

A Tablet by Bahá'u'lláh¹

Last night the shaikh went all about the city, lamp in hand crying, "I am weary of beast and devil, a man is my desire."²

O loving friend, I render thanks unto God that thou art, on the whole, in good health, and that the stainless mirror of thine heart telleth of the tokens and ecstasies of thy soul. May, God willing, thine heart's purpose be attained and thy soul's wish be fulfilled, although it is preferred that we purify this luminous tablet, which is among the pages of illuminated breasts, from the allusions of both and that we hasten naked unto the wide plain of the spirit, as it was said by the divine sage:

Never the covetous heart shall come to the stealer of hearts,
Never the shrouded soul unite with beauty's rose. (FV60)
One cannot advance in the path of oneness with two qiblas,
Either one will please the Beloved, or will consent to one's passions.³

Not only the shirt but being itself becometh a veil, and otherness a curtain. The scholar of Shíráz hath said: "Ḥāfíz! thou thyself art thy own veil. From the midst, arise."⁴

Likewise, should the Jacob of love have cleansed the essence of his heart and soul from the foulness of water and clay, undoubtedly he would have not necessitated the Egyptian shirt, or an announcer bringing him the glad tiding, or an ambassador speaking to him. On the contrary, he would have perceived the pure and sanctified breezes from the north of the Spirit and he would have dwelt in perfect union with the Beloved.

Lights of 'Irfán vol. 19 (2018):233-6, 237-68, with Faezeh Mardani.

¹ Quoted in Ráfatí, *Má'akhidh* 3281-2. See also *Majmu'ih* 36:374-6.

² Rúmí, *Mystical Poems* 1:46, no.51, v.14.

³ Saná'í, *Díván* (Furúzánfar) 253.

⁴ Ḥáfíz, *Dīvān* 534, 308:9.

He would have tasted the joy of the Divine Presence and the ecstasy of the flavor of subsistence from the fount of purity, and he would have obtained the eternal life and everlasting perpetuity, and he would have entered into the immortal Paradise after the spiritual resurrection. He would have seen a thousand Josephs circling in adoration without any voice of complaint and would have received the sweetness of the Egypt of fidelity from the City of the court of the Incomparable.

Yeah, as long as the impurities of the world of multiplicity, whose only outcome is death, will not be destroyed and annihilated, the eternal countenance of His Face will not come out unconcealed from the veils, and the meaning of “Everything will perish except His own Face”⁵ will not become manifest from the lucid brow. What else can I write? One ought to perceive the perfume of the Beloved from Uways’ camel hair. As the *Mathnaví*’s author says:

The perfume of the Beloved exaleth from the camel hair.
This camel is of the herd of that pearl who is Lord Uways.

However, the musky fragrance of the Beloved and the breezes of the Merciful have ceased to waft from the Yemen of the Friend.

Yeah, the casket of the white pearl is concealed within the sea shell, inasmuch as the untouched pearl, which bestows perfect power upon the inner powers of the heart and adds the light of vision to intelligence, is more acceptable and agreeable. May its concealment be conducive to revelation, and its occultation be followed by an unveiling, or a child clarify this symbolic language, or a power break this seal.

When seeds are hidden in the earth, their inward secret becomes the verdure of the garden.⁶

Imagine what will the power of the Friend’s arm do?

⁵ Koran 28:88, Yusuf Ali.

⁶ Rûmî, *Mathnaví* 1:177.

O dear one, thy Companion sayeth that one ought to be purified from the defilement of imitation, so that the Phoenix of the West may emerge from the Orient of the Beloved and wing its flight into the sanctified atmosphere of the Spirit, that is the city of the soul.

I swear by God! Even if the armies of death would ride at full gallop, they will not catch up with the dust lifted by this Horseman, and 'Isrá'íl, the angel of death, will stand as a servant at His door, ready to serve Him, and will implore favors from whoever is bound towards His sanctuary, that haply he may be accepted in the court of glory, and may circle in adoration in those lofty precincts, which are loftier than a shining star, and he may perceive.

Praise be to God! The breeze of love hath wafted and hath perfumed the assembly of intimacy. The Spirit hath intoned a new melody. The lovers of the desert of the intellect have swooned away because of the call from the Unseen. Such were the joy and the ecstasy and the delight and the happiness, that the breath of the Holy Spirit hath wafted from the moldering bones and Gabriel hath winged its flight on the wings of success. The Isráfíl of life wondereth with which melody he could wake up these companions and beseecheth that haply he may share their swoon.

I will cease (from speech): the Sweetheart has begun to speak, be (all) ear—
*and God best knoweth the right course.*⁷

In this day life hath come out of my body, It sayeth to me: *verily, unto Him shall we return.*⁸

⁷ Rûmî, *Mathnaví* 3:3844.

⁸ Rûmî, *Mathnaví* 3:3906, Koran 2:156.