

My Master(Spiritual Guide) has planted in my heart The jasmine of Allah's Name.

Both my denial that the Creation is real And my embracing of God, the only reality, Have nourished the seedling down to its core.

When the buds of mystery unfolded Into the blossoms of revelation, My entire being was filled with God's Fragrance.

May the perfect Master Who planted this jasmine in my heart Be ever blessed, O Bahu!

You have read the name of God over and over, You have stored the holy Qur'an in your memory, But this has still not unveiled the hidden mystery.

Instead, your learning and scholarship Have sharpened your greed for worldly things,

None of the countless books you've read in your life Has destroyed your brutal ego.

Indeed, none but the Saints can kill this inner thief, For it ravages the very house in which it lives.

When the one Lord revealed himself to me, I lost myself in him.

Now there is neither nearness nor union. There is no longer a journey to undertake, No longer a destination to reach.

Love attachment, my body and soul And even the very limits of time and space Have all dropped from my consciousness.

My separate self has merged in the Whole: In that, O Bahu, lies the secret of the unity that is God!

The moment I realized the oneness of God, the flame of his love shone within, to lead me on.

Constantly it burns in my heart with intense heat, Revealing the mysteries along my path.

This fire of love burns inside me with no smoke, Fuelled by my intense longing for the Beloved.

Following the Royal Vein,* I found the Lord close by. My love has brought me face to face with him.

- The Royal Vein or shah rag is the central current in the subtle body, starting from the eye centre and leading up to the highest spiritual regions. It is located and followed by means of the spiritual practise taught by a perfect Master. The hindu's call it sushmana or sukhmana nadi. It is the Royal Highway to the court of the Lord. It is not to be confused with the sushmana naadi of the yogis, which runs up the spinal column.

When, at the time of Creation, God separated me from himself,

I heard him say: "Am I not your God?"* "Indeed you are," cried my soul, reassured. Since then has my heart flowered.

With the inner urge to return Home, Giving me not a moment of calm here on earth.

May doom strike this world! It robs souls on their way to God.

The world has never accepted his lovers; They are persecuted and left to cry in pain.

I have, at last, grasped the beginning and the end: I have seen the whole
spectacle of past, present and future Pass before my eyes.

Within my heart are fourteen realms.* Chambers of light - ablaze With the
profusion of God's light.

Those who have not realized God will wander, Homeless in this world,
destitute in the next.

But watch the lovers dance with ecstasy, As they merge into the oneness of
God.

- Some sufi mystics divide the inner journey into fourteen stages or
realms, Hu symbolizes the resonant Sound, Word or Kalma; it also
stands for God, who pervades the universe in the form of that Sound
or Word. The name Bahu is made up of ba (with) and Hu (God), and
therefore means 'one who abides in God'

Hu is within, Hu is without, Hu always reverberates in my heart.

The wound in my heart aches constantly With the unabating pain of Hu's
love.

The darkness of ignorance departs From the heart lit by Hu.

I sacrifice myself to the one, O Bahu, Who has realized the significance of
Hu.

Accursed is life in this world; Twice as accursed are they who are attached
to it.

Those who have not dedicated their lives to God Shall suffer the unrelenting
blows of destiny.

Abominable is this sly world - It can even prompt a father to kill his own son.

Those who have renounced this world Will enjoy the delights of the garden
That is eternally in bloom.

Believers pray to God for the protection of faith, But few pray for the gift
of his love.

I am ashamed at what they ask for, Even more at what they are willing to
yield.

Religion is quite unaware of the spiritual plane To which love can raise us.

O Lord, keep my love for you ever fresh, says Bahu: I shall mortgage my
religion for it.

Were my whole body festooned with eyes, I would gaze at my Master with
untiring zeal.

O, how I wish that every pore of my body Would turn into a million eyes -
Then, as some closed to blink, others would open to see!

But even then my thirst to see him Might remain unquenched. What else am
I to do?

To me, O Bahu, a glimpse of my Master Is worth millions of pilgrimages to
the holy Ka'ba!

I offer my prayer in the temple of my heart - The only true place to worship
God.

