



12 Steps to Rumi

This book will soon be published in book form

دوازده خان عرفان

Twelve Steps to Rumi

پروانه ترکمانی

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Kamran Farzan



Parvaneh Torkamani:



The journey of the soul from darkness to light, from isolation to union is the subject of **Kamran Farzan's** long poem "**Twelve Steps to Rumi**".

He describes this journey in twelve episodes which help us understand what awaits us when we become seekers of knowledge and enlightenment. He takes us through valleys and mountains of doubt and the hardship of death

and joy of rebirth to a point where we are one with existence.

We are encouraged to doubt our ancestral beliefs and take on new ideas while we head on the journey. We are told to use our imagination to see our minds as the center of the universe. And then topple from that height to become a drop in the ocean of existence.

Kamran explains this journey so engagingly that we become curious how we can begin our own individual journey.

Sajjad Heidary:



When a person is placed in personal or social limitations, whether in terms of political, economic, or in terms of capabilities and socializing talents, he tries to take refuge in solitude, read books, listen to music, do relaxing sports

and finally, find a way from inside to another world through imagination, analogy, conjecture, illusion or any other way to achieve what is not reached in the world of senses to reach inner happiness and peace!

Happiness and peace that is not fleeting, weak and low, happiness that opens the road, is the way and the destination!

The limits of human societies are decreasing day by day. Today's human is able to travel the greatest distance in the shortest time, as was humanity's dream for many centuries. She can meet the furthest people in terms of space and time at home.

But this modernity, has changed some morals to the point that this modern human being in the progressive society finds herself more alone and isolated every day, and this loneliness with a familiar voice from within compels her to deepen herself even more to the point, with writing and interpreting the new feelings that she got acquainted with in this spiritual journey inward; to pack their bags alone and go in search of the unknown with sweet songs and

deep peace and a childish and simple outlook to discover what they did not know about themselves before and discover some of those beauties every day which is supposed to bring them to peace with the greatest world creation on earth!

Peace with oneself!!

Eternal peace.

Kamran Farzan:



In writing, one of the most difficult tasks is translating a poem from one language to another. Those who are proficient in translation know well that in the process of translating a poem into another language, many concepts and the tone of the poem undergo changes.

For this reason, there are two types of translation. The first type of translation is word-for-word translation. In the other type of translation, the translator reads the poem in the original language, and after recognizing the type of concepts, he actually writes a new poem in another language, and in the second case, the translator must be a poet as well in order to present an acceptable work.

I met **Parvaneh Torkmani** , who is a bilingual poet herself, at the meeting of the “**Iranian Poetry Association**” in **Pittsburgh (USA)**. In several meetings, I listened to the pleasant poems she had written. By getting to know more, I realized that there is a positive possibility for mutual cooperation.

In one of the "**Poetry Night**" sessions, I asked **Parvaneh** if she could help translate poetry from **Persian** to **English**, and the answer to my question was yes. It is worth mentioning that I was very happy and gave the **Persian** version of this poem to **Parvaneh**, and it took about two weeks for **Parvaneh** to translate the entire text into **English**.

Needless to say, the **Persian** language remains like poetry, and no country in the world has as many poems and poets as Iran. With all this, **Parvaneh's** work was really difficult, but with her proficiency and knowledge in **English**, this problem was solved and the book was translated into **English**.

We have arranged the publication of the book in **Persian** and **English** in this volume, however, if bilingual friends and experts think that even moving one word will improve the transfer of concepts, they must kindly inform us of their suggestion for further treatment.

Furthermore, in writing this book (in **Persian** text) a poet named **Sajjad Heydari**, who lives in **Miandoab, Iran**, has collaborated with me. In addition to the fact that he has written a very comprehensive introduction in the **Persian** text, I asked him to write another text for the book in **English**. The design and drawing on the cover is also by **Sajjad Heydari**.

The majority of **English**-speaking people have heard of mysticism through the language of **Rumi**. But the mysticism mentioned in this book is different from **Rumi's**

mysticism. In **Rumi's** mysticism, the goal is unity in **God's** essence, but in this book, I put **God** aside, and the effort is to draw an evolved human being who encompasses all the better human qualities.

May it be acceptable.





You are not just a drop in the ocean, you are the entire ocean in a drop.

Rumi

راهورزی

Stepping On

رهسپار ابدم

Heading to eternity

گر عصائی چو من از جنس تفاهم داری

If you have a cane of understanding like this one

پای پیش بنه

Step forward

ما ز اندیشه و تاریخ گذر میداریم

We shall pass through thought and history

و در این چاووشی

And in this forwardness

دره هائی چون ویل

There are valleys like deep wells

صخره هائی چون قاف

Rocks like Quaff

آب هائی چون سیل

Waters like flood

دشت هائی پر سنگ

Fields full of pebbles

جنگلی پر از مار

A forest full of snakes

چشمه هائی از گِل
Springs full of mud
باغ هائی از خار
gardens full of thorn
راهدار شب ماست
Lead our night

ما پی کردن یک چوب توی کندوی خلقت هستیم
We seek to put a stick into the hive of existence!

