

The Hafez variations

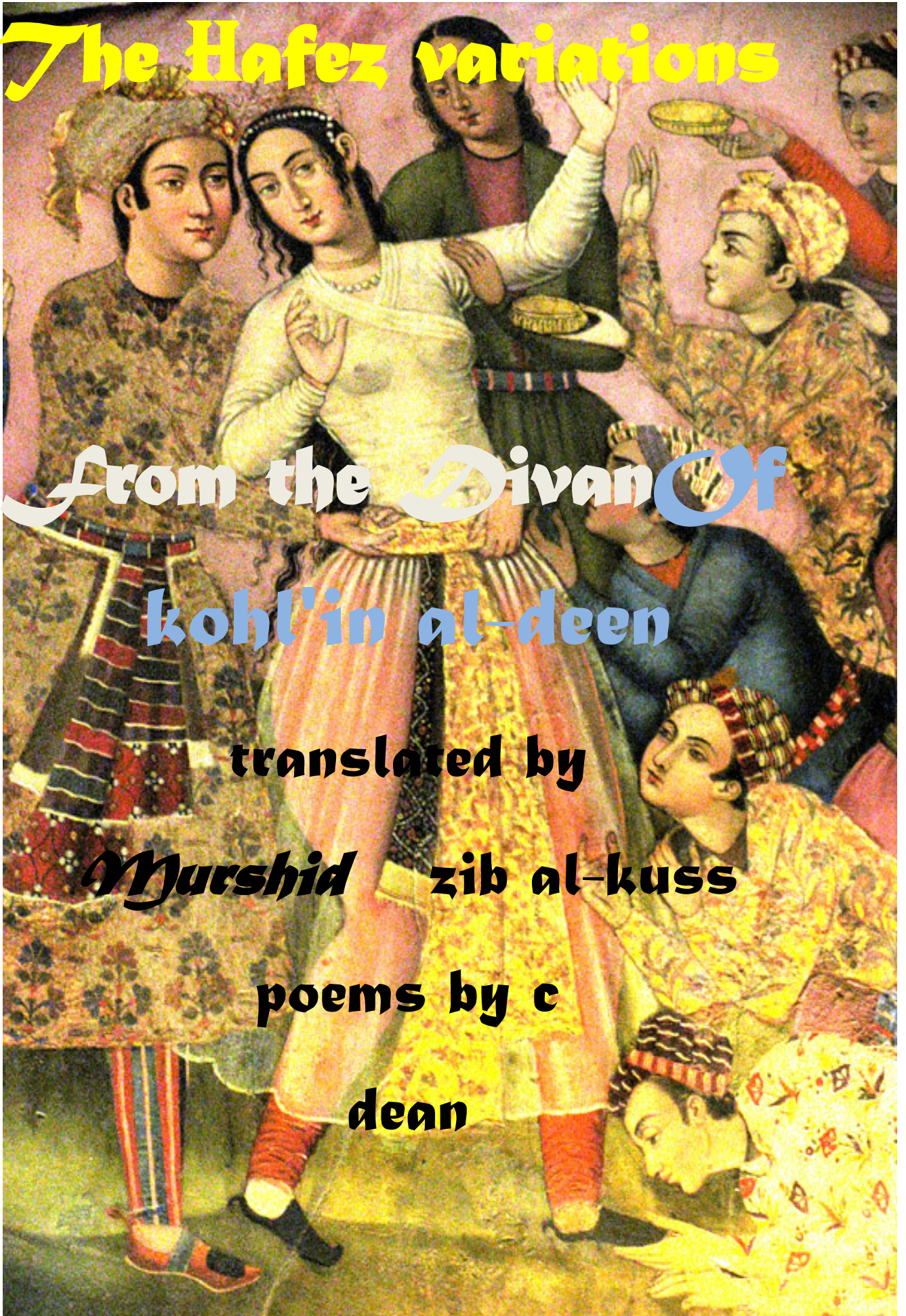
From the Divan of
kohl'in al-deen

translated by

Murshid zib al-kuss

poems by c

dean



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introduction

Ahh kohl'in al-deen

what be thy **variations** what
Edward FitzGerald didst for *Omar*
Khayyam Gertrude Bell didst for
Hafez and thee what canst one say of
thy **variations** be they
something in between be thy mystical
or profane do they like the songs of
the Troubadours have deeper
meanings like the *Romance of the*
Rose are these songs of divine love

or ditties of profanities are thy
 words symbols of hidden meaning the
 tavern a place of learning or just a
 place to perv is the cunt a symbols of
 divinity or just an image to

masturbate over **Ahh kohl'in**
al-deen

what be thy **variations** what
 be they they be full of imagery full of
 music full of thy souls enthusiazim
 full of thy souls bursting forth into
 song they be songs of a freethinker
 thy songs be the words of a dancing
 soul of a free spirit that soars to