I stand in supplication, I bow in obeisance, I tender my prayer without break
in its repetition.

Hanging between life and death My heart burns in the fire of separation
from him.

The path indicated by the Prophet is true, O Bahu: Following it one can find God

Their eyes sleepless, their faces pale, Lovers constantly sigh in grief.

What has become of these faces That once beamed with youth and vivacity?

Love is like musk that cannot stay hidden: Its fragrance cannot but reveal its presence.

Only those who abide in realms beyond space Deserve to be called 'faqir', O Bahu.*

- A faqir is a beggar, a religious mendicant, a dervish, a humble man, but in Sufi parlance a faqir is one who has attained the highest goal in spirituality; a God-realized man.

Hu (God) is within, Hu is without, Hu pervades everything; Where then is Bahu to find Hu?

He has wounded his own heart, He has tortured his own soul

With austerities of all manner, With worship of all kinds, Having read millions of books,

He has also come to be called 'wise', But the name 'faqir' befits only him, O Bahu, Whose very grave breathes life!*

- The body is a greave in which the soul stays buried until awakened by the kalma or Word of God.

If you don't have the Master's presence within, You will not attain acceptance in God's court. Useless is all prayer, futile is all chanting.

You can fast, you can pray the whole night through To supplement your daily prayer;

You can also perform numerous acts of charity; But if your heart is not purified, You will not feel God's presence within.

If you have not died before your death, chanting in group prayers will avail you nothing.

Of all sinners I am indeed the most sinful. But in my Lord's protection lies my honour.

In this world the learned are filled with satanic pride, But they are robbed and maligned in the world beyond.

Millions fear the torment of hell, But lovers turn their backs even on paradise.*

A lover's throat is always under the knife, Bahu, But at the alter of the Friend He rejoices in being a sacrifice.

- In muslim belief paradise is a place of carefree happiness and joy, beauty and abundance; it is also a place where all of one's wishes are fulfilled.

They have read thousands of books, They have come to be known as great scholars,

But the one word, 'love', they could not grasp - So helplessly they wander in delusion,

Vast is the gulf between love and intellect.

Those who have not purchased love In the marketplace of this life, O Bahu.
Will always be losers in this world and the next.

The pure are never contaminated Even while they live in this polluted world.

A tide of love has surged in the ocean of Unity, But those who have not
prepared themselves Cannot open their hearts to it.

Some merge with the Beloved's form In the idol house [of their hearts],*
While others pore over scriptures in mosques, Gaining nothing.

Scholars renounce their 'superior' learning, O Bahu, when they learn the
prayer of love.

- In Muslim belief a mosque is the house of God, whereas an idol house is a symbol of heresy because praying to an idol is considered a sin against God. In Sufi literature 'Idol temple' is used as a metaphor for the eye centre, the spiritual heart, which contains the radiant image of the Master, the object of inner worship.

You will be able to renounce the world Only when you find the treasure of
devotion.

True renunciation will only occur When you beg for the Lord's grace In the
begging bowl of your heart.

Deep have I drunk from the ocean of Oneness, Yet my soul always thirsts
for more.

Only tears of blood can pave the way to God; O Bahu, none but the ignorant
will take this lightly.

A seeker can quickly become a Saint When he loses himself in love:

His self becomes subdued and friendly; His heart becomes refined and transparent As he sacrificed his self to the Beloved,

One must, hence, shake off the load of ego- Of life itself-for without dying in love,

The goal of life cannot be attained! Countless other means have I tried and failed.

Be steadfast in your faith, bold in your step; Only then will you find God.

Every pore of your body will repeat the Name of Allah, With every breath of your life.

Both within yourself and without You will then hear the reverberating strains of Hu.

Only they may be called faqirs, O Bahu, Whose very graves breathe Life.

They alone are blessed with true love Who have sacrificed their all for their Beloved,

They may not be Sufis nor be Safis; They may not prostrate themselves in temples.

Those who are dyed deep in the indigo of religion Will never accept the crimson of God's love:

Priests are stuck in rituals, O Bahu; They have never learned to prostrate themselves in love.

If you desire to attain the oneness of God, Submit yourself at the Master's feet.

