

The face of God

spiritual verses

of

Kohl'in Al-Deen

from

**the kitab al-kis of kus bint wisal
translated**

by

Zib ibn Kis

poems by c dean

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Translators forward

How are we to access this work of
Kohl'in Al-Deen
 Is he a mystic or a reprobate does
 his poems convey mystical meanings
 couched in symbolism metaphor
 allusions and picturesque images
 or is his poetry nothing but porn
 perfumed by florid poetry to be sure
 his imagery is nothing like that used
 by classic Sufis like Hafiz or Rumi
 are we to assume that *Kohl'in Al-*
Deen images of "cunny juice" are to
 be equated with say Hafiz images of
 "wine"
 are we to assume that *Kohl'in Al-*
Deen images of the "cunt" are to be

equated with the "beauty" of *Haiz*
 which is a metaphor for the divine
 perfection are we to assume that
Kohl'in Al-Deen images of "cunny
 hair" are to be equated with the
 expansion of "Gods glory" are we to
 assume that *Kohl'in Al-Deen*
 images of "down on the cunt lips" are
 to be equated with the spirits that
 encircle Gods throne are we to assume
 that *Kohl'in Al-Deen* images of
 "cunny juice" are to be equated with
 "wine" as a metaphor for the spirit of
 divine knowledge are we to assume
 that *Kohl'in Al-Deen* images of the
 "cunt hole" is to be equated with the
 "dark mole" the point of indivisible
 unity are we to assume that the

language and general narrative of
Kohl'in Al-Deen is a vague but
 coded message in a clever story of
 mystical significance
 or is *Kohl'in Al-Deen* poem nothing
 but porn clocked in the language of
 mysticism on these questions it must
 be up to the reader to decide each may
 have a different view as in the case of
 Saiz and Omar Khayyam many like
 John Payne do not see a mystic
 others like Jami in the case of hafiz
 see an eminent Sufi what can be
 stated is that if *Kohl'in Al-Deen*
 is a mystic then his use of sexual
 motifs creates the very thing that the
 classic Sufis tried to achieve with
 their language of wine and the tavern

**etc namely to catapult the orthodox
into a different understanding to
break free of conventional realities by
creating a shock in the orthodox
Moselem who would see these
motifs as heretical blasphemous and
disgusting here Kohl'in Al-Deen
likewise can create disgust in the
orthodox conservative sexually
repressed reader in order to catapult
them likewise into a different reality
by breaking free of their habitual
thinkings and standard conservative
realities if only to point out to the
sexual repressed that the "cunt" – a
word which creates extreme reactions
–is a very beautiful thing**

Preface

**That face that brings delight
that face we long to gaze upon
that face we long to ours eyes to feast
on**

**oh the beloveds face that face we love
that face we desire
that face our idol
that face we worship with
unquenchable fire**

**oh give us that face give us that face
the worshiper cries sighs longs for
pines for with unremitting pangs of
desire
give us that face that face of our God**

Lift thy face unto me unveil thy face
 let me see
 pull back the panty cloth that covers
 the face of thee
 pull back the 70 thousand veils that
 hide thy face from me
 Kohl'in Al-Deen does cry
 Kohl'in Al-Deen does sigh
 raise this man from the dead look
 upon I with the face of thine as the
 cloud like snow recede to uncover the
 suns bright light to shine
 Oh thee reveal thy face to me
 Oh beloved seeing thee is longing me
 to see thee I am longing me
 Heart thuds beats fast in me
 Oh I complain I moan beloved show
 thy face to me

**Let me look upon the face of thee
 let me see the thy faces majesty
 pull back the veil of thy panty cloth
 let me in rapturous overabundant
 joy gaze upon the exquisite face of
 thee**

**Kohl'in Al-Deen does cry
 Kohl'in Al-Deen does sigh
 The tears flow down the heated
 cheeks of ♀ to nourish the rose
 to tear my flesh with the tears of ♀
 that tear the humid scented air
 my melting heart o'er flows fromst
 the eyes of ♀
 heated fromst the flaring flames of
 my love for thee**

Oh come and let upon thy face
 gaze the eyes of ۞
 oh come and let thy face touch the
 eyes of ۞
 oh come and ease the sore heart of ۞
 oh come and give me thy face that it
 would set aflame the flesh of ۞
 Kohl'in Al-Deen does cry
 Kohl'in Al-Deen does sigh
 Why dost thee withhold the face
 of thine from ۞
 why dost thee ignore the tears that
 scorch the face of ۞
 oh vouchsafe to ۞ thy face and
 burn up the heart sorrows from ۞

