



Jaihoon

Meem is for Mercy
my slogan . my revolution

Meem is for Mercy

“ The poet inspires the reader to look inward. And in this sense makes it possible for the reader to become both a seeker and traveler, an active participant in the poetic experience, an experience inspired by the discovery of the poet’s own spiritual space... Poems that are strung together as though stones on a Subha, with each one invisibly connected to the next by a commonality of spiritual thought.

‘Meem is for Mercy’ is as much a journey as it is a destination. It is a place where each poem is both treasure and witness to the act of dhikr. But as the reader moves across these pages he or she will also be reminded of the mysteriously beautiful Arabic letter for ‘M’ or ‘Meem’ and will come to recognize why this letter is an apt title for this book and how some of its special qualities may work in English too. ”

- Katherine Schimmel



Meem is for Mercy

My Slogan . My Revolution

Jaihoon

Meem is for Mercy
Collection of Poems by Jaihoon

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To

Maulana Jalaluddin Rumi

*Who convinced me
And several other souls-
Love does matter these days too
Perhaps, the only thing that really does*

Preface

The world has witnessed several revolutions for both sane and insane reasons. Rage and rancour were essential ingredients of these revolts which further fragmented humankind based on sectarian or political isms or economic classes.

'Meem' too is a revolution. But for mercy and love. For forgiveness and unity.

I pray these verses would be of help in establishing a Nation for Humanity with Compassion as its Capital.

My gratitude for all those who cherished and prayed for this book to be a reality. I'm especially thankful to Katherine Schimmel, noted researcher on eastern mysticism and niece of renowned German orientalist Annemarie Schimmel, for her scholarly foreword.

Foreword

I have come to learn that often times the most unassuming books are the most interesting. For in the end, it is these books that hold greater treasures inside than their loftier counterparts somehow promise. *Meem is for Mercy, My Slogan My Revolution* is a collection of 29 inspired poems that needed to be born and bound together into this little book. I hope that it receives a wide audience. For, it is through the words of this modern day poet that the reader may again be brought face to face with the essence of *dhikr* (or 'remembrance'), the eternal focus and daily practice carried out by the Sufi mystics of yore. A concept that many appear to have forgotten all about in the frenetic hum of today's modern - world.

Certainly, it can be no easy task to walk along the same tear-stained path that great mystics such as: Jalaluddin Rumi, al-Hallaj, Ghazali, Rabia and others once trod --especially in this era. For the world in which I recall -- their world-- was filled with the miraculous. There were the rose-scented gardens of Tabriz, the red-stained tulips that appeared in the desert under a glorious sun at midnight, and where the cry of the lone Nightingale searching for his beloved, could always be heard. It was also a world where all of nature could be poetically viewed as being innately busy with the act of prostration, remembrance and celebration. And where every creature was viewed as yearning (to the best of its capabilities), to return to the Divine. This world, the one in which they practiced their *dhikr*, now seems so very far away. However, through this collection of poetry and its themes of Medina and recollections of the joy and pain that an absolute love of the Divine engenders, it becomes possible to be apart of the modern day world and still integrate, at least in some way, the practice of *dhikr* into daily life.

Through the poems found in *Meem is for Mercy*, we witness additional examples of how the pen is mightier than the sword, a point which only further underscores the central importance of the written word in Islam. This concept,

along with the mystery of what are called the 'abjad' letters and numbers, appears in different forms across time, but begins in Islamic culture with the Qur'an (as it is a sacred written text), is reinforced by various Hadiths, and later books such as *The Tales of the Prophets*. The central importance of the written word was interpreted over and over again by the Sufis in not only highly poetic ways, but in ways that lyrically reinforced both the supremacy of the Divine and humankind's ultimate dependency and humility before its Creator. One of the most beautiful examples of this may be found in a story in the Hadith in which it says: 'GOD holds man's heart between two of His fingers.' This saying was later interpreted by Rumi and others to mean that man's heart in fact resembled a pen with which GOD could write what He wills: 'My heart became like a pen that's in the Beloved's fingers...' thus wrote Rumi. Certainly, this idea of the closeness of the Divine to all of creation (along with their signs) appears in numerous Surahs and is very well known throughout the Islamic world.

Meem is for Mercy is as much a journey as it is a destination. It is a place where each poem is both treasure and witness to the act of dhikr. But as the reader moves across these pages he or she will also be reminded of the mysteriously beautiful Arabic letter for 'M' or 'Meem' and will come to recognize why this letter is an apt title for this book and how some of its special qualities may work in English too. Many who are reading this are already familiar with some of the special attributes that surround this letter in the Arabic language, a letter which has a numerical value of forty and appears in ways that are both mysterious and significant in the Qur'an and in other ancient texts. However, there is another interesting aspect to this letter that is worth considering which has to do with how it is laid out on the page. Whether it is in initial, medial or final form ---alone or combined in a word with others letters --- 'meem' is also the only letter that appears to visually represent the motions of prostration in the Islamic faith.

