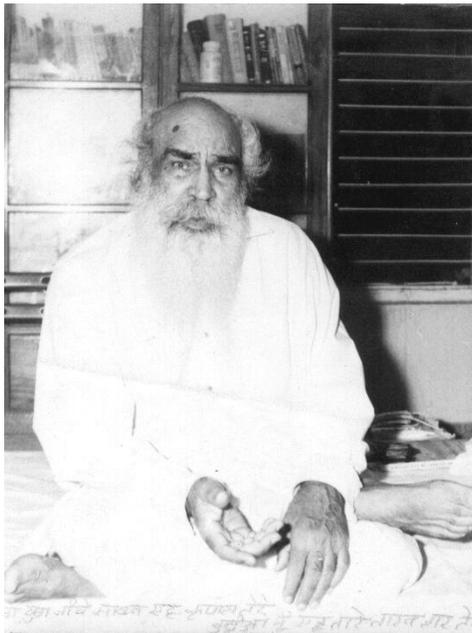


It is the dark of the early morning, Friend.
All those thirsting after You have their foreheads on the dust at Your gate.
O Beloved source of the Water of Life,
pray order Your wine bearer to water this pile of dust!

Every dawn I bring my heart to You,
my lamentations are to soften Your heart,
so You grant me the honor of being a beggar at Your gate,
and no one else's.



You play asleep these long nights and I am missing You.
You play remote and distant. This tossing and turning,
these long hot dry spells and I am missing You.



Who am I?
One fed up with his self, at war with sanity.
One who burnt with jealousy last night
hearing the true lamentations of a truly broken one
at the Beloved's gate.



Your desires are legion,
while your wealth is carried off through the ten gates.
Spend one night in purity and desirelessness at the Beloved's gate.
If you aren't fulfilled, then complain.

My Beloved,
giver of all needs, and their satisfier too,
pray see to it that I need none but You,
and knock on no door but Yours.



O' Friend of the fallen, untie this knot!
Only You can.
Have pity on me and this bewildered mind.
O' Bestower of grace, I have nowhere to go,
do not send me away from Your gate,
O' Merciful One.



Friend,
I would throw this heart away but it has Your fire brand on it.
Both eyes I would stitch shut if You weren't sitting in them.
My whole being is nothing but Your abode,
or I would use it as incense at Your door.

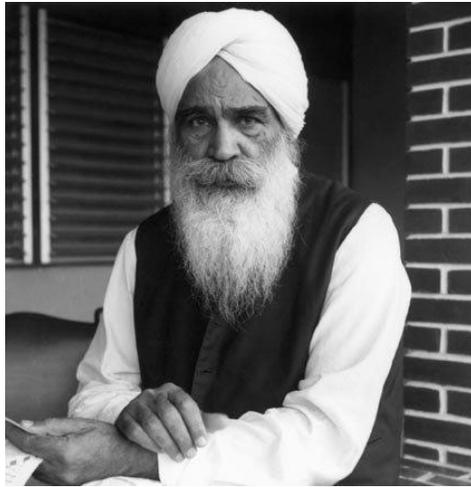


Who am I?
One with a fire burning within.
One with all hopes severed,
hoping to gain the steadfastness of a rock
and the sincerity of the flame.
Perhaps then I will deserve to sit
at the feet of the Purified One.

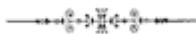
Someone asked me about the whereabouts
of the Heartless One, my Beloved.
“In my heart of hearts,” I said.
“And where your heart might be?” I was asked.
“At His feet.”



Beloved,
Show me the way out of this prison.
Make me needless of both worlds.
Pray, erase from this mind all that is not You.
Have mercy Beloved,
though I am nothing but forgetfulness.
You are the essence of forgiveness.
Make me needless of all but You.



The Beloved wasn't interested in my reasoning,
I threw it away and became silent.
The sanity I had been taught became a bore,
it had to be ushered off.
Insane, silent and in bliss,
I spend my days with my head at the feet of my Beloved.

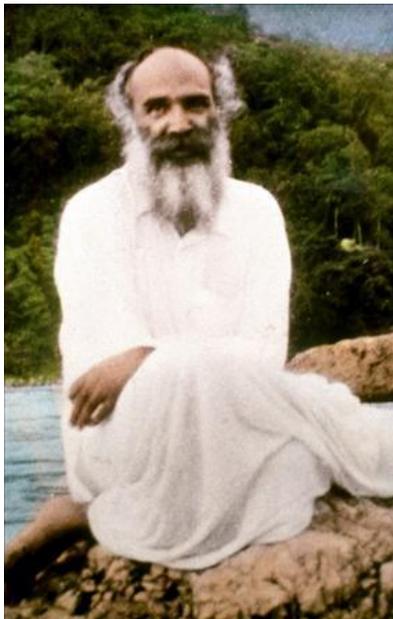


My body and soul come together to seek You.
It is You that I live and die for.
I am here but a fortnight and then – a handful of dust.
You are here to see this love through.

