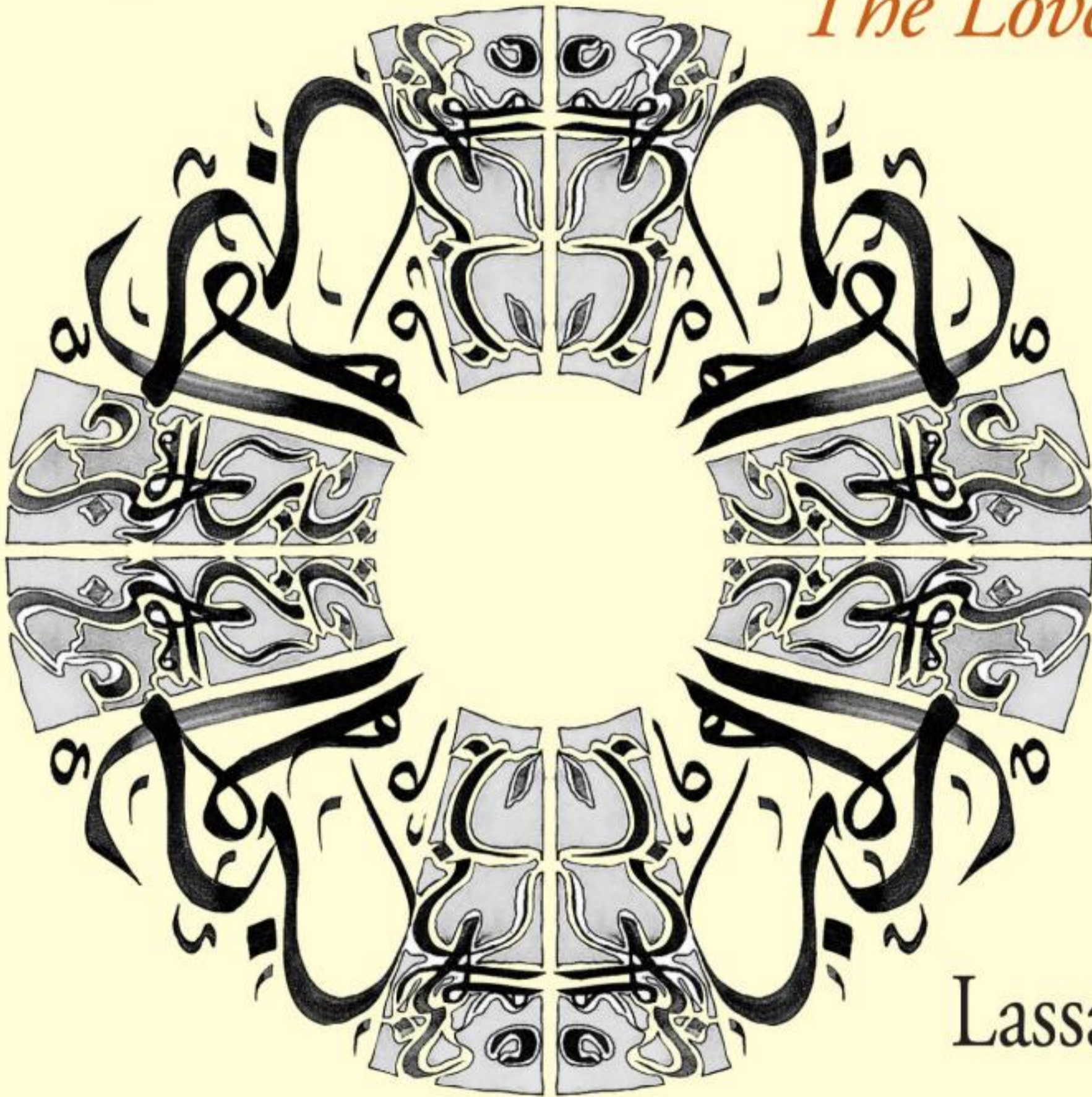


Love: The Joy That Wounds

The Love Poems of
RUMI



CALLIGRAPHY BY
Lassaâd Metoui

PREFACE BY
Jean Claude Carriere

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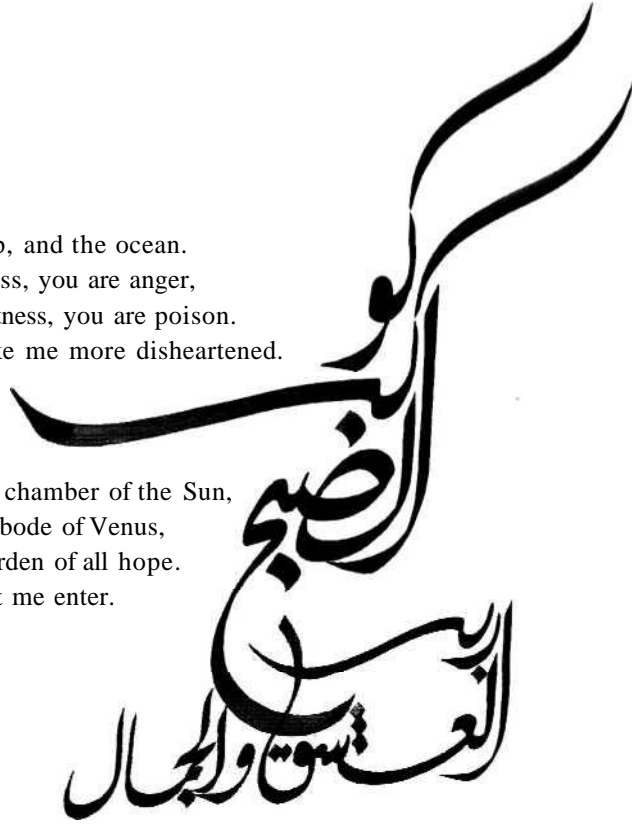
Lassaâd Metoui

PREFACE BY

Jean Claude Carriere

You are the drop, and the ocean.
You are kindness, you are anger,
You are sweetness, you are poison.
Do not make me more disheartened.

You are the chamber of the Sun,
You are the abode of Venus,
You are the garden of all hope.
Oh, Beloved, let me enter.



Love: The Joy That Wounds RUMI

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Rumi

Love

he joy that wounds

CALLIGRAPHY BY

Lassaâd Metoui

SOUVENIR PRESS

کتاب
تاریخ
پنجاب

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*To all the people
who love
and do not know how to express it*

*Everything - strength, joy and knowledge - comes to us through love.
Love burns and devours, love destroys life and it gives life.*

Love is both secretive and revelatory.

This is how it was for Jelalaldin Rumi, the thirteenth-century Persian poet, grand master of the Sufi tradition and founder of the brotherhood of Whirling Dervishes.

Born in what is now Afghanistan, then settling in Konya, in Turkey, shielded from the invading Mongol hordes, he was a venerated teacher, an unrivalled scholar. People from everywhere came to listen to him.

Then one day he met a wandering dervish, a man who was very sensitive to the cold, and older than Rumi was. He spoke in riddles, was insolent and irritable, and his name was Shams al-Din of Tabriz. Love blossomed between the two men. They stayed together, locked away, for forty days and forty nights.

When they went their separate ways, Rumi was no longer the academic whom everyone had known. He danced, laughed, made up poems. He had been illuminated, as though from within.

In a lightning flash he had become a poet.

And for the rest of his days, he forgot his professorial chair and his teaching, and, instead, sang of this metamorphosis to the whole world, with unforgettable elan.

