

(1)

Volume 1, page 97

Gazel 35 verse 477

Be lost in grief, O Soul.

Patience is the key to suffering.

Be lost in grief

That in the end He will show His face.

Patience is the key to suffering.*

Plunge into pain and suffering

So deeply that at the bottom,

The Throne of God⁸⁶ comes suddenly

To your temple.

Patience is the key to suffering.

Smile with the light of the earth.

Be the wedding feast of the earth.

Leave mourning, reach security,

Because patience is the key to suffering.

O my Heart, give up men and women.

Pull their love out from inside you.

With Love, He becomes

Your paternal and maternal uncle,

Because patience is the key to suffering.

If you bend double like the sky

And go with God's command,

You'll be saved from destiny and its twisted ways.

Patience is the key to suffering.

At the same time, you'll be saved from self,

Grab the hair of the devil and cut his throat.

Patience is the key to suffering.

Your fortune comes to your feet,

Success to your side.

Be honored by His presence.

Patience is the key to suffering.

A trouble bothers you inside;

That's the reason things don't go well for you.

Tie up that trouble neatly.

Patience is the key to suffering.

There is a wonderful world of God.

Don't look for it in this imaginary world
For even one moment.
God is the only confidant
For this world.
Patience is the key to suffering.

Be silent! Don't tell the secret.
Strangers cannot reach the secret of Min ledün.**
Patience is the key to suffering.

*Patience is the key to suffering: Ancient saying.

** Min ledün: Knowledge coming to heart without books or teacher

(2)

Volume 1, page 39

Gazel 15, verse 209

O peerless guest, You took away
The patience and decisions of our Soul.
Where should I search for You?
Where can I find You?
"Beyond Soul, beyond places," He answered.

(3)

Volume 1, page 44

Gazel 17, verses 229

O our Joseph, Your name is so beautiful.
You climb our roof so nicely.
We've opened the door.
Come down from the roof
And enter through the door.

O my ocean full of coral,
I swear in God's name
That my anxious Soul has no patience.
Its head is so dizzy
From the rolling of this mill.

Caravan Master, for my sake,
For God's sake, don't move the caravan
Out of this place.
Don't go away. Let the camels rest here.

No, no, go insane one. Go like a madman.
Walk nicely in the blood.
Don't talk about what or how.
Walk without what, without how,
Because there is no resting place for the Soul.

When your body goes into the ground,
Your Soul rises to the sky.
Don't worry if your mantle is torn.
There is no end for your Soul.

You're not a stranger
To the secrets of Heart.
Show your face because you are a mirror.
And because you've fallen in Love,
You will certainly go through
Many trials and much turbulence.

You ask me,
"How and where are you going,
Running carelessly like that?
Be careful! You're sailing through blood.
How far do you plan to go?
You're not telling me."

I answer, "You're going through the fire of Heart,
Jumping over the hearts
That are spread over the ground,
Rolling with the Love of Heart
Until you reach the sea of
'God does whatever He desires.' "*"

Every moment an envoy comes,
Grabs the Soul by his neck and pulls.
Every moment an image appears.
They all tell the Soul,
"Come back to your own source."

The Heart is running away
From this world of color and smell
By yelling and screaming,
"Where is that source? Where is that origin?"

*God does whatever...": Koran III, XIV, 27.

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Volume 1, page 44
Gazel 17, verse 229

Either take care of this bleeding Heart
Or give the patience of
"God does whatever He desires." *

We came to the crossroads after a long walk.
One road was `Be patient.'
The other was `Give thanks for the blessing.'
But I can't see either one
Without the light of Your face.

*God does whatever...”: Koran III, XIV, 27.

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Volume 1, page 76

Gazel 29, verse 399

Every blade of grass is green.
Every particle is yelling,
"Patience is the key to grief;
Gratitude is the key to contention."

(6)

Volume 1, page 92

Gazel 32 verse 477

The Creator of all universes said,
"I am with the One who has patience."
O the One who stays with patience,
Pour patience on our head.
Give us patience.
I've gone to another valley.

(7)

Volume 1, page 114

Gazel 44 verse 599

The tears which enlightened the eyes,
The patience which burned my harvest to ashes,
Even the mind
To whom you teach the rules of the game,
They've all left.
They disappeared in the middle of the night.

(8)

Volume 1, page 177

Gazel 73 verse 923

An image came to my eyes, saying,
"I've come from the rose garden of my Beloved
And the quarters of the Tavernkeeper.
Look at my sleepy eyes.

"I am the essence of drunkenness

And the wish and desire of existence.
I am the top. I am the bottom.
I've come like a whirling sky.

"From the beginning of creation,
I came to merge and get along with the Soul.
I went back, returned again,
Like a compass making constant turns
Around one point."

I said to him,
"Welcome. I hope you've come to help me."
He answered,
"That's the reason I've come here."

"I am the Moon. You are my light," he said.
"You are the rose garden and water.
I've come from a long distance,
I've come without shoes and without a turban.

"Though you are still immature, son,
You have a good name.
Don't be sad.
I've brought lots of favors for you.

"Come in with a smile.
Change this suffering.
O most Beautiful suffering!
Be cheerful.
I've come like thorns,
But I will give you roses."

The rose said, "Patience is the key to suffering,"
And He appeared on the rosebud,
And every branch moved, saying,
"Because I endured,
Now I come as scattering pearls."