The poet inspires the reader to look *inward*. And in this sense makes it possible for the reader to become both seeker and traveller, an active participant

in the poetic experience, an experience inspired by the discovery of the poet's own spiritual space. While at the same time, through the act of dhikr (and in this case, the dhikr of others), we are reminded of our own fleeting immortality... of ashes to ashes and dust-to-dust. In this book the power of words is recalled as it is words that are ultimately turned into poems with a message and have both meter and rhythm. Poems that are strung together as though stones on a Subha, with each one invisibly connected to the next by a commonality of spiritual thought. And through this very real movement from poem to poem, we are also reminded of the solitude of the soul, which is not unlike a caravan travelling across the desert dunes in darkness and in light. Sometimes slow, sometimes faster, nonetheless the caravan always keeps moving towards the horizon because it is compelled to do so:

You are the rain in my Sahara
You are the sun in my dark ocean

O love of my soul
O soul of my soul

I have begun to love you again
Relieved I am of all my pain again

And it is here, in the poetry of Jaihoon, that we find an interior spiritual space that at once captures the essential architecture of the thirsty mystic heart: love, longing, separation and finally, union with the Beloved. 'Be in this world as if you were a stranger or a wayfarer', the Prophet once said. And it is through this journey that a reflection finally emerges.

Katherine Schimmel

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"Your love is my weapon

My slogan, my revolution

I have exhausted my words

My throat is dry in your praise"

Meem: My Slogan, My Revolution

Said the Nightingale,
Garden is in vain
Rose is my real gain

Said the Night,
Sky for me is lame
Moon is my real aim

Said the Saqi
The cup is of no taste
Wine is what will quench

Said the Martyr,
My prey is not the enemy
But the stations of Paradise

Said Majnun,
Her friends just a pretext
Leila alone my eyes see

Said the Lord,
Everything else in cosmos an excuse
Musthafa for ME the only Creative cause

O Beloved!
When in my heart
Opens your Love vault

Not a moment can it withstand
My Soul, in this body-cage

It becomes a stranger
It can no longer linger

It craves for your Love-reach
For its lamp you are the niche

Your love is my weapon
My slogan, my revolution

I have exhausted my words
My throat is dry in your praise

But to tell my love
Have I no other choice

My only claim to paradise
Cherished I your love at times

Accept me here
Recognize me there

I will wish for nothing more
Here neither, there nor

"I thought of you

My wings grew

And I flew

Life anew "

I thought of you

I thought of you
My pains vanished
Wounds healed
Heart smiled

I thought of you
Scattered beads
Enjoined again
Life stable

I thought of you
Fear of dark
Lightened
Sun shone

I thought of you
Forgotten love
Reincarnated
I, born again

I thought of you
My corrupt soul
Resumed again
Its true form

I thought of you
My wings grew
And I flew

Life anew

I thought of you
Ambitions unfolded
Success assured
Destination close

I thought of you
My beginning
And my final end
You are both

I thought of you
My heart
From your love
I cannot separate

I thought of you
And your love
I then realized
I can love you alone

I thought of you
Finally decided
To think of you
Till I can think no more

"Madina is,

Where lovers walk barefoot

To experience the joy of pain

As feet pricked with stones, cold"

Madina is...

Madina is,
Where voice goes low
When hands and legs become still
And heart jumping with joy

Madina is,
Where the Verses you listen
Were once revealed through
Beloved's benevolent lips

Madina is,
Where lovers walk barefoot
To experience the joy of pain
As feet pricked with stones, cold

Madina is,
Where you stand to greet at al-Rawdha
All wishes are forgotten
And love of Beloved is begotten

"Language suffers

Thought dries

Poetry rusts

I give up!"

O Love of all my love!

I saw the smile of flowers
I saw the charm of moon
I saw the rhythm of rivers
I saw the song of seas

I saw her selfless love
I saw her beauty unveiled
I saw her passionate heart
I saw the love of her love

I saw my own rise
From ashes till skies
Fly in people's minds
Greeted by thousands

But O Love of all my love!

Of what use
My entire life
Your face
I haven't seen if

I have heard
Children have had
The fortune
In dream shown

Even Bu Jahl saw your face
Though he was full of curse
I am of your caravan
Pursuing your steps I ran

You are the light
A shadow's my life
You are the sweet fruit
This world nothing but a bitter tree

My sleep be worth than life
In my dream you appear if
More glorious than 'Those in the Cave'
Your vision in my sleep if I have

I live among humans
As your love in me burns
My thirst and hunger go
Orphaned in your love flow

With what melody
Lord your note make?

Language suffers
Thought dries
Poetry rusts
I give up!

Yet, O love of all my love
Your praise incomplete!

