Selected Poems of Hafiz

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The Selected Poems of Hafiz
About the translator

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The Selected Poems of Hafiz

Translated into English verse, Annotated and introduced

By Ali Salami

Persian text edited by Mehdi Sojoudi Moghaddam

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Introduction

Born in 1315, Shamseddin Mohammad, known as Hafiz, grew up in the city of Shiraz where he studied the Qur’anic sciences. In his youth he learned the Quran rigorously and assumed the epithet ‘Hafiz’ which means the one who knows the Quran by heart. Also known as the ‘Tongue of the Hidden’ and the ‘Interpreter of Secrets’, Hafiz utilizes grand religious ideas and mingles them with Sufistic teachings, thereby creating a kind of poetry which baffles interpretation.

An undisputed master of ghazal, Hafiz brought the poetic form to perfection in Persian literature. “Ghazal” in Arabic means talking to women, philandering, narrating about youth, love making and praising women. Idiomatically, ghazal is a poetic expression which consists of a number of rhythmic couplets (generally seven couplets), the closing lines of which rhyme with the opening lines Matla’ or opening verse of the couplet. The last couplet of ghazal is called maqta’ or final verse in which the poet generally gives his poetic and pen name, which is technically called takhallus or sobriquet (Tamimdari, 2002 p. 172). The ghazal revolves around the beauty, frivolity and cruelty of the beloved and the saga of separation and suffering of the lover. Hafiz employs ghazal because it is the best poetic form for expressing
mystical ideas in Persian literature.

An underlying force in the poetry of Hafiz is Sufism, a mystical movement which can be traced to Zoroastrianism, Nestorian Christianity, Greek Neoplatonism, and Indian Buddhism. From Sufism, Hafiz drew his charming images and profound ideas. This mystical system heavily relies on pantheism according to which each soul is part of the Divine Being and the Sufi seeks complete union with the Divine. This union is made possible in the knowledge that a human being is the ultimate reality which he seeks. In one of his poems, Hafiz indicates great admiration for Hallaj, a Persian mystic who was brutally tortured and executed on charges of heresy and whose ashes were thrown into the Tigris River. Hallaj professed pure pantheism when he said, “I am the Truth.” This theophanic locution was literally interpreted as meaning “I am God” by the then ruling religious authorities who made him suffer a tragic destiny. In his poem, Hafiz openly sympathizes with Hallaj and states that his only sin was that he revealed the secret: “That friend, by whom the gibbet’s head grew high, / Did wrong when he to others told the secrets of the sky.” It is narrated that a Sufi once asked God why He allowed such punishment and was answered: This is the way the revealers of secrets are punished.

The world, to Hafiz, is an enigma which is inconceivable to the wise and unwise alike: “Of minstrels and of wine discourse; care little how the skies revolve: / By wisdom no one has solved yet and shall not this enigma solve.” No living being has the capacity to ‘lift the veil’ and say ‘who is ugly or who is fair.’ Hafiz believes that under the azure vault of the heaven, no one is allowed to despair of God’s mercy and no one is allowed to steal another’s hope for Divine
Clemency “Never of Eternal Mercy preach that I must yet despair;/Canst thou pierce the veil, and tell me who is ugly, who is fair?” Everywhere, no matter a tavern or the shrine, becomes a place of worship for those who solicit the company of the Beloved (God): “Everyone the Friend solicits, be he sober, quaff he wine;/Every place has love its tenant, be it or the mosque, or shrine.”

A sworn enemy of the hypocritical ascetics, Hafiz satirizes their insincerity in his poetry. This antagonistic attitude was enough to provoke the ire of the religious authorities who accused him of having heretical beliefs. The hypocritical clerics who were exasperated by Hafiz’s castigations of their insincerity refused to have him buried in a Muslim cemetery. Yet, Hafiz’s fervid supporters argued with them and decided that they consult his Divan for a solution. A child was assigned to open at random his Divan (Book of Poems). The poem the child came across was ghazal 60 which ended thus: “And when the spirit of HAFIZ has fled,/Follow his bier with a tribute of sighs;/Though the ocean of sin has closed o’er his head,/He may find a place in God’s Paradise”. Consulting his divan as an oracle has become common practice since then. His body was then laid to rest in a garden of roses at the foot of a cypress tree in Shiraz which he had purportedly planted.
Love as the Ultimate Goal

love is the alchemy of eternal bliss. Love is generally taken to be a reference to God in his poetry. Therefore, he uses the male pronoun in speaking of love. Love is perfect and absolute. If there is any fault, it has to be traced to man. The Beloved does not need our love: “My Loved one’s beauty has no need of an imperfect love like mine: By paint or powder, mole or streak, can a fair face more brightly shine?” He is full of grace and tyranny. The Beloved can be seen and in order to observe Him, one should be pure in heart. Love is a divine trust particular to man: “Heaven, from its heavy trust aspiring to be free,/The duty was allotted, mad as I am, to me.” Love may seem easy at first but one has to persevere in the arduous path of love if one really seeks it: “O Cupbearer! Pass round and offer thou the bowl/For the love which at first seemed easy, has now brought trouble to my soul.” One has to wash one’s hands off the world once he has found true love (God): “As soon as thou hast found thy Loved one,” ”Bid to the world a last farewell.” By love, the soul of man is immortalized and flows into eternity: “He whose soul by love is quickened, never can to death be hurled:/Written is my life immortal in the records of the world.” Hafiz takes delight in the fact that true love may not come his way easily but only in a dream. Even so, such a dream is so pleasurable: “In a dream, to the abode of the Beloved did I wend:/Oh happy the dream where I see the Darling Friend.” In short, love is only to be found by placing trust in God.

