

My Favorite Hafiz

Selections from *I Heard God Laughing*, *Tonight the Subject is Love*, and *The Gift*, translated by Daniel Ladinsky, selected by Jason Espada.

Table of Contents	page
From 'I Heard God Laughing'	
1. Introduction	1
2. You Are with the Friend Now	2
3. And Applaud	3
4. Cast All Your Votes for Dancing	5
5. The Jeweler	7
6. Saints Bowing in the Mountains	8
7. Zero	9
8. If It Is Not Too Dark	10
9. Awake Awhile	11
10. I Know the Way You Can Get	12
11. The Only Sin I Know	14
12. Laughter	15

Table of Contents	page
From 'Tonight the Subject is Love'	
13. At this Party	16
14. No Other Kind of Light	17
15. Not With Wings	18
16. Venus Just Asked Me	20
17. Ten Thousand Idiots	21
From 'The Gift'	
18. My spring eyes...	22
19. A Poet	22
20. Looking for Good Fish	23
21. We Have Not Come to Take Prisoners	24
22. I Rain	25
23. God Just Came Near	26
24. The Sun Never Says	27
25. Why Just Ask the Donkey	28
26. You carry all the ingredients...	30
27. Curfews	31

Table of Contents	page
28. Art is the conversation...	32
29. The Vintage Man	33
30. Just Looking for Trouble	34
31. The Gift	35
32. The Scent of Light	36
33. The Stairway of Existence	37
34. Behind the veil Hafiz...	38
35. Stop Being So Religious	39
36. It Felt Love	40
37. Two Bears	41
38. The Warrior	42
39. Tiny Gods	43
40. Elegance	44
41. Dropping Keys	45
42. Spiced Manna	46
43. Becoming Human	47
44. The Thousand-Stringed Instrument	48
45. The God Who Only Knows Four Words	49

Table of Contents	page
46. The Diamond Takes Shape	50
47. What is the Root?	51
48. Troubled?	52
49. Act Great	53

From 'I Heard God Laughing'

Introduction

Shams-ud-din Muhammad Hafiz (c. 1320-1389), though little known in the Western world, is the most beloved poet of Persia (Iran). To Persians, the poems of Hafiz are not "classical literature" from a remote past, but cherished wisdom from a dear and intimate friend. The special gift of this friend is a poetry unique in world literature, a poetry that celebrates every expression of love in the universe.

The lyrics of Hafiz overflow with a profound appreciation of the beauty and richness of life when seen through the eyes of love. With unerring insight, he explores the feelings and motives associated with every level of love, tracing each nuance of emotion in depth and detail. His poetry outlines the stages of the mystic's "path of love" that journey of inner unfolding in which love dissolves personal boundaries and limitations to join larger processes of growth and transformation. Through these processes, human love becomes divine love and the lover merges ultimately with the source and goal of all love, which Hafiz calls the Divine Beloved.

You Are with the Friend Now

Hafiz describes some of the preparations required for the inner "Journey of Love." He urges us to let go of habitual negative attitudes and unnecessary attachments, which only weigh us down. To make this Journey, we must be light, happy and free to go Dancing!

*'I wish I could show you, When you are lonely or in darkness,
The Astonishing Light Of your own Being"*

And Applaud

Once a young man came to me and said,

"Dear Master,
I am feeling strong and brave today, And I would like to know the truth
About all of my-attachments."

And I replied,

"Attachments?
Attachments!"

Sweet Heart,
Do you really want me to speak to you
About all your attachments,

When I can see so clearly
You have built, with so much care,
Such a great brothel
To house all of your pleasures.

You have even surrounded the whole damn place
With armed guards and vicious dogs
To protect your desires

So that you can sneak away
From time to time
And try to squeeze light
Into your parched being
From a source as fruitful
As a dried date pit
That even a bird
Is wise enough to spit out.

Your attachments! My dear,
Let's not speak of those,

For Hafiz understands the sufferings
Of your heart.

Hafiz knows
The torments and the agonies
That every mind on the way to Annihilation in the Sun
Must endure.

So at night in my prayers I often stop
And ask a thousand angels to join in
And Applaud,

And Applaud
Anything,
Anything in this world
That can bring your heart comfort!"

Cast All Your Votes for Dancing

I know the voice of depression
Still calls to you.

I know those habits that can ruin your life
Still send their invitations .

