

Fana-fi-Sheikh

He stands on the platform as the sun in the Heavens,
My heart can but list to the message he bears,
As the light of the sun illumines the ocean,
The words of my Murshid come to my ears.

He stands picturesquely garbed in his garments
The light of his countenance says more than his words,
He speaks—is it heart or his lecture I'm hearing?
I can but receive nor ask how nor why.

When God sends His loved ones—the sages and prophets
Who give up their lives to prove what they say;
Should we stop and resort to reason and logic?
All that they give us? Or take come what may?

He stands on the platform, his love overflowing,
His heart gives the message to you and to me,
His soul is illumined, a torch to all mankind.
May I keep what I hear through Eternity!

O, Thou, Who are clothed in the spiritual Sunlight!
Thou comest on earth where'er Dharma decays,
May we ever be watching and seeking Thee inward,
Nor outward neglect through all our days!

When love severs ties that apparently bind us,
When soul stands to soul in nakedness stark,
Then we know what is Inspiration and what inspires us;
When we see that great light, all else is dark.

(Written during Pir-o-Murshid's lectures on "Inspiration," March 1926.)