

al-kis

**from the
mujuniyyat
of**

kohl'in al-deen

translated by

sirr

ibn a-l Qutb

ibn al-Mmurshid

ibn an-Nafs al-Mutma'innah

ibn al-Ahadiyah

ibn al-Ma'rifah

ibn al-Mudhakkarah

poem by c dean

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Translators forward

Kohl'in al-deen be a true rend his poem be a kharabat as seen in his poem Kohl'in al-deen is a true sufi an al-'arif who has rent the veil al-hijab whose soul has been liquefied congealed fused then crystallized in the alchemical process of spiritual concentration whose spiritual state was brought about by the reciprocal action of his hearts predisposition al-istidad and the divine irradiation at-tajalli such that through the principle of Dhat al-Athl he became the essence of the beloved adh-Dhat and himself disappeared to arrive at al-fana the union with the beloved

Preface

To long to hope to pine to be in
 agonies o'er girlies twats to see to
 be for eternity in agonies in woes in
 torments o'er girlies twats to see
 oh that longing be the measure of
 the desires of thee for the cunnies
 of the girlies one sees the agonies
 of thee be the sign of the depth of
 thy love for what thee longs for to
 see thy grief increases the agony
 never ceases in the fires of
 desires burns up thy ♪ snuff out
 thy ♪ entire and the agony ceases

From the mouth of ♪ ♪
spread pearls shimmering
iridescent words opium
tinted words to intoxicate
thee that in the dream-land
of my poppy words thee
will all the thoughts of ♪
do see
♪ write the words of ♪ on
the hashish scented air on
the lights warp gleaming
with incandescent drops

**of musk aloes and nard
scents**

**♪ weave the opium tinted
words of ♪**

**that in the dream-land of
my poppy words thee will
all the thoughts of ♪ do see
at the girlies ♪ look ♪ sigh
at their luculent flesh
at the sweet lines of their
flowing dress
at the curved lines of their
hips breasts and all the rest**

**∩ see the slow march of
their feet
∩ smell the odors that from
their cunts do seep
∩ lay and look at all the
girlies in the street and
with the opium tinted
words of ∩ ∩ weave on
the warp of light a dream-
land that my poppy words
thee will all the thoughts of
∩ do see**

♪ a rogue reprobate
 reveler profligate lolling
 languid lying lying not ♪ ♪
 sigh my woes in this desert
 as 'neath my window in
 the inn teeming hordes of
 girlies more beauteous than
 Chigal maids flow
 Oh ♪ woe
 Girlies maidens women ebb
 and go as ♪ long for their
 cunts to me to show

**their cunts the candle
 flame for the moth which
 art ♪
 the moth which to its death
 would go ♪ with jubilant
 sigh
 Oh those
 Dew-drooping rose-petal-
 like lips
 with the delicate grace of
 swaying violet tips
 with the fragrance of
 hyacinth-blossoms that**

**float o'er limpid waters
pale-blue in twilight light
'neath full moon bright
with the sublime serenity of
the tulip that wavers its
woes on the whispering
breeze
with the narcissus eye
hiding twixt those pulpy
pinkish divine fleshy folds
Oh those
Cunts breath ruffles the
leaves wavers the leaves**

**blows o'er the lakes and
seas rippling the wavelets
into shimmering ribbons of
glimmering infinities**

**Oh those
Cunts within their folds
liquid gold flows from their
Kauther and Salsabil
liquid gold flows to stain
the cloth white that bulges
'neath those puffy lips
swollen that does the
panty cloth strain and o'er**

the cloth white odoriferous
wet spots glow
Oh those
Lips surrounding those
moon-like faces enclosed by
musk-hyacinth curls
beautifies those cunts
faces like the moon full
brilliant beautifies the star
laced night
Oh those
Cunts lips shimmering like
coral red that shimmering

flesh be the *Pleiades*
 whose soft silken down be
 like golden mist through
 which the pinkish flesh be
 seen

Oh those
Sycinth curls see round
 the deep holes dark mole-
 like twixt those girlies
 cunny lips smell the
 ambergris round those rose-
 bud-beds

**See In their panties there
 their hair hyacinth scented
 oh sigh I imagining them
 letting down panties white
 that the cunny hair flows
 and all the worlds hearts
 in flames ignite**

**Oh those
 Caskets of divine wine
 around surrounded by those
 twin cornelian lips those
 narcissuses eyes that cut
 the heart of I like scimitar**

**blades those black houri
eyes whose murderous
glances deal death of my ♪
those sweet lips smiling
quiet quite mischievous**

