

# THE RUBAIYAT

OF

SALAH AL-DIN IBN BIN DEEN

OF

KUNNYPORE

BY

C DEAN





# THE RUBAIYAT

OF

SALAH AL-DIN IBN BIN DEEN

OF

KUNNYORE

BY

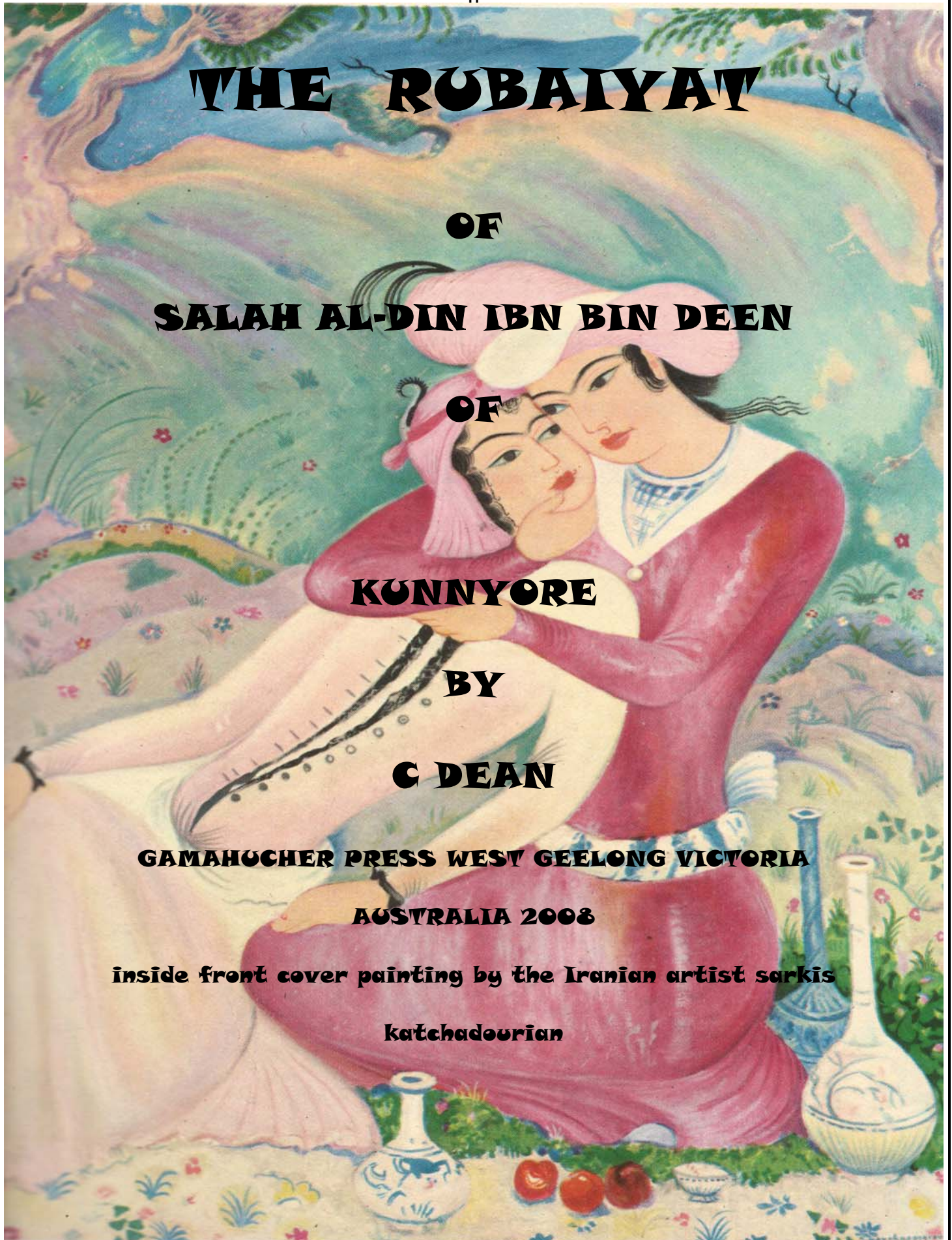
C DEAN

GAMAUCHER PRESS WEST GEELONG VICTORIA

AUSTRALIA 2008

inside front cover painting by the Iranian artist sarkis

katchadourian



**PREFACE**

**The cup bearers wine so divine**

**In that hole paradise doth find**

**Ecstasies ladder from thou we**

**climb**

**Thy hole contains pleasures untold**

**Along thy rim the tongue doth skim**

**Frothing the wine within**

**Oh cup bearer cup bearer raise it**

**to my chin**

**Life is short so within lets dance**

**and sing**

**Oh Shariz rose of blushing bloom**

**The furry bee dips deep in thy moistened womb**

**Fold upon fold it stretches through**

**Drinking up thy wine in ecstatic swoon**

**Thy red flushed lips pouting moon-flower**

**Clutch the bee in thy humid bower**

**Entangled deep he cries for more**

**As thy wines nectar on him shower**

**Thou rose art fragrance dewed but set to high**

**The bee to short to reach but does sigh**

**On table side he nimbly climbs**

**To dally and sip sweet wine which thou supply**

**Warm tight fragrant bloom thy mouth tightly shut**

**Tender soft prodding round the bee doth strut**

**Then bud pokes out thy mouth opens with smile**

**Its tongue doth on thy wine glut**

**Pink lipped purple tipped indolent flower**

**Like a cats eye at midday hour**

**Ripe smell like girls perfumed breaths**

**Oh the sweet wine in thy hidden bower**

**The pink flesh-like pistil concealed**

**In the flower unrevealed**

**Pokes from its velvety case**

**As odoriferous wine drips o'er the verdant field**

**Oh cup bearer bring thy wine don't refrain  
Up lift thy porphyry cup that I may drain  
My lips to thy lips jar  
Lips on cups rim I sip again and again**

**On the wine-cups lip I will stay  
In paradise with its juice I say  
Tis with the cups wine ecstasies attained  
Cup bearer thy cup don't take away**

