

Classic Poetry Series

Hafiz

- poems -

Publication Date:

2004

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

Absolutely Clear

Don't surrender your loneliness
So quickly.
Let it cut more deep.

Let it ferment and season you
As few human
Or even divine ingredients can.

Something missing in my heart tonight
Has made my eyes so soft,
My voice
So tender,

My need of God
Absolutely
Clear.

Hafiz

Ghazal 01

O beautiful wine-bearer, bring forth the cup and put it to my lips
Path of love seemed easy at first, what came was many hardships.
With its perfume, the morning breeze unlocks those beautiful locks
The curl of those dark ringlets, many hearts to shreds strips.
In the house of my Beloved, how can I enjoy the feast
Since the church bells call the call that for pilgrimage equips.
With wine color your robe, one of the old Magi's best tips
Trust in this traveler's tips, who knows of many paths and trips.
The dark midnight, fearful waves, and the tempestuous whirlpool
How can he know of our state, while ports house his unladen ships.
I followed my own path of love, and now I am in bad repute
How can a secret remain veiled, if from every tongue it drips?
If His presence you seek, Hafiz, then why yourself eclipse?
Stick to the One you know, let go of imaginary trips.

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Los Angeles, Ca
April 9, 1999

Hafiz

Ghazal 02

Where is sensible action, & my insanity whence?
See the difference, it is from where to whence.
From the church & hypocritical vestments, I take offence
Where is the abode of the Magi, & sweet wine whence?
For dervishes, piety and sensibility make no sense
Where is sermon and hymn, & the violin's music whence.
Upon seeing our friend, our foes put up their defense
Where is a dead lantern, & the candle of the sun whence?
My eye-liner is the dust of your door and fence
Where shall I go, tell me, you command me whence?
Take your focus from your chin to the trap on the path hence,
Where to O heart, in such hurry you go whence?
May his memory of union be happy and intense
Where are your amorous gestures, & your reproach whence?
Make not restlessness & insomnia, Hafiz's sentence
What is rest, which is patience, and sleep whence?

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Los Angeles, Ca
Februaru 1, 2000

Hafiz

Ghazal 03

That beautiful Shirazi Turk, took control and my heart stole,
I'll give Samarkand & Bukhara, for her Hindu beauty mole.
O wine-bearer bring me wine, such wine not found in Heavens
By running brooks, in flowery fields, spend your days and stroll.
Alas, these sweet gypsy clowns, these agitators of our town
Took the patience of my heart, like looting Turks take their toll.
Such unfinished love as ours, the Beloved has no need,
For the Perfect Beauty, frills and adornments play no role.
I came to know Joseph's goodness, that daily would increase
Even the chaste Mistress succumbed to the love she would extol.
Whether profane or even cursed, I'll reply only in praise
Sweetness of tongue and the lips, even bitterness would enthrall.
Heed the advice of the wise, make your most endeared goal,
The fortunate blessed youth, listen to the old wise soul.
Tell tales of song and wine, seek not secrets of the world,
None has found and no-one will, knowledge leaves this riddle whole.
You composed poems and sang, Hafiz, you spent your days well
Venus wedded to your songs, in the firmaments' inverted bowl.

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Los Angeles, Ca
October 18, 1999

Hafiz

Rubaiyat 01

The only vision I have is your sight
The only thing I follow is your light.
Everyone finds his repose in sleep,
Sleep from my eyes has taken flight.

Hafiz

Rubaiyat 02

Pick up the joy giving wine and come hither.
Temptations of mean foes decline and come hither.
Don't listen to the one who says sit down and stay;
Listen to me, pick up the line and come hither.

Hafiz

Rubaiyat 03

I said, your lips said, your lips we revive;
I said, your mouth said, sweetness we derive;
I said your words, he said, Hafiz said;
May all sweet lips be joyous and alive.

Hafiz

Rubaiyat 04

One, beautiful and full of grace
Mirror in hand, grooming her face
My handkerchief I offered, she smiled,
Is this gift also part of the chase?

Hafiz

Rubaiyat 05

I put my arms around your waist,
A lover's embrace to taste.
From your resolve it's obvious
All my efforts will go to waste.

Hafiz

Rubaiyat 06

You are the moon and the sun is your slave;
As your slave, it like you must behave.
It is only your luminosity and light
That light of sun and moon can save.

