

Rumi Odes & Quatrains by Shahram Shiva

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QUATRAINS

To Love is to be God.
Never will a Lover's chest
feel any sorrow.
Never will a Lover's robe
be touched by mortals.
Never will a Lover's body
be found buried in the earth.
To Love is to be God.

To heal the burning of your sorrow,
I seek a flame.
To gather the dust of your door,
I seek the palms of my hands.
To deal with you hiding behind your
holiness,
I seek a good time instead.

You think you are alive
because you breathe air?
Shame on you,
that you are alive in such a limited way.
Don't be without Love,
so you won't feel dead.
Die in Love
and stay alive forever.

Bring the pure wine of
love and freedom.
But sir, a tornado is coming.
More wine, we'll teach this storm
A thing or two about whirling.

My head is bursting
with the joy of the unknown.
My heart is expanding a thousand fold.
Every cell,
taking wings,
flies about the world.
All seek separately
the many faces of my love.

I am so drunk
I have lost the way in
and the way out.
I have lost the earth, the moon, and the
sky.
Don't put another cup of wine in my hand,
pour it in my mouth,
for I have lost the way to my mouth.

Last night,
I saw the realm of joy and pleasure.
There I melted like salt;
no religion, no blasphemy,
no conviction or uncertainty remained.
In the middle of my heart,
a star appeared,
and the seven heavens were lost in its
brilliance.

I am drumming,
I am drumming,
I am drumming
for my Love's ever nearing union.
They say get a life.
What is all this drumming?
I swear to that Love,
the day that I stop drumming,
is the day that I will stop living.

I said, meet me in the garden.

I am an atom;

You know the one--
it is called Smiling Spring.
There are nightingales chirping away,
wine and candle lights,
and companions as soft as
pomegranate blossoms.
You think this all would sound so perfect!
But without you by my side,
what use is the Smiling Spring?
And when you are with me,
what use are pomegranate blossoms?

you are like the countenance of the Sun for
me.

I am a patient of Love
you are like medicine for me.
Without wings, without feathers,
I fly about looking for you.
I have become a rose petal
and you are like the wind for me.
Take me for a ride.

The Lover is ever drunk with Love.
He is mad,
she is free.
He sings with delight,
she dances with ecstasy.
Caught by our own thoughts,
we worry about everything.
But once we get drunk on that Love
whatever will be, will be.

Love is best when mixed with anguish.
In our town,
we won't call you a Lover
if you escape the pain.
Look for Love in this way,
welcome it to your soul,
and watch your spirit fly away in ecstasy.

It is your turn now,
you waited, you were patient.
The time has come,
for us to polish you.
We will transform your inner pearl
into a house of fire.
You're a gold mine.
Did you know that,
hidden in the dirt of the earth?
It is your turn now,
to be placed in fire.
Let us cremate your impurities.

The Lovers
will drink wine night and day.
They will drink until they can
tear away the veils of intellect and
melt away the layers of shame and
modesty.
When in Love,
body, mind, heart and soul don't
even exist.
Become this,
fall in Love,
and you will not be separated
again.

Love rests on no foundation.
It is an endless ocean,
with no beginning or end.
Imagine,
a suspended ocean,
riding on a cushion of ancient secrets.
All souls have drowned in it,
and now dwell there.
One drop of that ocean is hope,
and the rest is fear.

I am powerless by Love's game.
How can you expect me
to behave and act modest?
How can you expect me
to stay at home,
like a good little boy?
How can you expect me
to enjoy being chained like a mad man?
Oh, my love, you will find me every night,
on your street,
with my eyes glued to your window,
waiting for a glimpse of your radiant face.

A true Lover doesn't follow any one religion,
be sure of that.
Since in the religion of Love,
there is no irreverence or faith.
When in Love,
body, mind, heart and soul don't even exist.
Become this,
fall in Love,
and you will not be separated again.

Tonight
is the night.
It's the creation of that land of eternity.
It's not an ordinary night,
it's a wedding of those who seek Love.
Tonight, the bride and groom
speak in one tongue.
Tonight, the bridal chamber
is looking particularly bright.