But you are with the Friend now
And look so much stronger.

You can stay that way
And even bloom!

Keep squeezing drops of the Sun
From your prayers and work and music
And from your companions' beautiful laughter.

Keep squeezing drops of the Sun
From the sacred hands and glance of your Beloved
And, my dear,
From the most insignificant movements
Of your own holy body.

Learn to recognize the counterfeit coins
That may buy you just a moment of pleasure,
But then drag you for days
Like a broken man
Behind a farting camel.

You are with the Friend now.
Learn what actions of yours delight Him,
What actions of yours bring freedom
And Love.

Whenever you say God's name, dear pilgrim,
My ears wish my head was missing
So they could finally kiss each other
And applaud all your nourishing wisdom!

O keep squeezing drops of the Sun
From your prayers and work and music
And from your companions' beautiful laughter

And from the most insignificant movements
Of your own holy body.

Now, sweet one,
Be wise.
Cast all your votes for Dancing!

The Jeweler

If a naive and desperate man
Brings a precious stone
To the only jeweler in town,
Wanting to sell it,

The jeweler's eyes
Will begin to play a game,
Like most eyes in the world when they look at you.

The jeweler's face will stay calm.
He will not want to reveal the stone's true value,
But to hold the man captive to fear and greed
While he calculates
The value of the transaction.

But one moment with me, my dear,
Will show you
That there is nothing,
Nothing
Hafiz wants from you.

When you sit before a Master like me,
Even if you are a drooling mess,
My eyes sing with Excitement

They see your Divine Worth.

Saints Bowing in the Mountains

Do you know how beautiful you are?

I think not, my dear.

For as you talk of God,
I see great parades with wildly colorful bands
Streaming from your mind and heart,
Carrying wonderful and secret messages
To every corner of this world.

I see saints bowing in the mountains
Hundreds of miles away
To the wonder of sounds
That break into light
From your most common words.

Speak to me of your mother,
Your cousins and your friends.

Tell me of squirrels and birds you know.
Awaken your legion of nightingales -
Let them soar wild and free in the sky

And begin to sing to God.
Let's all begin to sing to God!

Do you know how beautiful you are?

I think not, my dear,

Yet Hafiz
Could set you upon a Stage
And worship you forever!

Zero

Zero
Is where the Real Fun starts.

There's too much counting
Everywhere else!

If It Is Not Too Dark

Go for a walk, if it is not too dark.
 Get some fresh air, try to smile.
 Say something kind
 To a safe-looking stranger, if one happens by.

Always exercise your heart's knowing.

You might as well attempt something real
 Along this path:

Take your spouse or lover into your arms
 The way you did when you first met.
 Let tenderness pour from your eyes
 The way the Sun gazes warmly on the earth.

Play a game with some children.
 Extend yourself to a friend.
 Sing a few ribald songs to your pets and plants –
 Why not let them get drunk and wild!

Let's toast
 Every rung we've climbed on Evolution's ladder.
 Whisper, "I love you! I love you!"
 To the whole mad world.

Let's stop reading about God -
 We will never understand Him.

Jump to your feet, wave your fists,
 Threaten and warn the whole Universe

That your heart can no longer live
 Without real love!

Awake Awhile

Awake awhile.

It does not have to be
Forever,
Right now.

One step upon the Sky's soft skirt
Would be enough.

Hafiz,
Awake awhile.
Just one True moment of Love
Will last for days.

Rest all your elaborate plans and tactics
For Knowing Him,
For they are all just frozen spring buds
Far,
So far from Summer's Divine Gold.

Awake, my dear.
Be kind to your sleeping heart.
Take it out into the vast fields of Light
And let it breathe.

Say,
"Love,
Give me back my wings.
Lift me,
Lift me nearer."

Say to the sun and moon,
Say to our dear Friend,

"I will take You up now, Beloved,
On that wonderful Dance You promised!"

I Know the Way You Can Get

I know the way you can get
When you have not had a drink of Love:

Your face hardens,
Your sweet muscles cramp.
Children become concerned
About a strange look that appears in your eyes
Which even begins to worry your own mirror
And nose.

Squirrels and birds sense your sadness
And call an important conference in a tall tree.
They decide which secret code to chant
To help your mind and soul.

