

HAFIZ OF SHIRAZ

(TRANSLATED BY JEFFREY EINBODEN AND JOHN SLATER)

## The Work

Streaming like wind into the street of the Friend, my breath  
soaked, saturated . . . by the fragrance of her braided hair.

Everything I've gained from learning and religion:  
so many scattered coins on the dusty road to the beloved.

Minus wine and love, why bother? Life goes by, a waste.  
I've had enough. From now on, I set my face to the work.

Where is the morning breeze? Let my beat-up bloody soul be  
ransom for a single breath, the fragrance of her braided hair.

Flickering in the breeze, a sun-lit morning candle  
I shoulder the welcome load, throw myself into the work.

In honour of that look you flash: I let my life go to ruin—  
strengthening the ground of the original promise.

Don't play-act Hafiz, hypocrisy and pretense warp the heart;  
far better the path of love, the highroad of abandon.