



Rumi's Urs

THE HEART OF STILLNESS

Programme: Sunday 20th December, 12pm EST / 5pm GMT

- ❧ Introduction by Fatimah Ashrif
- ❧ Ney improvisation by Selcuk Gurez
- ❧ Meditation led by Camille Helminski
- ❧ Spiritual reflections by Kabir Helminski
- ❧ Sema: whirling, music, poetry, zhikr, and Quran recitation

Didn't They Tell You?

The greatest love may be most painful,
the truly innocent the most shameful.

*Didn't they tell you, didn't they ever tell you?
I should have told you, didn't they ever tell you? Hu...*

The sweetest morsel can't be swallowed,
the straightest path can't be followed.

Didn't they tell you...

The shirt is sleeveless and has no collar,
and you're to wear it now and hereafter.

Didn't they tell you...

You're a footprint of a miracle,
You're a handshake with the invisible.

Didn't they tell you...

To be a dervish is very easy:
fill with love until you're empty.

*Didn't they tell you, didn't they ever tell you?
I should have told you, how could they tell you? Hu...*

[Song by Kabir Helminsk, from *Garden Within the Flames*]

The Heart of Stillness: Readings from Rumi

Part 1

Your body is here with us,
but your heart is in the meadow.
You travel with the hunters
though you yourself are what they hunt.

Like a reed flute,
you are encased by your body,
with a restless breathy sound inside.

You are a diver;
your body is just clothing left at the shore.
You are a fish whose way is through water.

In this sea there are many bright veins
and some that are dark.
The heart receives its light
from those bright veins.

If you lift your wing
I can show them to you.
You are hidden like the blood within,
and you are shy if I touch.

Those same veins sing a melancholy tune
in the sweet-stringed lute,
music from a shoreless sea
whose waves roar out of infinity.

[*Divan-e Shams-e Tabrizi* 2693, from *Love Is a Stranger*,
trans. Kabir Helminski]



In an orchard a certain Sufi laid his face upon his knee
for the sake of mystical contemplation;
then he sank deep down into himself.

An impertinent fellow was annoyed by his semblance of slumber.
“Why,” said he, “do you sleep?
Look at these vines, these trees, and signs.
Obey the command of God, for He has said, ‘Behold’:
turn your face toward these signs of Divine Mercy.”

“O man of vanity,” he replied, “its signs are within the heart:
that which appears outwardly is only the sign of the signs.”
The real orchards and greenness are in the essence of the soul:
the reflection of that upon the exterior world
is like a reflection in a flowing stream.

In the water there is only a reflected image of the orchard—
it shimmers with the passing of the water.
The real orchards and fruit are within the heart.

[*Mathnawi* IV: 1358–65, from *The Rumi Daybook*, trans. Kabir & Camille Helminski]



The Hymn of Entreaty

I cast this body of mine whirling like a moth around the candle of your soul.
The archives of this heart I cast into the rosy flames of fire.
When I was a drop, I threw myself into the ocean.
I can't describe this pain of mine, such a sorrow I have.
If you love the Master, don't make me speak of it, this grief I have.

Listen to my words, from a different place I will speak.
What the dervish needs is love for God the Guide.
Whatever the lover has is sacrificed for the Beloved's sake.
Sema is a joy, a remedy for the soul, food for the spirit.

O Sufi! Our conversation fills the soul with joy.
Drink once of the dregs of our wine and see,
For difficulty it is a remedy; to our pre-eternal bond with God it is fidelity.
Sema is a joy, a remedy for the soul, food for the spirit.

Enter in love. Let's be seekers who are remembered.
Let's live joyfully, vibrating life!
Come to Blessed Mevlana, let's be his servant.
Sema is a joy, a remedy for the soul, food for the spirit.

[Sultan Veled, trans. by Refik Algan and Camille Helminski]

Segah Niyaz Ilahi

Şem'i ruhuna cismimi pervâne düşürdüm
Evrâk-ı dili âteş-i sûzâne düşürdüm
Bir katre iken kendimi ummâne düşürdüm
Tahrîr edemem derd-i derûnum elemim var
Mevlâyı seversen beni söyletme gamım var

Dinle sözümü sana direm özge edadır
Derviş olana lazım olan aşkı Hüdadır
Aşkın nesi var ise maşuka fedâdır
(Repeat)
Sema safa cana şifa ruha gıdadır
(Repeat)

Ey sofı bizim sohbetimiz cana safadır
Bir curamızı nuş ede gör derda devadır
Hak ile ezel ettiğimiz ahde vefadır
(Repeat)
Sema safa cana şifa ruha gıdadır
(Repeat)

