

*THE TRAVELS  
OF  
HAKIM KOHL'IN AL-DEEN AL-SALIK*

*FROM A NINTH CENTURY FRAGMENT OF THE  
THOUSAND NIGHTS*

*TRANSLATED  
BY  
'ARIF AL-MAJDHUB*

*Poem*

*By c dean*

*THE TRAVELS  
OF  
HAKIM KOHL'IN AL-DEEN AL-SALIK:*

*FROM A NINTH CENTURY FRAGMENT OF THE  
THOUSAND NIGHTS*

*TRANSLATED  
BY  
'ARIF AL-MAJDHUB*

*Poem*

*By c dean*

*GAMA#UCHER PRESS GEELONG WEST GEELONG VICTORIA AUSTRALIA  
2011*

## PREFACE

OH LOVER TO FIND THE BELOVED GIVE UP  
THY SELF RENOUNCE THE I A HEART  
FULL OF SELF IS PERPETUALLY BLIND  
A HEART FULL OF SELF  
THE BELOVED CANT FIND  
HUBRIS AND REASON  
KEEP US PERPETUALLY BLIND  
EMPTY THY SELF OF SELF  
UNBIND THY SELF FROM SELFS PRISON  
FOR THE BELOVED TO FIND  
HUBRIS AND REASON  
KEEP US PERPETUALLY BLIND  
AT LOVES DOOR THE LOVER CRIES  
"WHO IS THERE"  
SAY NOT I BUT THOU

*In the name of Allah the Merciful the compassionate  
Night*

*And when it was the following night  
Said Dinazad, "O my delectable One if you are  
Not asleep relate to me the tale*

*Which you promised me and quote striking examples of the  
Excellencies and shortcomings the cunning and stupidity  
The generosity and avarice and courage and cowardice  
That are in man instinctive or acquired  
Or pertain to his distinctive characteristics or to courtly  
manners*

*Syrian  
Or Bedouin*

*And Shirazad related to her a tale of elegant beauty  
of Hakim Kohl'in al-Deen al-Salik and his [f]ame (or  
[c]raft*

*She becomes more worthy than they who are (or do) not  
Or else more crafty (or malicious) than they  
And so Shirazad related a wondrous tale of admonition  
and warnings to the unwary traveler*

**"THE TRAVELS**

**OF**

**HAKIM KOHL'IN AL-DEEN AL-SALIK"**

---

<sup>1</sup> A person who is engaged in spiritual path of suluk is called [salik](#). The sign of the salik is that he is safe from his own hand and his own tongue

*In the city of Ishq-e-Majazi<sup>2</sup> studied Hakim<sup>3</sup> Kohl'in al-Deen al-Salik<sup>4</sup> arduous of task and full of studies toil wandered from tavern to tavern longing to drink wine but no wine-giver<sup>5</sup> could find Hakim Kohl'in al-Deen al-Salik longed for yearned for a beloved in Ishq-e-Majazi a beloved with languid eyes and cooing sighs to intoxicate exhilarate to be merged with ecstatically absorbed in that his self dies In Ishq-e-Majazi Hakim Kohl'in al-Deen al-Salik no wine-giver could find Down to Basra port to take ship to the isles of Ishq-e-Haqiqi<sup>6</sup> south of the sandal-wood island of Al-Salabat<sup>7</sup> Dismissing ships master and crew Hakim Kohl'in al-Deen al-Salik set out on the sea of Ma'rifat<sup>8</sup> aboard the Al-Suluk<sup>9</sup> without*

<sup>2</sup> Illusory love this is love of the human but if the lover is pure of heart it should act as a bridge to Ishq-e-Haqiqi true love which is love of God

<sup>3</sup> A scholar of metaphysical wisdom

<sup>4</sup> A traveler on the spiritual path of suluk A sign of the salik is that he is safe from his own hand and tongue

<sup>5</sup> Saqi-wine-giver alludes to a spiritual guide or God

<sup>6</sup> True love

<sup>7</sup> From Richard Burton The book of the thousand nights and a night vol. 6 page, 30. So in Al-Idrisi and Langlès: the Bres. Edit. has "Al-Kalásitah"; and Al-Kazwini "Al-Salámit." The latter notes in it a petrifying spring which Camoens (The Lus. x. 104), places in Sunda, i.e. Java-Minor of M. Polo. Some read **Salabat**-Timor, one of the Moluccas famed for sanders, cloves, cinnamon, etc. (Purchas ii. 1784.)

