

Prayers from the Heart

Part 2

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

(Sharafuddin Maneri)



Param Sant Kirpal Singh Ji

I have found He whom my heart loves,
I have seized Him and will not let Him go.

(Song of Solomon 3:4)



As long as I live, this is how I busy myself;
My trade and my tasks is this:
I am on a chase and this is my prey!
(based on Sharafuddin Maneri)



My soul is like a young doe-eyed maid
with lips still bruised from last night's Divine Passion
but my Master makes me live like a humble servant
when any king would trade his throne
for the splendor my eye can see.
(Hafiz)



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!

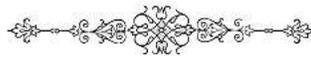
(Sharafuddin Maneri)



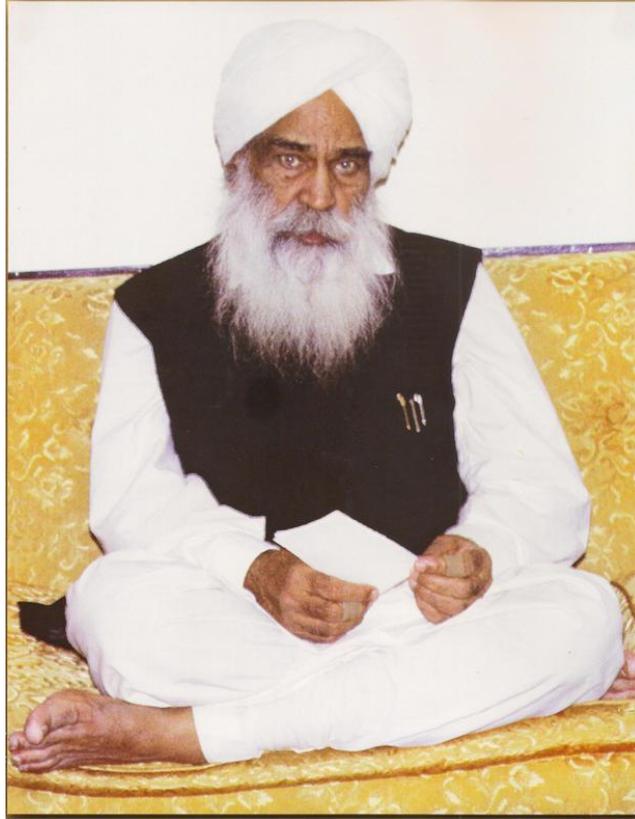
O Lord – You have seduced me.

I was seduced.

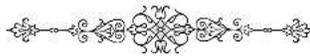
(Carthusian Monks)



Since I received Your gift of Love my task has become difficult, my Love.
Water pours out of my eyes; there is a fire in my heart, my Love.
(Attar)



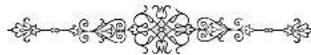
The world is full of beautiful things until an old man with a beard came into
my life and set my heart aflame with longing and made it pregnant with love.
How can I look at the loveliness around me, how can I see it,
if it hides the face of my Beloved?
(Persian song)



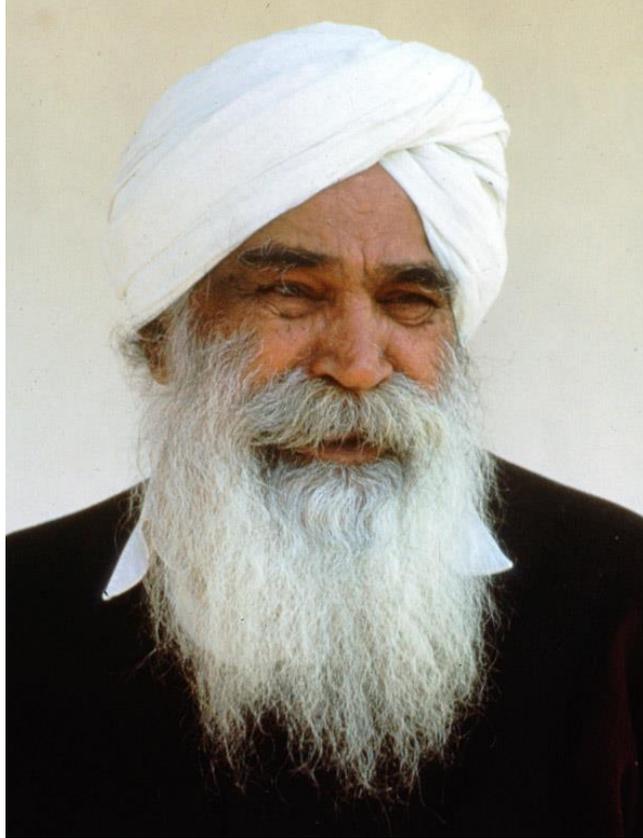
Each who has seen Your beauty fine utters honestly,
“I have seen the Divine.” Everywhere Your lovers wait for grace,
remove Your veil, reveal Your face!
(Ahmad Jam)



