

glorification of Human Beauty and Human Might occupies an important place in his poetry. His verses inspire such spiritual feelings as Love, Knowledge, Devotion and Faith.

POETRY

1. Ghazals

Ghazals

Framed by its dusky locks, your face my heart ensnares;
I burn with passion's hopes, its yearnings and despairs.

Of my eyes that glow like stars I am the helpless prey -
Torment me, sweet one, not thus cruelly ere you slay.

But rarely to the end the cup of bliss is drained;
Yet think what pain is mine who is by you disdained.

Count not your beads, I beg, hide not in prayer from me;
A lover is no bird to cage thus mercilessly.

Your beauty night and day I praise in sheer delight.
If I desist, o Lord, turn not my day to night!

You promised I might drink of Eden's gushing spring -
To me not wine - a cup filled with its waters bring.

While you repel my love, there is no peace for me.
Spurn not, o houri mine, your faithful Nasimi!

* * *

At love's most sumptuous feast was I with love made drunk -
Is not this why to me besotted seems the monk?

Of love I took a draught, I worship at its shrine;
Think not, a pious one, that I am drunk with wine.

Love leaves me dazed and sick, I stagger, overcome,
Whene'er to its embrace, enchanted, I succumb.

I am a drunkard, aye, but wine to me seems weak;
Upon the couch of love sweet solace do I seek.

When man, by Nature's will, did first appear on earth
A dram of love did he receive from her at birth.

Wind, water, fire and flame, the world is drunk with love,
The devil and the ghost, the serpent and the dove.

The earth, and heaven too, this would I say on oath,

So trust my words, I pray, are sots and drunkards both.

The sky reels drunkenly; the stars, half-swooning, wink -
Of love's sweet-scented wine a cupful did they drink.

And so in paradise did Eve, and Adam too,
Men, angels, houris, sprites, the faithless and the true;

Kings, prophets, holy men, Mukhtar and Suleiman,
And Noah of the Ark, and Jesus - everyone;

The Shah Mardan, Kerrar, the heathen, the devout,
Those who are firm of faith and also those who doubt;

Apostles, saints and seers, the scorned and the extolled,
The sages and the fools, the young, the very old.

The zealous Mufti claims his share in open glee;
The Ghadi holy one in the revelry.

The tavern-keeper drinks, the tavern haunter too,
The dervish and the priest wax maudlin o'er the brew.

The infidels, the giaours partake of love with zest;
All lovers are alike, none differ from the rest.

The outcast Angel drinks who waits at Heaven's door;
The mystic tries a sip and, thirsting, calls for more.

Love's fumes are wondrous strong, and though the cup be small,
He who doth fill it full, may reel and, stumbling, fall.

A drop will make one faint, one's limbs to wax 'twill turn,
With passion's melting fire one's heart 'twill sear and burn.

The voices in the inn are hoarse and shrill with wine;
The flute and tambourine, carousing, moan and whine.

There is a city where love reigns and lovers dwell;
Come, knock upon its gate, and enter for a spell.

No man who there abides, the morning sober meets:
The city walls are drunk, the market-place, the streets.

Alone the drunkards leave upon this earth a trace.
Mansour was right, for love doth all of life embrace.

Our hearts reflect the glow upon mount Sinai;
We who are drunk with love can happy live and die.

The Universe is drunk, for drunk 'tis meant to be -
Thus holds the keeper of both time and destiny.

The sun itself is drunk, else would it give no light;
'Tis clear to Nasimi, no veil obscures his sight.

The secret has he probed of love's mad drunkenness,
And now in flaming words his knowledge doth confess.

* * *

Two worlds within me fit, side by side,
Yet narrow is for me this world where I abide.

The heavens and the earth within me are confined
But what I am ill in words can be defined.

From nature I derive, of her I am a part,
And when of me you speak from this do not depart.

Conjectures lead astray, to guess is but to err;
Be guided by the truth and put your trust in her.

Part form and content not if you would have me whole:
I am the body, aye, but too I am the soul.

No treasure-house contains the riches that are mine,
The pearls, the precious stones, the silks of rare design.

Great, shining, wondrous gems within me lie concealed.
So heavy are my crops that none can count the yield.

Man is my lofty name. I am Mount Sinai,
Life and eternity, the world, the boundless sky.

I am the universe, the spirit, and the dream,
The banks I overflow of time's unending stream.

The stars, the silent orbs, and fate are part of me.
Be mute. No tongue can paint my image truthfully.

I am the golden Sun whose glory never wanes;
Describe me not in words, for I will burst their chains.

I am a man of weight to whom respect is due;
I am a sweet too hard for children's teeth to chew.

I give off sparks like flint, I can be set aflame,
Yet fire cannot devour this that to be I claim.

I am a fount of love; life I beget and mould,
But there is more to me than life's short span can hold.

Both youth and age am I in all their riches decked;
My treasures are too great for mirrors to reflect.

Though famed is Nasimi and noble is his name,

Yet is the man in him far greater than his fame.

* * *

Need I my throne, need I my crown, my lands and castles, tell
me, love,
Need I the heart within my breast if you and I be parted love.