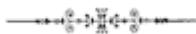
Wining, dining and desiring
I also seek spiritual closeness.
This world of flesh and narrow needs
and that world of freedom in limitless expanses
cannot tolerate each other.
That's why I have neither.



One moment, You are all I know, Friend.
Next moment, eat, drink and be merry!
O' Friend, how will this scatteredness that is me
find its way to You?



You are either involved with the highs and lows here,
or are busy sweeping the refuse.
How about a real loss? A true gain?
A complete chaos? An unbridled mayhem?
How long will you put up with this
repetitive boredom?

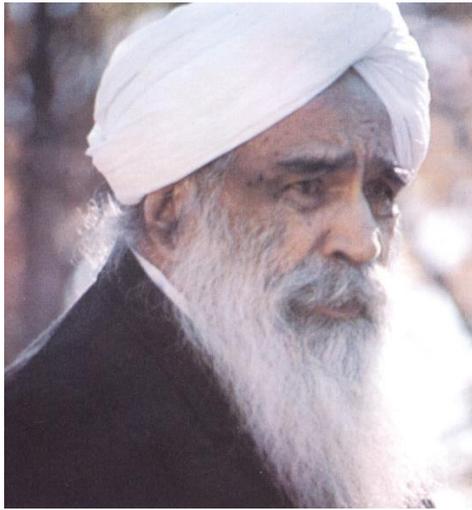


If you taste every happiness here every moment of your life,
if you spend all your days in the milky arms of sweethearts,
death awaits at the appointed corner.
All of this is naught but a dream from which you will wake up.

Those who find me worthy of my name
have no idea of my inner unworthiness.
If I am turned inside out one day,
I would be judged to be burned at the stake.



If you do not give up the crowds,
you won't find your way to Oneness.
If you do not drop your self,
you won't find your true worth.
If you do not offer all you have to the Beloved,
you will live this life free of that pain
which makes it worth living.

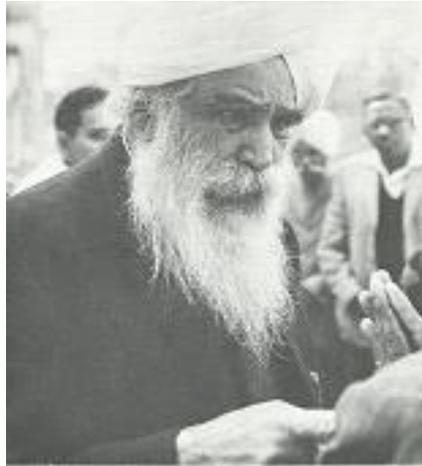


Beloved,
Make contentment my wealth,
Your love, the joy of my heart.
Let this creature of Yours thrive on You, his Creator.
Make me needless of other creatures.
Make me needless of both worlds.
Grant me that poverty You gift Your friends.
Guide this seeker in the direction of the secret victory.
My Love, accept me to the inner circle of Your lovers,
so I can share the secrets of their devotion.
Beloved, I am tortured by this tyrant of a mind.
Grant me the glorious lunacy of love and release me from myself.

Reject faces and places.
Blow out the candle of your countless desires for a moment.
I'll let you taste a drop of the Ocean I am drowned in,
and you will live the rest of your days in bliss.



No one is sent away from Your door.
Those on whom Your sweet gaze rests for a moment
become life's eternal darlings.
Any particle which receives the light of Your attention
becomes a thousand suns and more.



Until you have left all wanting,
all your loving smells of greed, unworthy of the Beloved.
Until you have left your self, and everyone else,
you will never be released from this prison called me.



This corpse was given life,
to find and fall in love with that Mystery,
etched in sweet pain in the living heart.
Instead you trash around, sick and unfulfilled,
seeking life from other corpses.

The essence of happiness you will know
when you discard all you hold dear!
Two beloveds in one heart won't reside.
If you want the True One,
cross out all else.



To your mind feed understanding,
to your heart, tolerance and compassion.
The simpler your life, the more meaningful.
The less you desire of the world,
the more room you will have in it
to fill with the Beloved.