<sup>8</sup> Gnostic knowledge **Marifa** (Arabic: معرفة), which literally means knowledge, is the term used by [Sufi Muslims](#) to describe mystical intuitive knowledge of spiritual truth reached through [ecstatic](#) experiences, rather than revealed or rationally acquired. [M. Fethullah Gulen](#), in his book on [Sufism](#), describes *Marifa* ("knowledge of God") as special knowledge acquired through reflection, sincere endeavor, using one's conscience and inquiring into one's inner world. In this, it is distinct from scientific knowledge, or *ilm*, which is based on study, investigation, analysis, and synthesis. The opposite of scientific knowledge is ignorance, while the opposite of marifa is denial. A person realizing marifa is imperceptible to others, who are without such knowledge. God: Ma'rifat is not a station of excellence in men, but a destination. This destination is the ultimate objective of man's existence, what God wants men to reach in order to achieve their true potential

After Haqiqat, Ma'rifat (Stations of Marifat) is realised. This entails recognition of the being & attributes of Allah (swt). Ma'rifat is also recognised & consists of ten stations:-

**First Station:**

One should respect & rever all wise and sagacious men known as the Friends of Allah. Showing reverence will also fully make one well-versed in the mode of shariah.

**Second Station:**

One should bear all hardships and rigours with patience and constancy and have no grudge against one's

prosecutors. One should try to alleviate others sufferings and forget & forgive the wrongs done to him by them and be not revengeful in the least.

**Third Station:**

One should try to extinguish the flames of iniquities and injustice, keeping distance from feuds and riots. One should be happy adopting the company of the virtuous.

**Fourth Station:**

One should render service to the Murshid sincerely and selflessly. One should befriend those who are at his beck and call, always giving them good piece of advice and develop true friendship with them.

**Fifth Station:**

One should not waste even a single moment in negligence but remain engaged in worship and remembrance of Allah. One should be on the look out for His effulgence and splendour in everything of the universe. It behoves the worshipper to realize that he is seeing his Lord-Allah, and if he is not capable of that, Allah is seeing him definitely.

**Sixth Station:**

One should be generous and liberal according to his means and without giving himself preference over others.

**Seventh Station:**

One should be possessed of qualities of fortitude and forbearance; not be impatient when confronted with coercive and oppressive people. One Should be tolerant, forbearing, firm and stead fast in his dealings.

**Eight Station:**

One should wipe out the rust and black spots that collect in the heart by the luminosity of the remembrance of Allah. To this effect the Holy Prophet has stated:

"The people's hearts get rusty and blackened like the iron. So they should remove this rust through repeated divine remembrance."

**Ninth Station:**

One should constantly strive to get nearer and closer to Allah by all kinds and modes of worship and meditation.

**Tenth Station:**

One should look down upon oneself as the worst and meanest of the creatures and think others to be one's superiors. One should be mindful of what Allah has stated.

"That is the grace of God which He bestows on whom He pleases and God is the Lord of grace abounding."  
(al-Hadid, 57:21)

*master to the isles of Ishq-e-Haqiqi o'er the sea of  
Ma'rifat with only his logic for his guide to navigate his  
way Hakim Kohl'in al-Deen al-Salik from Basra port  
did glide on the sea of Ma'rifat cock sure as the hen house  
cock aloof head held high "An al Haq"<sup>10</sup> he did cry No  
sooner than the holding rope was cast*

---

As a first principle believe in the 'Sharia'(aim, principles and doctrines of faith). Then follow the way or the method(Tariqah) and then internalise the **inner** mysteries(truths)(Haqiqah) as attained on the Path. Attaining the gnosis(Maarifah, ultimate knowledge and certainty) hence, kill or destroy your (lower)mind including it's desires

