

# *al-zib wa al-kis*

ازب و الكس

(the nightingale and the rose)

from

the *diwan*

(ن اوى د)

of

kohl'in al-deen

translated by

*abu 'arif murshid ibn al-suluk ibn  
majdhub ibn qutb al-marifa al-fana*

poems by c dean

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Oh Kohl'in al-deen thou does it again new  
 metaphors for the Sufis refrain the sacred the  
 profane either which which is which love for  
 Rabiya al-Adawiyyah of Basra the first to  
 sing that Allah should be loved for him or  
 Mohyuddin ibin 'Arabi his *wahdat al-wujud*  
 or *wahdat al-hubb* or Maulana Jalaluddin  
 Balkhi that only Allah deserves our love or  
 Khwaja Shamsuddin Muhammad Hafiz the  
*erotic sensual sublime*

Oh Kohl'in al-deen are  
 thy love songs mystical  
 disguised as profane  
 or profane love songs  
 disguised as mystical  
 To unravel the knot  
 Allah says in a hadith "I  
 loved to be known so I created  
 the world"

*preface*

love that perennial emotion  
heated desires heated passions set  
in motion have thee the ardor to  
fulfill thy drives to reach the  
union for which thou aspires on  
loves path have thee the  
strength to overcome obstacles  
barriers to thy task to break to  
rupture burst through with thy  
last gasp union with love the  
goal of thou heart have thee the  
endurance to last weak and  
exhausted will thou falter and  
drop before the goal of thy heart  
oh love only the courageous and  
strong can enjoy the bliss of thee  
for most fall along the path and  
of thee never see the path is  
arduous only those with ardor  
will last

Zib the ardent lover  
 erect stood outside a rose garden  
 enclosed in silk cloth fine and  
 soft like panty cloth his eye did  
 weep for rose-like face Kis  
 ensconced within a rose garden  
 which did snugly keep Kis Zib  
 did pine and long for Kis and did  
 sing his sighs like a nightingale<sup>1</sup>  
 on high as up wafted and around  
 did surround the sweet tunes of a  
 ney<sup>2</sup>

played by a parrot green<sup>3</sup> to heighten Zib's  
 plaintive lay The perfumed scent of Kis did through  
 the cloth seep and did erect Zib keep and with  
 plaintive tones did sing these sighs through his  
 weeping eye

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<sup>1</sup>The nightingale (بلبل *būlbūl*) can symbolize the fervent lover the Sufi practitioner (who is often characterized in Sufism as a lover) and God

<sup>2</sup> Ney is a reed flute which for the Sufis its sound was understood to embody the pain of a separated lover or the spiritual suffering of those who follow the path of union with god

<sup>3</sup> A green parrot appears as a symbol for emaciated bang-drinker ie hashish in genre paintings of drug addicts The Hindu god Shiva as a Trantric ascetic is associated with cannabis in an unusual Pahari painting he is shown riding a green parrot as his divine vehicle ie vahana (T R Burton *Hindu Art* London British Museum 1992 fig. 121) see (S Scollay edited *Love and Devotion from Persia and beyond* Macmillian Art Publishing 2012 fig. 9.9)

*oh my lovely divinity  
 as the fish belongs in the sea  
 as the bird belongs in the air  
 in thee I belong oh my heavenly*

*Blossoming rose<sup>4</sup>-like face Kis to  
 the lover did sing*

*Oh lover I hear thy cries  
 break through this barrier and enter into me*

*Oh lover I hear thy sighs  
 break through this barrier and come into me*

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<sup>4</sup> The the rose (گل *gül*) 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.:

Zib with plaintive tones did  
sing these sighs through his weeping eye

oh beloved I am near to thee  
though thou can see me  
this barrier bars my way  
and of thee I cannot see

No sigh can impart my longing for thee  
nor speech reveal what my throb does feel  
no cry from lips the longing soul conceal  
nor silence mute silence my beating throb for thee

My erect standing form flecked with rosy hue  
its wanton-eye longing for thee weeps glittering dew

The dulcet tones of the ney  
 accompanied Zib with his plaintive lay

Oh beloved thou art a perfumed flower  
 the most beauteous in the rose garden<sup>5</sup> bower

I long for thee I pine for thee  
 of all its beauties I seek but thee

Oh to love thee beloved with heated fires  
 as the hurricane sweeps the waves my unbounded  
 desires

To love thee to devour thee into insensibility  
 I would drink up thy fluids  
 gorge on thee into insatiability

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<sup>5</sup> The rosegarden (ناتسلگ *gülistan*; نشلگ *gülşen*) "the rosegarden" refers simultaneously to a literal garden and to the garden of paradise.