*In all he wrote some 50,000 lines of poetry, much of it collected together in *The Book of Shams al-Din of Tabriz* and in the *Masnari*, two jewels in the world's history of poetry.*

Love is a grace, Rumi tells us over and over. It is a fire, it is intoxication, an unceasing turning, a breath from heaven. It is a way for all lost people and a cure for every fever.

And love is limitless, for it excludes nothing and no one. Here, lovers are not alone in the world.

Quite the opposite. To love someone is to love the whole world.

Jean-Claude Carrière



Join us in
our circle

Join us in our circle

Come and join us in our circle,
We the lovers, we who admire,
So that we can lure you into
The lovely garden of desire.

You are water, whirling water,
Yet still water trapped within,
Come, submerge yourself within us,
We who are the flowing stream.

Come, we are all so lost and strayed,
And in the direst poverty,
And we know of nothing to sing
Except the song of unknowing.

سورة
سورة

Join us in our circle

Oh, come into our hostelry

And close up the door from within.

Where do you come from? And from where

Do man's joy and sorrow begin?



جواب

Join us in our circle

Oh, cloud of gentle rain, pour down!
Come, let us friends get truly drunk!
And you, the king of tricksters, come!
Befuddled with drink we all greet you.



صبر و شکیلی

Join us in our circle

Oh you, unceasing sun, to me
Your particles communicate
The luminous essence of God,
Are you our God? I do not know.

Intoxicated, I say nought,
Bewitched by the magic potion.
I cannot differentiate
Between my drunk and sober state.

شیرین

Join us in our circle

Oh master come, oh master come!
Oh master, come again, again!
Do not argue, do not argue,
Oh moon, oh wandering moon, come!

You are vision, you are hearing,
Of the whole world, the Chosen One.
You are Joseph who was kidnapped
At the gate of the bazaar. Come!

You are the brightness of the day,
The joy that burns away sadness,
The moon that shines upon the night,
The cloud that bears such sweetness. Come!



Join us in our circle

Oh you, straying heart, just come!

Oh you, aching liver, just come!

If the path to the gate is closed,

Take the way by the wall, but come!