When we talk about the witness in our verse,
we talk about you.
A pure heart and a noble demeanor
cannot compete with your radiant face.
They will ask you
what you have produced.
Say to them,
except for Love,
what else can a Lover produce?

My head is bursting
with the joy of the unknown.
My heart is expanding a thousand fold.
Every cell,
taking wings,
flies about the world.
All seek separately
the many faces of my love.

Love came,
and became like blood in my body.
It rushed through my veins and
encircled my heart.
Everywhere I looked,
I saw one thing.
Love's name written
on my limbs,
on my left palm,
on my forehead,
on the back of my neck,
on my right big toe...
Oh, my friend,
all that you see of me
is just a shell,
and the rest belongs to love.

I am in Love!
All this advise--
what's the use?
I have drunk poison.
All this sugar
what's the use?
You say hurry,
tie up his feet.
But its my heart that's gone crazy,
all this rope
around my feet--
what's the use?

There is a certain Love
that is formed out of the
elixir of the East.
There is a certain cloud,
impregnated with a
thousand lightnings.
There is my body,
in it an ocean formed of his glory,
all the creation,
all the universes,
all the galaxies,
are lost in it.

I wish I could give you a taste of
the burning fire of Love.
There is a fire
blazing inside of me.
If I cry about it, or if I don't,
the fire is at work,
night and day.
People make clothing to cover their
intellect,
but the heart of Lovers
is a shroud,
inflamed in golden hues of Love.

By day I praised you
and never knew it.
By night I stayed with you
and never knew it.
I always thought that
I was me--but no,
I was you
and never knew it.

This world is no match for your Love.
Being away from you
is death aiming to take my soul away.
My heart, so precious,
I won't trade for a hundred thousand souls.
Your one smile takes it for free.

I saw Sorrow
holding a cup of pain.
I said, hey sorrow,
sorry to see you this way.
What's troubling you?
What's with the cup?
Sorrow said,
what else can I do?
All this Joy that you have brought to the world
has killed my business completely.

I sipped some of love's sweet wine,
and now I am ill.
My body aches,
my fever is high.
They called in the doctor and he said,
drink this tea!
Ok, time to drink this tea.
He said,
Take these pills!
Ok, time to take these pills.
The doctor said,
And get rid of the sweet wine of love's lips!
Ok, time to get rid of the doctor.

This is a gathering of Lovers.
In this gathering
there is no high, no low,
no smart, no ignorant,
no special assembly,
no grand discourse,
no proper schooling required.
There is no master,
no disciple.
This gathering is more like a drunken party,
full of tricksters, fools,
mad men and mad women.
This is a gathering of Lovers.

May this marriage be blessed.
May this marriage be as sweet as milk and
honey.
May this marriage be as intoxicating as old
wine.
May this marriage be fruitful like a date
tree.
May this marriage be full of laughter and
everyday a paradise.
May this marriage be a seal of compassion
for here and hereafter.
May this marriage be as welcome as the
full moon in the night sky.
Listen lovers, now you go on, as I become
silent and kiss this blessed night.



ODES

Love Said to Me

I worship the moon.
Tell me of the soft glow of a
candle light
and the sweetness of my moon.

Don't talk about sorrow,
tell me of that treasure,
hidden if it is to you,
then just remain silent.

Last night
I lost my grip on reality
and welcomed insanity.
Love
saw me and said,
I showed up.
Wipe you tears
and be silent.

I said, O Love
I am frightened,
but it's not you.
Love said to me,
there is nothing that is not me.
be silent.

I will whisper secrets in your ear
just nod yes
and be silent.

A soul moon
appeared in the path of my heart.
How precious is this journey.

I said, O Love
what kind of moon is this?
Love said to me,
this is not for you to question.
be silent.

I said, O Love
what kind of face is this,
angelic, or human?
Love said to me,
this is beyond anything that you know.
Be silent.