Even angels fear that brand of madness
That arrays itself against the world
And throws sharp stones and spears into
The innocent
And into one's self

O I know the way you can get
If you have not been out drinking Love:

You might rip apart
Every sentence your friends and teachers say,
Looking for hidden clauses.

You might weigh every word on a scale
Like a dead fish.

You might pull out a ruler to measure
From every angle in your darkness
The beautiful dimensions of a heart you once
Trusted.

I know the way you can get
If you have not had a drink from Love's
Hands.

That is why all the Great Ones speak of
The vital need
To keep Remembering God,
So you will come to know and see Him
As being so Playful
And Wanting,
Just Wanting to help.

That is why Hafiz says:
Bring your cup near me,
For I am a Sweet Old Vagabond
With an Infinite Leaking Barrel
Of Light and Laughter and Truth
That the Beloved has tied to my back.

Dear one,
Indeed, please bring your heart near me.
For all I care about
Is quenching your thirst for freedom!

All a Sane man can ever care about
Is giving Love!

The Only Sin I Know

If someone sits with me
And we talk about the Beloved,

If I cannot give his heart comfort,
If I cannot make him feel better
About himself and this world,

Then, Hafiz,
Quickly run to the mosque and pray -

For you have just committed
The only sin I know.

Laughter

What is laughter? What is laughter?
 It is God waking up! O it is God waking up!
 It is the sun poking its sweet head out
 From behind a cloud
 You have been carrying too long,
 Veiling your eyes and heart.

It is Light breaking ground for a great Structure
 That is your Real body- called Truth.

It is happiness applauding itself and then taking flight
 To embrace everyone and everything in this world.

Laughter is the polestar
 Held in the sky by our Beloved,
 Who eternally says,

"Yes, dear ones, come this way,
 Come this way toward Me and Love!

Come with your tender mouths moving
 And your beautiful tongues conducting songs
 And with your movements - your magic movements
 Of hands and feet and glands and cells - Dancing!

Know that to God's Eye,
 All movement is a Wondrous Language,
 And Music - such exquisite, wild Music!"

O what is laughter, Hafiz?
 What is this precious love and laughter
 Budding in our hearts?

It is the glorious sound
 Of a soul waking up!

From 'Tonight the Subject is Love'

At this Party

I don't want to be the only one here
Telling all the secrets -

Filling up all the bowls at this party,
Taking all the laughs.

I would like you
To start putting things on the table
That can also feed the soul
The way I do.

That way We can invite
A hell of a lot more
Friends.

No Other Kind of Light

Find that flame, that love,

That Wonderful Man

Who can bum beneath the water.

No other kind of light

Will cook the food you

Need.

Not With Wings

Here soar
Not with wings

But with your moving hands and feet
And sweating brows –

Standing by your Beloved's side
Reaching out to comfort this world

With your cup of solace
Drawn from your vast reservoir of Truth.

Here soar
Not with your eyes and senses
That turn their backs
On the earth's sweet stumbling dance
Which needs you.

Here love, O here love,
With your mouth tender and open upon your lover,

And with your heart on duty
To the souls of rivers, children, forest animals,
All the shy feathered ones and laughing, jumping,
Shining fish.

O here, pilgrim,
Love
On this holy battleground of life

Where there are bleeding men
Who are calling for a sacred drink,

A gentle word or touch from man
Or God.

Hafiz! why just serve and play with angels?
They are already content.

Brew your knowledge well for men
With aching minds and guts!

And for those wayfarers who have gained
The rare courageous thirsts
That can never be relinquished
Until Union!

Hafiz!
Leave your recipes in golden drums.

Tie those barrels to the backs of camels
Who will keep circumambulating the worlds,

Giving nourishment
To all our tender wondrous spheres.

O here love, O love right here.
Find your happiness, dear wayfarer,

With your beautiful lips and body
So sweetly opened,

Yielding their vital gifts upon
This magnificent
Earth.

Venus Just Asked Me

Perhaps
For just one minute out of the day,

It may be of value to torture yourself
With thoughts like,

“I should be doing
A hell of a lot more with my life than I am -
Cause I’m so damn talented.”

But remember,
For just one minute out of the day.

With all the rest of your time,
It would be best
To try
Looking upon your self more as God does.

For He knows
Your true royal nature.

God is never confused
And can see Only Himself in you.

My dear,
Venus just leaned down and asked me
To tell you a secret, to confess
She’s just a mirror who has been stealing
Your light and music for centuries.