The knowledge of God is the prerequisite to the attainment of love. Even prayer finds its true meaning when it
is accompanied by love. In the eyes of Hafiz, we are all the beggars of love and we should make every endeavor to gain the Grace of the Almighty who is the Absolute Beloved. We should never lose patience in our quest for the Beloved even though our please and cries are left unanswered by the Beloved (God) for He is endowed with immeasurable beauty and grace. Everything in nature is a manifestation of God’s love. According to the Sufis, God created the world as a mirror to reflect His grandeur and glory. This idea is firmly rooted in a divine *hadith* or tradition which says: “I was a hidden Treasure and I desired to be known so I created a creation to which I made Myself known; then they knew Me.” A divine *hadith*, by definition, is one which is narrated through the tongue of the Holy Prophet but is a direct revelation from God Himself.

**Character Types in Hafiz’s Poetry**

A term which recurs in the poetry of Hafiz with philosophical overtones is the Persian word *rind* which means libertine or profligate. *Rind* is obviously one of his favorites. This word, variably translated as rake, profligate, libertine and debauchee, has come to bear mystical significations. He uses this term in reference to a person who has an apparently contradictory character while in reality he is a normal person. A *rind* has religious commitments, contemplates on divine salvation, broods on the Hereafter but he is not afraid of it because he believes that love is the only solution to all human predicaments. He believes that doubt is an antidote to intellectual passivity. A *rind* is not a teacher of morality but he believes that salvation lies in the captivity of love. A *rind* has achieved knowledge of the world beyond: “The
mystery beyond the Veil, ask of rapt revelers of the bowl/ Knowledge of this were vainly sought from the staid zealot’s lofty soul.” A rind mistrusts the world, and knows that her ways are fickle and her promises false: “Mistrust the World, her ways are fickle, her promises belied; /”Of thousand lovers has this beldam been till to-day the bride.” A rind is in fact a toper who dwells in the tavern. For a rind, the tavern turns into a place of worship where he imbibes the wine of spiritual knowledge in the presence of the tavern keeper who is the Grand Teacher. It is in the tavern where a rind may be able to receive messages from God: ‘Would’st thou be told how, in the tavern yest’r-eve, when soaked in wine,/I heard glad tidings from an envoy sped from the world divine?’ For him, wine is a means to bring about spiritual intoxication with and proximity to God. Wine is also a symbol of perfection: “Come Saki, for that trancing wine I sue,/ The source of bounty, and perfection too.”

The character of the zealot is juxtaposed with the rind. In the eyes of Hafiz, a zealot may cleanse himself of the impurities of the world by clinging to an ascetic life. But he is deluded by arrogance and vanity on account of his purity. This feeling of arrogance is per se a sin in the creed of Hafiz. The zealot eschews the pleasures of life and wallows in his hidebound beliefs. It is he who despairs Man of the Divine Grace and draws him into a vortex of blind prejudice: “Never of Eternal Mercy preach that I must yet despair;/Canst thou pierce the veil, and tell me who is ugly, who is fair?” At this point, Hafiz makes an indirect reference to the Holy Qur’an (39:53) which says, “Say: O my Servants who have transgressed against their souls! Despair not of the Mercy of Allah: for Allah forgives all sins: for He is All-For-
giving, Most Merciful.” Therefore, Hafiz shuns the compa-
ny of the Sheikhs, jurists and the zealots who keep people
away from God by striking the fear of the Doomsday into
their hearts. Hafiz is a great enemy of religious hypocrisy
and keeps chastising the duplicity of the preachers: “On the
pulpit, preachers, goodness display/Yet in private, they have
a different way.” Religious hypocrisy is odious to Hafiz. Yet
he speaks highly of those who tread on the path of religion
with purity of heart.

The spiritual enlightenment which Hafiz attained
travelled beyond the borders of Iran and influenced a num-
ber of great minds in the West, among them, Goethe, Ni-
etzsche, Platen, Pushkin, Emerson, and Dickenson to men-
tion only a few.

**Hafiz in the West**

Interest in Hafiz in the West started in the eighteenth centu-
ry when Sir William Jones translated a few poems in 1771.
Sir William Jones (1746–1794) was a scholar and lawyer
who reportedly knew twenty-eight languages. For Jones,
the poetry of Hafiz is reminiscent of that of Petrarch. For
both poets, the lover is resisting - cruel but beautiful. How-
ever, Jones does not rule out the possible mystical interpre-
tation of Hafiz’s poetry. To him, the poetry of Hafiz is a
form of meditation on divine perfection. He translated and
annotated the first ghazal of the Divan of Hafiz (Collection
of Poems) entitled A Persian Song of Hafiz which appeared
in Poems, Consisting Chiefly of Translations from the Asi-
atick Languages (Oxford 1772).