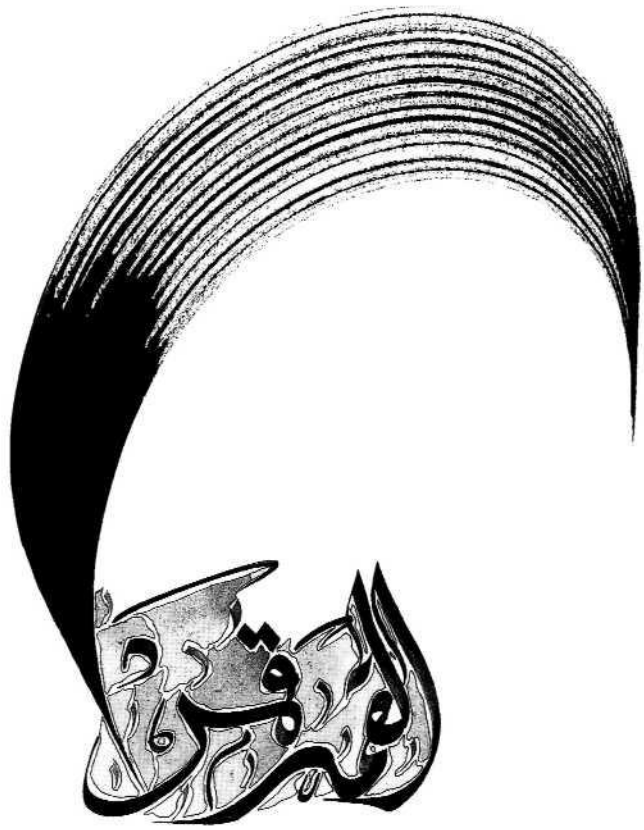
قلم

العقبة
الشفق

Join us in our circle

You are our moon upon this earth,
Our dawn that breaks by night,
Our shield in dangerous times,
My cloud of honeyed rain.

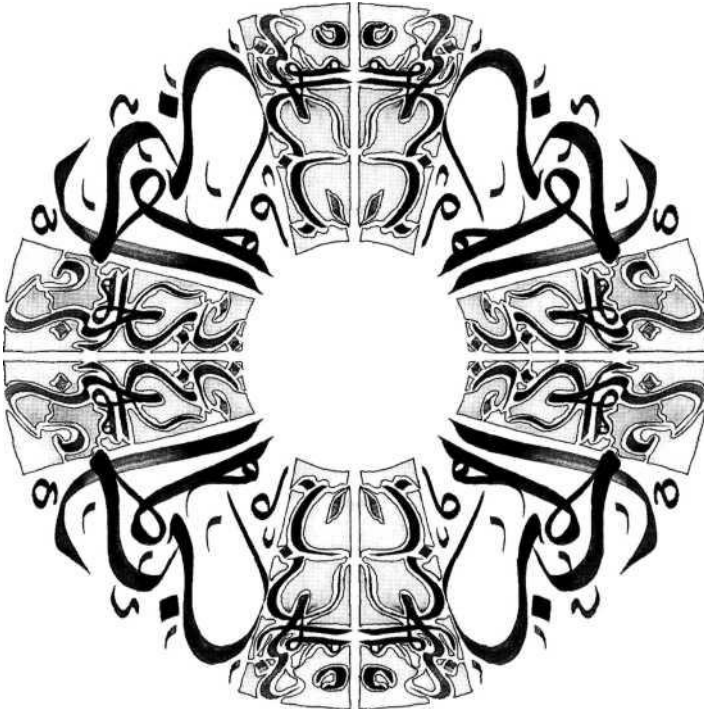




Join us in our circle

Oh sky, without me, do not change,
Oh moon, without me, do not shine;
Oh earth, without me, do not grow,
Oh time, without me, do not go.

Others give you the name of Love,
And me the sultan of that love.
Higher than such illusions,
Oh, you cannot go, without me.





You are the drop
and the ocean

You are the drop, and the ocean

You are the drop, and the ocean.

You are kindness, you are anger,

You are sweetness, you are poison.

Do not make me more disheartened.

You are the chamber of the Sun,

You are the abode of Venus,

You are the garden of all hope.

Oh, Beloved, let me enter.

You are daylight, you are fasting,

You are the fruit of misery,

You are water, you are the bowl,

Oh, give me some water this time.

You are the grain of wheat, the snare,

You are the wine, you are the cup,

Raw you are, and cooked too you are.

Oh, do not leave me quite so raw.

كتاب
القصص
للشيخ
العلامة
الشيخ
العلامة
الشيخ
العلامة

You are the drop, and the ocean

You, the sudden resurrection,
You, the everlasting mercy,
You, who comes forth bringing fire
Into the dry wood of my thoughts.

You, the chamberlain of the sun,
You, who merit every hope,
You, whom we seek, and you who seek,
You, the end and the beginning.