When the Master casts his merciful glance on you, The buds of mystery will unfold Into the blossoms of revelation.

Among them will be the scarlet poppy* In whose delicate petals will shine a subtle mystery.

Those divided in their loyalties, half-hearted in their approach Will be deprived in both the worlds, O Bahu.

- The secret poppy is compared to a lover's heart owing its colour, delicate petals and dark spot in the centre which signifies burning in separation. This dark spot also symbolizes nuqta-i-suvaida, the eye of the heart, the third eye.

Ever since I correctly bowed my head* At your doorstep, O Lord,

I have dedicated my life to your court - I have sought no other court since.

Once you have drunk from the cup of love, You would rather part with your head

Than the secret of your heart, O Bahu, I make myself a sacrifice to anyone Who has preserved God's love with his life.

- By correctly bowing one's head in prayer, Bahu means meditating according to the instructions of one's Master.

Someone who is chaste by does not love the Lord Is polluted in both mind and spirit.

Some achieve union in the idol house [of their hearts], While others continue to be isolated in the mosque.*

Only those who radily offer their heads To the alter of God win the game of love.

Those who have not sacrificed their all for the Friend Will never meet him,
O Bahu!

- In Muslim belief a mosque is the house of God, whereas an idol house is a symbol of heresy because praying to an idol is considered a sin against God. In Sufi literature 'Idol temple' is used as a metaphor for the eye centre, the spiritual heart, which contains the radiant image of the Master, the object of inner worship.

My Master taught me a lesson: "Any moment you are negligent in remembrance of God is a moment spent in denial of God."

These words opened my eyes to reality, And I fixed my attention on the Lord.

I then placed my soul in his protection- Such was the love I cultivated in my heart.

Having thus bequeathed my soul to him, I died before death - to live in him.
Only then did I attain the goal of life, O Bahu!

In the court of the Lord, an ounce of love Weighs more than tons of religious faith.

Reading of scriptures, worship and rituals Are all barren and fruitless practice.

Without a Master nothing will be achieved Even if you read your own prayers
the whole night long.

Only if you die before your death, O Bahu, Will you attain God.

Those who are blessed with God's love Utter not a word about their
condition.

Absorbed in his love, they dedicate Every breath of their lives To
remembrance and contemplation of him.

Their minds, hearts, bodies and souls Are all engaged in the inner mystic
practise.

I sacrifice myself to those Masters, O Bahu, Who, with but one glance,
Infuse life into dead hearts.

If God could be found by bathing in holy waters, Frogs and fish would find
him.

If God were realized by cutting off your hair, Sheep and goats, which are
shorn for their wool, Would realize him too.

If God were found through nightly vigils, bats and owls would find him.

If God could be found through calibacy, Castrated bulls should also discover
him.

God is realized by those, O Bahu, Who are pure of heart, noble of intent.

Those who have found the Lord Through their contemplation on Alif Do not
read the holy Qur'an.

They live by the love of God As the veil of ignorance is lifted from their
eyes.

Even heaven and hell wait on them, Becoming their very slaves.

I sacrifice myself to those, O Bahu, Who merge themselves in the oneness of God.

As long as you proudly pamper your ego, You will not realize God.

You call yourself a faqir, Yet you don't even know how to dissolve your self in God!

If you don't kill your self first, The clock of piety you wear will never suit you.

The name 'faqir' will benefit you, O Bahu, Only when you die while you are still alive.

I prayed standing in water; I roamed the forests in search of God. But I failed to ascertain that 'one thing'.

I went on pilgrimage to Mecca, But I could not stop the wondering of my mind.

I fasted for thirty days, I spent myself Offering prayers five times a day.

But all I had longed for was fulfilled, O Bahu, When my Master cast his merciful glance on me.

A heart that fails To experience the presence of the divine Will continue to be poorly evolved, O Bahu!

But when the Essence is freed from its attributes, The presence of God becomes evident.

Then Hu resounds within and without; No trace of Bahu can be found- he is lost in Hu!

No one who entertains love of the world
Can ever become a faqir.

Love flourishes in that heart
In which glows the Name of God.