Sweet maid, if thou would’st charm my sight,
And bid these arms thy neck infold;
That rosy cheek, that lily hand,
Would give thy poet more delight
Than all Bocara’s note 1 vaunted gold,
Than all the gems of Samarcand.
Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
Whate’er the frowning zealots say:
Tell them, their Eden cannot show
A stream so clear as Rocnabad,
A bower so sweet as Mosellay.
O! when these fair perfidious maids,
Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,
Their dear destructive charms display;
Each glance my tender breast invades,
And robs my wounded soul of rest,
As Tartars seize their destin’d prey.

On the translation of Jones, CC Barefoot and Theo d’Haen aptly say, “Jones communicates Hafiz’s delicate mosaic of sounds and symbols through evocative stanzas. This refreshing hedonistic poem was soon a standard British poem, standing as an exemplar of the later Romanticism in terms of music, imagination, emotion exotic allusions, and simple diction.”

Serious attempts to introduce the Persian poet to the West took place in 1812 in Germany. The influence of the German translation by the distinguished Austrian Orientalist Baron von Hammer-Purgstall (1774-1856) was not only discernible in German poets such as Goethe, Platen and Rückert but also in American poets including Emerson. An
influential literary figure in the nineteenth century, Hammer-Purgstall founded Oriental Studies as an academic field. Von Purgstall studied at Graz and Vienna, and entered the Oriental academy of Vienna in 1788, to devote himself to Oriental languages. He translated the entire Divan of Hafiz (Stuttgart and Tübingen, 1812-13). Although his translation was in prose, it was completely readable and soon received wide acclaim among German readers. Besides, this was the first time that the poems of the Persian poet Hafiz were made available to the European readers in their entirety. Hammer-Purgstall did not feel compelled to give a versified rendition of the ghazals and instead focused on a meticulous translation of the poems. Besides, he made comparative references to Latin and Greek literature in his explanatory notes. Hammer-Purgstall translated 576 ghazals, 6 mathnavis, 2 qasidas, 44 fragments, and 72 robais or quatrains. His version of the poems of Hafiz inspired Goethe to create a fine collection of poems entitled Westöstliche Divan or the West-Eastern Divan (1815-1819).

Although Goethe’s West-Eastern Divan was not a translation of Hafiz, he utilized the themes he found in the poetry of Hafiz. He interposed Persian terms in his poetry in order to convey a just idea of what Hafiz intended in his divan. Indeed the work can be seen as the fusion of the Occident and the Orient. The West-Eastern Divan consists of twelve books all with Persian words: Moqqani-Nameh or Book of the Singer, Hafiz-Nameh or Book of Hafiz, Eshq-Nameh or Book of Lover, Tafakkor-Nameh or Book of Reflection, Rind-Nameh or Book of Ill Humor, Hikmat-Nameh or Book of Maxims, Timur-Nameh or Book of
Timur, Zuleika-Nameh or Book of Zuleika, Saki--Nameh or Book of the Cupbearer, Matal-Nameh or Book of Parables, Parsi Nameh or Book of the Parsees and Khuld-Nameh or Book of Paradise.

This masterpiece by the German poet placed the Persian bard on a pedestal in the international arena. Goethe believed that it was now high time to envisage a humane global philosophy with no regard for nationality and creed and that the East and the West were not separate from each other. In reference to Hafiz, Goethe used such terms as ‘Saint Hafiz’ and ‘Celestial Friend’. In his praise for Hafiz, he says:

HAFIS, straight to equal thee,
One would strive in vain;
Though a ship with majesty
Cleaves the foaming main,
Feels its sails swell haughtily
As it onward hies
Crush’d by ocean’s stern decree,
Wrecked it straightway lies.

The poetry of Hafiz evoked such passion in Goethe that he kept addressing him in his Divan. It was as if the two great poets had united in spirit and had become blood brothers. The passion of Goethe for Persian poetry is well reverberated in the following poems:

“DO ADMIT IT! The oriental poets
are greater than us western poets.”
“May the whole world fade away,
Hafiz, with you, with you alone
Goethe believed that Persian poetic language culminated in the poetry of Hafiz in whom he found the very grandeur of thought and worldview he was seeking.

Thanks to the translation of Hammer-Purgstall and Goethe’s Divan, Nietzsche became deeply interested in Hafiz and praised him as an ideal poet and spent many years studying him and Goethe. To Nietzsche, Hafiz and Goethe are the ‘subtlest and brightest’ whom he mentions in order to demonstrate the truth of his argument. In his book The Joyful Wisdom, Nietzsche praised Hafiz for ‘mocking blissfully’. The name of Hafiz recurs ten times in his writings. For him, Hafiz is the Oriental free-spirit man who keeps celebrating the joys and sorrows of life. Nietzsche commends such an attitude as sign of a positive and courageous valuation of life (Ashouri 2003).