ای هَلا کشتی دار
Hey pilgrim
ترس بر خود مگذار
Do not be fearful
کندن کوه اُحد
Digging the Uhud Mountain
تیغ پولاد عصب در دل این رهروی است
Takes steel nerves at the heart of this journey
پای را پیش گذار
Step forward
موج ها می آیند
The waves come
و تو را چون پر کاهی نازک
And will like thin straw
تا فراسوی ابد میرانند
Run you till end of eternity

خواستن خود شرط است
Wanting is the condition

تو اگر دل بدهی

If you take heart

در ورا دستی هست

In the distance there is a hand

که پی عاشق شیدای پریشانی هست

After a distraught lovelorn lover

او بگیرد دستت

She will take your hand

وچو کودک که پی چیدن می از تن گل مادر خود شایق هست

Like a child eager for milk from the body of her flower like
mother

پا به پا راه گشای پر پرواز شماست

Feet one after another opens the way for feather of your
flight

و چو راهی گشتی

And when you are on your way

کهربای بدن جام حقیقت با توست

The amber of body of cup of truth is with you



The angel is free because he loves knowledge, The beast is free because of his ignorance, Between the two are humans who continuously struggle in their quest.

Rumi

خان اول

Step One

خان یک بر علم است

First step is on knowledge

طالب علم شدن

To become a seeker of knowledge

توی باغی که هزاران معنی

In a garden where thousands of meanings

هر کدامین چون گل

Each like a flower

سر هر کوچه به رنگی و به بوئی و به شکلی پیداست

At the head of each alley is visible in a shape and
a scent and a form

و در این پویائی

And in this dynamism

همچو زنبور عسل کش سر خود را توی هر گلشن و گلزار فرو میکاود

Like the honey bee who puts its head in any field of
flowers and flower beds

تا که شهدی یابد

To find nectar

بایدی کوشا بود

One must try

باید آن دامن گل را به فراهم آورد

One must find that flower skirt

سالک امروزین

Today's seeker

چونکه برچید عسل را ز قد و قامت یار

When he harvests honey from friend's body and stature

در پی شهد دگر

After different nectar

گل به گل

Flower to flower

باغ پر نعمت هر فکر و تصور و خیال

The rich garden of thought, imagination and fancy

را بگیرد در پی

Shall venture

تا که با جام نخستین توسل و حصول

Till with the first cup shall arrive

بر سر باره ی آن اول معنی برسد

at the issue of the original meaning

سالک امروزین

Today's seeker

پس از هر کشف حقیقت توی اندیشه لغزند ه موج

After discovery of each truth in the slippery thought of the
wave

گر اصولی آموخت

If she learns any principles

هرگز بر سر باور نرود گش دانست

Will never stand on belief since she know

هر دری باز شود

Each door that opens

پشت آن کوه پر از دره ی اماها هست

Behind it is the valley full of mountain of doubts

سالک امروزم

Today's seeker

خوشه چینی است که باغ نعمت

Is a plucker of vines since the garden of blessings

روبرویش باز است

Is open in front of her

او به هر سوی و سفر کش برود

Whichever way she goes, whatever travel she pursues

کولباری ز گل فرض و تصور و یقین

shall have a backpack full of flower of assumption,
imagination and certainty

در سبد خواهد داشت

In her basket

گالیله سالک دیروزین است

(Galileo is yesterday's seeker

گردی چرخ زمین

Roundness of Earth's wheel

توی انبار فقاہت و جہالت و سکون

In the warehouse of religion and ignorance and static

بر سرش گرز دژمناک ندیدن ها بود

Was the club of lack of visions on his head

گالیله بر آزد

Galileo lives on

مدعی اما مرد

Asserter but died

سالک امروزین

Today's seeker

در کنار گذر از قصه شش روزہ تکوین وجود

Along the six day story of creation

گوش هایش را بدهد بر دگران

Gives her ears to others

تا کہ بر فرضیه هائی دیگر

To give other assumptions

فرصت باور و معنی بدهد

A chance to be believed and give meaning

سالک امروزین کور و لال و کر و میمون و مُقلد هم نیست

Today's seeker is not blind and dumb and deaf nor an
emulating monkey

سالک امروزین

Today's seeker

این چنین میداند

Knows this well

که چو بر آخر معنی برسد

That once she reaches the end of meaning

دل ندارد بر آن

Her heart is not with it

پشت هر کوهی هم

Behind every mountain

صد هزاران کوه است

There are hundreds of thousands of mountains

سالک امروزم

Today's seeker

تا ابد تشنه ی نوش از سر سرچشمه ی دریای خرد

Forever is thirsty to drink from the wellspring of wisdom

می توفد

Moves forward



The universe is not outside of you. Look inside yourself, everything that you want you already are.

Rumi

خان دوّم

Step Two

خان دو خان رضاست

Second step is satisfaction

خان دو راضی دریای رضایت گشتن

Second step is to be satisfied in the sea of contentment

و شنا در جامیست

And swimming in a cup

که به اندازه ی اقبال کسان ساخته اند

That they built the size of one's luck

این چنین آمده از تجربه ی "میل فزایش" حاصل

This is the result of experience of expansion

که ته چرخ طمع را نَبُود پایانی

That there is no end to the wheel of greed

آخر پیچش و بی تابی این فرسایش

The end of this twist and restlessness and rub

در شروع دگری سوی تباهی شدن است

In the start is destruction of the other

در جدالی که در آن نیست پگاهی پی هر آرامش

In a conflict with no dawn of comfort

این چنین باید گفت

This must be said

فصل خوب شادی

The good season of happiness

حق هر انسان است

Is the right of each human

.

این چنین باید گفت

This must be said

فصل خوب شادی

The good season of happiness

در پریدن ها نیست

Is not in flights

در رضایت ها هست

It is in contentments

.