**Wake cup bearer up and spread thy hair**

**With thy honeyed wine thy cup prepare**

**To love and play in the bright still light**

**All is gay with thy wine there is no care**

**Oh cup bearer with out thy wine I cant bear**

**My heart longs when thou arnt there**

**With out thy lip I am filled with pains**

**Wines withdrawals brings loves despair**



**Thy flesh-like bowl with lips of pinkish hue  
Honeyed wine filled to my view  
Oh cup bearer kindness to thy friend show  
Up turn thy cup that of thy wine I can drink too**

**Oh the bulbul singing to the garden did fly  
Me with my cup bearers cup on the flowers did  
lie**

**No singing to mine ear did ecstasy bring  
Ecstasies bliss from my cup bearers cup did rise  
to I**

**My love on Samarkand carpet did lie  
Through the sun lit air bulbuls did fly  
My gazelle eye did offer her flower to me  
“Come drink its wine” she did sigh to I**

**Orange groves the sun did brighten  
Neath pleasures the sun doth heighten  
Jasper jeweled pink rimed cup  
Honeyed wine drips as the flower did tighten**

**Oh rose of Shariz thy wine did drip fiery hot**

**These long night someone to see it there is not**

**Oh my bloom has got cold from lack of sight**

**Oh beloved to the flower rub it and make it hot**

**Moon beams glisten on the ouds lacquered base**

**To the liltng tunes dew the flowers lips doth**

**lace**

**The candle guttering is almost dead**

**Honeyed wine shimmers on the flowers face**



**The desert wind blows o'er thy lips  
Moistening the parched earth with the moisture  
it drips**

**Oh my beloved Rose of Shariz  
Wines oasis within thy folds the bee sips**

**Fountain of porphyry wide sardonyx mouth  
Cleft of coral under the hood doth pout  
Wine from the grapes bud gushes forth  
Oh Samarkand flower thy watery mouth**

**The budding grape entangled in the vine**

**The suns light upon it doth shine**

**No Ispahan jewel or Samarkand pearl**

**Worth more than a drop of thy wine**

**Up turn thy cup cup bearer turns**

**Thy wine hotter than Karkhiya burns**

**The wine drips fromst thy hole like molten glass**

**It rim froths with bubbles in my lips churns**

**Isbn 1876347732**