In his short poem entitled An Hafis: Frage eines Wassertrinkers (To Hafiz: Questions of a Water Drinker), Nietzsche finds in Hafiz a prime example of ‘Dionysian’ ecstatic wisdom, which he extolls so extensively in his philosophy. The poem glorifies the insightfulness of Hafiz and his poetical achievements (Ashouri 2003). At the end, he asks Hafiz, as a ‘water drinker’, why he demands wine while having the power of making everybody intoxicated.

(The tavern you have built with your hand
is far greater than any house
the wine you have made therein
all the world fails to imbibe
the bird which was once called the phoenix
is now dwelling in your house
the mouse which gave birth to a mountain
is yourself
you are everyone and no one,
you are the tavern and the wine
you are the phoenix, the mountain and the mouse
you keep pouring in yourself
and you keep filling with yourself
the deepest valley you are
the brightest light you are
the intoxication of all intoxication you are
what need do you have to ask for wine?

The influence of Hafiz stretched from Germany to America in 1838 when Ralph Waldo Emerson read Goethe’s West-Eastern Divan. He became so interested in Hafiz that he soon obtained a copy of Von Hammer-Purgstall’s German translation. For Emerson, Hafiz became an ideal poet whom he called a ‘poet for poets’. He spent fourteen years reading the poetry of Hafiz and quoted him on many occasions including in his essays Fate, Power and Illusions.

Emerson praises in Hafiz “that hardihood and self-equality which, resulting from a consciousness that the spirit within him is as good as the spirit of the world, entitles him to speak with authority; and the intellectual liberty which enables him to communicate to others his complete emancipation — in short, self-reliance and self-expression” (Maulsby 1903, p. 145). To Emerson, Hafiz was a man
who derived pleasure from the very elements of life which seemed trivial to others.

On Hafiz, he wrote: “He fears nothing. He sees too far; he sees throughout; such is the only man I wish to see and be.’ Elsewhere he wrote: ‘Hafiz defies you to show him or put him in a condition inopportune or ignoble. Take all you will, and leave him but a corner of Nature, a lane, a den, a cowshed ... he promises to win to that scorned spot the light of the moon and stars, the love of man, the smile of beauty, and the homage of art.’ ‘Sunshine from cucumbers. Here was a man who has occupied himself in a nobler chemistry of extracting honor from scamps, temperance from sots, energy from beggars, justice from thieves, and benevolence from misers. He knew there was sunshine under those moping churlish brows, and he persevered until he drew it out (Emerson 1904, p. 249).”

From Von Hammer-Purgstall’s translation, he translated about 700 lines. He initially translated the poems literally but later reworked them, and modified the meter, added rhyme, stanzaic pattern, or blended lines from two different ghazals. The poem Bacchus (1847) was an adaptation from Hafiz’s Saki-nameh (The Book of Wine). In Sakih-nameh, the poet praises the power of wine: “Come Saki, for that trancing wine I sue,/The source of bounty, and perfection too.” The intoxicating power of wine can help him solve the enigma of the unseen world, consume his sorrows and rend the net of time, the old wolf, purify his sullied heart which is now far from God, alleviate the melancholy thoughts that oppress his mind, view all existence in its round mirror, and open the unknown gates of the World. On the other hand, Emerson gives a different spiritual aspect
to wine. Bacchus, for Emerson, functions as a god of wine and the god of music and he creates a connection between inspiration and intoxication: “That I intoxicated,/And by the draught assimilated,/may float at pleasure through all natures/The bird-language rightly spell,/And which roses say so well” (lines 21-25). By drinking wine, the poet says, he will experience moments of pleasurable inebriation and in the inebriated state, he will be inspired to give wings to the bird of language, write poetry and give pleasure to those who read his poems.

In Sufistic view, wine is a symbol for divine ecstasy. Emerson rejected this notion and stated that he would not “strew sugar on bottled spiders,” that is, “make mystical divinity out of . . . the erotic and bacchanalian songs of Hafiz” (Emerson 1904, p. 249). Though he adapted the poem which so deeply influenced him, he failed to grasp the very mystical overtones embodied in the poem. The reason may be traced to that fact that he read the poem in German of which he had an imperfect knowledge. However, he insisted that “the love of wine is not to be confounded with vulgar debauch (Emerson 1904, p. 249).” For Emerson, wine stands for a mind-expanding power that replaces despair with ecstasy.

We do not wish to strew sugar on bottled spiders, or try to make mystical divinity out of the Song of Solomon, much less out of the erotic and bacchanalian songs of Hafiz. Hafiz himself is determined to defy all such hypocritical interpretation, and tears off his turban and throws it at the head of the meddling dervish, and throws his glass after the turban. But the love or the wine of Hafiz is not to be confounded with vulgar debauch. It is the spirit in which the song is written that imports, and not the topics. Hafiz prais-
es wine, roses, maidens, boys, birds, mornings, and music, to give vent to his immense hilarity and sympathy with every form of beauty and joy; and lays the emphasis on these to mark his scorn of sanctimony and base prudence. (Emerson 1904, p. 249)

In one of his essays, Harold Bloom proposes that Emerson’s Bacchus (his finest poem to me) and Merlin set the terms for the dialectic of American poetry. He argues that Bacchus stands for absolute renovation and Merlin insists on subsuming the Reality Principle within itself, a chronic temptation for Emerson’s successors too (Bloom 1971).

