

Hadīqat al-ward
(حديقة الورود)
(THE ROSE GARDEN)
from the
DIWAN
(ديوان)
of
Kohl'in al-deen
translated
by
wahdat al-hubb

poems
by
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**gamahucher press west geelong geelong
victoria australia**

2012

The sacred or the profane what does thee sing
 Kohl'in al-deen with thy refrain do thou sing
 shirk¹ or ishq-e-majazi² or ishq-e-haqiqi³ songs
 from the position of Allah or a randy wet cunt
 thou art a tease Kohl'in al-deen mystic or
 reprobate buried in thy words are they metaphors
 of anguished longing of Allah who wants thy
 fana⁴ and baqa⁵ who cried elast "Elastu Bi
 Rabbinkum"⁶ is al-ward a symbol of Allah or
 the profane does al-ward take the place of the
 wine as a symbol for the divine or is it mere
 profundity hidden in the sublime is the profane a
 symbol of the sacred or the sacred a symbol of the
 profane thou art a tease Kohl'in al-deen

¹ Associating other beings with Allah

² Human illusory love- those whose ache of earthly love can prepares them for the love of the divine the sublime

³ True love which is the love of Allah

⁴ Annihilation in Allah

⁵ Eternal existence in the consciousness of Allah

⁶ "Do you recognize your lord" The Sufi evoke this covenant to put forward the idea that the soul is constantly yearning to be united with Allah

PREFACE

Those pouting lips swell and flush red
rose-like faced the loves juice along
the lips rim laced urging desiring
longing they wait pining dreaming for
the lover to come in haste they bloom
spread wide the wet eye inside some
gigantic flower in full bloom to satiate
the hot throb for union it does long
to curl those lips around clutch squeeze
clamp upon those lips for a lover do
long oh for how long must it long

Al-Ward ensconced in a rose garden⁷ huge nestled
 twixt two columns tinged with pinkish hue her
 tresses black curly black like a starless night
 enfolded her in shimmering strands of turquoise
 threads her roseate face the hues of many reds
 her scented lips scents on the zephyrs languorous
 sent scented lips scarlet like a sunsets glow neath
 her tresses daintily did show her lips heated with
 the flood of blood burned for love with their
 unbridled fire she panted and pouted with hot
 desire those twin full lips like ripe fruit soft as
 calyx-stem spread open like some orchids petals
 red poured forth melodies mellifluous tunes of sad
 refrain alone forlorn al-ward did pine for a
 nightingale to sing to her and make her swoon for
 ages alone no nightingale⁸ had come to love al-

⁷ "the rose garden in Sufi thought can refer to the garden of paradise.

⁸ The nightingale (بلبل *būlbūl*) can symbolize the fervent lover the Sufi practitioner (who is often characterized in Sufism as a lover) and God. The the rose (al-ward) can symbolize the inconstant beloved thus, the pairing of "the nightingale" and "the rose" simultaneously suggests two different relationships namely the mystical Sufi element with a profane and erotic element

ward all alone no nightingale longing al-ward
did sing these sad sweet tunes

Abandoned me the nightingale has he
why hast thee not come to me

for ages absent art thee

no song do I hear

no longing in my ear

years have past no sound do I hear

years have past no cooing in my ear

girls are dancing girls are prancing

to the one-stringed lute the drums

their lovers are singing to the lilting flute

spring has come their lovers have come

but

why does my nightingale of me shun

love throbs in my petaled lips

flushed pink like pinkish flower tips

come to me that I may look upon thee

come to me and breathe in the sweet scents in the

heart of me

tis sufficient that I look upon thee

to still the loneliness in me

I languish without solace for the songs of thee

bathe me in the frenzied kisses of thee

frantic kisses full of fire for me

the girls scented hair falls like rain

laughter showers around
their hair billows like seas waves
as they dance and swing around
loves sighs float on their lovers cooing sound
as like the sea waves their love filled hearts
pound

oh lover it has been to long
my blood seared lips for love do long
age after age flows along so fast
like the shadows race o'er the waving grass
eons of loneliness continually pass
dew down my blushing lips like tears trace
as I long for thy loving embrace

as I long for thy loving kiss

my folds and thy to entwine

thy loving heart with mine

place thy eyes upon me

that I may give love for thee to see

place thy lips upon me

that I may give love for thee to taste

place thy heart upon me

that in my love thee can baste

come lover and in my love drown in ineffable bliss

come lover immerse thy self in my folds with their

heated kiss

on my lips thee can drink the fountain of life

sup up the perfumes of a million petaled blooms
in my love thee can be reborn liberated in my
beatitude