Aşk ile gelin talibi cüyende olalalım
Şevk ile sefalar sürelim zinde olalım
Hazreti Mevlanaya gelin bende olalım
(Repeat)
Sema safa cana şifa ruha gıdadır
(Repeat)



Part 2

Will this door open at last? Yes.
Will the beloved's golden face be unveiled? Yes.
Will our cupbearer remember us drunks,
and bring us the goblet and wine one more time? Yes.
And will this golden face rest on that silver breast,
silver and gold intermingling? Yes.
Will this intoxicated mind, this worshiper of thoughts,
become drunk with that ruby wine? Yes.
These two moist and lamenting eyes,
will they find light from that vision? Yes.
Will the chains that bound these ears of ours,
turn to gold in the hands of that goldsmith? Yes.
And when the soul's inner beauty testifies,
will this pagan heart confess to faith? Yes.
When love's celestial steed descends from heaven,
will the Jesus of the heart be freed from this donkey? Yes.
And all the creatures of the world are one being,
better than a hundred worlds. Yes.
And as I quiet down, I hear the flute of sugar-cane
that forever grows inside me. Yes.

[*Divan-e Shams-e Tabrizi* 2910, trans. by Bahreinian & Kabir Helminski]

باز گردد عاقبت این در؟ بلی
رو نماید یار سیمین بر؟ بلی
ساقی ما یاد این مستان کند
بار دیگر با می و ساغر؟ بلی
آن بر سیمین و این روی چو زر
اندر آمیزند سیم و زر؟ بلی
این سر مخمور اندیشه پرست
مست گردد زان می احمر؟ بلی
این دو چشم اشکبار نوحه گر
روشنی یابد از آن منظر؟ بلی
گوش ها که حلقه در گوش وی است
حلقه ها یابند از آن زرگر؟ بلی
شاهد جان چون شهادت عرضه کرد
یابد ایمان این دل کافر؟ بلی
چون براق عشق از گردون رسید
وارهد عیسی جان زین خر؟ بلی
جمله خلق جهان در یک کس است
او بود از صد جهان بهتر بلی
من خمش کردم ولیکن در دلم
تا ابد روید نی و شکر بلی!





If the house of the world is dark,
Love will find a way to create windows.
If the world is full of arrows and swords,
the Armorer of Love has made us coats of mail.
Love itself describes its own perfection.
Be speechless and listen.

In this garden, by His grace,
thorns and flowers intermix.

And look at this unique cloud; by its blessing,
rainwater from many separate drainpipes flows intermixed.

See the unity in the creation and know that
autumn and early spring are intermixed.

Even though all of these opposites seem to clash,
like the bow and the arrow all are intermixed.

Thus does Shams of Tabriz grow in the heart.
No one is intermixed like this.

[*Divan-e Shams-e Tabrizi*, excerpts from 1926 & 2381, from *Love's Ripening*,
trans. Kabir Helminski & Ahmad Rezwani]

Part 3

"I am only the house of your beloved,
not the beloved herself:
True love is for the treasure,
not for the coffer that contains it."
The real beloved is that one who is unique,
who is your beginning and your end.
When you find that One,
you'll no longer expect anything else:
that one is both the manifest and the mystery.
That one is the lord of states of feeling,
dependent on none:
month and year are slaves to that moon.
When He bids the "state."
it does His bidding;
when that one wills, bodies become spirit.

[*Mathnawi* III: 1417–21, from *The Pocket Rumi*,
trans. by Kabir & Camille Helminski]





Whenever, after crying out in his need,
the poor one reached exhaustion and despair,
he would hear from the Presence, "Come!"

This Maker is One who humbles and exalts:
without these two no work is done.
Consider the lowness of the earth and the loftiness of the sky:
both are needed for the heavens to whirl.

Consider the lowness and loftiness of this earth:
one half of the year it is barren,
the other half it is green and fresh.

And the lowness and loftiness of distressful Time:
half is day and half is night.
And the lowness and loftiness of this blended nature of ours:
sometimes healthy and sometimes crying out with illness.

Like this are all the changing conditions of the world—
famine and drought and peace and war;
this world flies like a bird in the air
by means of these two wings.
By these means every soul is tested by fear and hope.
So the world is always trembling like a leaf
as the winds of resurrection and death
blow off the desert or from the frigid north.

All this is so that the dying vat of our Jesus
may replace those hundred other dyes.
The world of Unity is like a salt mine—
whatever has fallen into it has taken on its color.

[*Mathnawi* VI: 1846–56, from *The Rumi Daybook*,
trans. by Kabir & Camille Helminski]