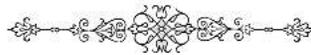
Love has come and it flows like blood beneath my skin, through my veins.
It has emptied me of my self and filled me with the Beloved.
The Beloved has penetrated every cell of my body.
Of myself there remains only a name,
everything else is Him.
(Rumi)



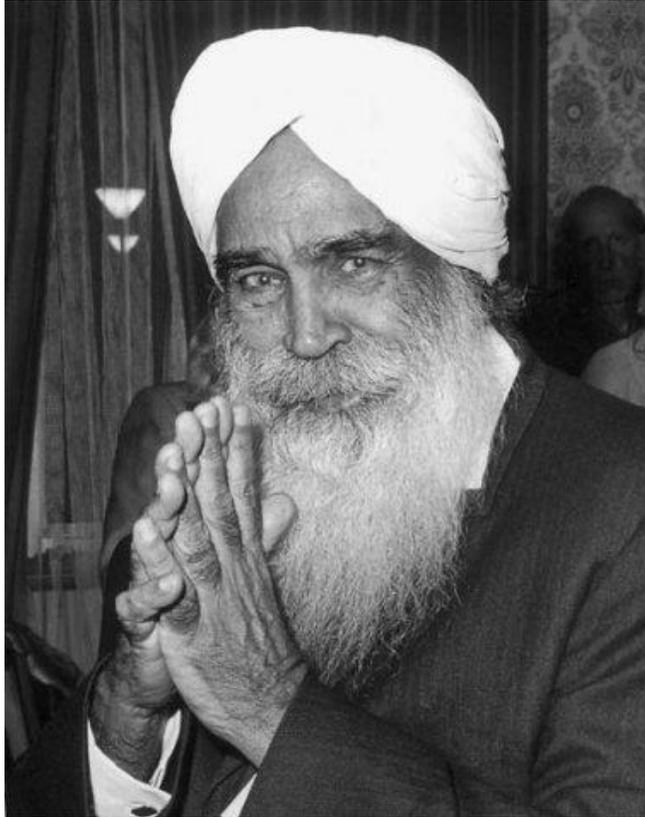
I am astonished at my good fortune! Take me by the hand,
O You who grasp the hand of all astonished by You!
(Sharafuddin Maneri)



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!
(Sharafuddin Maneri)



Friends,
let those whose Beloved is absent write letters - mine dwells in the heart,
and neither enters nor leaves. Mira has given herself to her Lord.
Day or night, she waits only for Him.
(Mirabai)



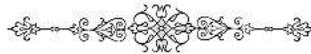
I swear that ever since the first day You brought me back to life,
the day You became my Friend, I have not slept,
and even if you drive me from Your door,
I swear again that we will never be separated,
because you are alive in my heart.
(Rabia)



O God,
the stars are shining, all eyes have closed in sleep;
the kings have locked their doors.
Each lover is alone, in secret, with the one he loves.
And I am here too: alone, hidden from all of them –
with You.
(Rabia)

