

أَعْطِنِي النايَ وَغَنِّ
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Give Me the Flute and Sing

by
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*Give me the flute and sing,
for song is the secret of existence,
and the soft lament of the flute will remain
after existence has passed to nothingness.*

*Give me the flute and sing
for the flute is the secret of eternity,
and the soft lament of the flute will remain
after existence has passed to nothingness.*

*Have you, like me, taken the forest
as an abode without walls,
followed wild brooks,
and scaled giant boulders?
Have you bathed in perfume,
and dried yourself in pure light,
or drunk the dawn like wine
in ethereal cups?*

...

Give me the flute and sing...

*Have you sat in the late afternoon like me
within the vinyards
as the bunches of grapes dangle
like golden chandeliers?
Have you taken the pasture as a bed at night,
and covered yourself with the blanket of empty space
deeming little what is to come,
and forgetful of what has passed?*

...

*Give me the flute and sing,
for song is as good as immortality...*

*Give me the flute and sing
Forget both the disease and the cure*

*People are lines written,
but in water*

...

*Give me the flute and sing,
for loss of self in oneness with the universe is the
sweetest medicine ...*