

ABOU'L ALA MAHARI

SURA THE SEVENTH

At the entrance gates of the infinite Arabian desert, exhausted and weary,
 Stood the car'van of Abou-Mahari
 The far horizons, in their emptiness, in unbound freedom, showed a blazing sight
 Darkness was gathering its velvet hems, the skies were swinging in vermillion light.
 Abou-Mahari sat down all alone inclined his head on jacent rocky-stone
 Plunged his glance in th'enchancing distance, his soul reconciled and quiet in tone
 "O, how free am I, infinitely free! Is it possible that the endless ground
 Of this sahara be able to embrace and to encircle my freedom unbound?
 No human life will behold me hither, and will not reach me any human arm
 O, you Liberty, Rose of Paradise, smell of its roses and their fragrant charm;
 With superb roses do crown my forehead and into my soul your lanterns do light,
 O, you liberty, immortal Al-Koran of the paradise — you nightingale bright;
 Charming sahara, you sublime wisdom, you golden world, thousand hails to you
 Spotless desert where ne'er any man does ravish another, O, blessed are you!
 Do extend yourself, spread the yellow sand-waves of your seas over every nation
 And bury all men, village and market and castles and huts under their motion
 By your dragon wind let the liberty its dominion spread over every clime,
 Over the whole earth; let its golden light brighten the freedom like a sun sublime.
 With thousand marvels, with ten thousand charms, the all embracing, the beautiful sun
 Rose up in the east, with a shining light, splendidly calm; wearing a rose-gown.
 The desert extended, stretched its outlines under the lantern of the sublime sun
 And shone in blazing, beautiful colours like a huge skin of a gigantic lion.
 "Salam to you sun, and ten thousand thanks, you stronger than God, source of life's start;
 You alone holy, you holy, you kind, immortal mother, you the mother's heart.
 You universal golden goblet of infinite bliss and intoxication,
 O, you delightful, O, you fiery wine, enticing, charming you unbound ocean.
 You kind, holy sun, you universal feast of ten thousand kinds of delight,
 Behold, here's my soul an empty goblet, pour into it your unmixed wine-light,
 And with your wisdom, your felicity, immortality you do make me drunk,
 That I might forget the unadorned past and in your fragrant reveries be sunk.
 O, make me drunk, do make me drunk with your immortal juice of intoxication,
 That I might forget man, deceit and lies, forever forget evil, affliction.
 And by your grandeur you do make drunk, O, make me drunk with your extatic sight;
 You invincible champion against dark, you mother of springs and sea of delight.
 You alone are kind, you my only love, motherly bosom, you alone are saint,
 You shatt'r'er of Death, you compassionate, the only beauty, superb without taint.
 I am loving you, I am loving you, stab me, wound me with your fiery dart,
 And spread your radiant golden hair o'er me, and do caress me, do caress my heart.
 With your burning kiss you do bite my lips and stain them with blood with your ardent bite,
 And open to me your happy bosom, that with flaming love I soar to your light.
 Let me become deaf fore'er and ever, and forever let my eyes become blind,
 That I may not hear the voice of the world, may not see the men that I leave behind.

My noble car'van, for thousands of years fly towards the sun, to it you do soar,
And be part of it, become immortal, there in its bosom you live ever more.
O, my mother sun, your magnificent purple-golden robe o'er my shoulder spread,
That victoriously darting towards you, in your glorious light I become sacred.
You stronger than God, you my only love, my only mother, bosom motherly,
You alone are kind, alone marvellous, alone beautiful and alone holy.

SURA THE EIGHTH AND LAST

And now the camels, like golden canoes, in the burning waves of desert ocean,
Did cleave the pathway towards the luminous and flaming distance with darting motion.
And no wind could reach, with its fiery wings, the caravan in its hasty flight,
And to its flight no arrow could reach that by wild bedouins might have been untied.
From the vouhadines, the cool breeze did bring the fiery Kassids that inflamed longing;
The reveries of their own virgin heart the shower-springs did warble and sing.
And the bright fairies of the Fairy-tales, through the Mother-palm's soft and rusling hiss
Sent Abou-'lala kisses and salute and did invite him by hidden promise.
But Abou-'lala neither their rusle nor their soft salute wanted to listen,
He greedily did soar towards the sun, and his countenance was bright like sun.
And the seraphs, with the new visions of thousand deceits and enchanting sites,
Did rapture his soul, sending to it wings of luminous dreams and of golden lights.
The mighty camels, with detached rush-ropes, infuriously, now onward did hie,
With raging madness, as on wings of fire, they did hurry on, did hover and fly.
And under the spray of the bright sun-light all things did reveal a sparkling view,
Freely and loudly did jingle the bells, laughing joyfully in colourful hue.
And as an eagle, Abou-Mahari, upon the bright sun fixing his eye-sight,
Flew incessantly, sleeplessly flew on, his soul luminous in a blissful light.
And now behind him stretched the desert in bosom of lights, unveiled and bare,
High above the sun gracefully did walk, spreading over him his bright sapphire hair.
The purple-stuff, with the foam of gold, over his shoulder, Abou Mahari
The sublime poet, towards the immortal sun, majestically hied in great hurry.

THE END

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