Bacchus left an impact on Emily Dickinson’s poem I taste a liquor never brewed. In 1850, Dickenson received a beautiful copy of Emerson’s 1847 poems. In 1857, Emerson lectured in Amherst where Emily may have entertained him. She told her friend that Emerson had come from where dreams are born. In Representative Men (1850), she paraphrases five of Emerson’s poems notably his Bacchus in her poem I taste a liquor never brewed (Miller 1989, p. 149). In this poem, Dickenson describes a mystical experience she has had and compares it to some kind of intoxication brought about by alcohol: “I taste a liquor never brewed,/ From tankards scooped in pearl;/Not all the vats upon the Rhine/Yield such an alcohol!” Yet, this is purely a spiritual inebriation, a spiritual awareness. When she claims that she has drunk from ‘tankards’ or large mugs ‘scooped in pearl’, she actually puts them beyond physical reality. Thus she becomes intoxicated by a ‘liquor never brewed’. In other words, the liquor she is speaking of is a metaphoric reality rather than a physical one. In a similar way, Emerson asks for a metaphorical wine ‘which never grew in the belly of a
grape: “Bring me wine, but wine which never grew/In the belly of the grape,/Or grew on vine whose tap-roots, reaching through/Under the Andes to the Cape,/Suffer no savor of the earth to scape.” Interestingly, the poem of Dickinson is very Hafizian in spirit. Dickenson’s mixing of Christian and classical allusions is also reminiscent of Emerson’s Bacchus. Leaning, unsinged against the sun and hailed by the seraphs, Dickenson tells Emerson that she is one of the few who has received the nectar (Porte and Maurice 1999, p. 177).

The poetry of Hafiz has intoxicated and continues to intoxicate many in the world. The exhilarating effect of his poetry was also known to the poet himself. In one of his poems, he says that the angels are memorizing his poems in heaven and that Venus is enraptured and that Christ rejoices in his songs: “What marvel that in heaven are sung/The dulcet words by HAFIZ strung?/Or that, by Venus’s air entranced,/Messiah in his sphere has danced?” As Friedrich Nietzsche has said of Hafiz: “Bist aller Trunkenheit/ wozu, wozu dir-Wein? (the intoxication of all intoxication you are/what need do you have to ask for wine?)”

This book is part of a larger project for the complete translation of Hafiz. I hope I can carry out my verse translation of the entire ghazals in English soon.

Ali Salami, Ph.D.
University of Tehran
April 2016
The Selected Poems of Hafiz
O Saki! Pass around and offer the wine cup, for;  
Love which seemed easy at first is an uneasy lore.  
The breeze made her tress waft the scent of a musk skin;  
The musky curls of her black tress wore many hearts thin.  
How can I feel safe and secure in the Beloved’s abode?  
For the bell cries: “Bind up your bundles! Take the road!”  
In wine, dye your prayer mat if the Magian Master says;  
For, the Traveler alone is privy to the secrets of the Ways.  
The night dark, the waves dreadful, the whirlpools roar;  
Do they know our state, the light-burdened on the shore?  
I followed my fancy; ill fame was all my lot;  
How can it be a secret when off my chest it’s cut?  

    Hafiz! If you seek the beloved’s presence, stay anear;  
    Relinquish worldly ways when you find one so dear.
غزل ۱، پیر مغان

آلا یا ای‌هاالساقی آدز کاساً و ناوی‌هاً
که عشق آسان نمود اوّل، و لی افتاد مشکل‌ها