To be in this imperfect existence for a moment
and to dream of Your eternal perfection,
to have this heart full of wretched limitations
and to harbor this infinite pain of separation and longing in it,
Your favors, Beloved. All Your favors.



I asked the Bestower of Knowledge
Why have an eye?
“To stare with anticipation at the road where the Beloved might turn up.”
Why this mind, pain ridden, in agony?
“Then where would you store your love memories?”
Why this heart?
“What do you have in it?”
The pain of separation, the fire of longing for You.
“Cherish it.
Nowhere else, in all of creation, this is found.”

The lover cannot live without sorrow.
Lack or abundance hardly matter.
Fortunate is the one who offers his life
at the first sight of the Beloved.



Since the day I saw Your face I neither work, nor fast or pray.
When You are with me my blasphemies turn into sweet prayers.
When I am not with You, all my prayers are naught but pretense!



My tears would flood the Oxus River
if my eyes didn't forever behold Your vision, Friend.
Driven insane with the pain of separation,
my heart would sink in its own blood
if it did not float in the river of Your remembrance.
I would devise a thousand tricks to spring my soul
out of the cage of this body,
if it did not insist on enduring this exile,
to arrive in obedience at her wedding with You,
Beloved.



Beloved,
If life itself abandons me,
Your thought won't.
The reflection of the glory of Your face
has been etched onto my heart.
This, neither life nor death can erase.

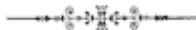
Find the secret of your great good fortune,
and the priceless opportunity of this life
will not have gone to waste.
No matter where, who with, or what,
ever remember the Beloved
in the privacy of the love chamber of your heart.



My Beloved,
This torture and pain I suffer
because I am so addicted to Your beauty.
People ask me whether I prefer Your company to being in heaven.
Heedless fools, what would heaven itself mean without the Friend's presence.



When I am on the road,
You are my bosom companion.
When I am in despair,
my hope in hopelessness.
Whatever I do, wherever,
it is Your face my gaze searches for,
Beloved.

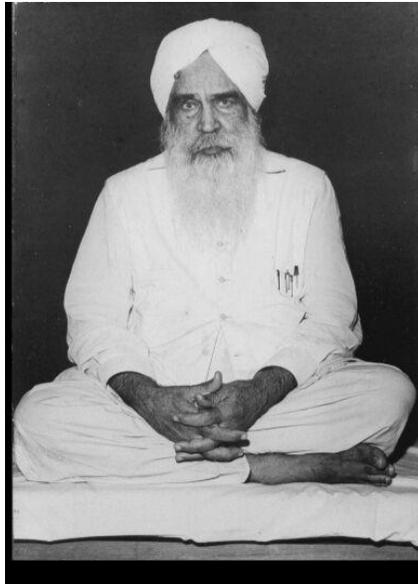


Ups and downs in my life are nothing but messengers from You.
Joy and sorrow remind me of You only.
I am so used to Your presence, Beloved,
Your absence is nothing but a reminder
of the coming togetherness.

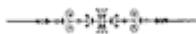
I look for no cure for this pain.
With Your beauty in my heart I look for no beliefs, no faith.
When my time comes and I hear You call, I will worry not
and turn in this wretched coin of a body to my Beloved,
the owner of all treasures.



Of all my infinite pains,
and worse than this incessant burning in the chest,
is the fact that You are sitting inside my very eye,
and I cannot see You.



You granted me love and set me on the path of pain.
You freed me from logic and intellect and took away my cleverness.
I was a man of letters sought by many. Now I am a footloose drunkard,
needless of anyone's praise, unafraid of their blame.
Now poverty and contentment are my companions.
Friends, family and my own self have abandoned me.
But this station You only honor Your loved ones with.
What service this unworthy one had rendered to be exalted so?

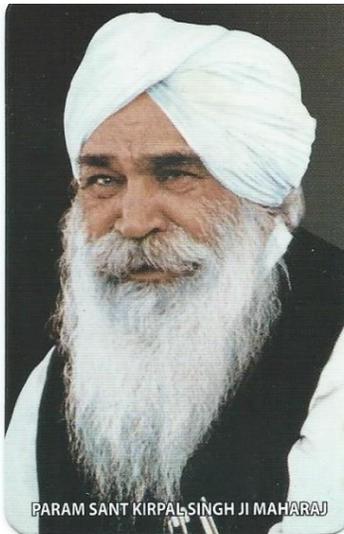


In Your love, one lives without being.
I have cried my whole being away, who then is this that still burns?
One who is trusted with inner secrets loses his self in the Beloved.
Deny your self and be witness to the Presence.

