

أرواح الأحاب 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

الله الله الله
رَبِّي مَالِي سِوَاهُ
عَوْنِي وَحَسْبِي

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

أَرْوَاحُ الْأَحْبَابِ عَاكِفُهُ بِالْبَابِ
تَلْتَمُّ الْأَعْتَابِ مِنْ أَهْلِ الْحَضْرَةِ

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

تَبْتَغِي نَظْرَهُ مِنْ أَهْلِ الْحَضْرَةِ
بَعْدَهَا سَكْرَهُ تُذْهِبُ الْأَبَابِ

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.

يَا عَدُولِي كُفْ عَنْ لَوْمِ الْمَشْغُوفِ
أَنْتَ لَا تَعْرِفُ مَقْصِدَ الْأَحْبَابِ

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

لَوْ تَرَّ سِرِّي حِرَّتَ فِي أَمْرِي
 إِنَّ فِي سُكْرِي خَلَعَ عُذْرَ طَابٍ

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

عَبْدُكُمْ وَلَهَّانُ فِي هَوَى الْأَلْحَانُ
 دَائِمُ الْأَحْزَانُ تَارِكُ الْأَصْحَابِ

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

فَصِلُوا حَبْلِي وَامْنَحُوا وَصْلِي
 وَاعْفُ عَن قَتْلِي إِنَّ قَلْبِي ذَابٌ

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

وَصَلَاةُ اللَّهِ لِعَظِيمِ الْجَاهِ
 النَّبِيِّ الْآوَاهُ فَاتِحِ الْأَبْوَابِ

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

وَعَلَى الْأَحْبَابِ إِلَيْهِ الْأَنْجَابِ
 وَكَذَا الْأَصْحَابِ ذَكَرَهُمْ قَدْ طَابَ

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