"You are my tears

Trickling in my joy

How can I even start

The thought of your love-stop"

Your Love is my Nature

You are the hive
Beauty in you stored
You are the sky
Mercy in your clouds

You are the Sun
Light from you radiates
You are the Rain
The joy of plants

You are the heart
In lovers you beat
You are the eye
For all of us to see

You are the life
For us to live
You are the hope
For sinners to cope

You are the dream
The fortune of our sleep
You are the prize
To win in our race

You are the Rose
This world your nightingale
You are the Nucleus
Lord commanded to orbit

You are the drink
For the lost and thirsty
You are the thread
To reach the Lord

You are the kite
Who soars over all saints
You are the flame
Angels the moth

You are the Beloved
Lord your lover

You are my tears
Trickling in my joy
How can I even start
The thought of your love-stop

My veins are accustomed
With your ecstasy obsessed
In my blood is dissolved
Like-wine have I adored

Distance from your love
I become a beast: so-low
Closer to you I approach

Even Lord is in my reach

I am left with no choice

Only you make me rejoice

Moments without your praise

Is nothing short of an offence

Lack of actions

Weak on heart-

I know I tell a lie

When I say you I love

Yet I rather commit that sin

Than to hide my love

Your love is my nature

Without it have I no future

"Hand shivers

Heart trembles

Intellect bows

With love, soul radiates"

Rein of the Merciful Sultan

O Most Loved-
By the Most Loving
You are my desire
In solitary cold, my fire

You are my own
The wind to raise my kite-down
You are all I have
In worlds twin to save

I know of no other love
My soul and heart on you thrives
O love of all love
O praise of all praise

World's love vessel
Of His Mercy, the castle
GOD made you the Merciful Sultan
Entire world for your compassionate reign

All the sweet words I write
Not enough for the love I invoke
I carve out of my heart
To join the garland I make

Hand shivers
Heart trembles

Intellect bows

With love, soul radiates

"He is the teacher on earth and skies

From him learned the world that it exists

Were it not for his grace

I would not see my soul's face"

Meem, the teacher of all

To bow to Lord

To cry in sujud

To smile in gratitude

To hope in solitude

To love parents

And give happiness

To take their care

While they are near

To respect elders

To amuse the youngsters

To greet the teachers

To care for servants

To love her and be loyal

To show her manners royal

To play and joke with her

To not forget to kiss her

To be sincere in your work

And not cheat in what you transact

To pay workers on time

To not cause them any harm

To visit the ones sick

To pray for their relief
To give poor their dues
To win their heart's rejoice

He is the teacher on earth and skies
From him learned the world that it exists

Were it not for his grace
I would not see my soul's face
Moments that I lived truly are less
Moments my soul loved him so glorious

My brightest star a ray from his love
My highest achievement from his love
My biggest sin when I ignored him
My greatest virtue when I loved him

Till today morn the earth was in despise
Tonight his love made the stars jealous

In this imperfect world
Live I in an imperfect mould
If there is anything gold
It is knowledge Musatafa-told

He taught us all
Meem, the teacher of all

"His is the song of the nightingale

Mustafa, the mount of Love

He listens only atop it you call

Mustafa, the sword of Love"

Whereabouts of GOD

In a dream once wandered my soul
About the Creator it asked one and all

Dived to the bottom of the ocean
'Not here' said the whale and jinn

Flew to the highest of heavens
'Still far' replied the angels

Climbed up the mountains
'Out of our reach' said the rocks

Ran through the wilderness
Trees danced in helpless

I listened to the flowers
'Distant is His Fragrance'

I approached sages and saints
'Unfound to us is what you seek'

My thirst grew worse
An answer nowhere close

Whomever I asked
Wherever I searched
Everyone answered
He is not be reached

Is this the fate of Bani Adam
Always afar from His Kingdom?

Why call us His slaves
Our Master at such distance?

I woke up from sleep
An answer I may heap

I opened the Book of all books
In my eyes gave answer its looks

I realized my fault
Heart opened its vault

Only Leila would know
Where Majnun would show

Rose alone has the secret
Of the song Nightingale recite

The lover if you seek
Beloved is whom to you speak

I read His lines clear
How to reach Him near

If you want Him near
You ask His beloved dear

Heed to the word of Lord

For His Beloved it's an ode

How majestic His Love

How magnificent His Beloved

Mustafa, the bridge of love

His slaves march on to reach Him

Mustafa, the mount of Love

He listens only atop it you call

Mustafa, the sword of Love

Lovers yearn to cut their heart with

Mustafa, the wall of love

My head and heart I wish to hit

Mustafa, the cause

I believe in the Supreme Being

"His is the song of the nightingale

His is the beauty of the rose

A glimpse of his blessed face

Enough to be the guest of paradise"

The Secret of 6-Days Creation

Tasbih asked me in a dream
About my journey to the City of Meem

'What news do you have
For we lovers what did you save

The thirst of all lovers is the same
Beloved's absence their only blame

Talk of beloved never bore
Love made their hearts sore

You have quenched yours
Give us a drink to fill ours'

To Tasbih I replied
And our hearts' joy multiplied

'Under the shade of Green
I met a lover of *Yaseen*

High in age and wisdom he was
White the color of his beard was

We sat for a cup of tea
Love made his eyes flow as sea

A secret with me shared he
A thing so sacred never heard I

'The Creator made the cosmos
In days short as two
But this earthly world
Was made in days twice

The reason was of love, for
Beloved in it would arrive

Lord took more care
To adorn earth for His Dear'

Hearing these words
Watching his tears...

I took from him the cup
And drank little in a sip
For, I too wanted the taste
This fortune was not to waste

O Tasbih!
Musthafa is the anthem of my soul
World sipped Love from that Bowl

His is the song of the nightingale
His is the beauty of the rose

A glimpse of his blessed face
Enough to be the guest of paradise

Ridwan has been in long wait
To see Musthafa cross his Gate

O Tasbih! His love is my token
My hope when to hell am I taken!