**Oh those
Sugar syrupy ruby-red lips
that glint streams of
luculent light like splinters
of frozen fire**

**Those faces of pulpy flesh
with splendorous beauty
shining those lips with**

**beads of cunny dew like
pearls of frozen light
glistening round the pulpy
flesh like necklaces of
beaming diamonds bright
Oh those cunnies pulpy
cheeks with the odors of
tulips violets and lilies
sweet
do the blood in my veins do
heat
See the luster of those
faces more refulgent of**

light than the glow in love
sick virgins eyes
Oh oh again again o'er
those fleshy lips ♪ grieve
♪ long ♪ pine oh o'er those
pulpy mounds of swollen
flesh ♪ moan those fleshes
dewy folds do to the eyes
of ♪ bring heated tears of
blood oh those bloodthirsty
narcissuses eyes of those
girlies cunnies do to ♪ keep
weeping the eyes of ♪ my

**tears tears the cheeks flesh
of ♪ oh oh release my soul
from this passion of ♪
release this soul in torment
for the folds of those
girlies tight twats keep me
seeking in those folds for
my love sick remedy
oh oh the desire of those
pulpy mounds ♪ will not
relent if burned in hell the
desire for those fleshy
folds abandon not will ♪**

of my longing refrain

refrain not ♪

**Oh my soul be crushed by
 this passion of ♪ at the
 cruelty of those girlies
 beauteous oh for one
 embrace for one look at
 those cunnies face one look
 such that my ♪ be left dead
 one look in that look be
 the ecstasy of Jam
 the bliss of al-fana**

the beatitude of *Dhat al-*
Athal

Oh that in those folds in
 those watery holes that *J*
 could the cup of *Jamshid*
 find and from those watery
 founts drink up that liquid
 froth through the fleshy lips
 of *J* and of that cunny
 wine drunkard intoxicate be
 oh that *Khidr* the afraid
 wouldst guide me to those
 mounds of pulpy flesh and

of this agony of flesh
 appease the pains of ♪ oh
 those heartless ones of me
 no pity show as the blood
 from the heart of ♪ through
 the eyes of ♪ flow
 The desires in ♪ burst into
 flames along the limbs of ♪
 yet these heartless ones
 deny ♪ that which wouldst
 the agonies of ♪ release
 Oh full of grieving for
 those folds art ♪ full of

**sufferings art ♪ that wont
relent those enchanting
fleshy folds no peace to ♪
do bring
in submission ♪ cry
in submission ♪ sigh out
my woes out my pain
at those puckered folds
at those black Abyssinian
curls
at those dark moles
at those lips like eyebrows
that frown all causing the**

**cries of ♪ oh that ♪ might
die before ♪ see those lips
before ♪ taste drink up the
sight of those miracles of
moulded flesh
those lips be my muse that
♪ muse upon
those lips be the genius of
my song
those lips two too to my
sight do bring**

**I call I call one look let
me see let me see but those
girlies do not listen to me
the fires of agony do at
the separation from those
folds do burn me scorch the
flesh of I do sear the
limbs of I the crying of
separation does throw
burning sighs in the air
into the air higher than the
sky my sighs fly yet no
girly here hears my cry**

**hears my tormented sighs
my bloody tears drop like
glimmering light to exfoliate
up into roses ruby red into
the whole world ♪ sigh at
the separation from the lips
of those girlies that pass
me by oh girlies let me look
dont make me wait even
though the flesh of ♪ does
with agonies quake this
desire of ♪ ♪ wouldst not
give up even though for**

**eternity these sorrows of ♪
would not relent this desire
for those folds ♪ wouldst
not give up oh oh ♪ sigh ♪
cry girlies don't make me
wait thee throw o'er me
inflicting pains torments
that with only a kiss a look
from those lips this pain
would then relent
with one look only with
union then wouldst be thee
and me oh oh kohl'in al-deen**

**this pain be that which
heals thy longing heart
heals thy throbbing flesh in
this pain be the salvation of
thy ♪ the more thee longs
the more tormenting pains
the stronger be the desire of
thee oh kohl'in al-deen
though from what thee
desire thee be consumed in
the pains of hell for eternity
thee still will have the hope**

**the joy of those cunny pulpy folds
to see
thee will have the hope to kiss
those girlies cunny lips and taste
the waters of everlasting life in
those limpid pools of frozen light to
taste the wine of love from those
holes that froth and o'er panties
white stain with opalline wet spots
though tied tied by my desires
passions to those fleshy pulpy
folds my desires ♪ wont expire
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