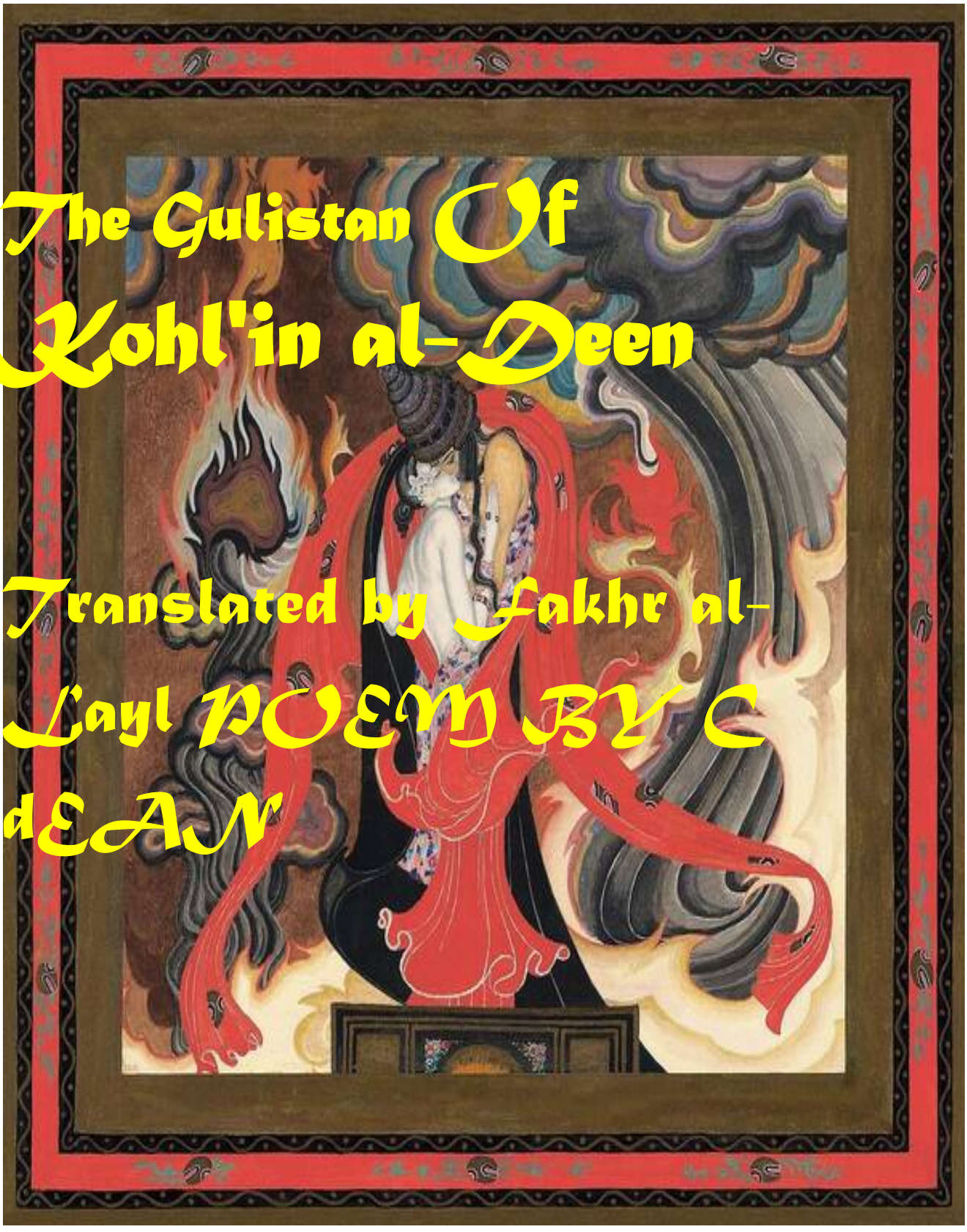


The Gulistan Of Kohl'in al-Deen

Translated by Fakhr al-Layl POEM BY C dEAN



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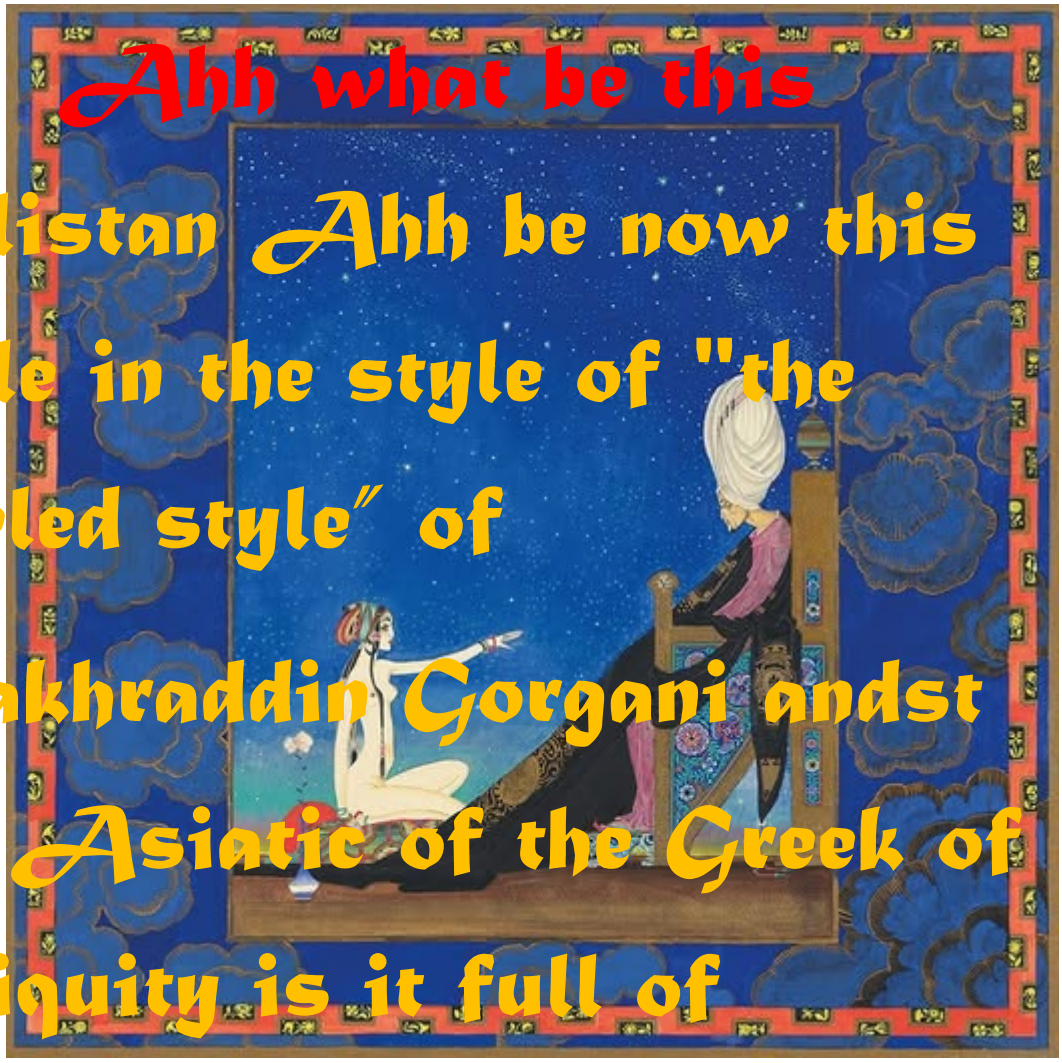
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PUBLISSERS INTRODUCTIO N



Ahh what be this Gulistan Ahh be now this style in the style of "the jewled style" of Fakhraddin Gorgani andst the Asiatic of the Greek of antiquity is it full of archetypes that unlock the

minde be this jewelled style
But a window into beyond
the painted veil doth the poet
maketh images more
extravagantly layered andst
to push the reciters towards
a visionary state in which
the boundaries between
natural objects precious
materials andst erotic bodies
begin to dissolve The
moonlit wilderness