Hafiz

Rubaiyat 07

A new challenge everyday
You keep away and delay;
When I act to close the gap
Fate says there is a bigger play.

Hafiz

Rubaiyat 08

My beloved is brighter than the sun,
Put in the heavens, my only one.
Placed the hearts upon the earth
To watch the sun's daily run.

Hafiz

Rubaiyat 09

My broken heart's sorrows are deep.
Painful, disturbed, broken my sleep.
If you don't believe, send me your thoughts
And you will see how in sleep I weep.

Hafiz

Rubaiyat 10

Candle's story how can I tell?
Of the broken heart's living hell?
My sorrow is in how I can find
Another who knows these sorrows well.

Hafiz

Rubaiyat 11

Hi There! I see you're enjoying the site, and just wanted to extend an invitation to register for our free site. The members of oldpoetry strive to make this a fun place to learn and share - hope you join us! - Kevin

Hafiz

Rubaiyat 12

All treasures ain't worth this oppression.
All pleasures ain't worth one transgression.
Not even seven thousand years of joy
Is worth seven days of depression.

Hafiz

Rubaiyat 13

Every friend who talked of love, became a foe.
Every eagle shifted its shape to a crow.
They say the night is pregnant, and I say,
Who is the father? And how do you know?

Hafiz

Rubaiyat 14

Since the flower withers in the dark,
The bud blooms to leave its mark,
Happy is the heart, light as a bubble,
At the tavern is naked, stark.

Hafiz

Rubaiyat 15

Spend time with wine by a stream,
And let sorrows away stream.
My life, like a rose, is but few days;
Youthful and joyous live this dream.

Hafiz

Rubaiyat 16

This rose is from the dust of one like me.
His joy within the rose, thus I can see.
My companion and confidant it is, because
The colorful rose brings the sweet scent of he.

Hafiz

Rubaiyat 17

With fate you still hope to trade;
Passage of time should make you afraid.
You said no color comes after black,
I said my black hair to white degrade.

Hafiz

Rubaiyat 18

In times of youth, drinking is better.
With the joyful, linking is better.
The world is a mere temporal inn;
With the shipwrecked, sinking is better.

Hafiz

Rubaiyat 19

You can buy everyone with gold;
Either in one shot, or slowly are sold.
Even the narcissus, pride of the world,
Sold itself, why, its crown of gold behold.

Hafiz

Rubaiyat 20

This tired life is the flood of age,
With a full cup began this outrage.
Wake up, and see the carrier of time
Slowly carries you along life's passage.

Hafiz

Rubaiyat 21

Don't make me fall in love with that face
Don't let the drunk the wine seller embrace.
Sufi, you know the pace of this path,
The lovers and drunks don't disgrace.

Hafiz

Rubaiyat 22

I needed to hang on to her curly ring,
Help me please, let my affairs take wing.
Said, release my hair, instead take my lips,
Let go of long life, with good times swing.

Hafiz

Rubaiyat 23

From warriors learn courage,
And wisdom from the sage.
If you truly seek God's grace,
Ride with the heavenly carriage.

Hafiz

Rubaiyat 24

At dawn your eyes from Jupiter learn
O God, may fantasies of my mind burn.
The ear adorned with that elegant ring
Gems of Hafiz's poems may earn.

Hafiz

Rubaiyat 25

O friend, from your foes your heart release,
In pleasant company drink the good wine with ease.
Confer with those who know, open your heart
And from the ignorant fleas flee like the breeze.

Hafiz

Rubaiyat 26

One with such beauty none will make.
When her garments off we take
You can see her heart in her fragile breast,
Like a hard rock in a clear lake.

Hafiz

Rubaiyat 27

The morning breeze tended to the rose,
A maid-in-waiting, as the flower grows.
If in the sun you have a shady refuge,
Seek the shade of a rose, and one who glows.

Hafiz

Rubaiyat 28

Don't let go of the cup's lips
Till you receive your worldly tips.
Bittersweet is the world's cup
From lover's lips and the cup sips.

Hafiz

Rubaiyat 29

I long for your hug and kiss,
I want the wine that will bliss.
Let me cut the story short,
Please return, cause you I miss.