The love of God is like the fragrance of musk -
Even a thousand wrappings
cannot hold it in;

Or like the sun, which cannot be hid behind one's fingers,
Or like a river that
cannot be stopped in its course.

My Friend is in me, in my Friend am I;
There is no distance left between us.

The hafiz is proud of his learning,
The priest thrives on self-promotion.

Like monsoon clouds they're continuously on the move
With books under their
arms, selling their honour.

Wherever they find a promising household,
They read the scripturee in loud,
fervent strains
For a lucrative commission.

O Bahu! They have put God's name on sale
Just to make a living. In this world
they live spiritually bankrupt;
Stripped of all honour, they go to the one
beyond.

A heart among hearts:* The heart that is sublime beyond comprehension.

When your heart advances in contemplation of God,
It will comprehend how
there is unity in diversity.

The heart is the essence of divinity in man;
In form and beauty it is the
symbol of perfection.

When I contemplated on my true Firend
In the privacy of my inner self,
The temple of my heart will illumined with his light.

- In Sufi parlance, the heart means the eye centre, the third eye, the spiritual heart of our very being.

People who seek the world are like dogs - In its pursuit they shift from house to house.*

Greedily they pounce on bones - They have wasted their lives Fighting over worldly things.

Devoid of good sense, foolish in their ways, They cannot understand that what they really need Is the water of life-to satisfy all hunger, all thirst.

Without remembrance of God's Name, O Bahu, One stays caught in this false drama of life.

- To "shift from house to house" is to shift from body to body in the cycle of transmigration.

Unless the self is sacrificed and lost in God's love, Repitition and contemplation will not achieve the goal.

Only dwellers of realms beyond time and space Can lose themselves in God's love.

Only someone whose heart is pierced By the arrows of his love Can sacrifice his self and merge in God.

Anyone who fails to find the beloved Friend Will remain bereft of love in both worlds, O Bahu.

The path of the Masters is the highest of all; It is beyond all comprehension!

On this path there is neither teaching Nor learning from books. There are
neither discussions nor expositions Nor stories from the past.

Love of this world is sheer idolatry, a denial of God; Let no one trust its
loyalty.

Only the one who knows the mystic art Of dying while living, knows the real
secret.

Fasting, prayers and rites of abstinence Only end in confusion.

God is not found through such means; These are all but acts of vanity and
self-promotion!

You have failed to recognize the beloved Friend Who always lives within you.

You will save yourself from rites and rituals, O Bahu, when you lose your
being in God.

I found the mystic path When I held the beggar's bowl in hand, Begging for
the Master's grace.

I could only truly renounce the world After I had met my exalted Master.

Deep have I drunk from the ocean of oneness, Yet my soul thirsts for more
and more.

Tears of blood pave the way to God, O Bahu! None but the ignorant will take
this lightly.

Endless fasts, prayers and worship, And acts of prostration have worn me
out.

A thousand times have I gone on pilgrimage to Mecca, But that did not end
the wanderings of my mind;

Nor did my retreats to the seclusion of the forest Bring me the enlightenment I had sought.

But all the objectives of life are met, O Bahu, When the Master bestows a merciful glance!

Only those who practise his true Name Know how to sing God's praises.

They acquire through inner revelation, The knowledge real and true!

Wielding the sword of God's will They slay their ego with God's love.

Those who find the water of eternal life Acquire divine wisdom, O Bahu!

My Master has explained to me The reality of living in the heart:

It is called Ism-i-A'zam, (the Word of God) It is the divine mystery.

This Word is the breath of our lives; Other than the Word nothing exists!

It brings life, it causes death; In it lie all the secrets of God!

May God's grace descend on Shorekote, Where Bahu lives!

Like a gardener who nurses his seedlings, The Master always tends and protects his disciples:

He nourishes them from his court With his merciful glance.

Someone who shows you the Lord within your body Deserves the name 'Master', O Bahu.

Lofty are the portals of religion; Hard to find is the narrow path that leads to God.

Priests and scholars allow no one to find it; They throw stones and rocks, they persecute Saints.