"A thousand reasons more

I can go on and on...

To justify my desire

To narrate my fire"

I have come up to you

You are my mother
Who loved more than her
You are my father
Who cared more and more

I have come up to you-

You are my true home
Where my soul finds it warm

You are my paradise
Where I want to rise

You are my knowledge
My intellect to you pledge

You are the storm
My heart, the dust in it roams

Though I have seen
To His House have I been
On the mounts have I ran
Like Ismail's mother pain-lorn

You are the relief
In you my belief
I accept hell and heaven

Whereto am I not certain

But all these I believed
Since you had them told

For me
You are most Real
The rest
Matters formal

O Beloved!
Where else would I go
Except to where I belong

Have a glance at me
Ah! I would die of joy
You are my two ends
In between, a thing I call life

You are not just a person
But the Reality of His Creation
I am but a ray
In your love stray

Since it is my duty
And my nature-
In my creature

Since I cannot love
Anyone more than
I have to you shown

Even my love for Him
Emanates from love of Meem
The more I love
The more my thirst

My soul cries for its drink
Found nowhere except with you
To remain alive till death
Your presence is the remedy

Send me not back
Like a beggar I seek
Be kind to me
O merciful Meem

Reveal to me your love
Without, I am not worth

A thousand reasons more
I can go on and on...
To justify my desire
To narrate my fire

Just for times one
Say you accept my love

"I become the talk of heaven and earth

When I seat you in the throne of my heart

Yea! Like Solomon I fly in the skies

Like Moses, I walk through the seas"

The Destined Love

When my heart is in the ecstasy of joy
When from pain my heart in silence cry
When I have the sweetest of candy
When my stomach empty and hungry

When I listen to the melodious notes
When I hear the saddest of all news
When I achieve success till skies
When I fail to reach my dreams

I think of you more and more
You become dear all the more
Your love alone is true
Of the rest have I no clue

Since a child have I loved you
Till now I still dear hold you

Your love does not part
It remains as from the start
All else have bid me the cruel bye
The moment I held them close-by

Your love alone is destined
For me nothing else has survived
Your love alone in me grows
For my heart no other crop knows

You are the mirror to see my face
Spoilt by the marks of the tech race

You are the dictionary to learn
To look up what my life mean

You are the syntax and synonym of love
Oh! The meaning and metaphor of love

O Beloved of Lord
In the times past and present
Even in future your glory to ascend

Your love the Perfume for my soul,
Your thoughts the kohl for my eyes

I become the talk of heaven and earth
When I seat you in the throne of my heart
Yea! Like Solomon I fly in the skies
Like Moses, I walk through the seas

The thread of my heart
Tied to your love is its knot

On your love I rely till death
From your love I seek after death

Your love alone is destined
For me nothing else has survived

"Children will grow hearing his name

The old will die knowing his name

The seas will roar in his praise

The rivers will flow in his love"

Meem is My Beloved, his name is My Business

Last night as I lay to sleep
A complaint in me began to reap

I grieved to Him my pain
Confident it won't be in vain

“You are the King of Kings
We call you Lord of Worlds

Sun and Moon in your command
Man and jinn before you stand

Good and bad wait for your ‘Kun’
Not a leaf moves without hearing ‘Fa Yakun’

You chose the beloved Meem
And called him *Al Habeeb*

Then why allow this blot-
Upon your Beloved they plot

You have protected your Book
Is Your Beloved, then, to be down looked?

We can't stand his name stained
Equals our own souls shamed”

Came the voice to my heart-
I smiled at knowing this secret

Have you not read in My Verse
Raise shall I My Beloved's praise

His name shall every atom know
Each grain of Time through him flow

This is My pledge
None can dodge

Let them speak good or bad-
But he is being everywhere heard

Bu Jahl and Lahab in past did the same
But not a speck of dust upon Meem came
The ignorant say sword spread his name
Nay, every pen created will write his name

He is no more the 'was'
His reality now an 'is'

He will become the most popular
Humanity shall by him be so familiar

Children will grow hearing his name
The old will die knowing his name

The seas will roar in his praise
The rivers will flow in his love

This world of yours is of no worth
My Beloved, the reason why I made this earth

Therefore
Leave his name alone
Its protection is duty Mine

Meem is My Beloved
His name is My business”

Assured by Him
I slept in peace

It is out of His blessing
Jaihoon unveiled this secret

The greatness is of the Treasure
Not of the ones who discover

"When doomed in sins

Hands and heart stained

And I look for hope

Your name is enough"

Your Name is Enough

When I am fed up
With this world
And I look for joy
Your name is enough

When doomed in sins
Hands and heart stained
And I look for hope
Your name is enough

When hungry for love
When none to love
I look for a beloved
Your name is enough

When I look up the sky
And see no stars or moon
I search for a thing of beauty
Your name is enough

When there is no rain
And crops go dry
I need a drop to quench
Your name is enough

When lost at crossroads
None to fire my heart

None to soothe my soul
Your name is enough

When we fall short
To lead us ahead
In this terror times
Your name is enough

When trust betrayed
All are from truth strayed
We run out of guidance
Your name is enough

O Beloved!