به بی‌وی نافه‌ای کاّخ‌ صبا‌ ران طرّه‌ ۲ بگشاّید

ز تاب جّعد مّشکینش چّه خون افتاد در دل‌ها

مرا در منزل جان‌ان چّه آمن عش چون هرّم

۲. هر وقت با او دیدار کردی، آنچه از دنیا و اهلش

۳. جَرَس: زنگ، زنگ بزرگ

۴. هایل: ترسناک

۵. هر وقت با او دیدار کردی، آنچه از دنیا و اهلش

۱. ای ساقی، جامی بگردان و به من بده

۲. طرّه: زلف، موی پیشانی

۳. جَرَس: زنگ، زنگ بزرگ

۴. هایل: ترسناک

۵. هر وقت با او دیدار کردی، آنچه از دنیا و اهلش

۱. ای ساقی، جامی بگردان و به من بده

۲. طرّه: زلف، موی پیشانی

۳. جَرَس: زنگ، زنگ بزرگ

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O you whose radiant face is reflected by the moon;
The dimple in your chin is to loveliness a boon.
Hankering for your sight, my spirit leaps to my throat;
Shall it return or leave? What is the bid to be sought?
The vision of your narcissus eyes left none but in blight:
Better for you to veil the purity of your engaging sight!
Our Fortune sunk in sleep may finally come to awaken;
Poured over her eyes is water from your charm taken.
Send with the breeze a posy from your face so fair:
So I may pick a scent from your garden’s dust to share!
God give you longevity and success, Sakis of Jam’s court,
Even though, I was denied a wine-cup with you to sport.
My heart is sorely troubled; let the lover know:
O friends, beware lest my spirit may perish in woe.
O Lord! I wonder when my love is fated to ensnare,
That ruffled-haired maiden with my serene soul to pair.
Pass by with your skirt uplifted to shun blood and dust:
Oh, this path has witnessed a throng despaired and lost.
Hafiz is praying. Hear! Say Amen! Say!
Let your ruby lips on mine my food lay!
O breeze! Convey to the people of Yazd what we say:
May the head of every ingrate to a mall bat fall prey!
Though distant I may seem to be from your seat:
Your king I magnify and your soul I deify at your feet.
O Lofty King! For God’s sake, let my desire be met:
May I kiss like a star the dust where your feet are set!
غزل ۲، عزم دیدار

ای فروغ ماه خس از روی رخشان شما
آب روی خویش از چاه رخشانی، شما
عزم دیدار تو درد یا بر لب آمده
بازگردید یا برآید، چیست فرمان شما؟

کس به دور نرگست طرفی نبست از عادت
یه یه نیروشند مستوری به مستان شما

بخت خواب آلود ما بیدار خواهد شد مگر
زن که زد بر دیده آبی، روی رخشان شما

بوکه بی سختی بهشومی از خاک بستان شما
عمرتان باد و مراد ای سافانی بزم جم

گر چه جام ما نشد پریمی به دوران شما
دلم خوابی می کند، دلدار را آگه کنید

زینهار ای دوستان، جان من و جان شما
کی دهد دست این غرض یارب، که همدستان شوند

دوز دار از خاک و خون دامن چوب مر ما بگذری
کاتدر این ره گشته بسیارند قربان شما

می کند حافظ دعاوی، پشنو آمینی بگو
روزی ما باد لعل شگرافشانشما

ای صبا با ساکنان شهر یزد از ما بگو
کی یه حق ناشناسان گوی چوگان شما

گرچه دوریم از سباست قرب، همیت دور نیست
بندی شاه شما بیش و ناخوان شما

ای شهنام بلانی ک الأ، خدا را همیتی
تا بپسوم همچون آختر خاک ایوان شما

۱. چاه رخشان: اضافه نشیبی، گوده روی چانه
۲. مستوری: در حجاب بودن، پوشیده بودن، کنایه از پاکی و پاکدلی
Should that charming Turk of Shiraz win my soul,
Samarkand and Bukhara, I will barter for her mole.
Saki! Serve the remnant wine; in Eden, you cannot gaze
Upon the barges of Ruknabad or Musalla balmy ways.
Alas! The saucy sweet dames plunge the town in broil;
Lo, they murdered patience as Turks had trays of spoil.
The beloved is needless of an imperfect love like mine;
By light, colors and mole, can a face more fairly shine?
From the beauty of Josef increasing daily without fail,
I knew love could lure Zuleika from behind the veil.
Affront me or curse me, I will pray; it’s meet;
A bitter reply suits those ruby lips sugar-sweet.
Love! Hear my advice! For the youths gay,
Cherish – dearer than life – what wise men say:
“Partake of music and wine! Care little how time flies
Nay, no one has ever resolved the secret of the skies.”
Your lays versed; pearls pierced. Hafiz! Sing in bliss!
Let the sky grace my poetry with clusters of Pleiades.
غزل ۳، جمال یار

اگر آن ترک شیرازی به دست آرده دل ما را
به خال هندویش بخش سمرقند و خارا را
پیده ساقی می باقی که در چنین نخواهی یافت
کنار یک ركن‌آباد و گل‌گشته مصالح را
فغان کاین لولیان شوخ شیرین کار شهراشوب
چنان برند صبر از دل که ترکان خوان یغما را
ز عشق نامتام میا ممال یار مستغیست
به آب و رنگ و خال و خط، چه حاجت روی زیبا را؟

من از آن حسن روزافزون که بی‌سوف داشت، دانستم
که عشق از پرده عصمت ترون آرد زلیخا را
اگر دشنام فرمایی و گر نفرین، دعا گوئم
جواب تلخ می‌زیبد، لب لعل شکرخرا را
نصیحت گوش کن جان، که از جان دوستتر داند
جووان سعادتمند، پنیر دانا را
حدیث از مطرب و می گو و راز ذهر کمتر دو
که کس نگشود و نگشاید به حکمت این معما را
غزل گفتی ودیدنستی، بیا و خوش بخوان حافظ
که بر نظم تو عاشقانه، فلک عقیده ثریا؟ را

۱. در سفتنی به نخ کشیدن مروارید
۲. ثریا: پنج با شش ستاره شبیه خوشه انگور در
Ghazal 4, The Sign of Grace