The sufi path 1) 'Sharia'(aim, principles and doctrines of faith) 2-Tariqat (esoteric, *inner*, secret, ba'tin),. 3-Haqiqat ( ultimate reality, *truth*, essence),. 4-Ma'rifat (gnosis, nderstanding, knowledge)

<sup>9</sup> The term *Suluk* when related to [Islam](#) and [Sufism](#) means **to walk a (spiritual) path (to God)**. Suluk involves following both the outer path (exoterism/[shariah](#)) and the [inner path](#) (esoterism/[haqqa](#)) of Islam virtuously. Suluk also involves being ardent (passionately eager) in the search for or please God, The Signs of God, the Ultimate Truth, understanding the self, and understanding the essential meaning of life, particularly of one's own life.

The word *Sulook* is derived from the Qur'anic term "*Faslooki*" in chapter 16, [An-Nahl](#) (The Bees), verse 69: *Faslooki subula rabbiki zululan* (engage in the paths of your Lord made easy [for you]). A person who is engaged in this spiritual path is called [salik](#).

When the world and all of its things are converted to torment and test for the seeker, **suluk** guides the walker to wisdom, so that he can avoid rushing when it is necessary to restrain himself, and make possible a valiant action when it is tempting to abandon oneself. **Suluk** is the means through which it is possible to benefit from Yadhb (attraction) without turning into a Majdhub; mad for Allah: that is: there is attraction - that is essential - but one avoids defenseless attraction. This means that one can have the experience without being condemned to the station.

*Our Way* is to be salik-majdhub. Externally sane and internally mad for Allah. Externally sober and internally intoxicated. Externally **suluk** is to change bad words for good words, bad actions for good actions, bad intentions for good intentions, until one lives in correct and straight words, actions and intentions. The sign of the salik is that he is safe from his own hand and his own tongue.

**Suluk** permits one to benefit from the state by the absorption of the doctrine and to leave the station with the expectation of further gifts from the Merciful Lord. Its ending is to have its renewed confirmation by the seekers and avoid pretensions except by the tongue of the real."

<sup>10</sup> "I am the Truth" the famous statement of the mystic-martyr Al-Husayn Ibn Mansur al Hallaj ( AD 922 AH 309) for which he was put to death

The sea did tranquil cease to be  
 To surge and swell and billows to heave  
 Waves to form were hurled towards he  
 Swirling hurling swelling billowing waves of the sea  
 Showering drops engulfing he  
 In each drop he himself did see  
 Each drop the essence of the sea  
 Each drop nothing but of the sea  
 The sea nothing but each drop to be  
 His logic no help to he  
 No help to navigate the storming sea  
 Waves towering like the tall cypress tree  
 Threw him around from starboard to lee  
 Into deep deep troughs up to the waves apogee  
 Threw him around to shipwreck him on the quay  
 From whence he came the sea dumped he

Hakim Kohl'in al-Deen al-Salik dejected and sore set  
 out for the city which he saw o'er which a brilliant topaz  
 sun did soar brilliant light golden bright o'er the city did  
 pour the eye of Allah merciful to the faithful and poor

Minarets spread like alabaster stalagmites from which  
the muezzins did call

O'er the city it floated out o'er the city wall  
O'er the domed mosques egg shaped egg shell white  
Bejeweled glittering gems flickering one and all  
Down it flowed into the city quiet  
Called to prayer to the mosques the faithful did sprawl  
Each bathed in Allahs compassionate light  
The muezzins call floated through bazaar and columned  
hall

O'er gardens with fruits and flowers ever so bright  
O'er trellised terraces into ever crevice ever so small  
Through lattice window like some heavenly sprite  
The luminous call did o'er the city fall  
The languorous call did touch every thing with its might  
"Allah Akbar " rang through every thing and called all