You are life
Your love is life
Your name is life
You give life to life

"I have begun to love you again

Relieved I am of all my pain again

My soul has returned to you again

I am back to my true nature again"

Pain becomes shy when you are nigh

O love of my soul

O soul of my soul

I have begun to love you again

Relieved I am of all my pain again

My soul has returned to you again

I am back to my true nature again

Pain is shy to come near

When you are the one held dear

O scent of my soul

In your love my tears roll

When I chant your love

The skies cry in joy

When I greet your love

Thunder roars with pride

When I sing your love

Trees dance with ecstasy

You are the celebration of nature

You are the carnival of this cosmos

You are the rain in my Sahara
You are the sun in my dark ocean

O love of my soul
O soul of my soul

I have begun to love you again
Relieved I am of all my pain again

O Beloved
But you, what other joy in life?
But you, what other love in life?

"Ever since I have loved you

Reason and passion are my slaves

Your name is melody

Cure from every malady."

Why should I hide my love?

Why should I hide-
Be embarrassed as a bride?

Why should I be quiet-
Though my sins are quite?

O leader
My savior

O lover
Of humanity entire

Ever since I have loved you
Reason and passion are my slaves

Your name is melody
Cure from every malady

You reached me to the Lord
How else I'd see Heaven's board

My confidence on this earth
My hope for the day of truth

My sins are piled
All my deeds filed

But it does not stop
From holding this rope

All my light is from you the sun
When in pain it is to you I run

You are my verse and prose
Without you I get no applause

Why should I hide-
Be embarrassed as a bride?

"I became proud as Pharaoh

I became wealthy as Qarun

Majnun saluted my passion

Farhad envied my devotion "

My Logic Prostrated Before His Love

Today when Tasbih met me on the road
Enquired to me about the tears rolled

'Look at you, O Jaihoon-
What has fallen on your heart?

Who set your heart on fire-
Pushed you in this state dire?

Replied I,

O Tasbih!
My logic prostrated before his love
I began to wish as if had I no morrow

In that moment of passionate burning
I emptied the whole cup of his yearning

Hard it was to tell my joy from pain
I knew not if I was laughing or in tears

I set my soul free from time and space
I leaped into worlds at lightning pace

I forgot all my faults in his love
My brush broke unable to draw

I became proud as Pharaoh

I became wealthy as Qarun

Majnun saluted my passion

Farhad envied my devotion

Ah! Paradise among the gardens of his land?

All the world's beauty drops from his ocean?

Every one claims he is their own

He is the friend of every creation born

Ants say he is their saviour

Plants say he raised their honour

Deers say he is their friend

Camels say he their well wisher

Clouds competed for giving him shade

Mountains ready to turn gold for his love

Children say only he showed them mercy

Women say her rights were from his miracle

Angels admired none like him

Even HE chose him for beloved

O Tasbih!

Why should I not drink his wine?

My soul not roam on his love lane?

O yes, not for once have I seen him

O yes, yet he is not stranger to me

I love him since the day I had a soul
From mother's womb to even after I die

He is the whole of my heart
Nay, he is my very heart

A wonderful flower if I am to you
He is the scent which flows in me

O Tasbih!
This is an endless tale of passion sans reason
Don't take me to task for my human emotion

Tell not a soul of my heretic lines
Thrown away shall I be for my madness

"He became my today and tomorrow

I followed him as close as a shadow

I learned his ways as a child

His speech so sweet and mild"

Know Thy Beloved

I was torn between the both-
Does Flame's light incite the Moth?

Do whereabouts of the Beloved
Influence how close you behold (him)?

Is knowledge the drop-
Watering love's hope?

Is knowledge the throne-
Whereto Love's power prone?

I sought an answer
This mystery to decipher

In the dream then appeared as-Siddiq
From him I wanted the secret to break

“What is the secret of your affinity-
Fortune came to stay in your vicinity?”

You are ranked the highest in faith
With countless bliss did Lord bathe

What raised you to this post, O Siddiq-
In both worlds you became his host?

Your faith is stronger-
Than all our faith put together

Came the reply,

“Know thy Beloved
‘Tis what I say

To Love thy Beloved
Every single day

My faith did not sprout in a day or two
I mingled with Musthafa for years close-to

I knew his ways untainted
Even before Lord had him appointed

I knew his affection with his own folks
And his honesty when he dealt with goods

He became my today and tomorrow
I followed his as close as a shadow

I learned his ways as a child
His speech so sweet and mild

I say,
Learn about him more
To enter via Faith’s door

No one had the right
To address him by name

The Holy One who had the right
Always called him by titles other

He is that concentrated formula of scent
Suffice for all which since him descent

Know thy Beloved
'Tis what I say

To Love thy Beloved
Every single day”

"Moments in your praise

Prolong hours to years

Time forgets itself

Place loses itself"

The Lighthouse of my Reason

My Drink when I dry
My Hope when I die
Your love makes me fly
Even stars seem not so high

The Rose of my garden
The honey in my hive
The pearl in my shell
Clouds in my sky

Secret of my joy
And joy in my cry
Sweet are the tears
Flowing in your thoughts

Meaning of life
Yearning of love
Savoir when I forget
Of my heart the target

Wasted is that 'I'
Unable to reach nigh
Shepherd of my Emotion
Lighthouse of my Reason

Love and mercy your rays
Peace and patience your ways

Greatness humbles to you embrace
Humility, but, makes your station rise

It is from 'You'
My 'I' springs its existence
It is your Light
Locked in the vault of my being

Moments in your praise
Prolong hours to years
Time forgets itself
Place loses itself

O Beloved
My heart be sacrificed
At the altar of your Love
Your love is poise and power
How, then, I be not your lover?