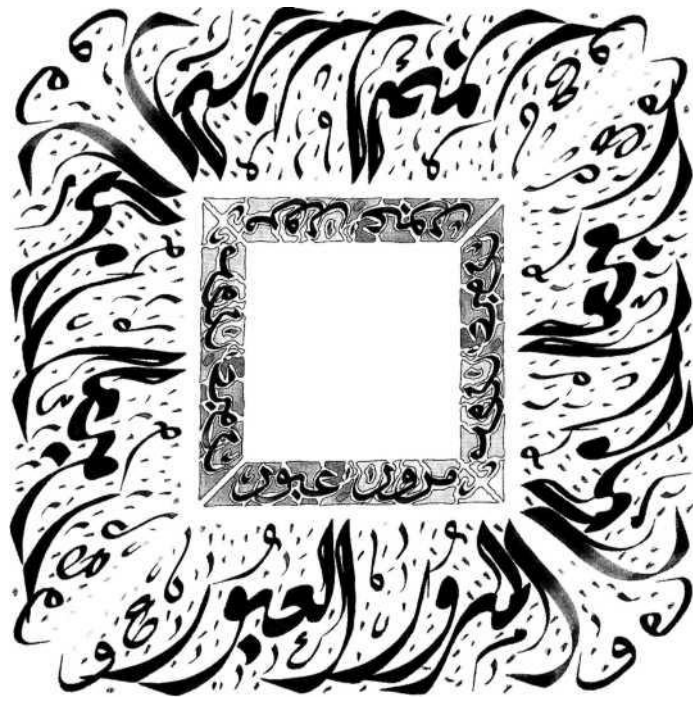
الله

You are the drop, and the ocean

Kingdom and sultan you become,
Eden and durwan you become,
Both faith and sin, so you become,
Gazelle and lion you become.

Breath and pulse as one you become,
Seen and unseen, so you become,
Bitter and sweetness you become,
The substance of wine you become.

The skylight of every house,
Of every garden, roses,
Without me, you become Myself,
While you, without you, you become.



You are the drop, and the ocean

Bitter your acts, bitter am I,
Kindness your deeds, kindness am I,
Pleasant and gentle, so you are,
Fine honeyed lips and sweet talker.

You are prime matter, who am I?
The looking-glass in your fingers.
I become all that you display -
The mirror to prove you exist.



کدیر

You are the drop, and the ocean

Oh master, say what bird I am!
Not a partridge, nor a falcon,
Nor am I good, nor am I foul,
Nor am I this, nor am I that.

Nor the nightingale in the garden,
Nor the great lord of the souk.
Oh master, do give me a name,
A name by which to call myself.

عصفور

You are the drop, and the ocean

Neither metal nor wax am I,
Neither slave nor free man am I.
To none have I given my heart,
Nor have I taken another's.

Come what may, I no longer hold sway,
For to a stranger I belong.
And wherever he may entice me
Invariably I shall go.

عندليب

You are the drop, and the ocean

You have branded my heart,
It will not err elsewhere.
Without others, I can cope;
Without you, I cannot.

You are my wine, my joy,
My garden, my springtime,
My slumber, my repose,
Without you, I can't cope.

الاصحاح

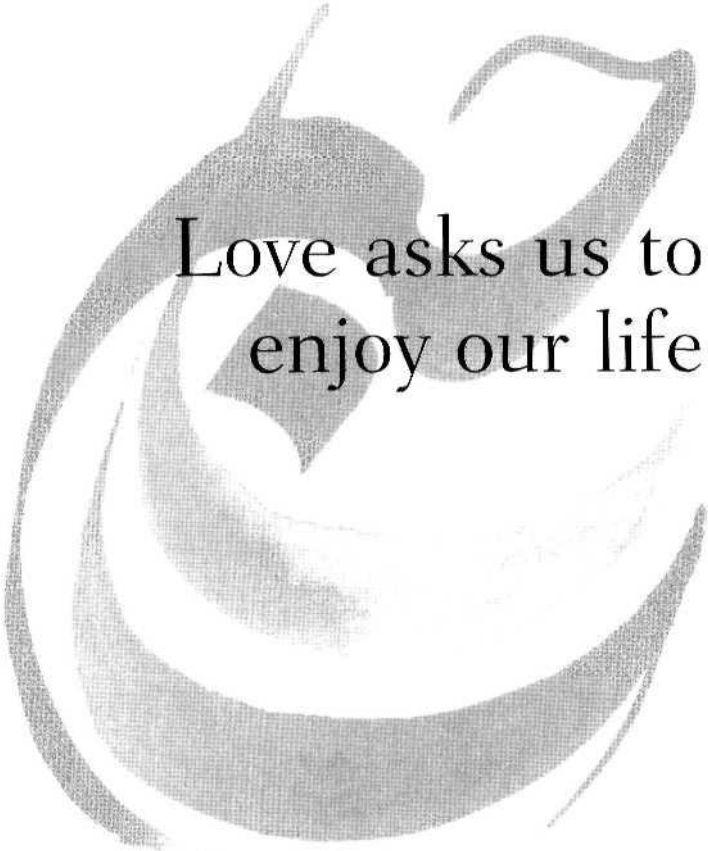
You are the drop, and the ocean

You try to be faithful
And sometimes you're cruel.
You are mine. Then, you leave.
Without you, I can't cope.