Lovers have only discovered this strait path By keeping out of their sight.

Only lovers know the secret path to the Lord. How can people driven by blind impulse find it?

The dog of ego must be slain and minced into bits By the repetition of God's Name.

Practised with love, with every breath of one's life.

You can realize God with the repetition of the Name, And your soul can have The vision of its own divine Essence.

Heaven and earth become slaves of anyone, O Bahu, Who has realized the Essence within himself.

I see my Beloved in the world outside. When I look within, I see him in my heart.

I wander around, worn down with the pain of longing; The blind and ignorant mock and jeer.

I have found my Lord within my heart, While the unenlightened go on pilgrimage to Mecca.

Says Bahu, the beggar at his Master's door: There are bountiful treasures within my heart.

Intellect and wisdom find no foothold Where the secrets of unity in God are revealed.

Priests are no help there Nor is any knowledge of the scriptures.

You can only merge your self in the Absolute When the Master reveals the divine secret.

You can only acquire ultimate knowledge of God After you put away the scriptures.

Considering me frail and helpless, Love has entrenched itself at my door.

Like a spoiled child, it won't sleep, Nor will it let me have any rest.

It demands the impossible of me: It wants summer fruit in the dead of winter- Where can I find such a thing?

When love decides to call you, O Bahu, Reason and logic are completely forgotten.

Love considers me a weakling; Unrelenting, it charges at my heart.

Overwhelmed by its onslaughts, I see nothing but love wherever I look; I can find no place that is bereft of love.

I was blessed to meet a perfect Master Who opened the sealed window of my heart.

I make myself a sacrifice to the Master, O Bahu, Who has revealed to me the secret of God.

When God ordained the Creation, we were with him;

We possessed his qualities, we were of his essence. Separated, now we wander around searching for him.

Once we lived in the realm of pure spirit; Trapped in physical bodies we now cry in pain.

We were unsullied in our native state- It was our satanic ego that defiled us all, O Bahu.

A perfect Master scrubs his disciples As a washerman rubs and beats dirt out of clothes.

But unlike the washerman who needs soap, The Master purifies with his glance,

Removing all traces of dirt from the disciple's soul.

Let the one who can permeate every pore of my being Be my Master, O Bahu!

Lovers who completely renounce the world Become contented and free from want.

They need practise no alchemy, For they can, with but one glance, Turn base metal into gold.

Their enemies have no chance against them- Their Friend is always by their side.

I sacrifice myself to the one, O Bahu, Who makes his Master the core of his life.

When you attach yourself to the Lord Alla'hu All your worldly involvements are at once ended.

Love has pulled out huge trees of worldly attachment By the root- Where before, even the worst storm Wouldn't dislodge a leaf.

Love has dissolved huge rocks of carnal passion As though they were salt.

Love is not child's play, O Bahu! If it were, everyone would have become a lover of God.

If you die by practising God's real Name, Death will become synonymous with merging in him.

There is no other way you can die the death That promises dying while living.

When the soul merges in the Lord, Nearness changes into oneness with him.

I am restless, O Bahu, in my longing to merge in Hu! Day and night my heart burns in his remembrance.

A visit to my Master is, for me, Like a devout Muslim's pilgrimage to Mecca. My master is indeed the gateway to God's mercy.

Like a pilgrim circling the shrine of Ka'ba, My life revolves around my Master- Thus is my pilgrimage ever renewed; This is my love ever rejuvenated.

Ever since the Lord ordained the Creation, Ever since I last saw that gateway to his court,

My Master has lived forever, Bahu- As the Khizr who has conquered death, As the Creator who lives in human form.

You should only choose someone as your Master Who bestows the blessings of both worlds on you.

First he will drive the wolf from your door, Then reveal to you the path to God.

He will transform the barren ground of your heart Into fertile soil, so the seed of God's Name can grow.

If a Master has not accomplished this for you In this very life, You can be sure he is feeding you false promises.

A thousand miles away is my Master's abode, But I always see him nearby.

It's of little consequence if he's physically out of sight; My heart is his real home.

Whoever realizes the oneness of God Will always progress on his spiritual journey-

He finds the Lord nearby, through the Royal Vain; He puts an end to the problems of life forever.

