

Nightingales are inebriated (*Mast-and bulbulán*)¹

He is the Glorious

Nightingales are inebriated by the melody of His enrapturing Call,² 8.1

And spirit lovers by one draught of His enrapturing Call.

In a fit of ecstasy, souls conjoin with the Adored One,

As soon as they hear a cry of His enrapturing Call.

Spirit lovers fly away to the remote Tree of Love,

If they are assisted by the melody of His enrapturing Call.

The world of Being is intoxicated as a lover by beauty,

If the Cup-bearer hands round the wine of His enrapturing Call.

The Moses of Spirit faints on the Mystic Mount, 8.5

If the Sinai is lit with the spark of His enrapturing Call.

The Sinai of the heart shines and the soul dances,

If the earth echoes with a warbling of His enrapturing Call.

Any shade of strangeness disappears from the pages of the world,

If a breeze wafts from the locks of His enrapturing Call.

As He arises, you see the lovers resurrected, and hear

Sarafiel's trumpet from the blow of His enrapturing Call.

Spirit lovers fly towards the Heavenly Throne, and beyond it,

When they are drawn to love in their ecstasy of His enrapturing Call.

Lovers eagerly forfeit their lives, if in the world 8.10

The splendour is unveiled of His enrapturing Call.

The breeze of eternity wafts in this Day from the mortal kingdom,

'Cause a fragrant scent breathes from the musk of His enrapturing Call.

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¹ The Persian text used for this provisional translation is published in *Ishráq Khávarí, Má'iday-i-Ásmání* 4:194-6. The poem also is published in *Majmú'iy-i-Áthár* 30:169-71. This translation has been done with the precious assistance of Ms. Faezeh Mardani Mazzoli, lecturer of Persian language at the University of Bologna.

² Another translation of this locution could be "His call of 'O God'."

The Maids in the glorious chambers go into raptures,
 If they hear the melody of His enrapturing Call.
New designs are drawn in the world of water and clay,
 If from the East the features arise of His enrapturing Call.
The earthly world and the holy and glorious bowers catch fire,
 If heaven resounds with a sigh of His enrapturing Call.
Mortal ears forget what they heard in the world, 8.15
 If they just enter the circle of His enrapturing Call.
Life comes to naught, nothingness takes on eternity's hues,
 If the things unseen emerge from the veil of His enrapturing Call.
Craving hearts vanish into utter self-effacement,
 If they catch one glimpse of the flame of His enrapturing Call.
How could have the Messiah crossed the heavenly vault,
 Shouldn't He have been guided by the roar of His enrapturing Call?
Besides Him, no one could set his foot into the world of being,
 So earnest is the watcher of His enrapturing Call.
No mortal eye could see any hue of existence, O son, 8.20
 If, for an instant, the eye would close of His enrapturing Call.
O thirsty ones, plunge into the holy, and sanctified waters,
 As the fountain is flowing of His enrapturing Call.
O Dervish, stop setting the fire of meanings to the world:
 His enrapturing Call is entangled with His enrapturing Call.