این چنین باید گفت

this must be said

آخر گام بسوی طمع و آز و نیاز

The end of stepping towards greed and avarice and need

مقصدش کشور هیچستان است

Is headed to nowhere land!

.

هر چه را خوشبختی

Whatever good fortune

یا که آرامش

Or peacefulness

می توانی نامید

Could be called

در پی کوشش معقول و قناعت باشد

Comes after hard work and contentment

و زیادت طلبی

And wanting too much

خنجری هست که "آرامش معقول" به درگیری آن خونبار است

Is a dagger from which "rational peacefulness" is bloody



Wherever you stand, be the soul of that place, energy, art and intuition, be present.

Rumi

خان سوم

Step Three

خان سه فرهنگ است

Step three is culture

هنر جذب تمدن ز نهادی که در آن زیسته اید

Art of attracting civilisation from the structure you have
lived in

و قبول باور

And accepting the belief

دیگران مثل تواند

Others are exactly like you

و توئی مثل همه

And you are exactly like others

پس به هر مکتب غیر از من خود

Then toward each school other than oneself

عشق و تکریم بنه

Show respect and love

و در این پویائی

And to this search

فرصت رشد بده

Give time of growth

احترام دیگران

Respect for others

احترام خود توست
Is respect for yourself
گر کسی گفت که این قرمز هست
If someone says this is red
و تو گفتی که همان آبی هست
And you said the same blue
به کسی خُرده مگیر
Don't blame anyone
بر سر بام بلند
Over your height
آن خداوند غنی
That the rich God
این چنین میخواهد
Wants it thus
چشم او آن بیند
Her eye sees that
چشم تو این بیند
Your eye sees this

تو ببايد پذيری که گل اندیشه
You must accept that the flower of thought
در همه یکسان نیست
Is not the same in all
هر گلی را رنگی است
To each flower there is a color
هر گلی را بوئی است
To each flower there is a scent

و همه خوشرنگند

And all are pleasant in color

و همه خوشبویند

And all are pleasant in scent

و اگر غیر تو بر کسوت دیگر هستند

And if they are busy with something other than you are

این بر آن نیست که مخدوش و یا بر غلطند

It doesn't mean they are at fault or wrong

غیر این گر بروی

If you go another way

و خودت را چو نگینی بینی

And see yourself as a precious stone

برتر از هر دگران

Better than others

چرخ گردش لای آن بینش تو گیر کند در گرداب

The wheel of existence shall get stuck in your sight in a
whirlpool

و غرور و نخوت

Of pride and arrogance

در ستایش از خود

In praising yourself

یا که از مذهب و یا مسلک خود

Or your religion and sect

دام پیچیده خوف انگیزی است

Is a twisted scary trap

که تو را در عبث آباد کژی غرق کند

That will draw you in the absurd land of wrongfulness

احترام دیگران

Respect for others

راه برخورد سپید

Is the bright way to approach

بین بینش ها هست

among visions

تو گلی از چمنی

You pick a flower from a lawn

را به بویائی بر

For the sake of smell

و دیگر گل ها را

And the other flowers

عزت و کسوت و آئین میدار

You respect and hold in esteem

تا که اندیشه و فرهنگ مجالی یابد

So thought and culture can find an opportunity

و در این بحر تضاد

And in this sea of opposites

همچنان گل بدهد

Would still blossom



Free of who I was, free of presence, free of dangerous
fear, free of overwhelming desire.

Rumi

خان چهارم

Step Four

خان چار باور ابعاد گل آزادیست

Fourth step is the belief in facets of the flower of freedom

در چنان معیاری

At such criterion

که در آن بهره ی آزادی هر فردی

In which benefit of each one's freedom

نشود باعث خدشه به نیاز جمعی

Does not alter the collective needs

مبحث آزادی

Talk of freedom

پارادوکسی هست پر از پیچش و خم

Is a paradox full of twists and turns

مبحث آزادی کشتن هر شرطی است

Talk of freedom is the killing of every condition

کشتن هر شرطی ناقض آزادی!
That violates freedom!

به بیانی دیگر

In other words

راه هر آزادی

The way to each freedom

در شکستن ها هست

Is in the breakings

و شکستن ها هم

And the breakings also

ناقض آزادی

Cancel freedom!

به بیانی بهتر

(In better words

گر که شرطی بشود

If it becomes conditional

دیگر آزادی نیست

It is not freedom anymore

و اگر آزادیست

And if it is freedom

پس چرا شرطی هست؟

Why is there a condition?

راه دوری نرویم
Let's not go too far
گر که آزادی هست
If there is freedom
هر کسی یارا هست
Everyone is able
تا به امیال خودش صورت و سامان بدهد
To give their desires order and face
هر کسی آزاد است
Everyone is free
دیگران را بخرد
To buy others
دیگران را بزند
To batter others
دیگران را بکشد
To kill others
یا بسوئی برود
Or go to any direction
تا هر آنجا که دلش میگوید
To heed what his heart says
تا هر آنجا که دلش می خواهد
As much as his heart wants

به بیانی دیگر
In other words
آزادی
Freedom

ضد هر آزادیست

Is anti every freedom!

ناقض آزادی

Cancelation of freedom

وضع هر قانون است

Is setting each rule!

و افول قانون

And the fall of rule

ناقض آزادی!-

Cancelation of freedom!