She knows as does Hafiz,
You are the sole heir to
The King.

Ten Thousand Idiots

It is always a danger
To the aspirant
On the
Path

When one begins
To believe and
Act

As if the ten thousand idiots
Who so long ruled
And lived
Inside

Have all packed their bags
And skipped town
Or
Died .

From 'The Gift'

My spring eyes still warm faces, and awake verdant earths in your soul.

A Poet

A Poet is someone
Who can pour light into a cup,
Then raise it to nourish
Your beautiful parched, holy mouth.

LOOKING FOR GOOD FISH

Why complain about life
 If you are looking for good fish
 And have followed some idiot
 Into the middle of the copper market?

Why go crazy
 If you are looking for fine silk
 And you keep rubbing your hands against
 Burlap and hemp sacks?

If your heart really needs to touch a face
 That is filled with abundance
 Then why didn't you come to this
 Old Man sooner?

For my cheek is the universe's cloister
 And if you can make your prayers sweet enough
 Tonight

Then Hafiz will lean over and offer you
 All the warmth in my body
 In case God is busy
 Doing something else
 Somewhere.

Why complain if you are looking
 To quench your spirit's longing
 And have followed a rat into a desert.

If your soul really needs to touch a face
 That is always filled with compassion

And tenderness
 Then why,

Why my dear
 Did you not come to your friend Hafiz
 Sooner?

WE HAVE NOT COME TO
TAKE PRISONERS

We have not come here to take prisoners,
But to surrender ever more deeply
To freedom and joy.

We have not come into this exquisite world
To hold ourselves hostage from love.

Run my dear,
From anything
That may not strengthen
Your precious budding wings.

Run like hell my dear,
From anyone likely
To put a sharp knife
Into the sacred, tender vision
Of your beautiful heart.

We have a duty to befriend
Those aspects of obedience
That stand outside of our house
And shout to our reason
"O please, O please,
Come out and play."

For we have not come here to take prisoners
Or to confine our wondrous spirits,

But to experience ever and ever more deeply
Our divine courage, freedom, and
Light!

I RAIN

I rain
Because your meadows call
For God.

I weave light into words so that
When your mind holds them

Your eyes will relinquish their sadness,
Turn bright, a little brighter, giving to us
The way a candle does
To the dark.

I have wrapped my laughter like a birthday gift
And left it beside your bed.

I have planted the wisdom in my heart
Next to every signpost in the sky.

A wealthy man
Often becomes eccentric,

A divine crazed soul
Is transformed into infinite generosity

Tying gold sacks of gratuity
To the dangling feet of moons, planets, ecstatic
Midair dervishes, and singing birds.

I speak
Because every cell in your body
Is reaching out
For God.

GOD JUST CAME NEAR

No

One

In need of love

Can sit with my verse for

An hour

And then walk away without carrying

Golden tools,

And feeling that God

Just came

Near.

THE SUN NEVER SAYS

Even
After
All this time
The sun never says to the earth,

“You owe
Me.”

Look
What happens
With a love like that,
It lights the
Whole
Sky.

WHY JUST ASK THE DONKEY

Why
Just ask the donkey in me
To speak to the donkey in you,

When I have so many other beautiful animals
And brilliant colored birds inside
That are all longing to say something wonderful
And exciting to your heart?

Let's open all the locked doors upon our eyes
That keep us from knowing the Intelligence
That begets love
And a more lively and satisfying conversation
With the Friend.

Let's turn loose our golden falcons
So that they can meet in the sky
Where our spirits belong -
Necking like two
Hot kids.

Let's hold hands and get drunk near the sun
And sing sweet songs to God
Until He joins us with a few notes
From His own sublime lute and drum.

If you have a better idea
Of how to pass a lonely night
After your glands may have performed
All their little magic

Then speak up sweethearts, speak up,
For Hafiz and all the world will listen.

Why just bring your donkey to me
Asking for stale hay

And a boring conference with the idiot

In regards to this precious matter –
Such a precious matter as love,

When I have so many other divine animals
And brilliant colored birds inside
That are all longing
To so sweetly
Greet
You!

You carry all the ingredients
To turn your existence into joy,

Mix them, mix
Them!

CURFEWS

Noise
Is a cruel ruler

Who is always imposing
Curfews,

While
Stillness and quiet
Break open the vintage
Bottles,

Awake the real
Band.

