I search for him through infinity but find no limit to the guide. The beauty of the beloved has no height or length. On this side there is incalculable longing, on that side the beloved has no concern.

No one ever made it across with the “I.” God is an odd number, and that is what he loves,  
so get rid of duality. Before unity, dissolve your existence in tears.

A curse on duality! Beloved, stop me from the self.

Keep back the “I.” May the “you” reach you, lord.

There is no “that” without “this,” nor is “this” separate from “that.” Understand the saying Man is my secret and I am his secret. This is the refrain repeated by mystics and gnostics.

So long as you can see yourself, your prayer is of no use. Get rid of all your aids, and then say “God is great.”

So long as you can see yourself, your prostration is of no use. Get rid of your existence, and then say “God is great.”
Through adopting nonexistence, creatures were exalted. Concealed in outward form, the real shape of the divine was kept. What can be said here of the beloved’s secret?

Those who have destroyed their existence are effused in God. There is no standing or sitting in prayer for them, nor do they perform prostrations. While nonexistent, they are joined with existence.

If your eyes do not see the beloved as soon as the sun rises, take them both out and feed them to the crows.

Take out your eyes before you break your fast and present them to the beloved. Seeing the beloved’s face is equal to eating seventy dishes.

Eyes that have beheld the beloved at dawn have had their breakfast. Entering his presence is as if one’s being, body, and soul have performed the Hajj.

At dawn the eyes come to see the beloved. Standing in worship, they do nothing else. Dyed without alum, they delight in the company of the beloved.

Every day they weep and they rejoice to see the beloved. They keep coming back after seeing him, but even so they keep searching. They never have been sated with seeing him, nor ever will be.
The eyes are angry and furious with the eyes. Since they learned to long for him, the whole business makes them quarrel. They laugh and are annoyed, they are cross and they are happy with themselves.

I have placed many obstacles in the path of the eyes. Treading the world in their sleep, they have found the beloved. After killing me, they return satisfied with themselves.

The eyes take counsel between themselves. They go where life is in danger. The only thing that avails there is to sacrifice one’s life.

The eyes fell in love without asking me. They went and got caught in the place from which there is no escape. Consumed with pain, my poor heart waits fretting beside the road to the beloved.

Decide to do the opposite, oh my eyes, and go the other way from most people. If people flow downstream with the current, you should flow upstream. Look straight ahead, and go back toward the beloved.

The beauty of the beloved is turned away. But if he turns around to face me, my veins are filled with delight and my body is filled with fresh energy.
Keep the eyes with which you can see the beloved. Do not look at others, for the beloved is very jealous.

Do not look at the beloved with the physical eyes that are in your face. Those eyes cannot recognize the beloved by gazing at him. It is those who close them who see the beloved.

Do not make these physical ones your friends, do not look around with these dark eyes. You fool, why do you not ask for the path to the true beloved?

There is plenty of guidance on the straight path, but I am led astray. Seeking and getting are both near at hand. My being is set on the place where there is no “is” and no “is not.”

Where there is no “is” and no “is not” is not something that can be conceived by earthly man. The beauty of the beloved is beyond the power of sight.

Until you make your body thinner than a needle, how will the beloved find you in his eyes?

Come and dwell in my eyes, and I will close them. The world will not see you, and I will not see anyone else.
May some poisonous snake, some cobra come out and bite my rival, who stands there listening to the murmured words of the beloved.

The beloved performs straightforward actions, but in people’s minds they are twisted. To understand the puzzling ways of the beloved is difficult.

Reason is lost in wonder, it cannot grasp anything. A blind person cannot understand the beauty of the beloved.

Reason collapses in wonder, it breaks into pieces. A blind person cannot understand the hints given by love.

The blind men quarreled about the dead elephant. They felt with their hands, being unable to see with their eyes. Actually, only the sighted can recognize the elephant. The power of helping us see is vested in our spiritual masters.