"It could only be Truth

If flows from his sweet mouth

He is the Sun, and

Truth the Moon "

The Mirror for Truth

“Once to the company of Al Ameen
Approached a stranger in white unknown

The companions too were present
When occurred this strange incident

The man asked about pillars of faith
About matters of head and heart

To every reply he confirmed
‘Truth indeed have you said’

For a short time they conversed
After which to nowhere he traversed

How could this man confirm
A matter which to him is unknown...?”

I listened to this strange story last night
And Love solved it without any wait

He bears witness
For Truth’s essence

It could only be Truth
If flows from his sweet mouth

He is the Sun, and
Truth the Moon

Truth borrows its hue
From Al Ameen, the True

Truth can stand on its own
If from Al Ameen was its dawn

Musthafa is the Majestic Mirror
Where Truth reflects sans any error

"I am the Song

You are my Melody

I am the Perfume

You are my Scent"

A Crime to Love You Not

I am the field

You are my Harvest

I am the tree

You are my Fruit

I am the garden

You are my Rose

I am the lotus

You are my Sun

I am the desert

You are my Water

I am the face

You are my Smile

I am the heart

You are my Joy

I am the eye

You are my Vision

I am the cloud

You are my Rain

I am the candle
You are my Light

I am the song
You are my Melody

I am the perfume
You are my Scent

I am the work
You are my Wage

I am the disease
You are my Cure

I am the sleep
You are my Dream

I am the calendar
You are my Festival

I am the battle
You are my Victory

I am the life
You are my Youth

I am the pen
You are my Poem

I realized my own self
When recognized I your love

'Tis a crime to love you not
Better I become naught!

"Science and its proof is he

Faith and its creed is he

Prayer and its answer is he

Power and its justice is he"

Beloved the Inevitable

Sky without the moon
Ring without the stone
Song without the melody
Garden without the rose
Shell without the pearl
Shelf without the books
Bottle without the perfume
Israel without Moses
Deserts without the sands
Monsoon without the rain
Body without the Heart
Leila without Majnun

Ah! I could imagine any such naught-
But world without Muhammad not!

This world is as good as naught
Had his Light been naught

He is the ultimate brick in the Tower of Life
He is the Gem in the Ocean of Existence

His is the light of my culture and nurture
His is the pen wherefrom comes my every letter

Love and its description is he
Life and its meaning is he

Flower and its scent is he
Moon and its light is he

Science and its proof is he
Faith and its creed is he

Prayer and its answer is he
Power and its justice is he

Heart and its love is he
Eye and its vision is he

I and my good is he
I may be naught, not he!

In hell and heaven I'd disbelieved
Were it not told by His Beloved

Mistake not these lines as mine
The Tablet had it long ago written

I am only being just to myself
As I sing his song to others

"And then the Unlettered Orphan of Makka spoke-

Neither the forces on earth

Nor the wonders in the skies, but

Face to face, the very Lord is his limit"

Lord's the Limit of Man

Be warned, O kind reader!
Be warned these are the lines of love
Not of science, philosophy nor religion

I wish not to tax your thought, for
You are free as me to agree not

I wish not to make you an enemy
For lovers' ways are unknown to many

The Beloved is free of any blame
If at all, the lover is the one lame

One solitary night I thought
What, where would be Man's limit

Can he fly beyond the sky?
Can he see sun and moon nigh?
What defines his limit?
Where ends his permit?

I asked Homer and said he
The like of Odyssey is his limit

I asked Picasso and said he
The world of colours is his end

I asked Voltaire and said he
To think free is the ultimate

I asked Newton and said he
Acquaint with motion, nothing more

I asked Bohr and said he
Knowledge of atoms is suffice

I asked Bacon and said he
Observe; there is nothing beyond

I asked Aristotle and said he
Logic is his only saviour

I asked Marx and said he
Equality of wealth is the supreme

I asked the Shepherd of Bethlehem and said he
Mercy to all is the achievement greatest

I asked the Son of Kapilavastu and said he
To not kill any is the height ultimate

I asked the Guide of Children of Israel and said he
Mount Sinai is the summit of my reach

And then the Unlettered Orphan of Makka spoke-
Neither the forces on earth
Nor the wonders in the skies, but
Face to face, the very Lord is his limit

"Love is my religion

Humanity is my caste

Hope is my philosophy

Yes, in Muhammad is my belief"

Yes, in Muhammad is my belief

He made His Beloved so beautiful
Dust or dirt not to upon him fall

He covered him in ocean of praise
Light be exhaust to reach its depth

Yet, the Lord is kind and forgiving
Forbid He not on sinners his extolling

Lines few fell on my sinful heart
From the pages of the Grand Tablet

Love is my religion
Humanity is my caste
Hope is my philosophy
Yes, in Muhammad is my belief