Oh beloved I feel thy gentle heart  
throb twixt those petaled parts  
oh that those lips could close on me  
and into oblivion send coupled with thee

Blooming rose-like face Kis to  
the lover did sing

I hear the throbbing of the vein of thee  
feel the shuddering of the blood of thee  
oh agonize my beloved with thy ardor so thou  
break through this barrier and come into me

Kiss me with frenzied kisses thy lusts raging fires  
break through this barrier with thy pounding desires

Oh lover breathe in the scent of me

oh lover gaze on the sight of me

all this beauty is for thee

all this beauty to intoxicate thee

Be like the moth to the candle flame

Be like the bee hovering round my petals bright

adore me in loves game

offer thy self stand erect burning in my burning  
light

Lover offer thy self for everlasting joy

My lips blossom out swell and bloom

Only through lusts tormenting pangs

Through the barrier canst thou reach the scented  
room

*With heated ardor  
Zib his songs did sing*

*Come oh beloved open thy self to me  
Oh my love my eye weeps tears for thee  
Listen to the nightingales<sup>6</sup> cries  
With who to the sky go our sighs*

*Let me lie in thy folded lips  
let me die in thy red lips folded  
oh that I may taste thy lips dewy wine  
oh I cry for completeness for that I pine*

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<sup>6</sup>The pairing of "the nightingale" and "the rose" suggests simultaneously two different relationships: 1)the relationship between the fervent lover ("the nightingale") and the inconstant beloved ("the rose") 2)the relationship between the individual Sufi practitioner (who is often characterized in Sufism as a lover) and God(who is considered the ultimate source and object of love)  
[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Diwan\\_%28poetry%29](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Diwan_%28poetry%29)

I crave for thy lips unsparingly  
thy hair thy mouth thy kisses I lust unremittingly

Oh beloved come to me

I will cover thee with kisses

I will cover thee with caresses in ecstasy

oh beloved come to me oh the joys of thee

How I lust for thee wrap me up in thee

like the flame licks the wick

thy kisses are flames flung around me

burning me up with desires for thee

would that thee give me thy lips to kiss

as clasped in union around us desires fires hiss

*Come to me and press upon my eye thy redy lips*

*I long for thy touch*

*thy folded form maddens me*

*oh how I sigh and cry "I lust for thee o'er much"*

*Pouting rose-like face Kis to*

*the lover did sing*

*Adore me into delirium*

*Kiss my lips with fervent rapture*

*bathe in my bounteous loveliness*

*fill thy self with my overabundant beauteousness*

*Take me have me devour me I say*

*bite on my lips dewy and fragrant like the rose in May*

Lover behold my face shimmering like ruby red  
I gaze upon thy languid eye lit with fire  
lover my seeking lips reach for thee  
come that I may cool thy eye from a thousand kisses  
from me

Stand erect before me in supplication from thee  
with my lips a quivering come near me  
with lust gaze upon my wonderment  
pour forth thy lust thy lust within me

Lie at my feet thy eye mirrored in my petals dew  
gaze into the hole a shining crystal pool  
lie in my folds like a child in mothers arms  
oh lover gaze upon my lips pouting red like the roses  
bloom

Come lover throw away shame  
plummet into this lusty loves game  
stand erect and with ardor be  
break through this barrier and feast on me

The green parrot on the ney did play  
accompanying Zib with his plaintive say

Come my beloved and soothe my quivering  
kiss me softly and soothe the burning of my eye  
my vein doth throb with ribald thoughts of thee  
the dewy eye heated glows like jewels shimmering

To my eye lay thy lips  
suck forth its balmy breath

My longing is the song of the nightingale on high  
my breath the heated winds of my sigh  
my quivering but the trembling for my beloved  
my throbbing but the fires in my blood

would that I have thee all eternity  
encased in thee I would find immortality  
come my beloved my divinity  
fold me up in the perfumed folds of thee

Oh I long to part thy lips  
that my eye into thee slips  
pound thee beloved  
till in glimmering dew covered



Dewy rose-like face Kis to  
the lover did sing  
come lover come  
the deep chasm calls from me  
part my clasping lips  
make me shudder from the thrusts of thee  
break through this barrier and have union with me

The green parrot on the ney did play  
accompanying Zib with his plaintive lay

Oh beloved my eye burns from weeping  
the joy of unification give to me  
engulf me into ineffable bliss  
from the hellfire of separation grant to me

Quivering rose-like face Kis to  
the lover did sing

Lover stop the whimpering of thee  
stand erect break through the barrier for me  
quivering like jelly it awaits thee  
oh lover be lion strong for the love of me  
break through this barrier and have union with me

The green parrot on the ney did play  
accompanying Zib with his plaintive lay

Oh beloved the pain I bear is strong  
painfully my eye throbs  
weak exhausted helpless am I  
my vigor wanes mournful is my sigh

Trembling rose-like face Kis to  
the lover did sing

Oh lover harder harder thy ardor

The gift of love awaits thee

Rise up eager as the bee for the quivering bloom  
break through this barrier and have union with me

o the ney the green parrot  
played as Zib says his plaintive lay

Kis kiss me

The beautiful bee will                      oh no

The green parrot realizing that what he was  
sucking on was not a well packed chillum<sup>7</sup> put the  
ney down

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<sup>7</sup> A **chillum**, or **chilam**, is a straight conical pipe with end-to-end channel, for smoking cannabis traditionally made of clay and used since at least the 18th century<sup>[1]</sup> by wandering Hindu monks, known as [sadhus](#)<sup>[2]</sup> in India. More recently, it has also seen use in sacraments by [Rastafarians](#)<sup>[3][4]</sup> in Jamaica, and by [recreational drug users](#) to smoke [cannabis](#), tobacco, or opiates. [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Chillum\\_%28pipe%29](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Chillum_%28pipe%29)

*Again Zib says his plaintive lay*

*Kis Kiss me*

*The beautiful bee will          damn oh no*

*Zib loses ardor he wilts*

*hangs flaccid and flops the eye dries up and he  
dangles free flapping in the wind*

*like a dried up leaf*

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