I said, please reveal this to me
I am dying in anticipation.
Love said to me,
that is where I want you:
Always on the edge,
be silent.
You dwell in this hall of
images and illusions,
leave this house now
and be silent.

I said, O Love,
tell me this:
Does the Lord know you are
treating me this way?
Love said to me,
yes He does,
just be totally...
totally... silent



Lover Me

Lover me, cave me,
the sweet burn of Love me.
Lover you, cave you,
Shams protect me.
Noah you, soul you,
conqueror and the conquered you
the awakened heart you.
Why hold me at that gate of your secret?

Light you, celebration you,
the victorious land you
the bird of Mount Sinai you.
You carry me on your tired beak.
Drop you, ocean you,
compassion and rage you,

sugar you, poison you.
Please don't continue to hurt me.

The orb of the Sun you,
the house of Venus you,
the sliver of hope you.
Open up the way for me.
Day you, night you,
fasting and the crumbs of a beggar you,
water and a pitcher you.
Quench my thirst, Beloved.

Bait you, trap you,
wine you, cup you,
baked and raw you.
Please don't let me be unbaked.

If you don't run my body too hard,
if you don't cut my way too much,
if you try to help rather than make my life more difficult.
Oh, all these words of mine.



I Saw Goodness Getting Drunk

I am gone,
lost any sense of wanting the wine
of the nowhere-ness ask me,
I don't know where I am.
At times I plunge
to the bottom of the sea,
at times, rise up
like the Sun.

At times, the universe is pregnant by me,
at times I give birth to it.
The milestone in my life
is the nowhere-ness,
I don't fit anywhere else.
This is me:
a rogue and a drunkard,
easy to spot

in the tavern of Lovers.
I am the one shouting hey ha.

They ask me why I don't
behave myself.
I say, when you
reveal your true nature,
then I will act my age.

Last night, I saw Goodness getting drunk.
He growled and said,
I am a nuisance, a nuisance.
A hundred souls cried out, but
we are yours, we are yours, we are yours.
You are the light
that spoke to Moses and said
I am God, I am God, I am God.
I said Shams-e Tabrizi, who are you?
He said, I am you, I am you, I am you.



You Worry Too Much

Oh soul,
you worry too much.
You say,
I make you feel dizzy.
Of a little headache then,
why do you worry?
You say, I am your moon-faced beauty.
Of the cycles of the moon and
passing of the years,
why do you worry?
You say, I am your source of passion,
I excite you.
Of playing into the Devils hand,
why do you worry?

Oh soul,

you worry too much.

Look at yourself,
what you have become.
You are now a field of sugar canes,
why show that sour face to me?
You say that I keep you warm inside.
Then why this cold sigh?
You have gone to the roof of heavens.
Of this world of dust, why do you worry?

Oh soul,
you worry too much.

Your arms are heavy
with treasures of all kinds.
About poverty,
why do you worry?
You are Joseph,
beautiful, strong,
steadfast in your belief,
all of Egypt has become drunk
because of you.
Of those who are blind to your beauty,
and deaf to your songs,
why do you worry?

Oh soul,
you worry too much.

You have seen your own strength.
You have seen your own beauty.
You have seen your golden wings.
Of anything less,
why do you worry?
You are in truth
the soul, of the soul, of the soul.
You are the security,
the shelter of the spirit of Lovers.
Oh the sultan of sultans,
of any other king,
why do you worry?

Be silent, like a fish,
and go into that pleasant sea.
You are in deep waters now,

of life's blazing fire.
Why do you worry?



A Time for Madness

Once more,
Love is pouring down my ceiling
and my walls.
Once more, it's the night of the full moon,
it is time for madness.
All my immense knowledge
cannot help me now.
Once more,

Insomnia took my patience.
Rain washed away my intellect.
The Lover made me lose my profession.
What good is my work anyway?

Once more, rise, rise, rise,

Like the way a garden burns
in a hundred shades of orange in the fall,
a Lover's heart shrivels for a sense of the Beloved's touch.
Now the face of that charred garden
is my field of flowers.

