

The reflection cast from good friends is needed
until you become, without the aid of any
reflector,
a drawer of water from the Sea.
Know that the reflection is at first just
imitation,
but when it continues to recur,
it turns into direct realization of truth.
Until it has become realization,
don't part from the friends who guide you—
don't break away from the shell
if the raindrop hasn't yet become a pearl.
[II, 566-8]

Remember the adage: Men are mines.
One mine may be worth a hundred thousand.
One mine of lurking ruby and carnelian
has more value than countless mines of copper.
O Ahmad, here riches are of no use!
What is wanted is a heart full of love and pain
and sighs.
[II, 2077-9]

Your true substance is concealed in falsehood,
like the taste of butter in buttermilk.
Your falsehood is this perishable body;
your truth is that exalted spirit.
For many years, this buttermilk of the body,
is visible and manifest, while the butter, which
is the spirit,
is perishing and ignored within it—
until God sends a prophet, a chosen servant,
a shaker of the buttermilk in the churn,
who skillfully shakes it, so that you might know

your true self which was hidden.
[IV, 3030-3034]

The difference between truth and falsehood
becomes visible
the moment the collyrium of grace clears the eye;
otherwise, dung and musk seem the same
to one whose nose is clogged.
To cure boredom he picks up something to read,
neglecting the Word of the Almighty,
that by means of some entertaining article
he may quell the painful fire and anxiety.
Either pure water or urine would work to put out
the fire.
But if you really come to know this pure water,
the Word of God which is of the spirit,
all distress will vanish from your soul,
and your heart will find its way to the rose
garden,
for everyone who catches a scent of the mystery
of revelation
discovers a spiritual orchard with a running
brook.
[IV, 3464-3472]

Ilahi by Kabir Helminski

The heat is in the fire.
It's not just from the stove.
Some live for desire,
and some are in love with Love.
The Secret is an ocean
hidden in a lover's tear.
Love is not an end to pain.

It's said, "Thou shalt not fear."

Remembrance is a quality
That can't be called your own.

A dervish is a doorway.

A seeker needs no throne.

A way exists in every heart
to Mecca and Jerusalem.

You who've wandered far away,
come find your home again.