

Mystical verses

from

the *Ṭ*bahiyya kitāb of kohl'in al-deen

translated by

kis bint wisal

poems by c dean

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Translators forward

Sufi mystical poetry has traditionally been veiled in an enigmatic speech vague picturesque symbolic and metaphorical where words are not to be understood in their literal sense but rather through the mystical understandings of the Sufi interpretation the "tavern" is the place of instruction "tavern-keeper" is the instructor or teacher of Sufism "wine" is the spirit of divine knowledge the "idol" is God beauty is the divine perfection "shining locks" is the expansion of Gods glory "down on the cheek" is the cloud of spirits

that encircles Gods throne the
 "black mole" is point of indivisible
 unity It must be remembered that
 recommending for the Moslem
 believer to indulge in such things as
 "wine" to go to a "tavern-keeper" to
 worship an "idol" the orthodox
 Moslem of those times would
 have regarded as outrageous and
 blasphemy and heretical . But this
 is what the Sufi poet wanted for it
 forced the reader to break free of
 conventions and enter into a
 different understanding the Sufi
 poet intended to shock the
 uninitiated of Sufism so as to open
 up a more expansive understanding

for the uninitiated trapped by orthodoxy and convention. Now in the present age Sufi poetry is not understood even though the symbolism is understood since the present reader of Sufi poetry is not shocked or disgusted or outraged the present reader of Sufi poetry misses the whole point which was to catapult the reader from his/her conventional reality via shocking use of words to a mystical understanding -which is the intention of the early Sufi poetry

Now kohl'in al-deen has modernized the Sufi poetry by using words images language to

shock disturb disgust – which was the original intent of the early Sufi poets– in order to break down conventional reality so the reader can enter into a mystical one.

Those readers who cant get past such words as “cunt” “cunny juice” “cunt hole” etc would be like those orthodox Moslems who found and criticized early Sufi poetry as being disgusting blasphemous and heretical To the perceptive reader it will be seen there are allusions to Hafiz in the poetry of kohl'in al-deen purposeful allusions that recalls the context of Hafiz and applies that context to the new poetry expanding the meaning of both Hafiz and kohl'in al-deen

Preface

The lovers quest the union
 of thee and I
 To merge into an
 indivisible unity of we no
 thee or I
 sighs that on the breeze
 well up upon the ears that
 wont die
 sighing for union with the
 love of thine
 as cunt for cock for cunt
 for union we pine

**Oh cunt for one glimpse of thy
hole dark mole-like ♪ wouldst the
world give up the wine of thy
cunnies hole ♪ seeketh in the folds
of thy paradise thy lips hast
plundered the heart ♪ for thee cunt
a beggar art ♪ kohl'in al-deen dost
sigh the key to thy face lies hidden
no wisdom of man can unlock it but
♪ sigh may the sighs of thy
supplicant unlock it**

**Arise oh cunt rise and
bring thy cunts bowl to the
thirsting lips of ♪ the
fragrance of thy musky hole
o'er my body whole
caresses the flesh of ♪ for
the kiss of those petaled
lips the tears in the heart
of ♪ weep fromst the eyes
of ♪**

**Hear the cunt say "with
 cunt juice anoint thy lips
 and of thy lips dye" hear the
 cunt say " along thy lips
 let the cunt juice like dew
 lie"**

**Oh kohl'in al-deen thou
 who seekest an end to woe
 hold fast to those lips that
 like the sun glow and when
 to those lips thy desire
 attains the world too to the
 rubbish tip throw**

Unto the cunt the repressed did say
“ oh cunt thou art a shame unto us”
to which the cunt did laugh and
say “ that J be a shame unto thee
grieves not the heart of J but
hypocrites thou shame what
possesses the thoughts of thee my
name

Note that on the lips of J
blisses secret does lie oh come
hypocrite when thou feast on the
cunt of J thy tears and miseries
burn up and to paradise take thee
this dwelling- place of J “

**"Last night when all did sleep the
breeze did bring the musky scent of
the cunts hyacinth breath from
which delight did ♪ reap" oh cried
kohl'in al-deen**

**"where is the cunt my cup the
delight of the world
where is the cunt that be the throne
of paradise
where be the cunt that of my cheek
perfumes from its cunts curls
where be the cunt that gives this
seeker peace fromst the pain that in
♪ swirls Alas no answering
call to dry the tears of my lament
no one knoweth the cunts intent "**

**the cunt shall be thy
hostelry
within its perfumed lips the
suppliant shall find bliss
imbedded in this dwelling-
place paradise doth reside
within the folds wide its
cunny juice to drink the
cunts seeker in its dew
bejeweled lips shall seeth
himself mirrored and cry “
my quest not in vain within
these folds myself doth die”**

**Oh listen thee ♪ send thee
a song fromst a seeker me
crying "upon lifes road
seeketh thee cunts beauties
show least thee waste the
life of thee in those folded
lips will thee see mirrored
the face of thee rest from
misery will be the lot of
thee listen thee seize the
now not thee wait within
those lips lies felicity"**

**“Oh cunt” singeth kohl'in
al-deen “set my lips afire
with the juice from the hole
of thine within thy hole
saffron ringed reflected be
my hearts desire Oh cunt
to this wasted seeker give
me the pleasures that thee
can bring o'er my hapless
flesh breathe the breath of
thee oh cunt of bliss when
shalt thou vouchsafe to me
the sight of thee**