How long will you worry about this vicious world?
How long will you fret about your body?
The worst this world can do is to take away
this cesspool of a prison your soul is trapped in.
Is that why you are worried?



If you are a lover,
worry about none and own nothing.
Rejoice in the promise of the Beloved
that in this world, and the next,
you have naught but Him.



My hair has turned white,
all these years I have gathered nothing but these dark deeds.
I had no perfumed incense to bring You.
I have brought You these dry sticks.
My boldness in entertaining hopes of forgiveness and dreams of union
comes from Your royal decree, my love.
“Despair is disobedience and shows lack of faith.”

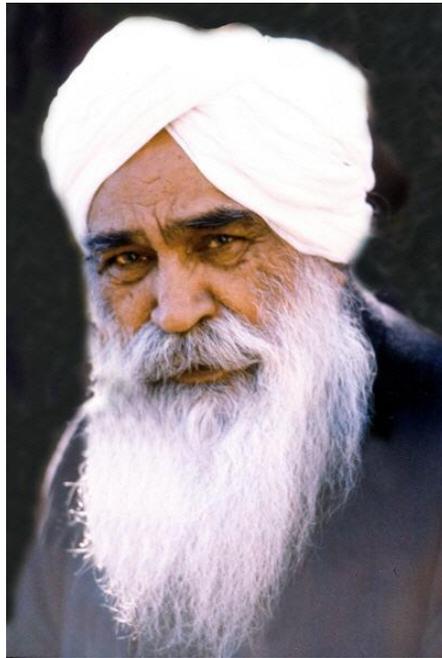


O’ Friend of the fallen, have mercy on this poor one.
Do not allow my shortcomings to sit in my judgment,
but Your grace and mercy.
My existence is a mire of weakness and helplessness,
let Your pity and generosity pull me out of here.

My Beloved,
Don't be heartless with me.
Your Presence is my only cure.
How can I be left with neither a heart, nor my Beloved?
Either return my heart, or do not deny me Your presence.



A hundred time a day I implore You O Pure One, Absolute Creator.
I am a handful of dust, what may be expected of such as me?
I know in Your infinite mercy one day You will allow me to dissolve and join You.
In Your infinite knowledge and mercy I rest,
with no fear of the world.

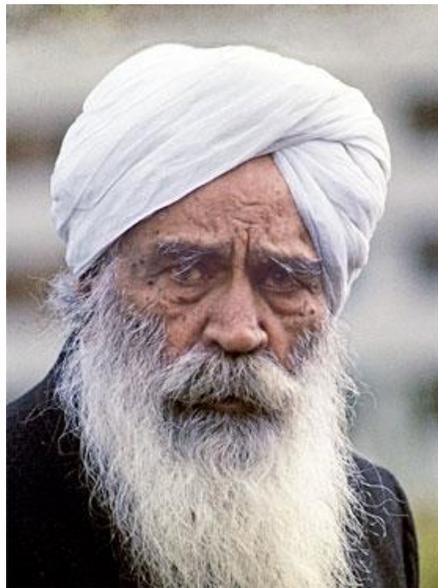


I have taken refuge in Your glorious court,
a fallen beggar in tatters.
You are all glory and grace,
I am all ignorance and resentment.
Confused and bewitched I am fed up with myself.
With vows made and vows broken I have come.
Trusting Your love and my wretchedness, I have come.
O' knower of my sins made, and yet to be made,
forsake me not.
I am nothing, You are the All.
I am at the end of my rope,
grant me the trust to let myself fall.

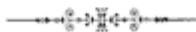
Went to a healer to complain of this pain.
“Keep it as your sweetest secret,” he said.
I asked for a potion to ease this tension.
“Your blood and tears,” was the answer.
“What do I abstain from?” I asked.
“This world and the next,” he said.



You took me in and pampered me,
allowed me into Your nuptial chamber
and watched my annihilation.
A hundred tricks to domesticate this wild beast,
and then cut it loose in this half-scorched jungle
ravaged by the insatiable beast of ego.



In the school of mind you learn a lot,
and become a true scholar for many to look up to.
In the school of love, you become a child to learn again.