پس هر آن آزادی

Therefore each "freedom"

حاوی "صد شرط" است

Contains hundreds of conditions

و اگر شرطی هست

And if there is a condition

نام آن "قانون" است

Its name is the "Law"

و در این وادی پیچیده ی قانونمندی

And in this complicated oasis of lawfulness

آنچه را اکثر مردم خواهند

What most people want

نام آن قانون است

Is named the law

نام آن آزادیست

Is named freedom

با چنین شرط و شروط

With these conditions

که در آزادی فرد

Within individual freedom

ناقض بستر آزادی جمعی نشود

Collective freedom shall not be canceled



The body spun from light, its purity and swiftness is
the envy of angels in heaven.

Rumi

خان پنجم

Step Five

خان پنجم بینش پاک آرائی هست

Fifth step is clear vision

شستن کام و درون

The washing of desire and the inner self

از هر آن باعث بد سوئی امیال پر از خواهش هر انسان است

Since it is the cause of the wicked desires for each human

نزهت پاک وجود

Purity of being

در نشستن لب یک چشمه ی فرهنگ غنی

Is at sitting by the springwell of a rich culture

و غبار از تن خود روبیدن

And sweeping dust from one's body

در مسیری که به ابعاد تن خواهش ما
In a direction where the facets of our desires
توی جام معنی
Inside cup of meaning
فرصت گل بدهد
Would have the opportunity to bloom
تا به پاکیزگی صولت آن می برسد
Till it would reach the awe of clearness of that wine

شستن جسم و تن
Cleansing the body and the corpus
از هر آن باعث مغشوشی این آینه هست
Even if it is the cause of stress of the mirror
فرصتی هست که جان می یابد
Is an opportunity that life would find
تا هر آن "رنگ تعلق" دارد از درون پاک کند
To remove every color of belonging from within

شستن جان ز نقار و کینه
To cleanse one's being from enmity and grudge
یا که از کذب و دروغ
Or from falsity and lies
یا که از خشم و ستیز
Or from anger and conflict
یا که از آز و طمع
Or from greed and avarice"

یا که از "باد و غرور
Or from pomp and pride
یا که از حرص و ولع
Or from cupidity and ferocity
فرستی هست دوباره تا که آئینه تن
There is time so again body's mirror
همچو خورشید
Like the sun
جلا بخش می پاک بلورین دل ما باشد
Would make the pure wine of our heart shine

زهد و تقوی و ریاضت راهی است
Piety, abstinence and austerity is a way
در فراروی بشر
Ahead of humanity
تا به خود اندیشد
So she would think of herself
و ورا دور کند از نفس دیو مخوفی که درون انسان
And would run from herself the scary demon that inside
her
همچو یک خرچنگ است
Is like a lobster

با تمام این ها
With all this
شستن جان ز هر آن باعث بدگامی هست
Washing being from all that causes bad turns

کامل و کافی نیست

Is not complete and enough

بعد هر پالایش

After each purification

فرصتی باید داد

One must give it a chance

تا به یک آرایش

Till one reaches unity

بعد پاکیزگی جسم ز افعال پلید

After purifying the body of evil deeds

فرصتی هست که آئینه ی روح

There is a chance that the soul's mirror

چهره اش را بگشاید سوی مهمانی افعال سپید

Opens up its face towards the gathering of clean deeds

و درون را بکند مامن خوبی و نشاط و نیکی

And make the inside haven of goodness, happiness and
bliss

با جوانمردی و انفاق و گذشت و یاری

With gallantry, giving and forgivenesses and aide

با مروت و سپاس و کمک و بهداری

With generosity, thankfulness, helpfulness and wellbeing.

با شفقت و صبوری و هنر و باقی

With compassion, patience, art and sustainability

نزهت نقش درون

The wellness of the inner shape

راه پرمعنائی هست

Is a meaningful way

که بدن را از شروع غوره

That takes the body on a journey from the beginnings as
sour grape

و سپس بر انگور

To the grape

و درون خُم جوشان شراب

And inside the vat of boiling wine

می برد تا ته پاکیزگی می

Towards the end of pure refinement of the wine



When I heard my first love story. I began looking for
you. Not knowing lovers do not meet here or there.
Lovers live in each other

Rumi

خان ششم

Step Six

خان شش بر عشق است

Step six is on love

خان شش پر زدن موج

Step six is flight of the wave

ز احساس تن خواهش ما

From feelings of body of our desire

در وصل است

In union.

و چنان پروانه

And like the butterfly

بوسه ی گرم لبان را

The warm kiss of the lips

به دگر کس دادن

To give to another

در چنین چاووشی

In such a trial

گل سرخ و گل زرد

The red flower and the yellow flower

گل کوتاه و گل وزوزی کله سیاه

The short flower and the curly headed black flower

گل پُر برگ سفید
The full petaled white flower
یا گل لاغر و چاق
Or the thin and fat flower
همگی منشعب از خلقت یک کل هستند
Are all branches of creation of one whole
و نهانگاه تب خواهش ما
And the secret space of our desire's fever
بوسه ای می باشد
Is a kiss
که به اندازه ی احساس طبیعت پهن است
Wide as the sense of nature

در چنین باغ قشنگی که خدا ساخته از باده ی عشق
At such beautiful garden that God made of wine of love
کینه ها آن علف پیچک هرزی هستند
Grudges are the ivy weed
که به روی گل خوشرنگ "خرد" می پیچند
That twist around the nice colored flower of wisdom
و میان انسان
And among humans
با هزاران انسان
With thousands of humans
سد بیهوده ی دیواره ی "من" می سازند
Creates the futile wall of "me"

پس هلا ای سالک

Then, O, seeker!