Hakim Kohl'in al-Deen al-Salik roamed the city till  
night seeking out a tavern in which he might of wine sup  
his fill Knocking on taverns door o'er and o'er again the  
call came "who is there" to which the reply "tiss I Hakim  
Kohl'in al-Deen al-Salik by name" to which came "oh  
the shame the tavern is full it will not house us and thou"

Down bye-way and alley-way #akim Kohl'in al-Deen  
 al-Salik using his reason sought out the taverns till  
 befuddled of brain and confused of thought to one dark  
 hidden away cranny #akim Kohl'in al-Deen al-Salik  
 found his way To a plain door he came festooned with  
 flowers from top to bottom to window pane

Daisy rose and lily three  
 Clung to violet and jasmine with glee  
 Interlaced entwined like some overgrown grape vine  
 The violet hugged the rose  
 The lily did the jasmine enclose  
 The daisy all four did clasp  
 Each did the other juxtapose  
 Petals to petals  
 Pistils kissed pistils  
 Stigmas sticky to stigmas  
 All in all a caressing free for all  
 But o'er the door  
 The flowers laced out surah 50:16<sup>11</sup>  
 Which only the blest saw

---

<sup>11</sup> "We created man and we know what his soul whispers to him, for we are nearer to him than the jugular vein"

*Hakim Kohl'in al-Deen al-Salik* at the door looked but  
 turned away in search of wine he burned when the door  
 sprung wide and from it did glide a man wide eyed  
 intoxicated looked and whirled and swayed staggered  
 about as drunk on wine *Hakim Kohl'in al-Deen al-Salik*  
 slipped through the door unseen in search of the wine he  
 thought the drunk did find The scent of musk sandal-wood  
 ambergris caught his nose along with the soft scent of the  
 rose Within the tavern centered stood a raised dais made of  
 ebony black and sandal-wood o'er which hang a canopy  
 sheer of saffron hue embedded in it were thousands of black  
 pearls to view On the dais seated sat a beauteous virgin  
 languorous eyes black pearls-like lustrous hair black as  
 her ebony eyes cornelian lips full and sweet skin like fresh  
 milk shimmered in the candle light

With exquisite voice mellifluous tones  
 She did recite rapturous poetry to the thirties ecstatic  
 moans

Around the dais brocaded cushions spread satin velvet  
 silken blue yellows and blood red on which lay thirty  
 believers in woolen garments all around the tavern spread  
 Carpets o'er the marble gold inlaid floor lay from corner to  
 the flowery door From Cathy Samarkand and Hind of silk

and soft goats fleece on which laced flowers o'er the  
 carpets lay Lamps and gilded gem inlaid candlesticks lit  
 the tavern with ruby light Shadows danced on marble  
 walls inlaid with pearls rubies bright sapphires and  
 brilliant topaz light The gems traced out in intricate  
 arabesques thirty birds in flight up wards to heavens  
 height.

The liltng nightingale the wide eyed owl duck and homa  
 to heaven did sail

The parrot and peacock with gem studded tail  
 All led by the hoopoe in search of the Simorgh the earth  
 have fled

Through seven valleys they all did flee  
 up ward and up ward they all sped  
 The hawk finch heron all in all in search of the unseen  
 they did all seek to see

Hakim Kohl'in al-Deen al-Salik perplexed did see all  
 thirty were in rapture drunk intoxicated all did seem to be  
 but no wine cup did Hakim Kohl'in al-Deen al-Salik see  
 Entranced by the poetries melodies the thirty seemed lost in  
 some selfless ecstasy intoxicated but where was the wine  
 was Hakim Kohl'in al-Deen al-Salik perplexity

Seating himself down on a red satin cushion Hakim  
 Kohl'in al-Deen al-Salik looked at the poetess from  
 which came the sweet melodies His loins were stirred and his  
 passions desires were flamed as in those black pearl eyes he  
 burned with lewd fires The words he did hear inflamed him  
 more the more he did hear the more fuel for his fires the  
 words did pour

Into thou eyes I did look with glee  
 But what I did see was not me  
 Mirrored back in those eyes  
 Was the exquisite face of thee

It is thou I desire  
 But thou I desire  
 Is nothing but I  
 For I am thou and thou am I for whom I desire