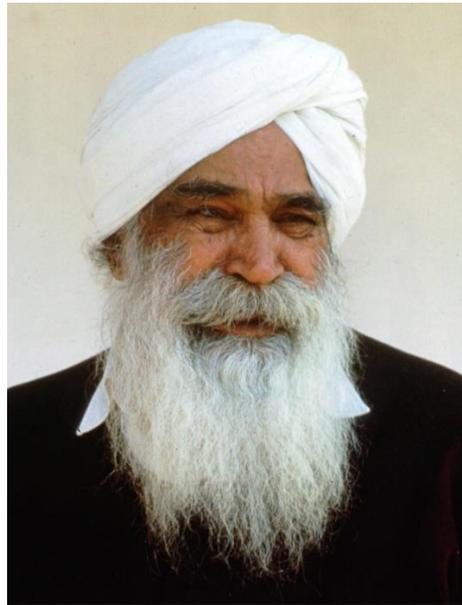


It is Him manifest in us,
all our struggles and achievements,
from that source.
Humility and meekness are appropriate here.
Before tasting the Presence,
one rejects all that is manifest.

Love came and emptied me of self,
every vein and every pore,
made into a container to be filled by the Beloved.
Of me, only a name is left,
the rest is You my Friend,
my Beloved.



The best use of your tongue is to repeat the Beloved's Name in devotion.
The best prayers are those in the solitude of the night.
The shortest way to the Friend is through selfless service
and generosity to His creatures.



If you are seeking closeness to the Beloved,
love everyone.
Whether in their presence or absence,
see only their good.
If you want to be as clear and refreshing
as the breath of the morning breeze,
like the sun have nothing but warmth and light for everyone.



Are you seeking sovereignty? Be a beggar, and a servant to all.
If you wish to be exalted, be the dust under everyone's feet.
Be a stranger to yourself and bear everyone's pain.

Be humble.

Only fools take pride in their station here,
trapped in a cage of dust, moisture, heat and air.

No need to complain of calamities,
this illusion of a life lasts but a moment.



One day this self and all dear to it
will be blown around in dust and dirt.

While you still have a chance,
offer all you have here at this purifying flame,
and be cleansed.

Garments torn, heart of fire,
let your whole being burn away in this Love.

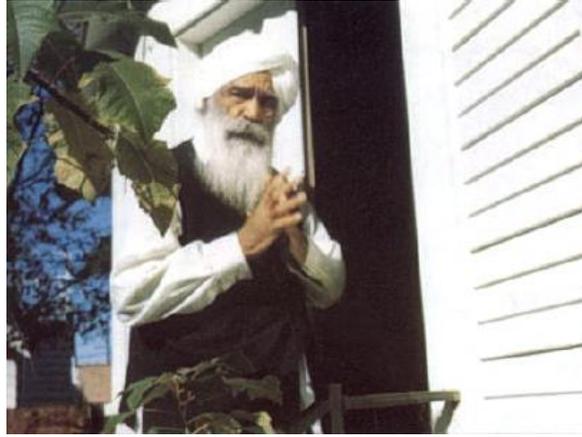


O Creator of all the limited, limitless One.
How long will You have this derelict treading endless roads?
Pray, either remove all hope out of this heart,
or grant the wish You placed in it.



For as long as there is a head on these shoulders
this is what it will contain:
Your love is my ambition, pride, and achievement.
When these shoulders are no more to carry this head,
then it will rest at Your Feet,
Beloved.

Nothing but burning sobs and tears tonight.
No way out and no patience left.
Last night our hearts had a moment together,
I suppose this is how I have to pay for it!



This frail body, bent under my heavy load of dark deeds,
what if You hold my hand and walk with me, Beloved?
Though in my deeds You will find nothing deserving,
in Your merciful generosity there is everything I will ever need.



Question: How can I develop love for you, Master?

Sant Kirpal Singh: Love for me, or the God in me? For whom would you like?

Disciple: For the God in you.

Master: That's all right. That's good. That is within you too. The more you come in contact with Him, love will overflow. You see, love will overflow. Constant remembrance or sweet remembrance also helps. The God in me is also the God in you. Only here it is a little more, what do you say, exorbitant. Simply turn your face there; you will find. The more you come in contact within, you will overflow with love; and outwardly, have sweet remembrance. When you remain in contact with the God-into-Expression Power within you - (that very Power which is Word-made-Flesh); naturally love will flow. Outwardly have sweet remembrance, you see. The Diary is for that purpose. Every time confession is there: Every time you do "Oh," you remember. So He is there, your true friend who will never leave you until the end of the world. There should be some excuse to remember, that's all: Maybe in anyway.

(The Light of Kirpal, pages 396)

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(Spiritual Quotations for Lovers of God)