You are the fever that consumes - I waste away beside you, love.
You are the balm that heals my wounds - I live anew beside you,
love.

Love is a joy, a priceless gem - no Moslem dares deny it, love.
What need have I of life itself if you and I be parted, love?
I offered vows, I sent up prayers, I knelt before my Maker, love.

But if my dreams go up in smoke, then truly prayers are futile,
love.
My love is dead - what use to weep, what use to mourn, Nasimi?
If love is dead, and I can live, then tears are vain, O Nasimi!

* * *

The sweetness of reunion will he know and bless
Whose heart was cruelly wrung by parting's bitterness.

He only who did see the moon by arrows rent
Will watch it rise anew in joy and wonderment.

The nectar of your lips he who has tasted not
Is doomed to die of thirst and share a beggar's lot.

To touch that mole of yours, I would give up my sight;
The fool who scorns my choice exists bereft of light.

Beside you precious stones are naught but clods of earth;
He will deprive himself who would deny your worth.

You are a cypress, aye, but not a full-grown tree;
A sapling's grace is yours, its tender modesty.

The sun obscures the moon, so dazzling are its rays;
But you defeat the sun - your beauty dims its blaze.

O doff these silks, I pray - your loveliness they mar:
They fade, and you remain a never-fading star.

Ghazals

I take the Merciful One? **s shape, the Merciful I am.**

The Spirit Absolute, the word of God and the Koran.

I was the one who told the secret of the burning hills
I was the bright fire? **s Abraham. I? m Moses and**
Imran.

I? **m Jesus, Alexander and the water that gives life.**
It? **s immortality I have, the source of life I am.**

I am the sea, its coast I am. I am the shell and the
pearl.
A pearl not only of the sea? **the ocean? s pearl I am.**

I? **m thought and beauty. I am attributes. I am desire.**
I am the portrait, and the lover charmed by it I am.

I am the balm and doctor, the recovery and pain.
The sufferer the relief of suffering I am.

I am the Holy Book, its letters, he to whom God spoke.
The word, the one who spoke it and the argument I
am.

The bearer of the cup I am, the wineseller, the drunk.
The spring of Heaven, the winepurer, the wine and
cup I am.

I am much-repeated prayer. I am hypocrisy.
I am the one-God faith and of that the flame I am.

I am the Joy-provider, the All-merciful, the Wise.
Beatitude, Eternity and Paradise I am.

Know God, acknowledge him, Nesimi! You are
mankind? **s son**
And I am he who did receive from God the name of
man.

* * *

Both worlds within my compass come, but this world
cannot compass me.
An omnipresent pearl I am and both worlds cannot
compass me.

Because in me both earth and heaven and Creation? **s**
? **BE!**? were found,
Be silent! For there is no commentary can encompass

me.

Through doubt and surmise no one came to be a friend
of God and Truth.

The man who honours God knows doubt and surmise
cannot compass me.

Pay due regard to form, acknowledge content in the
form, because
Body and soul I am, but soul and body cannot compass
me.

I am both shell and pearl, the Doomsday scales, the
bridge to Paradise.

With such a wealth of wares, this worldly counter
cannot compass me.

I am ? **the hidden treasure?** **that is** God. I am open
eyes.

I am the jewel of the mine. No sea or mine can
compass me.

Although I am the boundless sea, my name is Adam, I
am man.

I am Mount Sinai and both worlds. This dwelling cannot
compass me.

I am both soul and word as well. I am both world and
epoch, too.

Mark this particular: this world and epoch cannot
compass me.

I am the stars, the sky the angel, revelation come
from God.

So hold your tongue and silent be! There is no tongue
can compass me.

I am the atom, sun, four elements, five saints,
dimensions six.

Go seek my attributes! But explanations cannot
compass me.

I am the core and attribute, the flower, sugar and
sweetmeat.

I am Assignment Night, the Eve. No tight-shut lips can
compass me.

I am the burning bush. I am the rock that rose into the sky.

Observe this tongue of flame. There is no tongue of flame can compass me.

* * *

Men who are far-sighted called your lips pure soul ?
and this is true.

Then your mouth they likened to a point that? **s hidden**
? **this is true,**

Men who are in love I asked about your face and ruby lips.

They pronounced them to be Khizr and living water ?
this is true.

Men who bow in homage to the face of Adam and mankind

Said you are the throne and image of God? **s mercy** ?
this is true.

Waverers declared your figure is a graceful lotus, but
People reckoned this a falsehood, so they tell me ?
this is true.

Scholars and believers both asserted that the person
who

Shall deny your beauty is a fiend and evil ? **this is**
true.

Those who dwell in Heaven said the flower garden of
your face

Is a heaven and garden everlasting ? **this is true.**

Those who know from God the secrets of the writing of
your Pen

Said your face? **s flagrant features are s** sweet basil ?
this is true.

Wonder-working men declared your face and all
that? **s written there**

To be the Koran, to be the sacred tablet ? **this is true.**

O Nesimi, men of insight said your being? **s dwelling**
place

Is the Omnipresent? **s treasure among ruins** ? this is
true.

