

Islamic Tijaniya Foundation of America, ITFA
Poems of BURDAT AL MOUBAARAKAT (Al Bouseeree)

Bismi^l laahi^r rahmaani^r raheemi.
In the name of God, the Most Merciful, the Most Compassionate.

***MAWLAAYA SALLI WA SALLIM DAA IMAN ABADAN,
ALAA HABIIBIKA KHAYRIL KHALQI KOULLIHIMII.***

CHAPTER 1: ON LYRICAL LOVE – YEARNING

Amin tazakkuri djiiraanin bizii salamii,
Mazadjta dame-an djaraa min muqlatin bidamii.

*Is it from recollection of neighbors in the valley of Zii Salami,
That you mix tears with blood as they flow from your eyes?*

Am habbati riihu min tilqaa-i kaazimatin,
Wa awmadal barqu fii zalmaa-i min idamii.

*Or perhaps sweet breezes blowing from Kazima's direction?
Or bolts of lightning that flash in the depth of Mount Iddam?*

Famaa li-aynayka in qultak fufaa hamataa,
Wa maa liqalbika in qulta-s-tafiq yahimii.

*What's wrong with your eyes? you say, "stop!" But that only
increases their painful downpour.
Or your heart? You say, "Wake up!" But it wanders even further
astray in distraction!*

*Islamic Tijaniya Foundation of America, ITFA
Poems of BURDAT AL MOUBAARAKAT (Al Bouseeree)*

Ayahsabou Sabbu annal hubba munkatimun,
Maa bayna mounsadjimin minhou wa moudtarimii.

*Does someone so flooded with love think it can be hid,
Behind such a downpour of tears or a heart's raging fires?*

Lawlal hawaa lam turiq dame-an alaa talalin,
Wa laa ariqta lizikril baani wal alamii.

*Without love's passion you would never have wept so over the traces
of your beloved's camp,
Nor spent sleepless nights recalling the fragrance of a willow or the
mountain your darling walked in.*

Walaa a-aaratka sawbay abratin wa danan,
Zikral khiyaami wa zikraa saakinil khiyamii dwell

*Nor would the mere memory of tents and those who dwelt there,
Have draped you in mourning clothes, weeping and wasting away.*

Fa kayfa tunkiru hubban ba-e-da maa chahidat,
Bihii alayka uduwlud dame-i wassiqamii.

*How can you deny such a love, when true tears,
And real heartbreak testify so strongly against you?*

*Islamic Tijaniya Foundation of America, ITFA
Poems of BURDAT AL MOUBAARAKAT (Al Bouseeree)*

Wa assbatal wadjdu khattay abratin wa danan,
Mislal bahaari alaa khaddayka wal anami.

*The sorrow of love has etched two salty troughs down your face,
And branded gaunt marks on it as yellow and blood-red roses.*

Na-am saraa tayfou man ahwaa fa arraqanii,
Wal houbbou ya-e-taridoul lazzaati bil alamii.

*-How true! In the night a vision of the one I long for came and
deprived me of sleep,
But love is famous for impeding pleasures with pain!*

Yaa laa-imii fil hawaal ouzriyyi ma-e-ziratan,
Minnii ilayka wa law ansafta lam taloumii.

*O you who fault me for this vestal love, accept my excuse-
Yet if you judged fairly, you would find me blameless*

Adatka haaliya laa sirrii bimoustatirin,
Anil woushaati wa laa daa-ii bimounhasimii.

*May you never have to live like this! I can't even keep it a secret,
From my critics, I'm so feverish and lovesick!*

Islamic Tijaniya Foundation of America, ITFA
Poems of BURDAT AL MOUBAARAKAT (Al Bouseeree)

Mahhadtanii nousha laakin lastou asma-ouhou,
Innal mouhibba anil ouzzaali fii samamii.

*You have given me good advice, but I can't hear it-
A lover's ears are deaf to the outcries of love-critics.*

Innit tahamtou nasiiha shayba fii azalin,
Washaybou ab adou fii nous-hin anit touhamii.

*How can I listen? I don't even trust the counsel of gray hairs,
And everyone knows old age is guileless when it comes to good
counsel!*