تو به عشقی که فلک ساخته در باطن ما

Give the love that existence built within our inner self

فرصت تابش و پرواز بده

The opportunity to shine and fly

تا چنان پروانه

So, like the butterfly

بال خود را از محبت بنهد روی نیاز تن یک غنچه سرخ

It puts its wing out of affection over the body of need of a
rosebud

یا که جاری بشوی

Or to flow

روی احساس پُر از خواهش گل های حنا و سوسن

Over the desirefull sense of balsam weed and Lily

آریا و پری و آندره و یا ارژن

Arya, or Pari or Andre or Arjan

پس بدان ای دل‌بند

Therefore, know beloved...

جنگ هفتاد و دو ملت همه در "من" جاریست

The war of seventy two nations flows in "me"

من خود را تو بکش

Kill the I in yourself

تا درخت گل عشق

Till the tree of love would flower

در تن ات غنچه ای از فصل "محبت" بدهد

At the season of affection it would bloom in your body

.

عاشق دنیا شو

Fall in love with existence

عاشق گل ها شو

Fall in love with flowers

عاشق دل ها شو

Fall in love with hearts

.

استخوان بشکسته

Ground to the bone

سالک این راه است

Is the seeker on this route



Wash your feelings in seven water clear of grudges.
And become cup of the wine of love ...become a cup
for love.

Rumi

خان هفتم

Step Seven

خان هفت تطهیر است

Step seven is purification

خان هفت آینه گشتن و بخار از تن خود شستن توسط

Step seven is to become a mirror and to wash steam from
your body

همچو آئینه شدن

To become like the mirror

در خلوص دل پر گوهر و شفاف وسیع دریا

In purity of the clear heart of the sea full of gems

تا افق های وسیع و روشن دنیاها

To the wide and bright horizon of worlds.

.

در چنان دریائی

In such a sea

یا چنان دنیائی

Or such a world

که دهان را از کران تا به کران بگشوده است

That has opened mouth from shore to shore

تا هر آن را که در آن می ریزی

So whatever you pour into it

با سخاوت بپذیرد در ذهن

To accept with generosity of mind

و پس از شستن هر رنگ و ریا و سالوس

And after washing every color and deception and

hypocrisy

صیقل روح تو

The polish of your soul

بسپارد به تن نقش افق در معراج

Shall surrender to the design of horizon in ascension

دل تو همچو تن آینه تا اوج نهایت جاری است

Your heart like body of the mirror flows to heights of

eternity

تا پذیرا بشود هر چه در آن می ریزند

So it can accept whatever they pour into it

و بدون گذر از رنگ تعلق و به خود پیرائی

And without passing through color of belonging and self

adornment

هر چه در دل داری
Whatever you have in heart
همگی را به سخاوت چو حریر گل نور
Give it all in generosity like the silk of flower of light
پس دهد در نفس باد گذرگاه عبوری خالص
To return in the breath of the wind a pure passage

دست آئینه به سوی هر چه باشد باز است
The mirror's hand is open to everything it reflects
و در آغوش پُر از وسعت و ژرفای خودش
And in breadth and depth of its embrace
میهمان تب هرگونه تمنائی هست
Is the host of every longing's fever

و همه دریاها
And all the seas
و همه دنیاها
And all the worlds
سر به آسودگی و خلوت آغوش پر از مهر دل آینه ها
Have their heads upon comfort and seclusion of mirrors
full of tenderness
چو پَر نازک پروانه عشق
Like the delicate wing of butterfly of love
خواب بی دغدغه و راحت میعاد بهاران دارند
without concern and tranquil dream of a tryst with spring)

روح را صیقل ده
Polish the soul

تن خود آینه کن

Turn your body into a mirror

و پس از این تطهیر

And after this sanctification

همگی را به درونت بپذیر

Accept everyone within!

همگی را به درونت بپذیر

Accept everyone within!



We are the ones who shine with our endless existence,
bright every morning and happy every evening. They say
we have no end. We are happy without ending.