He is the preamble of Creation
The prince on Day of Resurrection
Across worlds is spread his fame
Yes, in Muhammad is my belief

In the beginning I felt naught and unreal
I then looked in the Mirror of His Beloved
Alas! I was convinced of my Existence
Yes, in Muhammad is my belief

I have no evidence for Hell or Heaven
Nor for the Mighty Lord or His Throne
Nothing of other world have I seen, but-
Yes, in Muhammad is my belief

He is the flute and its song
The Cloud and its rain
Sun and its light,
Yes, in Muhammad is my belief

His is the only face I remember
When I walk to hope's chamber
His love for me be more sincere
Yes, in Muhammad is my belief

He held humanity as dear
Their pain was his only fear
Only Lord could create his beauty
Yes, in Muhammad is my belief

The stamp of his love be suffice
For Paradise guards to me recognize
He is my pride and ambition
Yes, in Muhammad is my belief

Neither in my deeds
Nor in these words
All are for me naught
Yes, in Muhammad is my belief

O friend.
Judge not the beauty of HIS Rose

By this nightingale's song alone

Muhammad, that Beloved of GOD

Is times eternal more beautiful

Than what I can ever describe

Yes, in Muhammad is my belief

Wounded by pangs of Love

My heart craves to write more

But it is too little to cross

The Sidra of His Desire

“Abraham’s sacrifice

David’s praise

Moses’ patience

Jesus’ forgiveness”

For The First Time

The joy of Nightingale had no limits
When it saw Rose for the first time

Moth had no words to describe its ambition
When it met the Flame for the first time

The Cup out of love became intoxicated
When filled with Wine for the first time

Majnun kept his senses aside
When he saw Leila for the first time

The sky began to cry with excitement
When Moon appeared for the first time

Alas! The first time is indeed the testing time
Of Love and Loyalty, only time's the first time

I asked Gabriel, chief of the angelic host
Of joy and pride when was your time first?

Replied he,

“As I descended towards the Mount Blessed-
And had the vision of His Beloved first

Then did I praise my Lord the most

Who chose Musthafa, His dear most

Unfound is anyone of his like
On earth and heaven none alike

Adam's repentance
Noah's perseverance
Abraham's sacrifice
David's praise
Moses' patience
Jesus' forgiveness

Lord made him the Sultan of Goodness
Perfection of form and spirit his rareness

A sight of him will suffice you in life
A sight of him will save you after death

He is the signboard to paradise
Humanity's path to progress

Of Science and Arts, he's the teacher
For the poets and philosophers, the rapture

O Jaihoon! Lord alone knows his secret
A mystery hidden since the beginning of Time”

"Your love, the tag on my soul

Your desire, the weapon in my battle

Be it on earth or paradise,

For sure, I shall not be driven away."

The Carnival of my Solitary Market

O the sweetest song to sing
O the greatest story to narrate
O the most eloquent speech to articulate

O hero of Cosmos
O basin of mercy
O treasure of love
O rain of compassion

My sword and shield
My mount and tent
O Beloved,
Tis hard to say what you are not

As death will come knocking on door of life
O Love, I shall welcome it with your love

Your love, the tag on my soul
Your desire, the weapon in my battle
Be it on earth or paradise
For sure, I shall not be driven away

This world a solitary market
Your love is the carnival here

Are you not my thirst?
Are you not my kawthar?

Ever since lovers climbed the mount of your Love
They have become strangers to their own being

Your love has chained their consciousness
Now they think and feel with the light of your love.

Lord created the world and it glorified Him
Alas, the Lord found His Beloved in you

Hands give up as I begin to write about you
And Soul starts to scream it's passion out

"Conspiracies will away run

From his heart which with love-burn

Paradise will be first to claim him

His photo will be hung there in frame"

Love: The Key & Plea to GOD

As I stood beside the River
With the thought of now or never

I realized it wasn't easy
Not meant for the lazy

To cross it would take decades
Blessed even if I were with aides

There appeared then the Eternal Traveller
Whose name was to all seekers familiar

I told him of my predicament
To save me from embarrassment

'What was the secret of the seekers-
The Key which opened their Lockers?'

Said Khidr the traveler in an assuring voice
His words and face shared the same poise-

"A Seeker needs neither boat nor bridge
Time and Space cannot him hedge

Time may get old, but-
A seeker only gets bold

Love is his key
To GOD his plea

Conspiracies will away run
From his heart which with love-burn
Paradise will be first to claim him
His photo will be hung there in frame

When the Sun of Love shines over his heart
His failures will to a distance evaporate
A single breeze of Love will suffice
To heal the many wounds from the trials

O little seeker on the Path
A Lover has no fear
But to Lose his Dear”

"If you have seen Leila by the river

No doubt Majnun will arrive soon

If you have tasted the Wine

Be certain about the Cup too "

How could then his Lord not exist?

If you have got the smell of Rose
Be sure the Nightingale's around

If you have seen Leila by the river
No doubt Majnun will arrive soon

If you have tasted the Wine
Be certain about the Cup too

If you are in love with the Moon
How to ignore the Sky, it's home?

If it was the Rod that split the sea
How could it be without a Moses?