in my love all beauties thee can view

my lips are all the ripening fruit

my moistening eye contains all the waters of the
sea

my silken skin the hues of all the blossom blooms
in my love thee finds all the plentitude of the
world

come oh lover come

dive in and swim in my loves infinitude

oh lover the love of me is sweeter than the scent of

a million roses

give me thy lips that I may grant thee

overabundant sublimity

entwined in me thee will be one with infinity

as around thee my loving mouth closes

come oh lover and bask in my loveliness

within my folds thee will be given eternity

oh come come

with my kisses thou will hear the thunder of the

waves upon the shore

with my caresses thou will feel the loving of all

mothers before now and hence fore

I am unfathomable love come oh lover come

Dive into my eyes libation of sweet fluidity

Absorb the superabundance of my divine

liquidity

*Al-Ward ensconced in a rose garden huge nestled
twixt two columns tinged with pinkish hue did
sing her laments as lovers did dance to her view
blithe girlies did swirl and skip leap and prance
and swing their tits did wobble and jiggle as bells
on their red turgid nipples did jingle to lovers songs
the girlies did dance along as al-Ward for her
lover did long with her lips long longing and
trembling like leaves in the sweet breeze al-Ward
to the sky did sing these lamenting sighs*

From my lips red like tomatoes ripe
 loves juice glittering bright
 along the lips rim crimson red
 in their warmth a cosey bed

Oh come oh lover to my face hirsute
 that I lift to thee my bowl of fruit
 and on the succulents suck long and deep
 as down my mouth the juices drip and seep

Oh lover come come
 in my lips all the scents of the world
 in my eye all the lights of the sun
 in my lips all the loving arms unfurled

Place thy trembling lips there
 that place secrete with no hair
 that place secret with scent on the air
 place thy lips trembling there

Lie close to me lover that with kisses I will cover
 and into bliss send thee reeling
 blended thee and me thee a quivering
 merge into me with my tender kisses lover

My dewy eye ripe melting like a fig
 that dewy-hearted eye that doth sigh
 languorous scented with scented love to give
 come to me lover all the worlds love is for thy

Plunge into me like into the sea
 kisses mingling me and thee
 flaming frenzied kisses
 convulsions delight never-ending blisss'

Sup the honey of my lips
 like the bees on the blossoms kiss
 my love more sweeter than all this
 I will thee quiver as thy tongue into me slips

My love will breathe o'er thee the scent from
numberless kisses

stares will burst in thy mind the sky a sweeping
blaze

my love will kindle fires of desire
delights will envelope thee thy pulses will surge
from the love of me

The universe shall become thy mind from the love
of mine

All being shall thee become from the love of me
The suns and stares from thy eyes shall shine
Plenitude infinitude from the love of me shall
thou be

In my lips is the sunsets glow
In my folds loves pleasure untold
In the flutter of my lips loves caresses flow
In my love all the love of the world to behold

Al-Ward ensconced in a rose garden huge nestled
 twixt two columns tinged with pinkish hue in
 solitary existence lamented her loneliness
 no nightingale to sing her sweet songs of love
 no nightingale did come alone in eternal
 solitude al-Ward periodically does cry o'er spots of
 the world tears pearly tears from her eye to wet
 her lips dewy bright simmering tears on her lips
 sparkling light o'er spots of the world rain did
 fall
 no nightingale did call as o'er places of the world
 rain did fall numberless drops glittering bright did
 lace a glimmering sheen o'er all
 the girlies did dance and spring as their lovers did
 love songs sing bedewed in tear-drops glistening
 diamond-like they all danced a haze of light
 scintillating light refracting reflecting bright as
 al-Ward exhausted did sigh out these songs of her
 lovelorn plight

Lover where be thee be
come hither and sing sweet love songs to me

Lover my mouth is a flowing stream
come drink from it it will give all that thou can
dream

Lover without thee I have only grief
come come and give me relief

Lover without thee grief holds my heart tightly
come come and be my recovery

Lover merge with me in unification
come come relieve this pain of separation

Lover I am desolate without thou
Sorrow wilts my lips I am in pain without thou

Exhausted my song nearly spent
My lips curl up no perfume on the air sent

Lover thou hast not come
To the loneliness I succumb

My song fades
The rose garden is covered in shades

No lover I have waited for eons of time
I'm spent exhausted I have ran out of rhyme

My lips wrap me up
loveless I feel

No one wants me
To merge no one wants I am spent

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Then out of the immensity
of space and the infinity of time
a lone note did al-ward hear

tweet

a sparrow did sing reaching al-wards ear

oh a lover to woo me
my lips unfurl
a lover to woo me
myself in a whirl

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