They died deprived. They did not become masters before their death. They left like sparrows pecking their way out of a pile of grass. They were just like bubbles in the valley of this world.
We are the same as the one we long for. Go and enter the place where he does not beget, nor is he begotten. From that place, oh seeker, seek out divine reality.

If you can see properly, you will say that everything is divine reality. Oh blind polytheist, do not doubt this truth.

Get rid of doubt, of the polytheism that gets in the way of affirming God's existence. There is nothing like the denial in which that existence is affirmed.

Faith does not come about by claiming to recite the profession of faith, when the heart is filled with deceit, polytheism, and the devil. That makes you a Muslim in appearance, but an Azar* within.

You are false in your unbelief, so do not call yourself an unbeliever. You are certainly no Hindu, nor are you worthy of the sacred thread. The forehead mark is properly put on those who are true to polytheism.

Your face is clearer than a mirror, but you are black at heart. On the outside your speech sounds fair, but in your heart you are foul. Thinking like this does not bring one near to union.
Apply the mascara stick of union to your eyes. Get rid of double vision, and enjoy the state of gnosis. It is wrong to find any fault with the beauty of the beloved. Look with the eyes of I bear witness so that you may be reckoned a true Muslim.

The blackness of mascara is suitable for women. As a man, do not apply blackness with a stick. Put the redness of the beloved on your eyes.

When they put red mascara on their eyes, they saw the splendor of a scarlet wedding outfit.

When they put white mascara on their eyes, they saw whiteness in the world.

I hid it thoroughly, but it was shown clearly by my tears. Suspicion was aroused in those wretches by my tears. My color was my foe, and revealed my secret.

Hundreds of thousands of rivers all swirl and seethe within me. May I burn inside, without any smoke escaping.

The self is a veil over yourself; listen and mark this well. It is existence that stands in the way of union.
Seeker, listen to this: the self is a veil over yourself.
When there is no prevarication, all veils are removed.

“It is in me that ‘I’ is produced, so I am worthy of ‘I.’
It is the awareness of ‘I’ that produces the ‘I’ from me.” This applies only to him,10 it is not for you to say.

Love is not created in a grain jar, meat is not cooked in husks. How can faulty methods be used to bring about union with the beloved?

I cannot bear him looking at me closely for a second.
Seeing him is a distant prospect; even mentioning his name causes me distress.

My beloved tied me up and threw me into deep water.
He just stood there and told me not to get the hem of my clothes wet.

How can someone who falls into deep water be sure of not getting wet? Oh traveler on the mystical path, teach me a method of keeping the hem of my clothes dry.
Make the Way your support, recognize the Law. Get your heart used to Reality and know the place of Gnosis. Remain resolute and keep safe from getting wet.

Never utter falsehood, consider it to be a dry branch. Be aware, oh deserving one, and like the yogis keep your loincloth tight. That way you will make it across while keeping all four corners of your hem dry.

You just sleep, demanding a comfortable bed, and do not trouble yourself at all. But unless you please the beloved, you will not be reckoned of any account.

They who please the beloved are the ones who will enjoy their marriage beds. Standing as Those who believe and are constant in righteousness, they are chosen and are adorned as bridegrooms.

Sleep is meritorious for those who are united with the beloved. Getting their eyes used to sleep, they dream happy dreams. Waiting and pain are far from their hearts.
For those whose body is a rosary, whose mind is a bead, and whose heart is the lute, the strings of seeking resound with the mystery of unity. *He is one and he has no partner* is the tune their veins play. They are awake even when asleep, for sleep is their worship.

There is something about these old huts we see. Although no one notices those who live there, they are accepted at his door. They are considered strangers, but they eat with the beloved. *My saints are beneath my robe* is the clothing in which he dresses them. *No one besides me recognizes them* He does not let them be seen as strangers. Leave your own ideas on the ground, and follow what they think. Serve them courteously, humbly covering your head. Sisters, says Abdul Latif, it is here that you will find something.