The web

The glass dome

The eyes

Doth The wilderness
removes the dreamers fromst
ordinary life doth the web
give form to his entanglement
the dome creates a boundary
thee longs to cross doth the
eyes reverse the relationship
between subject andst object

Doth the reciters not merely understand the idea intellectually doth the succession of images makes the reciters experience its movement to live a visionary experience inst which ordinary perception be inadequate to make the reciters minde keep exceeding the forms in which the minde attempts to contain it

PREFACE

Ahh dearest recieter doth thee doth like "the jewelled style"with gems studded splendid domes of fires brilliant light incandescent violet languorous flakes sugar onst thy tongues taste set pieces for their own sake about not sentiment But sentiments elaborations where the story be But only for the elaboration of wonderous sights to taste to hear for thy sight studded jewels strung onst moons light fibres where thee doth onst lush moonlight-and-perfume sights to blush to deliquesce

Wayfarer Wanderer doth thee tiptoe onst lighted jewels doth thee taste of moonlight-perfumes see sights that doth kiss thy ears with sweet tone along the road thee doth wander Wayfarer not to stop onst thy journey thru Hind andst Chin Sina Nubia Isfahan where be thy whim doth blow hurrying along no time to prolong passing fromst place to place a tiptoe onst coloured glass inst lifes race with naught inst front andst naught behind what doth thee seek Wayfarer inst the webs of the world to finde

Ahh doth J see the 10th night before mine sight mine minde inst the night this caravan of dreams ′neath the firmaments canopy a violent dome of silver fire the moon flakes of light lit the pearls andst jewels the necklace of the bull dazzling brilliant light lights the night Tishtar that God of rain the night incandescent white whorls spirals whirl drunken the blazing stars onst fire that like incarnadine hair round the face of the moon sapphire canopy the velvet night of the sky breathes rippling moon light to mine sight o′er dunes silver crested frozen sea of

light J see pours moon milk-white light the caravan of dreams thru the wilderness silence all seems ′neath the infinity of the vault of pearls andst jewels thru the wilderness starlight fires splendorous star rivers flowing glowing Ahhh thenst the air doth tremble a haze of light redder thanst a ghouls hair doth rise to mine eyes across the dunes spreading ast smoke fromst some furnace spreading a burning breath that doth kiss mine lips mine flesh mine breath with the perfumes of jasmine rose andst nard andst musk to burn mine flesh the moon J swoon

deep purpling reddish hues hide the moon the simoon spiralling sand whorls of tinted flecks of silver curls around mine flesh the moon Ohh the moon a copper disk behide the veil of dust disappear the dunes all swallowed by the dust like rust the heat doth scorch mine flesh whenst doth J see Ohh J see those Peris of scented flesh breathing hot kisses onst the breath to the flesh the lips of J perfumed breaths heated fromst Ohh fromst the lips of the shes twixt thighs where lies those lips ′neath lies those lips spread ′neath hairs sparkling tips of

speckling fired tips the crystal breasts pink blossomed tips ′neath cloth of moonbeams rippling light bright to mine sight violet cheeks pomegranate breasts the scent of jasmine teeth pearls of white where their breaths take flight those lips spread ripe fruit scented flesh onst the heated air to burn to scorch mine flesh hot heavy the zephyrs airs that flows fromst ′neath those hairs humid hot moisty that Ahh awakes mine flesh to burn hot heated fires Ahh Ahh looketh the wolf-tail begins to wag andst the veil of crimson to rise clouding mine eyes

mine minde to sleep to dream till Ahh doth J see the 11th night before mine sight mine minde´neath Parvīn the necklace of pearls andst jewels that surround the moons face like lit tresses incandescent flakes that drip light o´er the sands gilded tips ast a silver dress banishing darkness within the wastelands inhabited with Afārīt andst Jinn inst the silence of the wasteland ast the surface of the still sea we didst to flow the caravan of dreams lit by the moons silver light uponst a sea of sand where doth to flow moon-bright canals of moon beams a 1001 rivers

of light the earth bathed inst silver spread purpling shadows a 1001 wandering streams flickering fires white lit gems ast if melted jewels runs o′er the glittering sands a sea of streams rivulets pools bathed inst moonbeams But to see a dome a shining cloud of moonlight glass-like shining threads weaving Warps andst Wefts of spider webs like filled with fire like a shroud of light the dome a cloud of dew lit bright of glass of appearance that doth ast if a breath wouldst to shatter it didst see J writ inst Avestan script inst light o′er the cloud of glass-like to see ′neath the dazzelment of the moon