And when you take the lead,
I become your footstep.
Your absence leaves a void.
Without you, I can't cope.

You have disturbed my sleep,
You have wrecked my image.
You have set me apart.
Without you, I can't cope.

سیدت



Love asks us to
enjoy our life

Love asks us to enjoy our Me

Love asks us to enjoy our life
For nothing good can come of death.
Who is alive? I ask.
Those who are born of love.

Seek us in love itself,
Seek love in us ourselves.
Sometimes I venerate love,
Sometimes it venerates me.



طريق

Love asks us to enjoy our life

I was dead, now I am alive,
I was a tear, now I can laugh.
For the joy of love came to me,
Happy am I for ever more.

He says: 'You are a candle flame,
The focus of the assembly's prayer.'
No assembly am I, nor flame,
But drifting smoke is what I am.

He says: 'You have feathers and wings,
I give you no wings nor feathers'.
I yearn for his feathers, his wings.
Wingless and featherless am I.

You are the source of the sun.
And I am the willow's shadow.
Oh, you have struck me on the head,
Wretch that I am, on fire am I.

حلیتہ افکار و شعور

Love asks us to enjoy our life

All details of the world
Are lovers. And every
Detail of the face's
Universe sings with life.

But in no way will they
Let you know their secret:
Only he who merits
The forbidden secret.

Were that the sky were not
Rapturously in love,
In no way would there be
Purity in its heart.

کتاب
تفسیر
سر

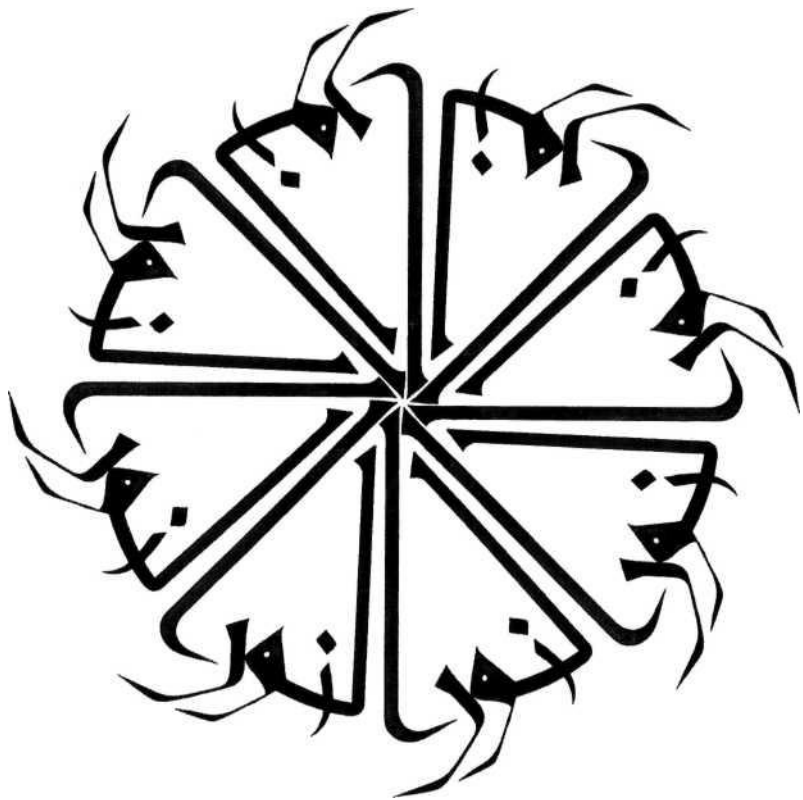
Love asks us to enjoy our life

Were that the sun itself
Were not full of love's fire.
No shining light would be
Glowing on its beauty.

Were the earth and mountain
Not full of love's sweet glow,
At the heart of neither
Would any green plant grow.

And what if the sea had
Never known love's desire?
In the end it would have
A place to rest somewhere.





Love asks us to enjoy our life

When could the lesson that love has
Given at last be forgotten?
Of discourse, gossip and dispute,
Oh yes, we have been delivered.