My Master has taught me a lesson: It repeats itself-without me repeating it.

When I plug my ears with my fingers, Without learning, I hear its melodies.

My eyes are longing for a glimpse of him: Without seeing, I see his radiant face.

In every heart abides the Beloved, O Bahu, In countless forms he reveals himself to me.

Spiritual life does not consist Of loud prayers and frenzied dancing- They only upset the peace and quiet of early morning.

Walking on water is not spirituality

Nor is praying on mats suspended in mid air.

They alone may be called mystics, O Bahu, Who have enshrined the Friend in their hearts

God doesn't live in the highest heaven, Nor can he be found in the holy shrine of Ka'ba.

No one ever found him through learning Or by knowing the scriptures.

I never met him through bathing in holy waters- I roamed far and wide in a fruitless search.

But I was rid of all my hopelessness and pain When I put myself in my Master's hands, O Bahu.

I am neither scholarly nor virtuous; I am not a priest, Nor am I an expounder of Qur'anic law.

I need not heavenn, I fear not hell.

I have never fasted for the thrity days of ramzaan, Nor have I been a devout worshipper in a mosque.

This world is but a false drama Unless union is attained with God, O Bahu

Not Hindu's no Muslims- Free of religious ties, lovers don't pray in temples;

But they never take a break from their devotions And are always in communion with the Lord within.

Absorbed in the essence of the Lord, They feign ignorance to conceal their wisdom.

I sacrifice myself to anyone, O Bahu, Who enters the arena of love and wins its game.

I am not a yogi, I am not a jangam.* I don't do forty-day retreats.

I have never escaped to a mosque, Nor have I ever rattled the beads of a rosary.

My Master has taught me a precious lesson: The moment you have forgotten to remember God Is the moment you have spent in denial of God!

O, what a marvel my Master has performed- In no time has he transported me to the Lord!

- A kind of hindu mendicant with matted hair and bells; a worshipper of Shiva.

Formal prayer and prostration are feeble pursuits. Fasting has little merit, other than to save food.

Only they go on pilgrimage to Mecca Who are not wanted at home.

Only they pray loudly, professing their devotion, Who are deceptive of intent.

But those who have found God's Name in their hearts Care not to fast nor prostrate themselves in formal prayer.

The Lord lives nearby but seems so far away:

You don't know how to look for him within!

Nothing will be achieved by looking outside- He lives right in your own backyard!

All the veils will be lifted, O Bahu, When you remove all the coverings of dirt, And your heart shines like a mirror.

The ocean of oneness overflowed with love, But still people went thirsty-
They didn't open their hearts.

Some merged with the Lord through idol worship; Others wasted their time
with scriptures in mosques.

But when their hearts were touched by God's love, These scholars denounced
their learning.

You will never be worthy of meeting God, O Bahu, If you have not sacrificed
your all for him.

Mystics live in this world as Hu personified; They practise the Name that is
the essence of God.

They live in Hu- Beyond religion, Beyond belief and unbelief, Beyond life and
death.

If you explore the path within yourself, You will find God nearby, through
the Royal Vein.

He now lives in me and I in him, O Bahu: Not only distance from him But even
nearness to him Has become irrelevant!

There is but one moment in your life that is a friend, Against the millions
that are your foes. *That one moment is so charged with power That it
surmounts The effect of those millions of adversaries.

Anyone who misses that moment wastes his entire life, Like a thief shifting
from house to house.*

How can those who don't know the mystery of God Know the value of love?

If you anchor your hopes in your true Home, You will never be driven from house to house.

- The particular moment in the life of a seeker when he is initiated by a Master into the secrets of God. The foes are those moments that are spent in worldly pursuits that take one away from God.
- 'From house to house' is to shift from body to body in the cycle of transmigration.

You will only meet the unrivalled Beloved If you offer your head on the altar of his love.

Then, in an bliss of love, You will repeat the Name of Hu constantly,

Devoting every breath of your life In contemplation of him.

Only when your soul merges in the essence of the Lord Will you deserve the name 'Bahu'.