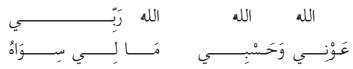
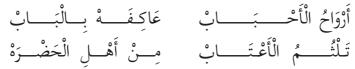
## أرواح الأحباب للشيخ إبراهيم اليعقوبي

## The Souls of the Lovers

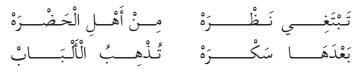
A poem by the great gnostic, Shaykh al-Sayyid Ibrāhīm al-Yaqoubī Translated by Shaykh Muḥammad Al-Yaqoubi



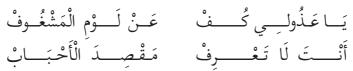
Allāh, Allāh, Allāh, my Lord My Supporter and my Sufficient, I have no one else other than Him.



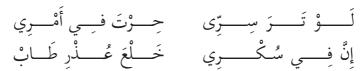
The souls of the lovers, staying at the doors. Kissing the thresholds, in satisfaction, in the pleasure of the bestower.



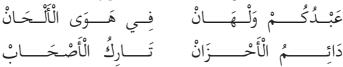
Seeking a look, from the people in the presence of Allāh. After which they get absent minded, in a way that takes all their senses away.



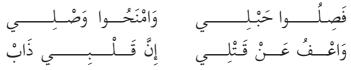
O you who is blaming me, stop blaming the lover; You do not know, what the lovers mean.



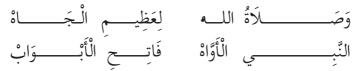
Had you seen my secret, you would be bewildered. In my state of intoxication, my pleasure is the utmost goal.



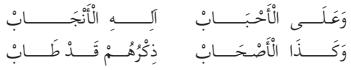
Your servant is passionate, in passion of tunes. Always in a state of sorrow, leaving all friends.



So tie my rope, and grant me connection! And pardon my killing, my heart melted.



The prayer of Allāh to the one who is the highest rank, The Prophet, the best invoker of Allāh, the one who opens doors.



And the beloved ones, his honorable Family, And his Companions, There is every pleasure in mentioning them!