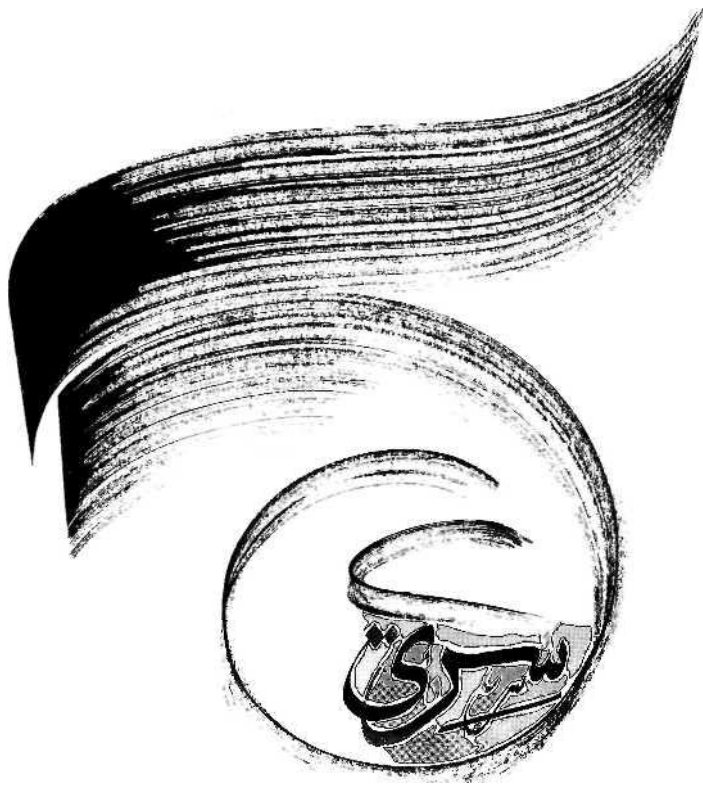
قطعة

Love asks us to enjoy our life

Should your friend dismiss you
Do not be disheartened
Today he rejects you
Tomorrow he will relent

If he has shut you out
Don't go away Just stay
Patience is rewarded
He will reinstate you

If he appears to bar
All passageways and paths
He will open the secret way
For you which others do not know





To the wind shall
I scatter you

To the wind shall I scatter you

You have fallen in love with me.
To the wind shall I scatter you.
Listen to me.

I warn you now, build up no hopes,
Believe me, I shall destroy you.
Listen to me.

If, like the bee and the ant, you now
Were to build two hundred houses,
Oh, I shall still make you homeless,
Oh, I shall still make you lonely.
Listen to me.

For me, you are like a dead bird
Held in my hand, at hunting time.
And I, the hunter, will make you
A lure for all the other birds.
Listen to me.

You are guardian of a treasure,
Oh, just like a sleeping serpent,
And you shall see, I shall make you
Spin around like that sleepy snake.
Listen to me.

پیت

To the wind shall I scatter you

I'll tear apart the seven skies,
And I shall cross the seven seas,
When you, you charmer, look at me:
This distraught soul, My living breath.



بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

To the wind shall I scatter you

For without you, I swear, the town
Has become like a prison to me.
Distraction and the mountain
And the desert, all I desire.





To the wind shall I scatter you

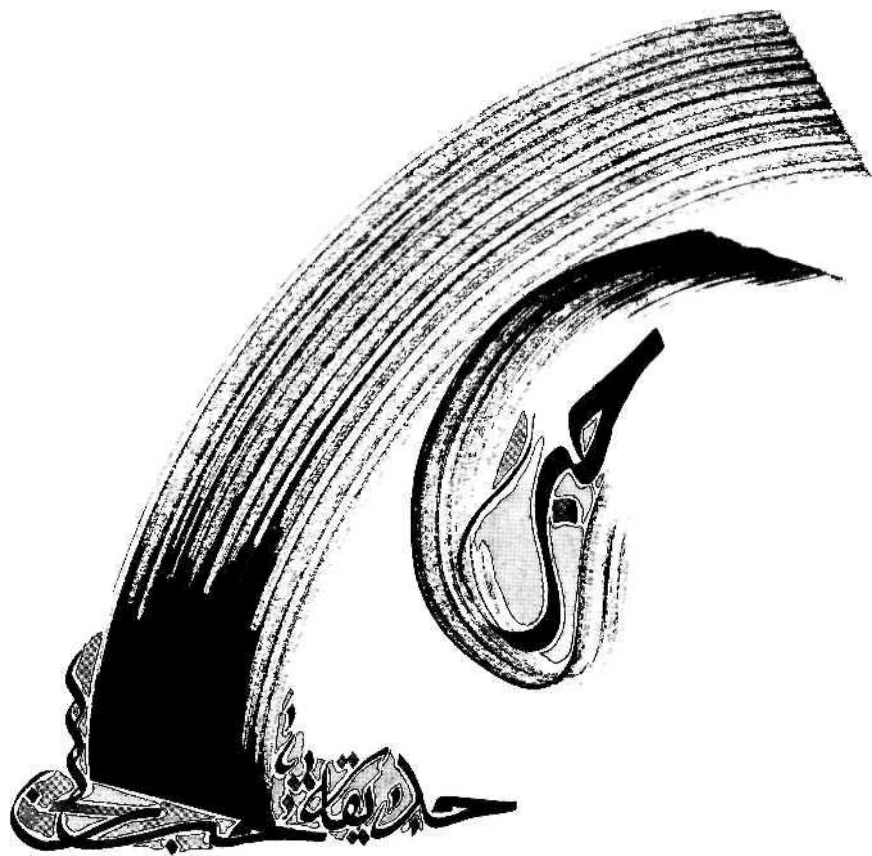
Your heady presence gone,
What use is wine to me?
Without you at my side,
What use it is to roam?

