

## THE BANQUET OF THE TAVERN OF RUIN

I praise the tavern of ruin  
and the people of vision there;  
they have no thought of this world  
or the next  
there.

In the alley of *fana* neither  
verdant nor withered appears;  
nothing is fruitful  
or fruitless  
there.

Self display won't find its way  
to this festival of fidelity;  
discussion of this world and the next  
is very brief  
there.

In the world of "we" and "you"<sup>1</sup>  
there is reason to fear danger;  
when "we" and "you" is dispelled  
there will be no danger  
there.

The good and evil in this world come  
from the good and bad inside you;  
when you become all good,  
there will be no "good" or "evil"  
there.

When you find fault with this world  
the fault is really your own;  
nothing but beauty  
and serenity prevails  
there.

نارم به حرامات دیر ایل نظر آجا



When you reject others  
you are the rejected one.  
How could rejection or acceptance  
ever be found  
there?

This knowledge of yours is but a toy  
of the imagination, not a virtue;  
the knowledge of every expert  
will be useless  
there.

The humility, selflessness  
and abjection of the *rend*  
is considered the crown and belt  
of power  
there.

In the book of Unity you find nothing  
but the lesson of Truth;  
pedantic learning is worthless  
there.

Unless you erase the image of self  
from heart and soul  
don't even think about  
traveling  
there.

There is nothing but the Light of God,  
the Eye of God and the Face of God;  
what is "other than God" is not found  
there.

Man and creation,  
in bewilderment and remorse,  
have cast down  
their shields  
there.



The falcon of the intellect  
is too weak to fly there;  
nothing but the bird of loving-kindness  
spreads its wings  
there.

No name, no trace,  
no custom, no way;  
neither guide nor traveler  
is known  
there.

The life span of the world,  
from pre- to post-eternity,  
from beginning to end,  
is not even a moment  
there.

Surrendering one's head, risking one's life,  
and breaking the self  
are known as greatness,  
conquest and victory  
there.

In that tavern, the wanderers of God  
find the comfort they seek;  
the vagrants of God  
won't be homeless  
there.

This imaginary existence, which is  
the source of our shame,  
is even more unreal  
than fantasy and speculation  
there.

Selflessness is the source  
of all kinship;  
poverty is considered  
prosperity and abundance  
there.



On that meadow only the flower  
of Unity grows;  
but for the palm tree of loving-kindness  
nothing bears fruit  
there.

Although the haunters of that tavern  
cannot tell head from foot,  
not every foolish vagabond  
can enter  
there.

Unless you give up  
self-existence  
you will be neither  
destitute nor esteemed  
there.

In the state of oblivion  
there is no asking for a cure.  
Since there is no sting  
how can there be need for a lancet  
there?

Your self-existence  
is the price of admission;  
nothing is sold  
for gold or silver  
there.

One in pain and in need of a cure  
cannot be found there;  
there is no yearning or  
flirtation  
there.

This place is beyond whatever  
you can conceive of;  
the arrow of imagination  
cannot reach  
there.



These manifest patterns  
are figments of your thought;  
when you no longer exist  
these forms won't be  
there.

There is but one Being,  
and He is oblivious to supplication;  
wailing and sighing till dawn  
won't open a way  
there.

The tavern's sacred grounds are free  
from all piety and self-display;  
many centuries of devotion  
have been rendered useless  
there.

No lover, no beloved  
to need any wine;  
no reed pipe, no player  
to need sugar cane  
there.

Where are words and speech  
that may roar like a tempest?  
Where are moist eyes  
to spill jewel-like tears  
there?

All agitation and tumult come from  
rawness and imperfection;  
When there is no imperfection,  
no passion or uproar will exist  
there.

There is no name or trace  
of your fame there;  
no one but the Beloved  
is celebrated  
there.



Without speaker, without listener,  
without Moses, without Sinai,  
the cry of "I am the Truth"<sup>2</sup>  
comes from every bush  
there.

Unless you abandon arguments,  
you will never find your way there,  
for light is not bestowed  
upon every sightless one  
there.

Our hope lies in this:  
that one day,  
by the grace of love,  
we may lay down our heads  
there.