

FADIL-PASHA SHERIFOVIC

from **DIWAN**

Sufi poetry

Poetic rendering into Bosnian (& here in English):

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Introduction, translation (from Turkish), notes, glossary:

FEHIM NAMETAK

G A Z E L I I

The mantle of solitude on me is the pride's clothing
Serving Unity for me is eternal happiness

Spiritual satisfaction, in dark, such a light
That appearance of the sun to me isn't greater than dust particle

With wine of despair my intoxication is so great
That comforts me neither Jamshid's cup of drink

Such is my calamity and such a misfortune
That even roses of hope smell to me as hopelessness

O intrigue, to you belongs the land of the capricious
Do not press, release dervish from your hold

To me, for a song, is all the same any valley
That Fadil imitates him, who can talk

The crown of honour and pride is Sikke Mawlana
Here it is where from comes my renewal's cloak

R U B A ' I A B O U T ' A L I

Embellishment of the stage of holiness, Water Carrier of Kawthar , 'Ali
One leading believers from the pulpit , 'Ali

Endowed with secret training, conqueror of Khaibar , ' Ali
Source of hidden knowledge, Prophet's son-in-law , 'Ali

INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE PERFECTION

Perfect man, neither day or night drops a dervish's skirt
Do not consider an honour a perfect eye of a charlatan

Beware grumbling of that pretender
Does money turns to gold with a forger

ABOUT GENUINE TRUTH

Loving Heart outweighed the scales of imagination
Eternally looking, like Qays, for Leyla in the world's vast expanse

Ashik is one yearning only The Unique Being
What is to the man attractive except Haqiqah

SEPTEMBER SNOW IN SARAJEVO

This year by the end of September, on a Wednesday
Freezed the flowers, in the garden the smells died away

Like dew over bud, snowed in Fadil's tarikh
Under winter herald, days of serenity fell asleep

ELEGY ON MAHMUT-PASHA TUZLIC

Arived by ship from Bosnia to the island of Rhodes
And as a guest of the fort he left this world

Exile can not be realised while in homeland
From the time of Adam, this is how people travel

All living has once to consume a drink of death
That, for the soul, body's guest, cursed

He kept not his vow to that soil, he placed down his coffin
He left for the Eternity, may his soul find The Benevolence

Fadil, a Mawlavi, said the date of his death
"May The True One grant to Mahmut Pasha Heaven"

1272 (1855)

GLOSSARY:

Ruba'i = Quatrain