البرجسته
سفر سياحة

To the wind shall I scatter you

Oh, do not strike the man
Who is my very life,
Who is my very own.
Oh, do not strike him down.

He is my water
And he is my bread.
His garden of hope
Is beyond compare.





And patience flees my heart
And reason flees my mind

And patience flees my heart

And patience flees my heart,
And reason flees my mind.
Oh, how drunk can I get to be,
Without your love's security?

سیرت الابرار

And patience flees my heart

Reason says: 'It is his fault that
I am a dervish, and so sick.'

Love says: 'It is his fault that
I am a mage and trickster.'

Ignorance: 'With no news I am
Like a man cut off from himself.'
Knowledge says: 'As for me, I am,
By far, oldest in the bazaar.'

And Asceticism says: 'I am
Well versed in every secret.'
What has Poverty to impart?
have no turban and no heart',

محمد فريد
قتلة

And patience flees my heart

You prey on my reason,
Your tactic is to fire,
Set your sights on my life,
Snare my heart in your net.

Now, if reason's custodian
Puts an obstacle in your path,
Play tricks on him and jink away,
For sure it is not wise to stay.

طایب

And patience flees my heart

All living creatures have I fled,
Of every thing am I now free,
Invisible and visible.
So,now, what's the whole world to me?

Besotted with our union,
I have no mind for anyone else.
I am your prey, I am your game.
What use, now, is my bowmanship?



میں حضور

And patience flees my heart

Desire for your face

Would split the hardest stone.

Life takes wing and soars,

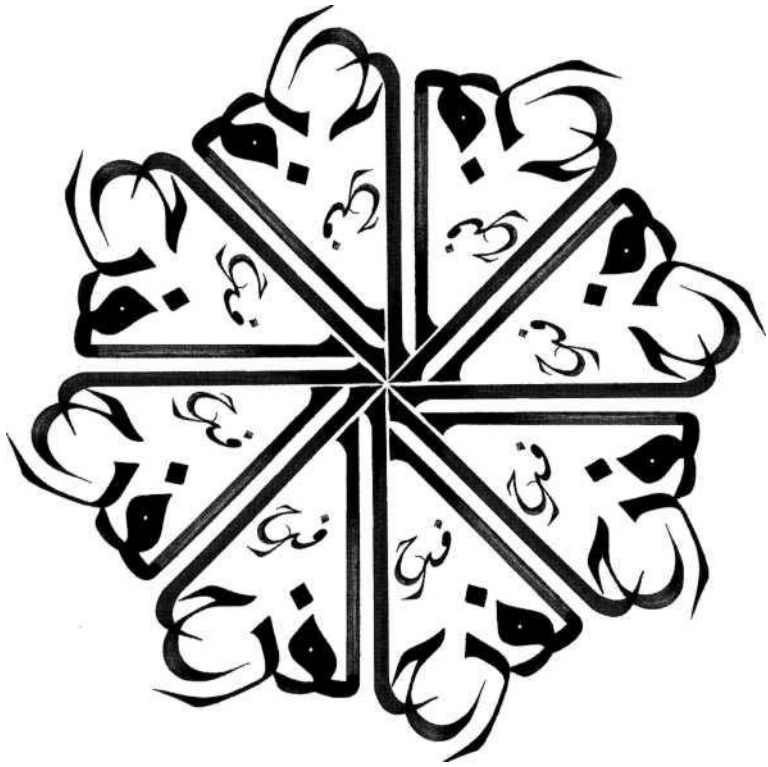
In my joy of having you.

Fire becomes like water,

My reason is destroyed.

And imagining you

Kills any hope of sleep.



And patience flees my heart

Oh, enemy of my reason,
My remedy, my amnesia,
I am the wine. You drink me in
As though I could assuage your thirst.

You are the first, you are the last,
You are outside, inside my head,
You are the king, and the sultan,
And the chamberlain, and the guide.

You are far away, you are near,
You are before me, and behind,
You are the malevolent friend,
You are the sting and the nectar.

The robber of the selfless-me's,
The meeting-place for dervishes,
Oh, look how ecstatic they are
When you embrace them in your arms.

ظروف

And patience flees my heart

You, focus of every word,
Oh you, both friend and enemy,
You, who are both eternal life
And, yes, sudden catastrophe.

You plunge into my beating heart,
And yet my heart excuses you,
I care not now if you wound me,
I no longer look for mercy.

Oh, you are a seasoned archer,
So aim your good arrow at me,
For I am your arrow's victim,
For I am your bow's willing slave.