Last night, from temple to tavern, our Elder went,
Comrades of the Path! “What advice can be to us lent?”
How can we, the disciples, to the qibla make our way,
When the Master turned to where the tavern lay?”
In the Magian’s tavern, we too will our sojourn make:
Our fate led us from primordiality to the path we take.
Could the mind see what joy the heart in love did gain,
Wise men would lose mind to be captivated in our chain.
Your beaming face revealed to us from above a sign:
Grace and goodness are now destined to combine.
Deep in the night, will your stony heart to softness turn,
For our fiery sighs? And can grief our breasts burn?
   Hafiz! Silent! Our sighs’ arrows pierce the sphere,
   Have pity on your soul! Our missiles, avoid and fear!
غزل ۴، آیتِ لطف

دوش از مسجد سوی میخانه آمد پیر مای
چیست یاران طریقت بعداراین تدبیر مای؟
ما مریدان روى سوی قبله چون آرم، چون؟
روى سوی خانه خمارا دارد پیر مای
در خرابات طریقت ما به هم منزل سویم
کاین چینین رفته ست در عهد آزل تقدير ما
عقل اگر داند که دل در بند زلفش چون خوش است
عاقل نان دیوانه گردند از پی زنجیر ما
روى خوبت آیتى از لطف بر ما کشف کرد
زان زمان جز لطف و خوبی نیست در تفسیر ما
با دل سنگینت آیا هیچ درگیرد شبی
آه آتشناک و سوز سینه شب‌گیر ما؟
تیر آه ما ز گردن بگذرد، حافظ خموش
رحم کن بر جان خود، پرهیز کن از تیر ما

۱. ختار: شراب خورده
Saki! Come, rekindle my cup and let the wine glow!
Minstrel! Sing how Time cleanses my heart of woe.
Mirrored in the cup, I see the face of the beloved I favor;
Alas, you are unaware of the joys of the wine I savor!
He whose heart is quickened by love never ceases to be:
Written is in the Book of Life a soul destined for eternity.
Maidens of tall stature, in coyness and grace so outshine
That my cypress darling emerges gracefully as a pine!
O breeze, if you pass by the garden where friends abide
Give the lore of love to the one I need by my side.
Say, “Why do you willfully seek my memory to blot?
A time will come when you let my name be forgot!
Delightfully drunk is the eye of my darling dame;
Hence, intoxication is now my legacy, rein and fame.
On the Day of Doom, the Master will not reap, I dread,
A share fairer than our banned drink for his halal bread!
Hafiz! Baptize your eyes in pearls of tears and let,
The fowl of fortune be captivated by my net.
    The green sea of the sphere and the crescent, her ship,
    In the ocean of Haji Qavam’s bounty, sail and dip.
غزل ۵، عکس رخ یار

ساقی به نور باده برافروز جام ما مطرپ بگو که کار چهان شد به گام ما
ما در پیاله، عکس رخ یار دیدهایم
ای بیخبر ز لذت شریپ مدام ما
هرگز نمی‌برد آن که دلش زنده شد به عشق
ثبت است بر جریده عالیم دوام ما

چندان بی‌بود کرمشه و ناز شهی فدان
کلید به جلوه، سرو صنوبر‌خم رما
ای باد اگر به گلشن آحباب بگذری
زنهرار عرضه دِه، بر جانان پیام ما
گو نام‌ما ز یاد، به‌عمد، چه می‌بری؟
خود آید آن که یاد نیاری ز نام ما
مستی به چشم شاهد دلبدن‌ما خوش است
زان رو سیر‌ده‌اند به مستی‌زمام ما

ترسند که صرفه‌ای نیزد روز باری‌خواست
نان حلال شیخ، ز آپ احرام ما
حفظ، ز دیده دانه اشکی همی‌فشن
باشند که مرگ وصل گند قصد دام ما
دریایی‌ا‌خُص‌را فلک و کشتی‌هلال
هستند غرقی نعمت‌ حاجی قوام‌ما

۱. اخضر: سپز
۲. حاجی قرام‌الدین مظفر (وفات ۴۵۴ ه ق)، وزیر شاه شیخ ابراهیم
O Sufi! Come and see how my cup mirrors light,
Tempting you to glance at the ruby wine so bright.
Of rapt revelers, ask the secret of the Holy Horizon;
Knowledge of this lies beyond the high zealot’s ken.
The phoenix is the prey of none. Unleash your snare!
Lay your net here and hunt down but empty air!
Drink wine at life’s banquet with wealth galore;
Curb hope and desire to let union last evermore.
O heart! Your prime is over, no rose for ecstasy;
Gray-haired men seek virtue, name and gravity.
Seek ready joys; for Adam, nothing did remain;
“The Son of Man lost the Home of Peace in vain.”
My rights, which are the menial’s due, I plead;
Lord! Vouch to glance upon your slave and lead!
Hafiz gives in to wine. O morning breeze! Blow!
To master of Jam, let the salams of this servant flow!
غزل ۶، راز درون پرده

تا بنگری صفاي می لعل فام را
کاین حال نیست راهد عالی مقام را
کانجا همیشه باد به دست است، دام یا
بینی طمع مدار وصال دواست
پیمانه میر منهیری، ننگ و نام را
آدم بهشت روضه دار السلام لعیه
ای خواجه بازیبین به ترخم غلام را
حفظ میرید جامی است، ای صبا برود
وز بندگی برسان، شیخ جام را