Art is the conversation between lovers.
Art offers an opening for the heart.
True art makes the divine silence in the soul
Break into applause.

Art is, at last, the knowledge of
Where we are standing –
Where we are standing
In this Wonderland
When we rip off all our clothes
And this blind man's patch, veil,
That got tied across our brow.

Art is the conversation between lovers.

True art awakes the
Extraordinary
Ovation.

THE VINTAGE MAN

The
Difference
Between a good artist
And a great one

Is:

The novice
Will often lay down his tool
Or brush

Then pick up an invisible club
On the mind's table

And helplessly smash the easels and
Jade.

Whereas the vintage man
No longer hurts himself or anyone

And keeps on Sculpting

Light.

JUST LOOKING FOR TROUBLE

I once had a student
Who would sit alone in his house at night
Shivering with worries
And fears,

And, come morning,
He would often look as though
He had been raped
By a ghost.

Then one day my pity

Crafted for him a knife
From my own divine sword.

Since then,
I have become very proud
Of this student.

For now, come night,
Not only has he lost all his fear,

Now he goes out

Just looking for
Trouble.

The Gift

Our
Union is like this:

You feel cold
So I reach for a blanket to cover
Our shivering feet.

A hunger comes into your body
So I run to my garden
And start digging potatoes.

You ask for a few words of comfort and guidance,
I quickly kneel at your side offering you
This whole book-
As a gift.

You ache with loneliness one night
So much you weep

And I say,

Here's a rope,
Tie it around me,

Hafiz
Will be your companion
For life.

THE SCENT OF LIGHT

Like a great starving beast

My body is quivering

Fixed

On the scent

Of

Light.

THE STAIRWAY OF EXISTENCE

We
Are not
In pursuit of formalities
Or fake religious Laws,

For through the stairway of existence
We have come to God's
Door.

We are
People who need to love, because
Love is the soul's life,

Love is simply creation's greatest joy.

Through
The stairway of existence,
O, through the stairway of existence, Hafiz,

Have
You now come,
Have we all now come to
The Beloved's
Door.

Behind the veil Hafiz and angels sometimes weep

Because most eyes are rarely glad
And your divine beauty is still too frightened
To unfurl its thousand swaying arms.

STOP BEING SO RELIGIOUS

What
Do sad people have in
Common?

It seems
They have all built a shrine
To the past

And often go there
And do a strange wail and
Worship.

What is the beginning of
Happiness?

It is to stop being
So religious

Like

That.

IT FELT LOVE

How
Did the rose
Ever open its heart

And give to this world
All its
Beauty?

It felt the encouragement of light
Against its
Being,

Otherwise,
We all remain

Too

Frightened.

TWO BEARS

Once
After a hard day's forage
Two bears sat together in silence
On a beautiful vista
Watching the sun go down
And feeling deeply grateful
For life.

Though, after a while
A thought-provoking conversation began
Which turned to the topic of
Fame.

The one bear said,
"Did you hear about Rustam?
He has become famous
And travels from city to city
In a golden cage;

He performs to hundreds of people
Who laugh and applaud
His carnival
Stunts."

The other bear thought for
A few seconds

Then started
Weeping.

THE WARRIOR

The warriors tame
The beasts in their past
So that the night's hoofs
Can no longer break the jeweled vision
In the heart.

The intelligent and the brave
Open every closet in the future and evict
All the mind's ghosts who have the bad habit
Of barfing everywhere.

For a long time the Universe
Has been germinating in your spine

But only a *Pir** has the talent,
The courage to slay
The past-giant, the future-anxieties.

The warrior
Wisely sits in a circle
With other men
Gathering the strength to unmask
Himself,

Then
Sits, giving,
Like a great illumined planet on
The
Earth.

* Persian: Saint

Tiny Gods

Some gods say, the tiny ones,
"I am not here in your vibrant, moist lips
That need to beach themselves upon
The golden shore of a
Naked body."

Some gods say, "I am not
The scarred yearning in the unrequited soul;
I am not the blushing cheek
Of every star and
Planet-

I am not the applauding Chef
Of those precious secretions that can distill
The whole mind into a perfect wincing jewel, if only
For a moment;
Nor do I reside in every pile of sweet warm dung
Born of the earth's
Gratuity."