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Volume 1, page 199
Gazel 84 verse 1042

My thanks to His pleasures.
My patience to His disasters.

(10)
Volume 1, page 224-225

Gazel 93, verses 1171-1179

When You're angry,
Your eyes tell such words to my eyes;
They belong to my secret fire.

He said, "Don't be afraid of that Beauty's anger.
Don't give up out of coyness.
First, drink a cup of His wine with sediment
And watch the end of this affair.

"There is a thorn for every rose,
There is a snake at the top of the treasure.
My Soul will reward you
For your patience and suffering."

After I heard these words, I said,
"Since you want to torture me,
Your suffering is my treasure.
I am like Abû-Hurayra;*
Your grief, your troubles
Become my leather bag.

"I pick up things from the bag,
Make the beggar a Sultan.
I give gold and silver to the people who ask,
Because the full moon became my guest.

"I pull out from the bag
Whatever my Heart desires.
This way, color comes to my face,
And blessings come to my table."

He said, "You are right.
Put your mind in your head.
Don't lose the bag.
You've found a good key,
O my trustworthy doorkeeper."

Patience is the key to affliction and troubles.
Patience is the ladder of rank and ascension.
Patience is the antidote of depression,
O my Arabic-reading Turk!
O my Beauty who knows Arabic!

Quit saying Lâhavle.**
O son, it's enough,

Because the devil of wine
Has become furious.
I quit Lâhavle,
And my devil starts saying Lâhavle now.

* Abû-Hurayra: Muhammad's disciple, nicknamed "father of cats." He used to carry a leather bag and reported, "I received two bags full of knowledge from God's messenger: one for people; the other, I couldn't say." (d. 677)

** Lâhavle: The beginning of the Koran states that only God makes it possible to change from one condition to another.

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Volume 1, page 389

Gazel 157, verse 2053

All our belongings have been stolen
By a gentle, gracious, graceful charmer.
His deceits have not left
Even one carpet in the mosque.

The mantle of fate has been torn in ten pieces
Because of Him.
Kamer's* moon is pierced because of him.
What would happen if someone
As naive as I am
Were to fall into His hand?

He put fire to our aloe tree.
Our smoke went up to the sky.
The Cupbearer got rid of our useless works,
Wiped them out with that unseen wine.

It makes things difficult, staying at sea.
The Soul is telling the story of Heart.
Where is the Lover who gives his Heart?

The Lover who gives his Heart
Is not like you who goes about everywhere,
Then falls in one corner.
The true Lover has patience and persistence.

You are sad and sorrowful.
You've fallen into grief.
How can you be a Lover who has given his Heart?
You're either caught in the desire of a whore
Or caught in the anxiety of a pimp.

Shame on your beard, your cluttered beard.
In the end, you close your eyes

And open your mouth
To a lot of nonsense.

A good mind belongs on the other side,
Quick to see the outcome.
It is cleansed from greed, from lust.
It is ready to be a Lover.

Be silent. My Heart's bird
Is flying fast to the green.
It cannot be pawned to the book
Kept in a small room.

*Kamer's Moon: Sign of the zodiac (Cancer)

(12)
Volume 22, page 148-149
Gazel 60 (terci-bend), verses 628-633

O Moon, you wouldn't lose
The hat of greatness
If your heart didn't get involved
With the fight of superiority
And greed.

But even then,
If the grace of Love
Didn't cover your hair,
The knot of captivity
Wouldn't be untied in your heart.

If anxiety and joy
Were not the two dangerous turns
Of this road,
How could your body wear out
And later become a full moon again?

If fate and destiny
Hadn't sealed your heart,
How could you miss the trap
And see the grain?

If He didn't set an ambush
On every road,
Who would be praised
For patience and prudence?

If that Sultan didn't give
Relief for every sorrow,
Everything would turn
Into swords and arrows.
Shields and armor
Would never have existed.

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Volume 3, page 77

Gazel 43, verse 418

Close your lips, be silent like a bud,
Like an iris; wait to speak,
Because patience is like a key,
And this is the time for that.

(14)

Volume 3, page 240

Gazel 143, verse 1306

Be silent, there is honor in silence
For you and for me.
Impatience in that is shameful
For you and for me.

(15)

Volume 3, page 243

Gazel 145, verse 1324

You have seen so many universes
With your heart, your eyes,
Without leaving your place.
Tell us about your journey.

You are in a boat, passing through oceans.
There is wave after wave.
Sometimes you go up, sometimes down.
Tell about the top, tell about the bottom.

You've become a constant companion of patience,
Suffer nicely with grief.
Draw the sword of the tongue:
Tell about patience, tell about the shield.

(16)

Volume 5, 6, 7a (Meter 7a), page 83

Gazel 6, verse 71-76

I have such a fire that
It keeps boiling in my saucepan.
If that fire reaches the dome of the sky,
It will burn it.

The roof of the sky is not harmed by the sun
Or by the fire of the sun.
The smoke and fire of the sun
Haven't blackened that.
But, even the sky cannot tolerate my fire.

Such a river of blood has flown
From my existence that
I don't even know
From where to where it flows.

How can I tell the river, "O river, don't flow?"
How can I deal with and fight the river?
Go and tell the sea, "O sea, don't be rough?"

I am telling you for the sake of your sweet lips
That have been blowing for me;
This reed flute has no control.
As long as you blow, it yells and whines.

Be silent, don't set this forest on fire.
If you cannot be patient,
Go by yourself and cry at His temple.