Hakim Kohl'in al-Deen al-Salik thought these lines  
 were for he as at him he thought looked she wild longings  
 swept through he his knob throbbed and his cocks eye  
 weeped lust dew as continued she

My beloved I cry for thou  
 I long for thou this very hour  
 Place thy lips upon my lips  
 And quench my fires now

My beloved has come this very night  
 To love me and hold me tight  
 My self shall die  
 In his beauteous light

I wonder at what I see  
 Such beauty contained in thee  
 Like the wave is part of the sea  
 I have ceased to be as I am mirrored in thee

Hakim Kohl'in al-Deen al-Salik yearned for the black  
 pearl eyed poetess with anguish and pain he longed for her  
 in the yellow dress His heart burned and his knob did ache  
 as for her he did yearn as continued she

Since thy lips have kissed mine  
 Reason and sanity have left my mind  
 Madness and yearning take hold  
 Oh how my smile doth shine

My beloved gives nothing but pain  
 Since I saw him no peace I gain  
 Raked with sighs and weepings  
 Oh my beloved I thank thou again and again

Oh thou the desire of my heart  
 In longing and sorrow for we are apart  
 Lost amazed dazed  
 In the sea of love for thou my being doth smart

As the thirty did moan and sway Hakim Kohl'in al-Deen  
 al-Salik did groan say "oh this pain it cuts so deep release  
 me in peace me keep" To him Hakim Kohl'in al-Deen al-  
 Salik did think she did sing and his aches and pains did  
 continue to throb in his now erect knob as continued she

My beloved thy beauty charms my sight  
 Thy arms round my neck held tight  
 More than Samarkand gold or Serendibs glittering gems  
 Thy look brings more delight

Press thy breast to mine  
 Let my lips thy lips to find  
 In unions sweet embrace  
 Kiss thy beloved and be kind

My beloved thy love reveal to me  
 In endless search thy love I need from thee  
 Claspt in union merged with thou  
 Why doth thou keep thy love from me

Hakim Kohl'in al-Deen al-Salik with cock erect and  
 knob deep red said to she "oh my love why doth thou keep  
 thy love from me I cannot endure these tortures from thee"  
 As the thirty did moan and sway to the poetesses sweet lays  
 Hakim Kohl'in al-Deen al-Salik did rub himself as  
 continued she

Reveal thy face to me  
Thy beauteous face to see  
That disperses sorrow and the painful ache  
That frees me from myself in union with thee

Oh my beloved please love me  
Let my cries and moans reach thee  
I am thy lover cursed and alone  
Oh my beloved shower grace upon me

Thy heart is a lake deeper than the sea  
In thy love take me up and drown me  
In my heart are longings  
Oh in thy love extinguish them please

Since my beloved looked on me I am full of care  
Nothing but sorrow longing everywhere  
Each day another pain  
Greet's my heart when thou art there

*Hakim Kohl'in al-Deen al-Salik torn by passions fire  
heated hot desires throbbing urges and maddening drives<sup>12</sup>*

---

<sup>12</sup> *Nafs* is an Arabic word (cognate of the Hebrew word "Nefesh" [שפן](#)) which occurs in the [Qur'an](#) and means [self](#), [psyche ego](#) or [soul](#). In its unrefined state, "the ego (*nafs*) is the lowest dimension of man's inward existence, his animal and [satanic](#) nature. here are three principal stages of *nafs* which are specifically mentioned in the [Qur'an](#). They are stages in the process of development, refinement and mastery of the *nafs*.[\[3\]](#)[\[4\]](#)

### **The inciting *nafs* (*nafs-i-ammara*)**

In its primitive stage the *nafs* incites us to commit evil: this is the *nafs* as the lower self, the base instincts. In the eponymous [Sura](#) of the Qur'an, the prophet [Joseph](#) says "Yet I claim not that my *nafs* was innocent: Verily the *nafs* of man incites to evil."[\[Qur'an 12:53\]](#)<sup>1</sup> Here he is explaining the circumstances in which he came to be falsely imprisoned for the supposed seduction of [Zuleika](#).