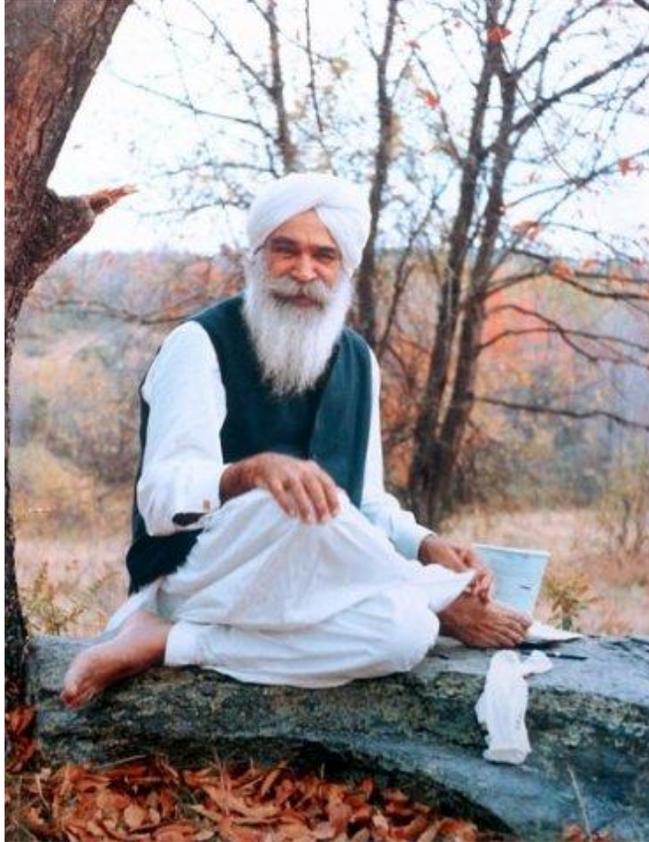


Brethren,
my rest is in my solitude, and my Beloved is ever in my presence.
Nothing for me will do but love of Him; by love of Him I am tested in this
world. Wherever I am I contemplate His beauty. O Thou, ever my joy, my life,
from Thee is my existence and my ecstasy. From all creation
I have turned away, for union with Thee my desired end.
(Rabia)



Sometimes love tastes like this: The pain so sweet I beg God,
“May I never open my eyes again and know another image than what I have just
seen. May I never know another feeling other than your inconceivable
immaculate touch. Why not let Hafiz die in this blessed ruin?”

(Hafiz)



On many an idle day have I grieved over lost time. But it is never lost,
my Master. You have taken every moment of my life in Your own hands.

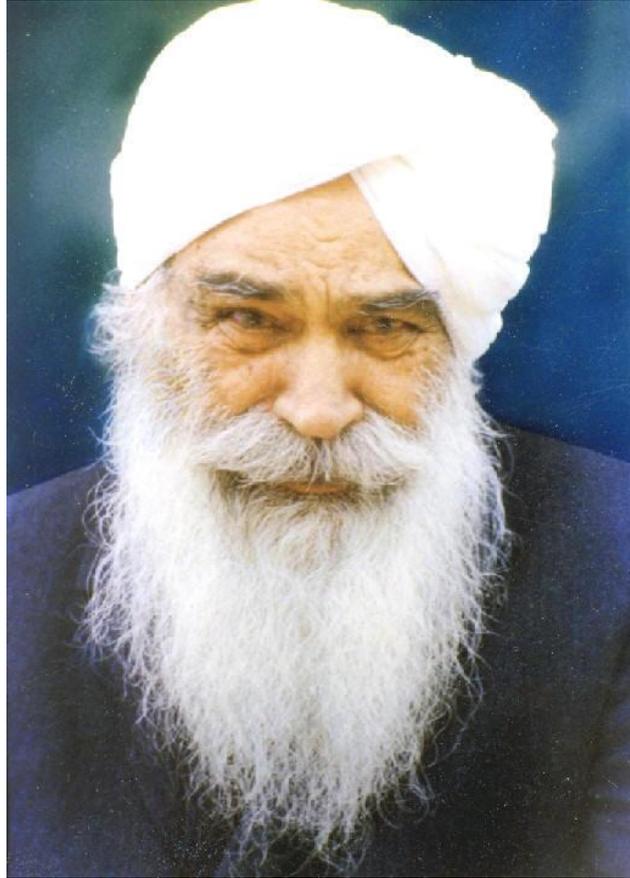
Hidden in the heart of things You are nourishing seeds into sprouts,
buds into blossoms, and ripening flowers into fruitfulness.