So if-

The Sultan of leaders,
The Son of Beauty,
The Saint of Modesty,
The Sheikh of Wisdom,
Came into this world

How could then his Lord not exist?

"My pen can write about Meem alone

Any else, its face shall away frown

I'll be abased if I attempt to praise any other

My Poetic Buraq obeys not if I ride it elsewhere"

Destination Madina of My Poetic Buraq

O my comrade who unravelled
The Book revealed to 'Read!'

His face radiant with its light
His tongue coated with its sweet

Lord has raised his station
Believers keep him in high bastion

He lately asked for my rhymes
About Meem's Miraj a few lines

I felt like a noble king
To be asked for such a thing

Who would care to ask a poor
For gold and silver filled treasure?

Who would care to find a Rose
In the burning sands of a desert?

Yet, I realized the truth once again
I a seed, Meem my real glorious grain

He's my fact and fiction
And my notion and diction
My throbbing Affliction-

And its healing Prescription.

My pen can write about Meem alone
Any else, its face shall away frown
I'll be abased if I attempt to praise any other
My Poetic Buraq obeys not if I ride it elsewhere

Hope my friend makes the same plead-
While I cry for a helping intercede
And then a voice call out my sinful name-
'Enter among My servants! Enter My Paradise'

"Musthafa is the name

Mercy its attribute

Musthafa is the nation

Compassion its capital"

Curiosity in Love is Forgiven

Doubt for the seeker is a wonderful gift
On the mount of benefit will it further lift

A question of late had me pained
To ask any had I become strained

How could I then seek an answer-
How could Rose seek about the Gardener?

Years 30 or more of Faith had passed
And this doubt had only today surfaced

This is the Age of Reason
Imitation here is like treason

How could I then ask?
How could I not ask?
To ask or not ask-
Was the question to my self I asked!

As I fell asleep in the bed of doubt
And wrapped I my heart in shame
Loomed then in my dream
The Immortal Love-Saint of Rum

I did not waste a moment then

Saw I his assuring smile when
Towards the sage made I my run
My fear and shame become none

“O the wise and nice poet of Rum
Evergreen are you our love’s groom
Every mystery of love is to you known
Unravel for me my doubt without frown

The Lord of Worlds has enforced
Prayers and alms has HE ordered
Fear and pain has HE assigned
To hell would sinners be consigned

Why then has HE relaxed
The command for greetings-recite
Upon His Beloved’s Blessed name
Whom HE has raised to high fame?

Are prayers and alms for HIM more dear
Than the love of HIS very Musthafa Dear?

Is this the love of the Most Merciful
For the Mercy-Sent for Worlds full?

Intellect has my poor Faith seized
Spring of Conviction has in me ceased

Uncover for me this plot
Unravel for me this secret
Untie for me this knot
Unveil for me its benefit”

Replied Rumi the rapturous-

“Every age creates new rage of craze
Let your tender heart be not faze

Curiosity in Love is forgiven
For lovers shall another heaven be given.

Musthafa is the name
Mercy its attribute
Musthafa is the nation
Compassion its capital

Musthafa is the garden
Clemency its Rose
Musthafa is the Story of Creation
Love its narrative

How then can our Creator associate-
A thing of pain linked to greetings-recite?

Therefore they shall not lose hope
Greetings-recite who shall skip or escape

Musthafa shall not want
Any soul in his name to be punished
Neither sinner nor a believer
To be in hell pushed

Humanity has not found a parent
Or a friend as true than this GOD-sent

Like him none shall wish for our good
Like him none shall feed us love's food

Curiosity in Love is forgiven
For lovers shall another heaven be given

"Every act is born by the decree of my Lord

Justice and Truth are from His Command

Even as He let His House be destroyed

Swore He to have His Beloved's preserved"

Not a scar on Beloved's House

It was the night of Hajj
When this doubt emerged...

Sacrifice upon sacrifice was his pleasure
The Sage of Babylon had no moment for leisure

The Friend of Lord built it
And his son helped to raise it
He then called to the world
And Lord made one and all heard.

Millions circumambulate it
Countless sanctify it

Quenching the faith-thirsty
Inspiring the disheartened

Yet, destined is its destruction
A sign before the Resurrection...

How sad a truth
How bitter a justice?

'Will you be not in pain
To see your effort go in vain?

Came the reply-

“Every act is born by the decree of my Lord
Justice and Truth are from HIS Command

Even as HE let His House be destroyed
Swore He to have His Beloved’s preserved

Neither Tyrants nor Impostors can dare
To stain His Beloved’s House even by a scar”

END

About Author

Mujeeb Jaihoon, an Indian writer based in the United Arab Emirates, has published several books on mystic themes. His works have been translated into other languages including Arabic and Malayalam. His literary mobile app, iJaihoon, is the first of its kind from an Indian poet. His earlier published titles include *Egyptics* (2002), *Henna for the Heart* (2003), *The Cool Breeze From Hind* (2006), *Medinized* (2008) and *The Alchemy of Affinity* (2010) and *Mission Nizamuddin* (2010).

Jaihoon is closely involved with several educational institutions. He presently lives with his wife and two sons, along with his parents in the emirate of Sharjah, hailed as the cultural capital of Arab World.

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