**Bring the cunt to the lips of ♪
within that porphyry bowl pink
rimed lined O the point of unity of
thou and ♪ oh cries kohl'in al-deen
from the tavern of thy cunt shall ♪
drink the cunny dew that is sweet
wine to me lips and into the folds
of the cunt shall slip the comforting
folds be the suffering seekers goal
the reward if thou reach then thy
pain hast not been in vain nor hast
thou not searched in vain**

**Oh breeze in the trees Oh lapwing
 that flies kohl'in al-deen cries "taketh
 thee to the cunt my sighs
 taketh thee my grief the desires of ♪"
 in the cunt the waters of paradise lie
 though the cunt be far or near ♪ cant
 divine "
 no resting place for ♪ in the cunts
 quest for ♪
 kohl'in al-deen cries kohl'in al-deen
 sighs
 the cunts hole like a dark mole
 though the idol of ♪ the secret of the
 cunt no one knoweth including ♪**

**All the gold all the riches in the
the world filleth not my craving
heart all dross I want no part my
idol have I to which I long and
pine mine is the bliss from one kiss
of the cunts pink fleshy lips mine is
the joy from the sight of the
aqueous hole shining bright like
burnish gold blisses untold from
the clasp of my lips to the cunts
pulpy flesh the scented perfume of
the cunts musky breath is enough
for I a wet cunt shining with
cunny dew decked lips that is
enough for I**

**From out of paradise bloweth a
 perfumed breeze that for this beggar
 of cunt does bringeth ease scent of
 the cunt doth o'er flow ♪ that
 drunketh be ♪ on the breath of
 that cunt that sendeth the scent to
 ♪ Oh kohl'in al-deen sighs giveth
 cunny dew to this wayfarer this
 slave of cunt hail the seeker of
 cunt for cunt is lifes meaning
 lifes questing end alike for all the
 cunt its lips does spread for all in
 its folds are warmed and fed a
 tavern in which the thirstys thirst
 is quickly fled**

**The cunt is flushed with red the
cunts folds hast burst into
spreading blooms on their sight
drunked art ♪ hail those who on
the cunts musky cunt dew doth
imbibe its sweet perfumed breath
oh behold the marvel the seeker
seeks behold the juice that satiates
the seekers parched thirst from
which for hours on hours he doth
not sleep Oh cries kohl'in al-deen
come all to the halting-station of
thy afflictions and thy woes for
mirth on earth the goal which
seeker seeks to give rebirth**

**One moment alive next moment
dead thus seek the cunt and ones
travails fled drink up the bliss of
the cunts sweet pouting fleshy flesh
before thy end in those beauteous
folds be the waters of life in those
beauteous folds be the dreams of
bliss untold so kohl'in al-deen does
cry he that seeks the end of lifes
woes bury thyself in the cunts
pulpy lips with pleasant hours
linger in those folds for more the
world can give not praise the cunt
harken to its face for in this
world of dross it be the only thing
worth thy lot**

**Bring the cunt to my lips bring the
cunt that ♪ may in its mole-like
hole drink up my fill bring the
cunts bowl that it can unlock the
knots of my hearts woes bring the
cunt that treasure trove of delight
Oh cries kohl'in al-deen oh weep
no more seeker of the cunt the goal
is as near as the thudding vein in
thy cheek oh pilgrim weep no more
for the cunt thee seek weep not the
cunts scent shall guide thee along
the path to it then the worlds
secrets shall be thine enfolded in
the cunts lips divine**

**Oh all the lost of the world if thou
 wouldst seekest rapturous joys
 seek meaning for thy lot on the
 seekers path thee trod and snatch to
 they lips the folds of the cunt in
 those spongy fleshy lips bite thy
 teeth and abandon all for the dewy
 mole-like hole within Oh cries
 kohl'in al-deen my counsel hear seek
 not thy joy in drugs that stupor
 brings for the cunt giveth greater
 bliss the sparkling hole delights thy
 sight the humid sweet scented
 breath charms thy flesh be drunk
 not on wine but on the cunts juicy
 dew from that cunt ambrosia seeps
 to wash o'er thee ecstasies bliss**

**Within the tavern of the cunt this
 sojourner on the seekers quest did find
 bliss in the wine of the cunts sweet
 dripping nectar hidden there within the
 cunts banquet-hall its repast filled the
 flesh of ♪ with jocularly ♪ do swear
 the cunt that goblet bowl did curl
 round those ruby lips the lips of ♪
 and bliss did find ♪ hidden there the
 long drawn tyranny of my grief
 dissolved in those folds Oh cries
 kohl'in al-deen in melodic sighs on the
 crimson blush along the cunts lips
 edge happiness lies oh those foolish
 who seek for todays pleasures which
 tomorrow dies lasting pleasures only
 in the cunt lies**

**Alas the cunt hast fled and left me
 naught but tears that o'er my cheeks
 spread oh drunk with desire ♪ did clutch
 the cunts folds and wrapped me up and
 in those lips that ♪ did find untold bliss
 alas the cunt hast fled and poured the
 wine of bitterness o'er ♪ unfurled those
 lips the cunt did from me ♪ it left with
 separations pain Oh cries kohl'in al-deen
 my heart bursts with sorrow and woe
 and tears weeping burn my cheeks cutting
 furrows deep oh kissing the lips of ♪
 then the cunt didst go knowing that ♪ its
 meanest slave wouldst fall into tears and
 woe but oh it didst know that ♪ for it
 wouldst long the more and seek for it the
 more it making the heart of ♪ o'erflow
 for it the more**

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