(Tagore)



In the morning when I began to wake, it happened again - that feeling that You,
Beloved, had stood over me all night keeping watch, that feeling that as soon as
I began to stir You put Your lips on my forehead
and lit a Holy Lamp inside my heart.

(Hafiz)

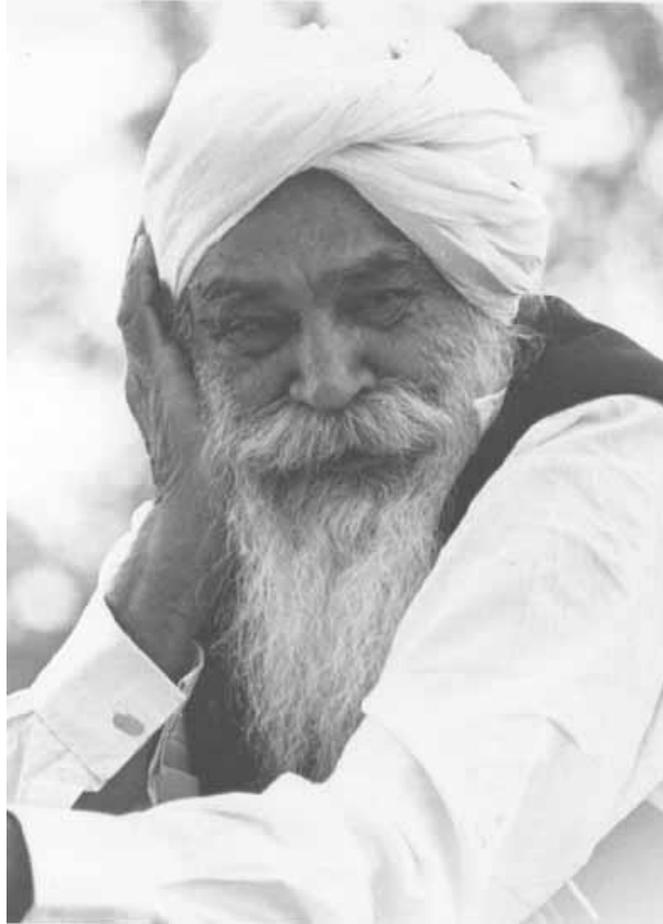


I am happy even before I have a reason. I am full of Light even before the sky
can greet the sun or the moon. Dear companions, we have been in love with
God for so very, very long. What can Hafiz now do but forever dance!

(Hafiz)



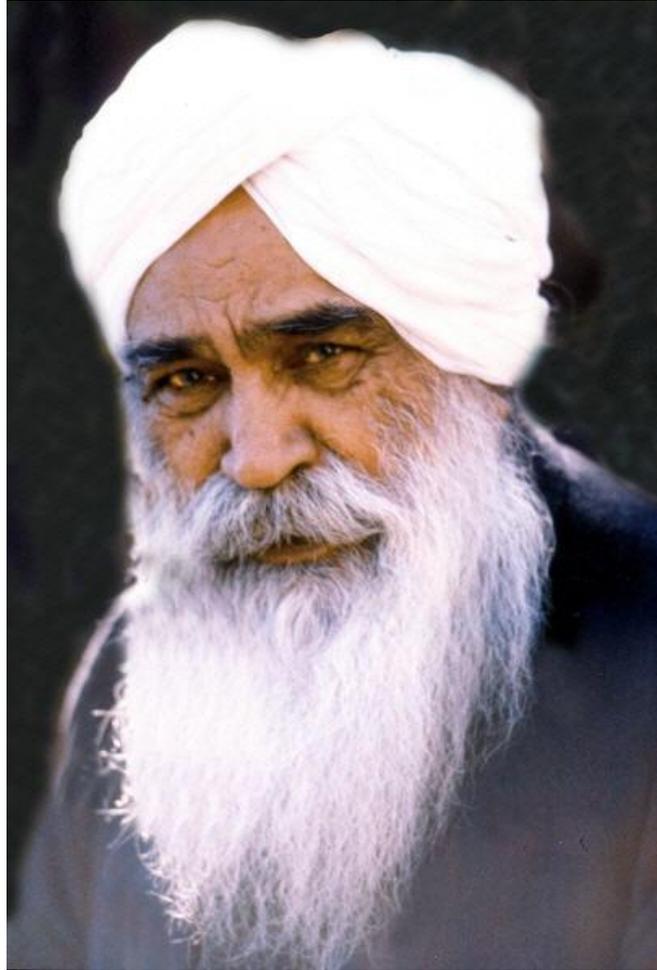
Never again in this world have I beheld beauty like Yours.
Mira says: My Lord, when shall we meet?
Great will be the joy of that meeting.
(Mirabai)