Yes, it is your wound, in my veins
That is life, and yes, that gives life.
And your sword in my living blood
Is, troublingly, king of the world.

کتابت

And patience flees my heart

When love ripped my pocket awry,

I said: 'Hey, what are you doing?'

Love said: 'Isn't my unending

Bounty enough to satisfy?'

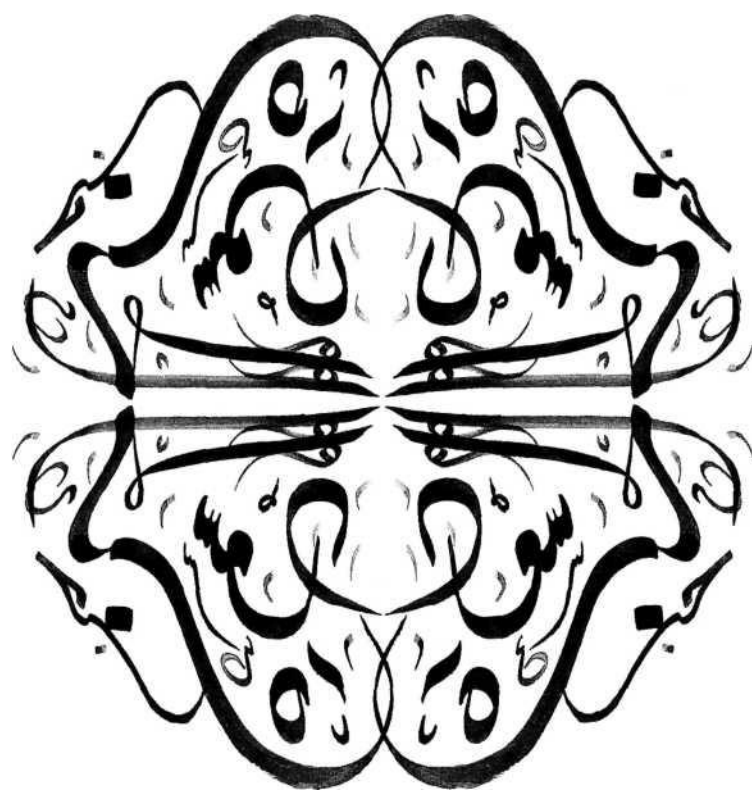


مَضْرُوبِي

And patience flees my heart

'Oh, where is this heart going, I cried,
'My so intoxicated heart?'
And then the king of kings replied:
'Be still, it is coming towards you.'

My heart has begun a revolt.
Oh, it has spilt the blood of kings.
My heart is filled with everything,
And yet still it must walk alone.



And patience flees my heart

Hasten, time flies, and it is late,
My heart is sated with the earth,
Liberate it, intoxicate,
To stop it saying: 'Hasten now'.

Give me neither bread nor water,
Give me no rest, nor any sleep.
For the thirst to possess your love,
Is worth my blood a hundred times.



جسارت

Calligraphy inspired by the text



Writing



Pen



Happiness



Door



Friend



Sun



Joy



Moon



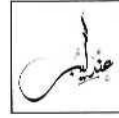
Moon



The door to love



Venus



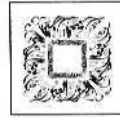
Nightingale



Hope



Earth



Passage



Garden



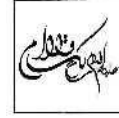
Hand



Path



Birds



Pencil box



Breath



Light



Words



The secret



House



To charm



Mountain



Journey



The garden of love



Charmer



Charm



the Cup



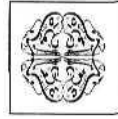
Birds



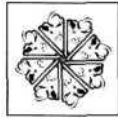
Visible



Invisible



The happiness of love



Joy



Carnal



Charming



The love poems by the great thirteenth-century Persian poet, Jelaluddin Rumi, founder of the Whirling Dervishes of Sufism, are both mystical and a mystery. Are they addressed to his mentor, the wandering Shams of Tabriz (who converted him to a life of joy when he was thirty-eight), or to God, or to a lover?

Reflecting the complexities and paradoxes of love and devotion — separation, cruelty, and break-up - they are poems of great power and emotional intensity, of exuberant passion and overflowing imagination.

Though seemingly addressed to a lover, in their imagery they encompass the universe and are metaphors of love in its physical form, reinforced by amazing rhythms, which echo the dance of the whirling dervishes.

Lassaâd Metoui, the renowned Arabic calligrapher, has beautifully captured the atmosphere and movement of the poems in this collection.

RUMI, the great poet of Sufism, is the world's bestselling poet. Born in Persia in 1211 he composed thousands of poems that have continued to be chanted on pilgrimages and during religious ceremonies since. Celebrated as a mystic he founded the order of Whirling Dervishes of Sufism, which spread throughout the Islamic world after his death.

LASSAÂD METOUI is Tunisian by birth, he exhibits widely and lectures on Arabic and Latin calligraphy.