Hafiz

Rubaiyat 30

I spent my life chasing my wishes
What benefits fate furnishes?
Whomever to I said I loved you,
Turned to my foe, why my luck ravishes?

Hafiz

Rubaiyat 31

My life has only brought me sorrow;
Love's good and bad only taught me sorrow.
My constant companion is only pain,
My lover has only bought me sorrow.

Hafiz

Rubaiyat 32

When there is wine, no need to cry;
Army of sorrows, no need to defy.
Your lips are green, bring forth the wine.
Drinking at the green, everyone must try.

Hafiz

Rubaiyat 33

Beauty of the rose you eclipse,
Every bud quietly away slips.
How can the rose compete with you?
Rose shines in moonlight, moon in your grips.

Hafiz

Rubaiyat 34

Your eyes enrapture, and colors pour,
Alas, your love's arrows score.
Too soon you gave up on the lovers,
Alas, your heart has rocks in store.

Hafiz

Rubaiyat 35

O breeze, my story quietly share,
My heart's secrets, to whoever you care.
Tell not to upset or bring sorrow,
Share them with a heart that's aware.

Hafiz

Rubaiyat 36

Every flower its beauty bestows,
Your lips the dearest gems dispose.
May your lips nurture our souls
With the wine that every spirit knows.

Hafiz

Rubaiyat 37

Let not your thoughts constantly be fought,
Let thoughts in patience and joy be caught.
What patience? Cause what they call the heart
Is a drop of blood, and a thousand thought.

Hafiz

Rubaiyat 38

Bring me the cup that preys on joy;
Bring me a lover who is shy and coy.
The wine that twists and turns like a chain
Bring me to enslave and destroy.

Hafiz

Rubaiyat 39

With good company and harp and reed
In a corner, jug of wine and time to heed,
The warmth of wine runs through my veins,
Why should I succumb to my greed?

Hafiz

Rubaiyat 40

O divider of heaven and hell bring relief,
Don't let us give in to our grief.
How long upon our lives you prey?
Why don't you hunt our lives' thief?

Hafiz

Rubaiyat 41

I wish that fate would cease this carnage,
And to the lovers give their due wage.
In times of youth the rein in my hands,
Now on the saddle, I ride in old age.

Hafiz

Rubaiyat 42

If like me, you too fall in this trap,
Hold the wine and cup upon your lap.
We are the lovers, burning our tracks,
Join us, if you can put up with the crap.

Hafiz

Wild Deer.

Where are you O Wild Deer?
I have known you for a while, here.

Both loners, both lost, both forsaken
The wild beast, for ambush, have all waken

Let us inquire of each other's state
If we can, each other's wishes consummate

I can see this chaotic field
Joy and peace sometimes won't yield

O friends, tell me who braves the danger
To befriend the forsaken, behold the stranger

Unless blessed Elias may come one day
And with his good office open the way

It is time to cultivate love
Individually decreed from above

Thus I remember the wise old man
Forgetting such a one, I never can

That one day, a seeker in a land
A wise one helped him understand

Seeker, what do you keep in your bag
Set up a trap, if bait you drag

In reply said I keep a snare
But for the phoenix I shall dare

Asked how will you find its sign
We can't help you with your design

Like the spruce become so wise
Rise to the heights, open your eyes

Don't lose sight of the rose and wine
But beware of your fate's design

At the fountainhead, by the riverside
Shed some tears, in your heart confide

This instrument won't tune to my needs
The generous sun, our wants exceeds

In memory of friends bygone
with spring showers hide the golden sun

With such cruelty cleaved with a sword

As if with friendship was in full discord

When flows forth the crying river
With your own tears help it deliver

My old companion was so unkind
O Pious Men, keep God in mind

Unless blessed Elias may come one day
Help one loner to another make way

Look at the gem and let go of the stone
Do it in a way that keeps you unknown

As my hand moves the pen to write
Ask the main writer to shed His light

I entwined mind and soul indeed
Then planted the resulting seed

In this marriage the outcome is joy
Beauty and soulfulness employ

With hope's fragrant perfume
Let eternal soul rapture assume

This perfume comes from angel's sides
Not from the doe whom men derides

Friends, to friends' worth be smart
When obvious, don't read it by heart

This is the end of tales of advice
Lie in ambush, fate's cunning and vice.

Hafiz