Rumi

خان هشتم

Step Eight

خان هشتم تسلیم است

Step eight is to submit

خان هشتم راه گذشتن ز خود است

Step eight is to go beyond the I

من خود را کشتن

To kill the I in yourself

قاب تابوت "منم" را به سر شانه ی خود افزودن

To carry the frame of the casket of "I am me" on one's
shoulder

و در این پِسمرگی

And in this death

جسد مرده ی خود را به درون گل و گوری راندن

Run the corpse of oneself to a muddy grave

و سنگ گوری بنهادن

And to put a gravestone

به روی من خود

Over one's self

که به اندازه ی دستان اجل بی رحم است

That is cruel as the call of death

از پی وصلت دلدار به خود بنهادن

Towards union with one's beloved

بعد هر مردن تو

After each death of self

فصل آغاز تولد و تبلور جاریست

The season of rebirth and shining flows

از دل خاک دوباره به جهان بر گشتن

To return to the world again from the heart of dirt

مردن و زنده شدن

To die and to come back to life

مردن و زنده شدن

To die and to come back to life

مردن و زنده شدن

To die and to come back to life

آنقدر مردن و پس زنده شدن

To die and to come back to life so many times

که حیات و مرگت

That your life and death

چون دو روی سکه

Like two sides of a coin

قالب یک بدن طرح مجازی گردند

Figuratively become the mold of one body

تو در این بحر تَطَوَّر که درونت جاریست

In this sea of evolution that flows inside you

بعد هر مردن خود

After each death of the I

همچنان پودر بشو

Become powder

همچنان خاک بشو

Become dust

همچنان دود بشو

Become smoke

و چو از خود رفتی

And when you lose yourself

از پی وصل و حیاتی تازه

After a fresh union and a new life

ساکت و با دقت

Quiet and careful

ذره های بدنت را تو به هم بند بزن

Tinker pieces of your body together

تا چو معمار بنائی که ز نو میسازند

So like the architect of a new structure

خشت بر خشت تو پیوند نوینی گردد

Brick by brick of you form new bond

و چو از زادن خود فارغ و غافل گشتی

Once you become free of your rebirth and you forget

باز هم فصل عبور تابوت

Again the season of the casket

روی آن کتف پر از خواهش توست

Is upon your needful shoulders

مردن و زنده شدن

Death and rebirth

توشه ی آخر توست
Is your last grub

تو ز مردن نفسی تازه کنی
You take a fresh breath from dying
تو ز زادن قفسی تازه کنی
You build a new cage after rebirth

بعد آن

afterwards

مردن و هم زندگی ات بر موج است
Dying and also your life are upon a wave

و به سان قایق

And like the boat

وسعت دریاها

The wideness of seas

نقشی از مستی احساس تو اند

Are a sign of your drunken sense

مردن و زنده شدن

Dying and coming back to life

توشه ی آخر توست

Is your last grub!



You must become a world to be worthy of life. If you go to those who are ecstasy, go drunk. go drunk.

Rumi

خان نهم

Step Nine

خان نُه تشخیص است

Step nine is recognition.

خان نُه فصل به شک رفتن هاست

Step nine is the season of doubts

سر به ابعاد وسیع دل خود وادادن

Giving heed to extreme dimensions of your heart

سفری در تب و تاب پیچش رگ هایت

Travel in the vigorous ardor of your twisted veins

در مسیری که در آن موج تقاسیر "پدر" غالب هست

On a road which "father's" critics dominate

در مسیری که چو مفهوم "خیار" و "گل" و "روز

On a road at which like the meaning of "cucumber" and
"flower" and "day"

ساختاری ز تو از "مذهب" و "باور" و "یقین" ساخته اند

They have created a structure for you from "religion"
"belief" and "certainty"

سفره ای را که ز ارثیت موجود

A table of existing hereditaries

برایت سند باور هستی کردند

They have made a proof of belief in existence

پای آن در وسط دایره ی سنجش عقلی
Its leg is lame, amidst the circle of "mental evaluation"
لنگ است

به تو گفتند که این یک نان است
They told you this is bread
به تو گفتند که این یک جام است
They told you this cup
به تو گفتند که این یک تُنگ است
They told you this decanter
به تو گفتند که این یک اسب است
They told you this is horse
و بر این نقشه ی ذهنیت کل
And on this map of collective mentality
طرح اندیشه تو ساخته شد
The design of your thought was built

به تو گفتند که این مذهب توست
They told you this is your religion
به تو گفتند که این باور توست
They told you this is your belief
به تو گفتند که این پایه ی توست
They told you this is your foundation
به تو گفتند که این محور توست
They told you this is your axis
و بر این نقشه ی ذهنیت کل
And on this map of collective mentality

طرح اندیشه تو نقش گرفت

The design of your thought was painted

و تو را گول زدند

And they tricked you!

جنس اندیشه و باور و خیال و مذهب

Material of thought and belief and imagination and religion

نیست از جنس گل و یا که خیار و سُنبل

Is not the same as the material of flower, or cucumber, and
hyacinth!

آن یکی باور اصل است

That one is true belief

جدا گشته ز هر شک و چرا و پرسش

Separate from every doubt and why and question

این یکی باور فرض است

This belief is assumption

پُر از پرسش و ابهام و دلیل

Full of question, ambiguity and reason

نان همیشه نان است

Bread is always bread

ابر همیشه ابر است

Cloud is always cloud

برگ همیشه برگ است

Leaf is always leaf

دست همیشه دست است

Hand is always hand

.

دین ز جنس نان نیست

Religion is not the same material as bread

ایسم از جنس صنوبر ها نیست

Ism is not of material of spruce tree

.

نان همیشه نان است

(Bread is always bread

و در آن شکی نیست

And there is no doubt in that

دین همیشه آن نیست

Religion is not always the same,

و در آن شک ها هست

And there are doubts in it.)

.

شک چراغی است فرا روی تو در روشنی بحر درون

Doubt is a lamp in front of you inside light of inner sea

.

دین ارثی

(Hereditary religion

یا همان باور خاص پدری

With the same specific "fatherly belief"

که در آن نیست تفکر موجود

In which there is no thought

جای پرسش دارد
Deserves questions!)

