You turn your face from a fakir's life, but how long will your authority run? Wearing a shroud and with bare head and feet, you will look quite different tomorrow.

You have been led astray by your carnal appetites, but in the end you will have your head shaven. At the crossing place the constables will demand the toll, so say: what good deeds will you have to show? When things become very difficult for you, what account will you give then?

You did not recognize other people’s rights, so you will suffer the burden of what you have enjoyed. You will not return to pay recompense, and you will let your precious field be stripped. By gambling on the world, you will lose the coins you had won.

The rule of the city of love is that actions bring their own rewards. If you suffer hell here, my dear, then ahead the joys of spring lie open. Sow saffron to produce saffron. If you sow garlic, you will be deceived.

Practice earning, brother, for this is the time to earn.

When you throw a seventeen, it is no time to bet on losing the game. When the game is lost, the pieces are put away, and you will shut up shop with no winnings.

You live off your capital and chew betel, dressing your body in fine clothes. You tilt your turban to one side and strut about with your slippers stuck on the front of your feet. Reared for death like a goat, you will get yourself slaughtered.
Dwelling here is like a stay in a herdsman’s hut—the place to live in lies ahead. Collect your gifts and send them to that home; now is your opportunity. You will not find anything there, you will have to take everything from here.

Study the lesson of loving only him. Why do you drown yourself for no reason? You keep reading stories and troubling your brain, but why get stuck in the mire?

The letter of love has a single dot, so why load up trains of camels with your books?

When dying of hunger, the name of the lord is the one thing that is of benefit. Both heaps are full of stones, making this a difficult trip. When things get really difficult for you, what will you tell them then?

Mother, father, daughter, son—ask them why they are crying. Women, girls, sisters, brothers—all come and stand as your heirs. It is they who rob, not you; after death it is you who will let yourself be robbed.

You must go quite alone, no one will go with you. Your family and kinsfolk weep and beat themselves, asking if you will return by the way you went. You will find your permanent abode dwelling in the wilderness outside the city.

Let me offer some weighty advice for anyone listening to take to heart. The dead will arise on the day of resurrection, but a lover will not die. You will discover the value of dying, if you die before you die.
If you take the path of righteousness, you will find the protection of Muhammad. It is people who talk but do not act who will weep. Now who will wake you as you sleep? You will be sorry when you do wake up. If you do as we say, we will seat you on a throne. We will unite you with the one the whole world is looking for. If you become abstinent and practice abstinence, you will embrace the beloved.

You have uselessly wasted your life for nothing, and you have destroyed your existence in the world to come. With your unceasing greed for the world, your face has grown pale. Even now, though, listen. If you repent, you will be called a lover. Bullha, if you mean to go the lord, then go, what are you delaying for? Why dither when the summons has come from the land where you belong? Reading the letter has made you go out of your mind, but all this weeping will destroy you.
I am not a Hindu, nor a Muslim. I have forsaken pride and become unsullied.

I am not a Sunni, nor a Shia. I have adopted the path of peace toward all.

I am not hungry, nor am I full. I am not naked, nor am I covered.

I do not weep, nor do I laugh. I am not ruined, nor do I flourish.

I am not a sinner, nor am I virtuous. I do not know about the path of sin and merit.

Bullhe Shah, the mind that is fixed on God leaves behind the duality of Hindu and Turk.

Now, love, you have come to us. You have come and we are happy to see you.

You had Ibrahim thrown onto the pyre. You had Zakariya’s head sawn. You had Yusuf hawked from stall to stall. Tell us what you have brought for us.
You set up your camp outside in plain view, and it is you who beat the drum with a loud beat. You made yourself known to the world; then you raced to the house of Abdullah.

Whoever searches for you dies before he is dead. Even after death he fears you, in case the dead are killed and slaughtered.

In Bindraban you take the cows to pasture. You sound the conch when attacking Lanka. You come as a hajji from Mecca. How amazingly your appearance is varied.

Mansur came to you; it is you who seized him and made him mount the gallows. He is my dear brother, born of the same father. Blood money for my brother should be paid. You are in all guises, you appear to me everywhere. It is you who are the wine and you who drink it. You are the one who makes you taste yourself.

Now I will remain with you. I will not lose heart and run away. I will tell all your mysteries. Why am I not to be embraced?

How wonderful, the one so favored is indeed just like you. It is a reliable tradition that salvation is to be attained through your look of kindness.

If the garden is planted in the flames, you display yourself from the fire pit. When Ahad is made from alif, how is the hidden revealed?
You are friend, God, lord, and master. It is you who are your own devoted follower. It is you who are the creation and the creator. It is you who causes good deeds to be performed.

Sometimes you are a thief, sometimes a qazi, sometimes a preacher who climbs into the pulpit, sometimes Tegh Bahadur, the warrior for faith. You are the one who causes your army to attack.

It is you who had Yusuf imprisoned, you who had Yunus swallowed by the fish, you who put the worms into Ayub the patient, then caused him to ascend the throne.

If you taught the lesson of the word man, then you hid yourself well. You made the heart embrace the fourteen spheres. Thus this lengthy debate is created.

Bulla, you are clearly recognized; lord, you are apprehended through every form. Here you come, here you go. Now you cannot be mistaken by me.

Now I have seen the fair beloved, whose beauty is always in such demand.

When Ahad alone existed, no divine glory was manifest.

There was no Lord or Prophet or Allah, no Almighty, no all-powerful God.
He was without parallel or analogy, without likeness or comparison. There was no spectacle or model; now there are thousands of things of all kinds.

The beloved came to put on various clothes; he called himself Adam. From Ahad he turned himself into Ahmad and came as the leader of the prophets.

He said Let it be and caused and it was to be said, making form from formlessness. He mingled the mim into Ahad, and created this vast expanse.

I abandon the mosque, I abandon the idol temple. I do not keep Hindu fasts, nor do I observe Ramadan. I have forgotten ablutions and prayers with two prostrations. I sacrifice my life to you.

Saints and prophets are his slaves. Men and angels prostrate themselves to him, laying their heads at his feet. He is the greatest overlord of all.

No one who wishes to see him can do so without an intermediary. If Shah Inayat reveals the secret, then all mysteries are solved.

Now who can recognize me? Now I have become something else.

The guide taught me this lesson. There is no coming or going of the other there. The absolute being displays his beauty. Divine unity has created confusion.
Infinite at first, the beloved appears as manifest and hidden. I have no name or mark anymore; all dispute and confusion are ended. When the beloved displays his beauty, drunken fakirs become intoxicated. Now that I have observed the graceful movement of the wild geese, Bullha, I have forgotten the motion of the crows.

I will play Holi, after saying *bismillāh.*
I wear the name of the Prophet as my jewel, and the words *but God* as my pendant. He is the one who operates this colorful show, from which the lesson of *annihilation in God* is learned.

When the beloved said, *Am I not your lord?* the girls all removed their veils. With the words *They said, “Yes,”* they said, *There is no god but God.*

He played the flute of *We are nearer,* and called out *Whoever has known himself.* Then there is the face of *God* was loudly proclaimed in the court of God’s Apostle.

I will humbly fold my hands and fall at his feet, and in my helplessness I will entreat him. As my Holi offering, I will fill my lap with the light of Muhammad, *may God’s blessing be upon him.*

I will make *Then remember me* my Holi, and I will delight my beloved with *And be thankful to me.* Such is the beloved to whom I am sacrificed, *glory be to God.*