Look, two hundred Jupiters
are dancing around my moon.

My Love business is booming,
but don't credit the consultants.
I am done with the consultants
and the pundits,
they call you Jafar the imposter.
Little do they know,
that you are my Shams the Flyer.



Go Back to Sleep

Go back,
go back to sleep.

Yes, you are allowed.
You who have no Love in your heart,
you can go back to sleep.

The power of Love
is exclusive to us,
you can go back to sleep.

I have been burnt
by the fire of Love.
You who have no such yearning in your heart,
go back to sleep.

The path of Love,
has seventy-two folds and countless facets.
Your love and religion
is all about deceit, control and hypocrisy,
go back to sleep.

I have torn to pieces my robe of speech,
and have let go of the desire to converse.
You who are not naked yet,
you can go back to sleep.



Didn't I Tell You

Didn't I tell you
not to go to that place?
It is me, who is your intimate friend.
In this imaginary plain of non-existence,
I am your spring of eternal life.

Even if you lose yourself in wrath
for a hundred thousand years,
at the end you will discover,
it is me, who is the culmination of your dreams.

Didn't I tell you
not to be satisfied with the veil of this world?
I am the master illusionist,
it is me, who is the welcoming banner at the gate of your contentment.

Didn't I tell you?
I am an ocean, you are a fish;
do not go to the dry land,
it is me, who is your comforting body of water.

Didn't I tell you
not to fall in this trap like a blind bird?
I am your wings, I am the strength in your wings,
I am the wind keeping you in flight.

Didn't I tell you
that they will kidnap you from the path?
They will steal your warmth,
and take your devotion away.
I am your fire, I am your heartbeat,
I am the life in your breath.

Didn't I tell you?
They will accuse you of all the wrongdoings,
they will call you ugly names,
they will make you forget
it is me, who is the source of your happiness.

Didn't I tell you?
Wonder not, how your life will turn out,
how you will ever get your world in order,
it is me, who is your omnipresent creator.

If you are a guiding torch of the heart,
know the path to that house.
If you are a person of God, know this,
It is me, who is the chief of the village of your life.



I've Got You Now

My face free of sorrow,
my mouth full of wine,
my clothes torn off my body.
Look what you've done to me now.

He says, That's what I do.
I tear away the layers.
I melt the shame.
I reveal the unrevealed.

He moves too fast.
One breath, he is outside the window.
Next breath, he is inside my shirt.

I can't think clear,
my mind is not here,
he is all I see.
NOW!
There is new life in me.

The seven heavens cannot contain him,
but he is here,
moving up my shirt.
Pop, one button here.
Pop, one button there.

This lion of God
watches over me,
I sing as he roars.

He says, I've got you now.
I gave you life,
I created you,
I do what I want now.

I am your harp,
play me easy,
play me hard, or
don't touch my strings at all.

You know!
I think,
I've got YOU now.
Before I met you,
I had only one heart,
I had only one body,
I was only being.

But look at me now,
I've got you now.

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Above poems are from Shahram Shiva's book
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Be Guiltless

(this is a poem by Shahram Shiva and not a Rumi translation)

Listen,
my love,
they can't hurt you.
They can't hurt you at all,
Your soul is ever intact.

Don't mind the destination,
Don't mind the end.
Don't mind the good or bad
or right and wrong.

Grow from the past,
But grab hold of now.
Now is always evolving.

The end is eternal
It's ever reaching.

Last night,
Under the roof of all nations
A woman in red
spoke of self-realization.
She said proudly,
He is fully illuminated.

Listen my love,
Illumination is eternal,
It can never be full.
Evolution is eternal.
Now is always evolving.

As there are billions of stars
There are billions of steps.
As there are billions of souls,
There are billions of ways to grow.

Don't mind the destination,
Don't mind the end.
Don't mind the good or bad
or right and wrong.

Grow from the past,
But grab hold of now.
Now is always evolving.

Listen my love,
As you walk this eternal path,
Show courage
by remaining guiltless
in the midst of an ever-reaching end.

Shahram Shiva

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