Thy face do give to quell this pounding
 heart of ٧
 thy face do give to quench the fires of the
 desires of ٧
 thy face to looketh upon ٧ art the goal of
 ٧
 pour down upon this quivering flesh of ٧
 the face of thine
 Kohl'in Al-Deen does cry
 Kohl'in Al-Deen does sigh
 Oh let thy look surge thru the veins of my
 pulpy flesh
 let me rise up from prostration erect
 turgid looking upon thy face sunlit bright
 Oh give to me thy face such that ٧ shall
 break free of my imprisoning flesh and thy
 look burn up the scolding tears that tears
 my burning cheeks
 Give to me thy face that brings light to the
 dark night of the soul of ٧

Oh the veils lift the panty cloth pulled
 back
 scent of musk and basil waft across the
 face of ♪
 scent of a thousand spring meadows kiss
 with soft caress the soft cheeks of ♪
 perfume sweet kisses the mouth of ♪ that
 mouth that for thy face did sigh
 Kohl'in Al-Deen does cry
 Kohl'in Al-Deen does sigh
 Thy face unconcealed reveals itself to ♪
 ah that face becomes clear thy face draws
 to ♪ near
 my pounding heart thuds fast as ♪ cease
 not from my desire for thee
 this mouth this flesh seeks for longs for
 the luxuriant radiance of that face brighter
 than a thousand suns more beautiful than a
 thousand roses with red flushed glow

Ah the cloth falls away
 ah what overabundant beauty
 what plentitude of exquisite loveliness
 what overplus of gorgeousness
 what infinitude of resplendent awe-inspiring
 magnificence
 I quake I shake the flesh of I trembles with
 rippling spasms of rapturous delight
 Kohl'in Al-Deen does cry
 Kohl'in Al-Deen does sigh
 I gaze I quiver I in blank wondrous
 stuporous astonishment blank dizziness at the
 majestic daunting awfulness of this dazzling
 beatitude
 the eyes of I gleam at this face like the fire
 of a thousand suns
 behold I in ecstatic wonderment this face
 clothed round in a brilliant radiance an aura of
 gleaming immeasurable light
 oh behold I in all of its awinspiring delight
 the cunt

Oh as the veils panty cloth white from the
 face of thee lift like clouds like fluffy snow
 lifts from off the moons glowing face ♪ sigh
 at the beauty of thee that cunt bright like the
 moon in night of white frost around thy puffy
 lips dew decked like girdled with pearls
 glittering bubbles of light bright
 Kohl'in Al-Deen does cry
 Kohl'in Al-Deen does sigh
 In rapture bursting passions o'er the flesh of
 ♪ fly

Oh those lips sugar syrupy sweet flushed
 with radiant red along the lips edge spread
 their beauty be more beauteous than the moon
 in brightness
 more diaphanous than fairy wings in lightness
 oh those lips sugary sweet balm to the eyes of
 ♪

oh let those pouting lips my lips to meet
 and in the enrapturing witchery of that face
 fresh flushed like a flowery bloom in
 moonlight may ♪ find bliss

Oh the beloved cunt pours down its
 beauty in radiant light
 such that the waterlilies of my lips upon it
 drink and the eyes oh hyacinth of ♀
 ravenous suck in its sight
 its light spreads o'er my flesh to burst
 into bubbles of delight along the limb of ♀
 to multiply into spasms rippling wave-like
 Kohl'in Al-Deen does cry
 Kohl'in Al-Deen does sigh
 Thy faces light burns up the dark night
 of the soul of ♀
 my ruby tinted lips sing to thee my rhyme
 that thou blossomest for my sight
 joy bursts like rose-buds in my heart
 this nightingale thy looks enrapture into
 song to sing thee rhapsodies of
 rapturousness that we n'er part

Oh those puffy lips beauteous and bright
out shines the moons refulgent light
in those soft pouting lips sweet blisses
dwell
sweeter than in all the honey bees honey-
cells
thy lips pulpy I long to kiss
on thy lips is dew that I long to lick
Kohl'in Al-Deen **does cry**
Kohl'in Al-Deen **does sigh**
Oh this pilgrim sings his suppliant song
I see the glow of thy pink hued lips
and it filleth the heart of I with hearts
desire
let not be checked this joy thy face
lavishes on I