* * *

Your resplendent features are the source of light.
Your sweet words like springs of Paradise delight.

Sun and moon and Jupiter in heaven high
Draw their light from your face? **s taper bright.**

By your charming eyes Harut was with Marut
Hung in Babylon? **s deep well. It served them right!**

To your feet the heavens humbly bow their head
Angels are your guardians all day and night.

Satan ran away, refused to honour you,
So he bears a yoke and cursed is his plight.

Essence of Creation is precious pearl
And of this fair pearl you are the essence bright.

It? **s the breath of Jesus brings the dead to life.**
But your breath raised Khizr and Jesus to the light.

Your face is a looking-glass for the devout
And in it he takes continual delight.

In the sea of love Nasimi is a pearl.
He who shuns the sea is either or sprite.

* * *

If you would scent the air fragrant hair, I beg you
refrain
If you would seize all faith and steal my heart, I beg
you refrain.

O beauty with the moonlike face, you have discarded
the veil.
If you would start the rush of Judgement Day, I beg
you refrain.

Your cheeks and moles for men of one God are ? **the**
tongue of the birds? .
If you wish to transfer the tongue of birds, I beg you
refrain.

Since your moon-face has cast the veil from ? **I am the**
Truth of God!?

Why should you wish to hide the Truth divine? I beg you refrain.

You face God? **s ? hidden treasure? is. You show the mirror your face.**

If you desire the world entire to show, I beg you refrain.

You best sword-lash you offered to the drunken Turk of your eyes.

If without feud you wish to shed men? **s blood, I beg you refrain.**

Are not your lashes rows of arrows set to conquer a heart?

If you would turn your brows into a bow, I beg you refrain.

Are not your lashes rows of arrows set to conquer a heart?

If you would leave a heart without a home, I beg you refrain.

The verse ? **Eternal Being? was sent down your beauty to mark**

If you would show the meaning of the verse, I beg you refrain.

The veil, Nesimi, from the face of Truth you wish to remove.

You seek to influence idolaters? I beg you refrain.

* * *

The world is no fit place to live. O soul, why linger there?

Be not deluded by the world? **s dishonest wiles, beware!**

The days are never standing still and life goes swiftly by.

O perspicacious ones, of this condition be aware!

O pilgrim, not eternal are the blessings of the world. Renounce the world, remember that its wealth is but a snare.

If you are loyal to your love, for your beloved? **s sake**

Go pawn your soul, renounce your life, for sacrifice
prepare.

O God, my heart is lost amid the darkness of her hair.
Transform the night to day for one in such a deep
despair!

Since beauty? **s epoch is today apportioned to your**
face,
O you who are the last temptation, work a wonder
rare!

If you, like Moses, I mran? **s son, have met this fire**
divine,
Its splendour show me and explain the burning
bush? **s glare.**

Since life is five days only in the dwelling of the world,
Courageously destroy the world? **s foundations**
everywhere!

Nesimi, you have learned about the one with almond
lips.
Tidings of one whose lips are sugar take to all the fair!

* * *

Absence burns away my breast, my heart is bleeding.
Come to me!
Come! The contemplation of your face is healing. Come
to me!

Bliss and comfort, orchards and the flower gardens of
the world
In your absence, queen of beauties, are a prison.
Come to me!

Separation from your rosy lips desired to my soul
But upon your lips is God? **s life**-giving moisture. Come
to me!

Look, the soul whose constant dream was merging into
one with you
By desire is burned entire and sick from parting! Come
to me!

Merging with you is the soul within my soul. When
cruel fate

Separation bade, poor thing, it languished lifeless.
Come to me!

For the lover there? **s no fairer flower garden than**
your face. With no rose how can there be a flower
garden? Come to me!

Fascinated by your cheeks and by the wonder of your
hair
Scrub and prickly bush have turned to rose and basil.
Come to me!

Keen desire to see you drowns my soul in parting? **s**
endless woes.
See what great injustice has become your absence!.
Come to me!

Your slim beauty shames and stirs the splendid tree of
Paradise
And from you, O cypress-tree, it learns new graces.
Come to me!

Since Nesimi knows of no substantiality but you.
Meeting, parting, faith and heresy are one. So come to
me!

Ever since predestination separated me from you.
In my soul amazement reigns and consternation. Come
to me!

* * *

In your ruby lips the spring of living water hidden lies
In your casket-mouth pearl-teeth and tongue of coral
hidden lie

Even though it is in words that first your sugar mouth
reveals
Your lips? **secrets still within your lips do hidden**
secrets lie.

Soul within my soul, you cause me sorrow. Yet my soul
is glad.
O my love, for all the time your soul within mine
hidden lies.

Your dark eyes have hurled the arrows of their lashes
at my soul.

From my heart the blood is dripping, but the wound
there hidden lies.

What? **s the wonder if your face is hidden in your**
musky locks?
In the veil of night the gleaming moon forever hidden
lies.

O unknowledgeable doctor, give up hope of healing
me!
For within a lover? **s heart love**-sickness always hidden
lies.

O my love, Nesimi is content to pine for love of you,
For the remedy within his pining for you hidden lies.