Some gods say, the ones we need to hang,
"Your mouth is not designed to know His,
Love was not born to consume
The luminous
Realms."

Dear ones,
Beware of the tiny gods frightened men
Create
To bring an anesthetic relief
To their sad
Days.

ELEGANCE

It
Is not easy
To stop thinking ill
Of others.

Usually one must enter into a friendship
With a person

Who has accomplished that great feat himself
Then

Something
Might start to rub off on you
Of that

True
Elegance.

DROPPING KEYS

The small man

Builds cages for everyone

He

Knows.

While the sage,

Who has to duck his head

When the moon is low,

Keeps dropping keys all night long

For the

Beautiful

Rowdy

Prisoners.

Spiced Manna

Someone
Will steal you if you don't
Stay near,

And sell you as a slave in the
Market.

I sing
To the nightingales' hearts
Hoping they will learn
My verse

So that no one will ever imprison
Your brilliant angel
Feathers.

Have I put enough spiced manna
On your plate
Tonight

In this Tavern
Where Hafiz
Serves?

If not please wait
For more light is now
Fermenting.

Someone will steal you if you
Don't stay near,

And sell you as a slave in
The market,
So your Beloved and I
Sing.

BECOMING HUMAN

Once a man came to me and spoke for hours about
"His great visions of God" he felt he was having.

He asked me for confirmation, saying,
"Are these wondrous dreams true?"

I replied, "How many goats do you have?"

He looked surprised and said,
"I am speaking of sublime visions
And you ask
About goats!"

And I spoke again saying,
"Yes, brother – how many do you have?"

"Well, Hafiz, I have sixty-two."

'And how many wives?"
Again he looked surprised, then said,
"Four."

"How many rose bushes in your garden,
How many children,
Are your parents still alive,
Do you feed the birds in winter?"

And to all he answered.

Then I said,
"You asked me if I thought your visions were true,

I would say that they were if they make you become
More human,

More kind to every creature and plant
That you know."

THE THOUSAND-STRINGED INSTRUMENT

The heart is
The thousand-stringed instrument.

Our sadness and fear come from being
Out of tune with love.

All day long God coaxes my lips
To speak,

So that your tears will not stain
His green dress.

It is not that the Friend is vain,
It is just your life we care about.

Sometimes the Beloved
Takes my pen in hand,
For Hafiz is just a simple man.

The other day the Old One
Wrote on the Tavern wall:

"The heart is
The thousand-stringed instrument

That can only be tuned with
Love."

The God Who Only Knows
Four Words

Every

Child

Has known God,

Not the God of names,

Not the God of don'ts,

Not the God who ever does

Anything weird,

But the God who only knows four words

And keeps repeating them, saying:

"Come dance with Me."

Come

Dance.

THE DIAMOND TAKES SHAPE

Some parrots
Have become so skilled with
The human voice

They could give a brilliant discourse
About freedom and God

And an unsighted man nearby might
Even begin applauding with
The thought:

I just heard jewels fall from a
Great saint's mouth,

Though my Master used to say,

"The diamond takes shape slowly
With integrity's great force,

And from

The profound courage to never relinquish love."

Some parrots have become so skilled
With words,
The blind turn over their gold
And lives to caged

Feathers.

WHAT IS THE ROOT?

What

Is the

Root of all these

Words?

One thing: love.

But a love so deep and sweet

It needed to express itself

With scents, sounds, colors

That never before

Existed.

TROUBLED?

Troubled?
Then stay with me, for I'm not.

Lonely?
A thousand naked amorous ones dwell in ancient caves
Beneath my eyelids.

Riches?
Here's a pick,
My whole body is an emerald that begs,
"Take me."

Write all that worries you on a piece of parchment;
Offer it to God.
Even from the distance of a millennium

I can lean the flame in my heart
Into your life

And turn
All that frightens you
Into holy
Incense
Ash.

ACT GREAT

What is the key
To untie the knot of your mind's suffering?

What
Is the esoteric secret
To slay the crazed one whom each of us
Did wed

And who can ruin
Our heart's and eye's exquisite tender
Landscape?

Hafiz has found
Two emerald words that
Restored
Me

That I now cling to as I would sacred
Tresses of my Beloved's
Hair:

Act great.
My dear, always act great.

What is the key
To untie the knot of the mind's suffering?

Benevolent thought, sound
And movement.