پس تو ای ساده تر از برگ بهار گل سرخ
So, you who are simpler than spring leaf of the rose

گر پی پویائی
If you are after dynamism
و گریز از شب تاریکی ارثی هستی
And escape from the hereditary dark night
جامه ی کودکی ات را از تنت پاره بکن
Tear your childhood dress from your body

کاملاً لخت بشو
Get completely naked
نه به زرتشت برو یا اسلام
Don't go with Zoroastrianism nor go with Islam

نه به موسی بشو یا که عیسی
Don't go with Moses nor Jesus
و در این سنجش خاص عقلی
Don't go with Engles nor Descart
و در این سنجش خاص عقلی
And in this specific mental evaluation

هم به زرتشت برو هم اسلام
Go with both Zartosht and Islam
هم به بودا بشو و هم عیسی
Go with both Budha and Jesus
هم به انگلس برو هم دکارت
Go with Engles and with Descart

تو اگر شک بکنی

If you doubt

در سر آغاز حصول معنی

At the beginning of acquiring meaning

و هر آن ارث به تو داده بعنوان یقین

And whatever it has passed on to you as certainty

بنهی توی ترازوی تعقل و قیاس و سنجش

Put in the scale of logic, comparison and evaluation

سالکی هستی تو

You are a seeker

پی روشنفکری

After enlightenment

پی روشنگامی

After walking in light

شک کلید راه است

Doubt is the key

شک کلید راه است

Doubt is the key



You were animal for a while. You became human for a while. When you are alive, be alive, be alive.

Rumi

خان دهم

Step Ten

خان ده تکوین است

Step ten is genesis

خان ده هیچ شدن در کل است

Step ten is to become nothing amidst everything

تو چنین می پندار

Think this way

که جهان و هر چه در آن باقیست

That the world and whatever remains in it

همگی بینش آن مغز تو اند

They are all visions of that mind of yours

و تو آن دایره ی باور عالم هستی

And you are the circle of belief in the world

تو برون را به درون نقطه ی پرگار کنی

You bring the outside into the dot of the compass

و تو آن مرکز دنیای فراگیر وجود

And you are the center of the pervasive world of existence

هر چه در عالم هست

And everything that exists in the world

همه یک دایره از اصل تواند

All are a circle of your truth

و در این پویائی

And in this kineticism

درک بینائی و احساس تو در باور کل

Is your vision and sense in collective belief

موج در موج جهانی است

Wave after wave is a world

که در بیرون هست

Which exists outside

.

تو به پنداره برو

You go with the thought

تو نباشی همه ی دنیا نیست

That if you don't exist the whole world does not exist

و در این باور پر دامنه ی موج به موج

And in this full lapped wave after wave belief

مغز تو مرکز "دنیا" و همه "بودن" و هر "هستی" هست

Your brain is the center of the world and all existence and
creation

.

در چنین حالت برخورداری

In such pleasurable feel

که جهان و هر چه در آن باقیست

That the world and all that remains in it

همه در مغز تواند

Are all in your brain

ناگهان چرخ بخور

Whirl suddenly

و در آن اوج بلندای غرور
And in that summit of height of pride

سرنگون در باور
Toppled in belief
کوچک و کوچکتر
Small and smaller
کوچک و کوچکتر
Small and smaller
همچنان ذره بشو
Become a particle

کُل بشو، ذره بشو
Become all, become a particle
کُل بشو، ذره بشو
Become all, become a particle
کُل بشو، ذره بشو
Become all, become a particle

هیچ شو
Become nothing
هیچ مطلق تو بشو
Become the ultimate nothing



Give up your tricks, go mad, go crazy. And inside the heart of fire, become a butterfly, become a butterfly.

Rumi

خان یازدهم

Step Eleven

خان بعد نوبت شیدائی و دیوانگی است

The next step is time for mania and madness

در گذر از قفسی کش به تو از جنس یقین دوخته اند

In passing from the cage which they have sewn onto you
from material of certainty

تو در این پویائی

In this search

از نظرگاه عوامی که به یک بینش عقلی

The common point of view, which with one mental vision

در نهانگاه نگاهی ثابت، به تعب در گیرند

Inside a static eye they are involved in suffering,

پشت پا خواهی زد

You shall refute

و فراسوی افق

And on the other side of horizon،

یار آنگونه ی فتان پر از عشوه ی بینائی کل را

You shall have your beloved's collective vision, so coy and
playful,

به بغل خواهی داشت

in your embrace

در لقاحی که از آن میل تو و اصل خرد
In the conception from which your desire and truth of
wisdom

موج در موج به هم می پیچد
Wave after wave twist to each other
تو به دنیای بعیدی که در آن مائده اصل بلاغت جاریست
In a farfetched world in which the victual of truth of
eloquence is flowing
جام دانائی خود را به درون خواهی داد
You shall drink the cup of your knowledge

مستی ات پرواز است
Your drunkenness is flight
در سبکبالی تو توی دل آینه ها
In your light winged estate in the heart of mirrors
و گذر کردن از آن اوج بلاغت در موج
And going through ecstasy of eloquence in the wave
همچو یک عاشق شیدا
Like a crazed lover
که زمین با نفس اش تا به سما می رقصد
At whose breath the earth dances to the sky

رقص مستانه ی تو
Your drunken dance
پیچش نور جهان گستر خُور
The turning of the world spread light of the sun
توی اندام دل ثانیه است

Is in the body of a second's heart

و در این آمیزش

And in this association

که از آن جذبه ی پر نور خرد می آید

From which comes the bright attraction of wisdom

تو به شوریدگی ات پای بخواهی بنهاد

You shall enter your ecstasy

.

تا خلاق همه انگشت به لب بر گویند

Till all creation dumbfounded shall say:

دیوانه

Crazed!

او چنین دیوانه

She is so crazed!

او چنین دیوانه

She is so crazed!



I tried my heart in a thousand of ways. Nothing pleased me more than your connection.