AHH WAYFARERS WANDERERS CAUGHT INST THE WEBS OF THE WORLD

WITH THY SPIDER THREADS OF DESIRES CAUGHT INST A WHORL

OH OFFSPRINGS OF HUMAN KINDE WHAT DOTH THEE SEEK

OH OFFSPRINGS OF HUMAN KINDE WHAT DOTH THEE WITHIN THE WEB TO FINDE

OHH ENTER FROMST FRONT OR BEHIND ANDST OF WHAT THEE DOTH FINDE TO SPEAK

Ahh Ahh looketh the wolf-tail begins to wag andst the veil of crimson to rise clouding mine eyes mine minde to sleep to dream till Ahh doth J see the 12th night before mine sight mine minde to see the cloud of glass-light where doth fromst the perfumed sands doth to waft about mine flesh the scent of Babylon doth to evoke dreams of enchanted flesh that doth not to starve mine lips But to heat with hot blisss the blood that doth rush ast doth to flow the waters of Damascus to to feed mine growing flesh ast the myrtles andst roses of

Samarkand andst Bukhara like wine to drunkedness mine minde fed onst moonlight ′neath the pastured gleams of pearls andst jewels aflame engulfs the cloud of glass-like moonbeams to see Ohh to see within the dome columns of gold porphyry inlaid with gems that glow marbles coloured enamelled pinks andst yellows onst amethysts floors lay Peris inst lights of fire lit mounds of flesh full of sweet wine to drip fromst those roses engulphed in fire that burn with desires those cups of flesh formed fromst the foams of moonbeams glittering pearls dew

mingled with nard andst myrrh lips of roses that flitter twirl like waves twixt the thighs of all these virgin girls bright gardens of flesh spring paradise so nice inst the light moistening wings ast fans of flesh scented layed about the floors where fromst didst to lead a multitude of passages thru marble transparent halls draped inst silks andst gold threads of cloths of brocade of all shades of shadows to glow onst the walls of carved moonbeams filtering thru didst J to go andst Ohh andst Ohh to see to see Peris carved ast ivory onst carpets coloured inst

splendour But Ohh Ohh those shes Ohh that stood unblinking just staring with eyes of topaz diamond eyes of ruby of emeralds sapphires eyes of turquoises all flitter thru shining silver white-andst green filtered bright eyes of pearls to stare unblinking at the eyes of J Ohh J

My eyes fly

Moths onst wing to those eyes

My fleshes prize

My eyes the food of those eyes

Nay Nay my eyes be the prize of those eyes that drink mine flesh andst suck mine breath to J expire

Uponst carpets lay multi-coloured agates heaped gems a fire crystal cups mounds andst heaps of precious stones of golds andst silver tints fair silks dressed with pearls andst jewels Ahh blooms of odours plumes fabrics vases of rubies to see Ahh Yet birds of forests nightingales doves parrots all with enamelled wings diamond eyes feathers of flickering fires tipped light flies the all Ohh all frozen inst flight beauteous lines that Ohh that Ohh climb o'er that she languid she onst bed of perfumed foam of light crowned inst gold haloed bright

'neath canopy of froth mist of amethyst the hair of she hyacinth the face of she eglantine the lips of she garnets the cheeks of she anemones where 'neath around that shes neck lay pearls colouring that neck of she 'neath breasts of jasmine flesh of milk teeth of pearls lips red ast pomegranate seeds Ohh fromst those lips of honey didst she beckoned me

Ahh Ahh looketh the wolf-tail begins to wag andst the veil of crimson to rise clouding mine eyes mine minde to sleep to dream till Ahh doth J see the 13th night before mine sight mine minde