I am bewildered by the magnificence of Your beauty
and wish to see You with a hundred eyes! My heart has burned with passion
and has searched forever for this wondrous beauty that I now behold!
My arrow of love has arrived at the target. My soul is screaming in ecstasy.
Every fiber of my being is in love with You!
(Rumi)



My Friend, He looked, and our eyes met; an arrow came in.
My chest opened; what could it do? His image moved inside.
I've been standing all morning in the door of my house, looking down the road.
The One I love is an herb growing in secret places, an herb that heals all wounds.
(Mirabai)



My heart sits on the arm of God like a tethered falcon suddenly unhooded.
I am now blessedly crazed because my Master's astounding effulgence is in
constant view. My piercing eyes, which have searched every world for
tenderness and love, now lock on the Royal Target - the Wild Holy One
whose beauty illuminates Existence!
(Hafiz)



When I go from here let this be my parting word,
that what I have seen is unsurpassable.

I have tasted of the hidden honey of this lotus
that expands on the Ocean of Light, and thus am I blessed –
let this be my parting word. In this playhouse of infinite forms
I have had my play and here have I caught sight of Him that is formless.
My whole body and my limbs have thrilled with His touch who is beyond touch;
and if the end comes here, let it come – let this be my parting word.

(Tagore)

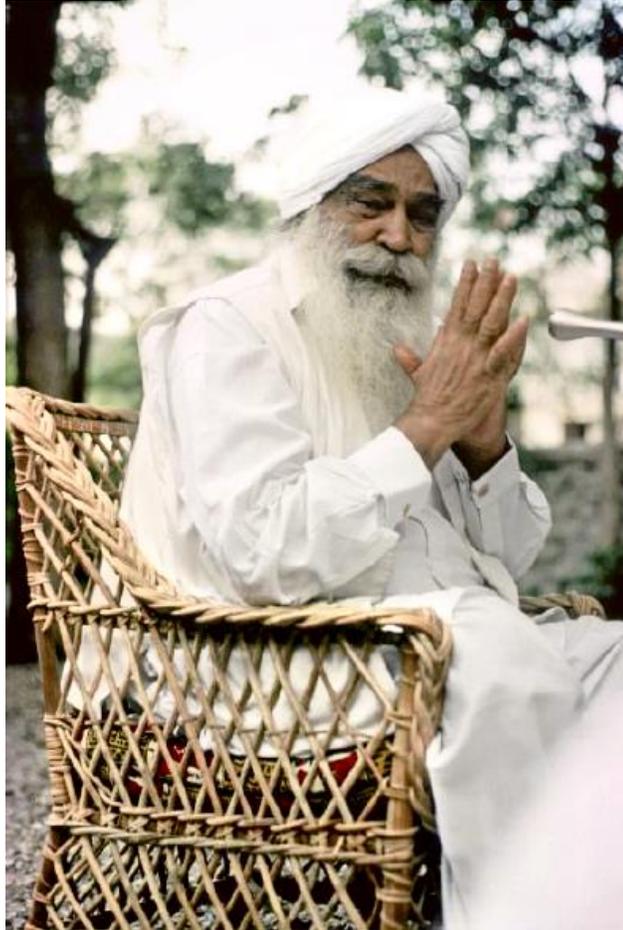


O generous one who, out of Your hidden treasure, give sustenance to all,
how could You possibly disappoint Your friends, You, a King,
with eyes even for me?

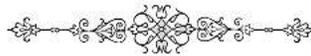
(Sharafuddin Maneri)



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.
(Sharafuddin Maneri)



O Beloved,
My name is inscribed in Your register!
I am happy to be the least of Your soldiers!
(Sharafuddin Maneri)



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