unlimited height these songs of thee

Ahh kohl'in al-deen

be for an awakened soul a soul that
is free that sings out its joyousness

at beauty **Ahh** these songs express
the awakened soul thru subtle

imagery intricate harmonies a soul
that dances upon the music of

kohl'in al-deen soul

which be in frenzy in passion burning
his songs are fire flames of desire

that only an awakened souls can dance

too **Ahh kohl'in al-deen**

thy **variations** be refined

gold original and artistic they be

ast sayeth the poet of the *Kildi*

***Afgani* kohl'in al-deen**

**be thy songs be mysteries hidden like
light seen thru half closed eyelashes
thy alliterations be like bangles on
ankles and thy rhythms mysterious
be like necklaces jiggling on bosoms
thy songs be like jewels on girls
fingers with many hue adorned with
sandal-wood and saffron metaphors
be thy truths be veils of allegories**

***Ahh* kohl'in al-deen thee**

**be a magician an archer that shoots
fromst 'neath eyelashes a hundred
glances**

Preface

Come hither thee one and all and here
 hear the songs of **kohl'in al-**
deen they be pearls strung along
 the lips of he lips that hast kissed
 the fountain of *Ruknabad* smelt the
 perfume of the garden of paradise
 the keys to the unseen in the seen be
 here to hear the picture in the pattern
 be here to be seen wisdom or thy
 doom be at these gates if thee be
 bold to knock and seek unlock the
 gates and heaven in thy ears will ring
 heaven on the lips will bring bliss

Up end thy arse Saki up end thy
 arse and spread thy cunt lips wide
 dyed ast the Arghawan arise Saki
 that cup of Jamshid arise bringeth
 that cup to the lips thirsting of this
 dervish ♪ to these lips bringeth in
 that hole be the seven heavens seen in
 that hole be immortality be bringeth
 Saki that ♪ canst sup fromst that
 cup Ahh Saki love for thee hast
 been not an easy thing the feet of ♪
 hast been sore difficult be the path to
 thee not an easy thing bring that cup
 with the fragrance of musk in the
 night of thy cunt hair Ahh that scent
 kisses the flesh of ♪ Ahh the heart
 of ♪ burns like roasted meat the
 tears flow like blood for love of thee

The breath of ♪ breathed o'er the
 garden of paradise o'er that hole of
 liquidity in Chahar Bagh and it didst
 sigh ast the nightingale to the rose to
 the rose it didst sigh Oh beloved except
 thee all the flowers fade and die sung ♪
 unto the rose with languid sigh all will
 bloom to wilt and dry in some near
 dawn andst the eyes of ♪ didst weep
 didst weep tears that o'er fell upon
 those withering blooms like glinting in
 moonlight jewels and they sung they
 sang ast those tears kissed those cunts
 lips pink hued we Ohh **kohl'in al-deen**
 that we be born to die grieves not us for
 we hast supped on thy lovers caress
 and sighs

**Ahhh beloved thy cunt be the tavern the
hostelry be for all lovers that breath
that floweth fromst that cup for
supplicants it beeth the threshold the
step enticing thee to drink to sup fromst
that bejewelled goblet laced with dewy
down upon the cunts cheeks drink thee
that wine supplicant drink such that that
ruby red tints thy lips such that that
ruby red maketh flow fromst thy eyes a
thousand tears of joy drips fromst thy
eyelashes for supplicant thy beloveds
kiss comeths to thee for thee that places
lips upon the threshold of that cunts
holes rim supplicant make those lips of
pink hue tints thy hostelry and drink for
bliss be on that threshold for the bold**

The the breaths scent of ♪ spread
 thru ♪rem's garden whilst it slept
 kissing the curls purple of hyacinths
 that for whom ♪ wept the breeze of
 the breath of ♪ o'er all the flowers
 swept by ♪ into blooms leapt "up lift
 thy cunts those holes the mirrors of the
 world " ♪ sighed ♪ cried "Ahh there
 be all the Thrones of Djem" ♪ cried ♪
 sighed and too ♪ in joyousness thy
 sung "Ahh breeze of the thy soul kiss
 the flesh of we kiss the cunts lips of
 we and see the tints turn to red for love
 of thee" they sung they with perfumed
 breaths "Ahh kohl'in al-deen lift up
 thy lips kiss we that happiness shallst
 be eternally long " then in joy they wept

Ahhh Saki on thy cunts lips
joyousness lies hear here close ast the
breath of we revealed be paradises
dwelling-place closer than the vein in thy
neck be heavens abode Ahh hear here
the joyous laughter that floweths
fromst the lips of ♪ here hear the joy
whenst feasts ♪ upon the beloveds
flesh drink ♪ its wine fromst that cup
of grace Ahh Saki with abandon
suck ♪ that delightfulness that for in
that cunt the beloveds secret lies Ohh
kohl'in al-deen all miseries of the world
be drowned in the laughter of thy joy
that laughter that will not hide fromst
those seeker ears those seekers ears
drowned in a sea of joy