Rumi

خان دوازدهم

Step Twelve

خان آخر قدمی است

The last step is a step you will take

سوی وصلی ابدی خواهی داشت

Towards an eternal union

خان آخر خط پیوستن و یکتا شدن است

Last step is the line of joining and singularity

گذر جسم به روح

Passing of body to the soul

همچو بالی که تو را سوی سما می راند

Like a wing that pushes you toward the sky

تا در آن رقص ملایک در اوج

Till the dance of angels in the summit

با سمایی که به زیبائی موجی است پی پیچش انوار بلور

With a sky that is as beautiful as a wave after twisting with
clear lights

با تخلخل به دل مائده ها رخنه کنی

To penetrate like void into material

تا وجودت همگی "او" گردد

Till your existence becomes all "another"

و در این حل تن ات در معراج

And in this dissolving of your body in ascension

با خدا باده خوری

You drink wine with God!

.

واسطه لازم نیست

No middleman needed

وصل تو گسترش روح تو در هستی هست

Your union is spreading your soul in existence

و عروجت نفس باد بهاران در عشق

And in your ascension is the breath of spring wind in love

بال پرواز کبوتر باید

One must be the wing of dove's flight

و نهادن تن خود را به سر موج نهانی که به اندازه دنیا پهن است

And to put one's body at the head of the final wave that is

wide as the world

تا که چون قطره ی آب

So like a drop of water

که به تنهائی خود "ناچیز" است

That by itself is "insignificant"

و میان دریا

And in the middle of the sea

وسعت گستره ای چون "همه چیز"

Is the large spread of "everything"

قطره ی وصل جهان در تن آغوش ملایک باشی

Be the drop of union of the world in bodily embrace of

angels

.

آن حبابی که به روی تن تو خیمه زده
(That bubble that has set up tent on your body

سوزنی میخواد

Wants a needle

تا که از باد خودش سر به درون بگذارد

To be released from its air

تو به پیرایه زدائی نفسی تازه بکن

You take a breath from shedding ornaments

و چو آن باد حباب "من" تو

And like the air of the bubble of "me" of you,

پوک تر از تن پوچی ترکید

More empty than the body, emptiness explodes

و تو در گستره ی جام خداوند فراگیر حیات

And you in the realm of God's all encompassing existence

سوی پیوند ملایک توی جامی ابدی گام زدی

Stepped towards joining angels inside an eternal cup.

ذره ای هستی تو

You are a particle

وصل گردیده به حجمی که ندارد پایان

Joined to a volume that has no finality

و می اصل جهان است

And is the true wine of the world

که در خود بگرفته همه ی هستی را

Inside which has taken all creation

.

آخر قصه ی هر عرفانی

The end of each mystic story

حل "من" در "می خوشرنگ" خداست

Is the dissolving of "I" in "the colorful wine" of God

.

و تو چون ذره ای از کل گشتی

And you become a particle of the whole

تو خود کُل هستی

You are the whole!

میعاد

Promiseland

ای مسافر با من

O, passenger who are with me

اول و آخر این خط هستیم

We are at the beginning and the end of this line

تو نباشی خسته

Don't be tired

راه مکتوم و نهان گشته خاصی رفتی

You traveled a hidden mysterious and select path

بر تو تبریک بهار ان باشد

Congratulations of springs be upon you

زانکه پویائی تو، صبر تو را شامل شد

Since your search caused your patience

و قدم های تو در راه نوینی افتاد

And your steps fell in a new way

که سراسر عشق است

Which is all love

همچو عشق کودک

Like a baby's love

به می شیر پر از نعمت آن مادر خود

Of that full of blessing milk of her mother

و نیاز تن پر خواهش ما
And the need of our desireful body،
در عروجی عاشق
In a loving ascension،
به می شیر پر از نعمت آن خالق کل
To the wine of the full of blessing milk of that head creator

ای تو سالک
You, wayfarer
عاشق
who are in love
تو دهانت ز می اصل حقیقت پر باد
May your mouth be full of the true wine of truth
و قدم های تو در راه هدف
And your feet on the way to purpose،
مستغنی
content.

ای مسافر با من
O seeker with me
تو نباشی خسته
May you not be tired
بر تو تبریک بهاران باشد
May congratulations of springs be with you

ای مسافر با من
O seeker with me

بوسه ای می خواهم
I want a kiss
از لب عاشق تو
From your loving lips
تو که در سلک ملایک هستی
You who are in the same class as angels
و عبور نفس ات
And the passage of your breath
از کران تا به کران ها جاریست
Flows from shore to shore

ای مسافر با من
O seeker with me
بوسه ای می خواهم
I want a kiss
بوسه ای می خواهم
I want a kiss
بوسه ای می خواهم
I want a kiss

کامران فرزبان
فوریه 23 2007
مون تاون شپ ، پنسیلوانیا
Kamran Farzan
Moon Township, Pennsylvania,
February 23, 2007

**Translation by:
Parvaneh Torkamani
September 18, 2021
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania**

Parvaneh Torkamani has been translating **Persian** essays and creative texts for twenty five years. Her work can be found in **Sampsonia** way magazine and wherever stories published by **Yaghoub Yadali** are published.

She was a creative writing and philosophy major in undergraduate and a social work major in graduate school. She lives in **Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania**. She writes poetry in **Persian** and **English**. She also designs abstract paintings in her off time. She considers herself a miniaturist in the genre she calls abstract minimalist impressionist art.

Recently she tried her hand at music and singing. Her favorite instruments are the Setar and the Tar.

* * * * *

Already Released

12 Steps to Rumi (English)

Qobad and Qomri (a fiction in Persian)

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Coming soon

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Quatrains and Songs (about 2000 quatrains)

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Littleones (Haikus in Persian)

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