سوفی بیا که آینه صافی ست جام را
رأس درون پرده ز رندان مست پرنس
غلقاً شکار کس نشود، دام بازچین
در بزم دو بهکدو قدح درکش و برو
ای دل، شباب رفته ونچیده گلی زعیش
در عیش نقدکوش گچون آبخور نامائد
ما را بر آستان توپس حقی خدمت است
حافظ میرید جامی است، ای صبا برود
وز بندگی برسان، شیخ جام را

1. عَنْقا: نام مرغی افسانه ای
2. هُنری کردن ننگ و نام: ننگ و نام را از عیب و بدنامی
3. آبخور نمانند: تمام شدن روز و قسمت کتابه از
4. دارالسّلام: بهشت
5. شیخ جام: اشتهایه به احمدین ابوالخیر جامی ملقب به
ابنعل احمد زردنه بیل
Ghazal 7, Hunting the Hearts of Sages

O breeze! Softly, gently tell that graceful gazelle:
“For you, straying in the mount and desert to us befell.
Wherefore the sugar sweet maiden – May she live long –
Deigns to care for her lover, having a sweet tongue?
O rose! Has your beauty made you disdain,
To inquire after the health of your bulbul insane?
Only by kindness, you can the hearts of sages win,
As you cannot catch the wise bird by snare or gin.
I wonder by my troth why fidelity never holds dye,
In those endowed with tall stature and black eye.
Cup in hand, as you with cohorts drink deep,
Keep in mind those who but hot airs reap.
In pretty damsels, a single flaw one can see:
Fidelity and beauty together cannot be.”
   In heaven, if the song of Hafiz Venus croons,
   No marvel if it sends Christ in dancing swoons.
غزل ۷، صید اهل نظر

که سر به کوه و بیابان توداده‌ای ما را تفقری، نکنند طوطی شکرخا؟
شکرفروش که عمرش دراز باد، چرا تفقدی نکند طوطی شکرخا؟
که پرنشست نکنی عندلیب شیدا؟
به خلق و لطف توان کرد صید اهل نظر
شیامدقی چه سبب رنگ‌آشنايی نیست
به بند و دام نگیرند، مرغ دانای شم‌چشم ماه‌سیما را
شیامدقی چه سبب رنگ‌آشنايی نیست
یاد دار محبان باده‌پیما را
جب‌این قدیری نتوان گفت در جمال تو عیب
در آسمان‌ه این عجب گر به گفته حافظ
سرود زهره به رقص آووژد مسیحا را

۱. تفقد: دلجویی، حال و احوال پرسی
۲. سهی قدان: بلندقامتان، رعناقامتان
Again into orchards, the vernal glory arose;
The tuneful bulbul received news of a coming rose.
Breeze! If you blow again at the meads green of age,
Greet for me the cypress, the rose and the sweet sage.
If the tavern boy allows his charm and grace to shine,
With my eyelashes, I will sweep the house of wine.
With ambergris, you draw arched brows on your visage;
Pray, hurl me not in perplexity, into throes of your siege.
I fear a horde that scoffs the drinkers of wine residue;
Lest they end up in a frail faith, a sorry sight to view.
Befriend the men of God; for, in Noah’s Ark lay,
A little dust, an entire deluge of rain did outweigh.
Abandon this abode and seek not your whims to sate,
For, its mean Host shall send its guests to deathly fate.
To him who will inherit a handful of dust wherein to lie,
Say, “Why do you need a manor with pillars sky nigh?”
My Canaanite beauty! The throne of Egypt is yours:
Now is time to bid farewell to your prison sores.
Hafiz! quaff wine like a libertine! Quit where grief lies!
Lo! Recite not – as others – the Qur’an to disguise!
غان8، گیسی مُشکافشان

رونق عهدِ شباب است دگر بُستان را
می رسد مزده گل بلبل خوش‌الجان را
ای صبا گر به جوانان چمن باز رسمی
خدمت می برسان سرو و گل و ریحان را
گر چینی جلوه کند مُبَچه باده فروش
خاکروب در میخانه گنم مرگان را
ای که بر مه کسی از عنبر سارا؟ چوگان
مضرب حل مگردن من سرگردان را
ترسم این قوم که بر گردشان می خندند
در سر کار خرابات کند ایمان را
پار مردان خدا باش که در کشتی نوح
هست خاکی که به آبی نخرد طوفان را
برو از خانه گردند به در و نان مطلوب
کنان سیه کاسه در آخر گُشک مهمان را
هر که را خواببه آخر مشتی خاك است
گویه حاجت که به افلاک کشی ایوان را؟
ماه کنعانی می، مسند مصر آن تو شد
وقت این است که پُذرود کنی زندان را
حافظا، می خور و نه‌ی کن و خوش باش، ولی
دام توزیر مکن چون دگران قرآن را

1 مُعجمه: پیر طریقت جوان، جانشین پیر مغان
2 عنبر سارا: عنبر خالص و ناب