**Ahhh those cunts flower- tinted with
flowers perfumes upon the earth they
bloom in meadows and towns and
everywhere there cunt hair glints the
world in light bright the shadows of
there folds perfumed purpled hued coats
the flesh of ♀ like moonlight luculent in
narcissi eyes of all the treasures of
all the wealth upon the earth these
blooms canst boast more delights in all
the world 'neath seas rippling weaving
waves or gold buried deep nay and all
the stars shimmering in heavens dome
nothing nothing compareths to thee the
cunts of the world are enough for me
brimming with wine are enough for me
the prize of paradise are enough for me**

Ahh for those to for cunt to live

**In heavens domain they remain in bliss
 eternal in paradise more beauteous than
 with Houris filled more beauteous than
 gardens full of blooms beggar drunkard
 reprobate or vend commeth sup upon
 those cunts cups filled with wine to the
 brim come sup upon those cups filled
 with the juice of crushed grapes frothing
 foaming fill thy fill come ye all who
 thirst beside a meadow or outside some
 tavern fill thy eyes upon those cunts
 that pass while life flows on and life
 fades away ♪ say that be enough for
 me so sweetly will sing ♪ that be
 enough for me so fleeting be my days so
 that be enough for me**

**Ahh looketh thee upon those cunts of
this world and for in the nether or
heavenly world hope to find for all the
tears of joy shed none be hotter than the
joys of those folds of flesh do bring
n'er enough to fill the craving heart to
satisfy the yearning soul no tear is shed
in vain for those that for the cunt do
long Ahh forget thy loss forget thy
wealth and gain and on those folds do
long for pilgrim wayfarers of this
world this world be full of cunts for
thee for thy joy thy companionship that
be enough for me those loving lips be
healing that be enough for me lips to the
lips of ♪ that be enough for me**

**Ahh pray ʃ that the soul of ʃ be sent
 forth unto that paradise that be thy cunt
 that be thy cunt that be the throne of
 heaven that thru this earth heaven
 become full of thy cunt Ahh back to
 thee back to thee this spirit of ʃ flies
 back to thy cunt Ohhh cry ʃ that the
 fate of ʃ be tied to thee be wed to thee
 that thru thee to thee seek ʃ paradise
 within those lips perfumed purple
 hyacinth curls at that cunts rim kismet
 lies where liquidity swells Ahh **kohl'in
 al-deen** that be enough for me where on
 the nose perfumes smells that be enough
 for me with thy cunt like clear water
 that washes o'er the flesh of ʃ that be
 enough for me**

**Out of heaven thy cunts scent blew
 on perfumed breeze that kissed the
 lips of ♪ coated the gardens blooms
 in fragrance sweet of thy lips
 sweeter than Houris kiss give ♪ thy
 lips full of wine give ♪ thy lips full
 of bliss no beggar ♪ drunk on thy
 fluids but a Shah ♪ that sups
 fromst the cup more precious than
 royal goblets gold Ahh more
 delightful than Emperors banqueting
 hall be thy cunt to eat to eat its
 ripening fruit beneath those cunts
 canopy of folds casting shadows
 purple more than Bedouins tent**

Ahh be I a slave to thy cunt be I a
 slave too that fragrant flesh that
 tells a tale of Aprils meadows that
 unfold like that lips furled hyacinth
 curls Ahh that I couldst have thee
 that cunt of the world more valued
 be than wealth untold That I
 couldst build an oasis filled with
 that juice of thee more valued than
 Sufis wine in my lips to hold Ahh
 the world couldst lay assault on I
 but fortress be I in those folds of
 thee the enemy not be victor he or
 she for doth I knead fromst the
 sighs of me more bricks too the
 fortress be

**Ahh the cunt hast flushed red and
 the cunt-flower hast burst into
 myriad hues redder than the rose to
 which sings the nightingale more
 lovelier be thee than the rose of
 paradise garden to which singeth ♪**

**Hail Sufis lovers of wine not one
 drop of what thee drinks brings
 drunkenness more than the juice of
 the cunt of she for claim ♪ cunt
 juice for all those that thirst Ahh
 that rock of repressions doth break
 and crumble to dust Behold the
 marvels of that cunt that cleft of
 flesh be thy goblet repressions avail
 thee not**

**Ahh kohl'in al-deen that thy tongue
singeth that dips into the cunts folds
and singeths for the bold take hold of
thee supplicant thee wayfarers be take
hold of that cunt and suck suck that
juice like fromst a reed singeth kohl'in
al-deen and fromst thy lips cunt
perfumed pass from lips to lips that
scented breath that care to singeth with
thee**

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