Cunny hair around the cunt with those
lips of crimson fire
curled like hyacinth curls tresses
flecked with light luculent lustrous like
shimmering silk to cloak the cunt as
night cloaks the moons brilliant silvery
face
to fall around the cunt like dark
clusters of grapes
Kohl'in Al-Deen does cry
Kohl'in Al-Deen does sigh
Behold this marvel of beauties
sublimity
behold this marvel of beauteous
ecstasy
Oh that I could look upon this
wonderment for eternity

Oh the cunny hole from which do cometh
 all humanity
 did gleam with brilliancy
 that aqueous hole dark mole-like that
 point of indivisible unity O which from
 thee cometh wee
 flashed darts of light to kiss the eyes of

♪

Kohl'in Al-Deen does cry
 Kohl'in Al-Deen does sigh
 Oh come and kiss my lips with those
 spongy lips that spread like butterfly
 wings translucent in the light
 Oh come and press those lips like
 pouting petals of some tropic bloom to the
 lips of ♪

Oh come and rub those soft lips across
 the cheeks of ♪ that ♪ may in bliss do
 die

Oh the down on the cunt lips flushed
 pink shimmers bright
 as cunny juice drips like frozen light
 to run down crimson slit to quiver on lips
 like sparkling gems saliva-like
 Kohl'in Al-Deen does cry
 Kohl'in Al-Deen does sigh
 Rise up that goblet to my lips that of
 that manna saliva-like ♪ may sip and in
 drunkenness reel in intoxications bliss
 oh let the Sufis thirst for wine
 let them seek but do not find
 while ♪ on this cunny juice reach the
 divine
 in this juice in these musky waters
 saliva-like maketh ♪ the ablutions of
 mine

Rise up oh cunt rise up and of thy face
let me worship the idol of mine
rise up rise up thy face the moon
outshines
rise up rise up and let me breathe in
the perfumes of thy lips
let me inhale that scented breath from
that face more soft than flower petal
more bright than midsummer moon
Kohl'in Al-Deen does cry
Kohl'in Al-Deen does sigh
Bring those lips two too to the face
of ♀
that in their waters gleaming the face
of ♀ do see ♀
from thee cometh we
in thee in everything do we see

Ah the veils close the panty cloth
 pulled back the brilliant light recedes
 the face from me
 Sorrow despoils my pining heart my
 heart bursts and blood wells up to
 gush as tears from my weeping eyes
 to drip to the earth to burst into
 iridescent red roses blooms
 Kohl'in Al-Deen does cry
 Kohl'in Al-Deen does sigh
 Oh this nightingale sings a mournful
 tune
 woe is woe is me woe is me
 oh forlorn saddening now now thy
 face hidden from √ no more can joy
 come unto √

Oh the flowers scent dost not delight
the moons light bright dost not give
respice
the nightingales songs to the rose
leaves me in my plight
my thirsty eyes grave for thy sight
oh separation from thee burns my heart
Kohl'in Al-Deen **does cry**
Kohl'in Al-Deen **does sigh**
The limbs of √ quake
the flesh of √ trembles
the mind of √ uneasy is
the soul of √ in dread doth languish
the soul of √ but one long sigh of pain
for the face of thine

Oh I longingly yearn for thy face
 again to reveal itself to I
 my being aches
 oh one glance would intoxicate I
 oh one heartless beloved art thou to
 give thy face then to away take
 thy indifference pains my soul in deep
 anguish lay languid I
 my candle flame has been lit by the face
 of thine
 to be burnt instantly again I pine
 Kohl'in Al-Deen does cry
 Kohl'in Al-Deen does sigh
 Oh beloved this seeker I longs to
 crawl back into thee
 to return thru that hole O of thine back
 into thee this seeker I yearns aches to
 be reunited in annihilation in thee

I cry my sorrows I cry my
 laments
 my sighs waft like smoke to the
 azure firmament
 my tears drop crystal balls of heated
 light
 in perditions hell without thy sight
 Kohl'in Al-Deen does cry
 Kohl'in Al-Deen does sigh
 I do faintly hear
 It answers me "this perdition living
 is thy longing love for I sigh it
 not once but times many "
 cry I separation doth increase my
 longing
 which be the test of my beloved
 longing

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