Islam emphasises the importance of fighting *nafs* because the prophet [Muhammad](#) said after returning from a war, "We now return from the small struggle ([Jihad Asghar](#)) to the big struggle ([Jihad Akbar](#))". His companions asked, "Oh [prophet](#) of [God](#), what is the big struggle?" He replied, "The struggle against *nafs*."[\[6\]](#)

The Qur'an enjoins the faithful "to hinder the *nafs* from lust",[\[Qur'an 79:40\]](#)<sup>1</sup> and another [hadith](#) warns that "the worst enemy you have is [the *nafs*] between your sides." [Rumi](#) warns of the *nafs* in its guise of religious hypocrisy, saying "the *nafs* has a [rosary](#) and a [Koran](#) in its right hand, and a [scimitar](#) and dagger in the sleeve."[\[8\]](#)

Animal imagery is often used to describe the *nafs*. A popular image is a donkey or unruly horse that must be trained and broken so that eventually it will bear its rider to the goal. [Rumi](#) compares the *nafs* to a camel which the hero [Majnun](#), representing the intellect ([Aql](#)), strains to turn in the direction of the dwelling-place of his beloved.[\[8\]](#)

In its primitive state the *nafs* has seven heads that must be defeated:<sup>1</sup>

1. False pride (*Takabbur*)
2. Greed (*Hirs*)
3. Envy (*Hasad*)
4. Lust (*Shahwah*)
5. Backbiting (*Gheebah*)
6. Stinginess (*Bokhl*)
7. Malice (*Keena*)

*cried out in lust "oh beauteous sprite into thy" meem"<sup>13</sup> I  
long to place my "lam" tall erect as continued she*

*Oh beloved the more thy love thou withhold  
The more I long for thee more I am resolved  
The more thou wounds my heart  
The firmer I am on thy face to behold*

*Oh beloved give to me unions joy  
Or separations pain if that be thy ploy  
Whatever ever thou wishes  
Loves joy or just thy playful toy*

*Oh beloved how long this oppression of thou  
Oh beloved long is the aggression of thou  
Weary are the days and nights without thee  
Oh beloved there is joy in what ever comes from thou*

---

<sup>13</sup>it is the most "l"s the Arabic letter Lam i"  
J erect of the Arabic letters ie "Meem" is the letter "m"

It is the medial form that is intended ie ل

*Hakim Kohl'in al-Deen al-Salik besotted with lust cock  
 in hand did rub and flog as the thirty did moan and sway  
 to the poetesses sweet melodies Then to Hakim Kohl'in al-  
 Deen al-Salik ears did waft the tunes of musicians three  
 the rebab tambur and ney the three did play The poetess  
 from the dais did step to the floor and sway all her beauty  
 she did display to the flutes call her black tresses did flow  
 tangled meshes perfumed scent the candle lit room*

*Swinging swaying like fresh blossoms in the air  
 She gyrated twirled bobbing her titties sweet pair  
 The scent of musk sweet ambergris and rose too  
 Flowed from her cunt and the tangles of her hair  
 Subtle and slow to the rhythmic beat  
 Her glittering garment of saffron did flare  
 As her feet did thump and pound  
 Winding wantonly swinging arms bejeweled alabaster  
 fair  
 She whirled around twirled around round and round  
 Flashing bright a blurring sight the black pearl eyes  
 staring everywhere  
 Around around round and round she twines*

*Hakim Kohl'in al-Deen al-Salik in a crazed lustful state to his feet he did race and to the dance did take his place he whirled and twirled to the rhythmic beats as his cock hanging free did around with him swing But oh his twirling feat did throw him through the door and into the street. With dangling cock to the door he did knock the call came "who is there" to which the reply "tiss I Hakim Kohl'in al-Deen al-Salik by name" to which came "oh the shame the tavern is full it will not house us and thou" To which Kohl'in al-Deen al-Salik did..... THE FRAGMENT BREAKS OFF HERE*

*ISBN 1876347872*