

OH, HEART! EACH AND EVERY PIECE IS CALLING FOR YOU

İsmail Emre

Oh, heart! Each and every piece is calling for you,
So whose invitation will you adhere to?
The wine server has filled in the cups of eyes,
Shall you drink to get the taste of it once...

Pour to whom can drink from this bottle of lips.
Serve anyone, as this source is endless.
Heart is the wine house, ear is the door.
This path has been extant for hundreds of years.

All the waters of the world may flow yet can't fill it.
Divers of science can't reach the very depth of it.
Word goes into it, and comes back out of the mouth.
Divine light colours it up yet does not fade a bit.

The outer part resembles a fully grown rose,
It is forever in love with the preaching tongue.
It looks like a nutshell in the very middle,
But no waterfall could fill in this little void.

The Sea of Oneness is hidden within it.
Alive Muhammad wanders around it.
Four thousand prophets have been serving it.
Go in and get washed, this is how you find peace.

Hidden in there are billions of beings,
All of them praying in many various ways.
The space in the brain, how vast it is,
It encompasses the entire universe.

It is both a man's source and his final goal,
He who drinks the nectar of death becomes revived;
The knowledge of death is nothing to rely on,
It's mere understanding could you hear the word.

In the middle is a man walking on a rope,
All the rest are shadows forever close;
All is for Him to behold himself
Emre! Man's face has become the *Hijaz*.

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(Translated by Nurgül Demirdöven)

