

IMADEDDEEN NASIMI POEMS

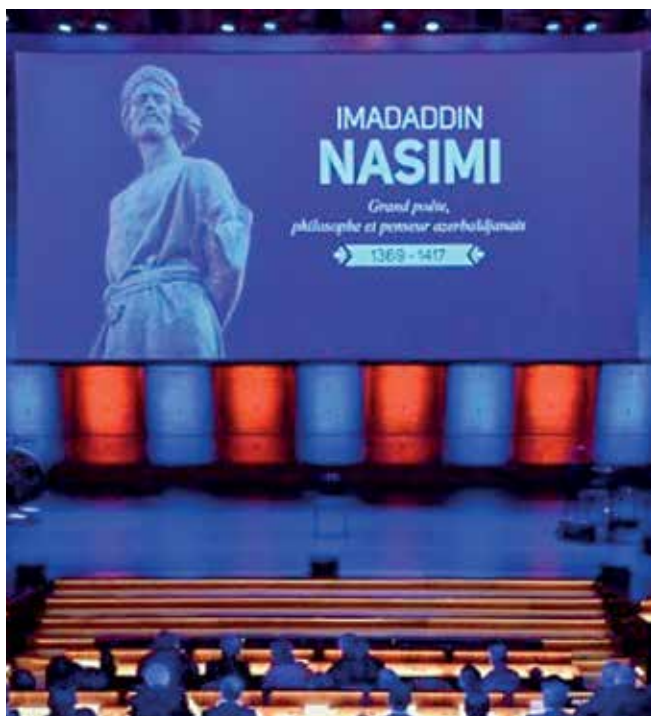
Framed by its dusky locks, your face my heart ensnares;
I burn with passion's hopes, its yearnings and despairs.
Of eyes that glow like stars I am the helpless prey-
Torment me, sweet one, not thus cruelly ere you slay.
But rarely to the end the cup of bliss is drained;
Yet think what pain is mine who is by you disdained.
Count not your beads, I beg, hide not in prayer from me;
A lover is no bird to cage thus mercilessly.
Your beauty night and day I praise in sheer delight.
If I desist, o Lord, turn not my day to night!
You promised I might drink of Eden's gushing spring –
To me not wine – a cap filled with its waters bring.
While you repel my love, there is no peace for me.
Spurn not, o houri mine, your faithful Nasimi!

Translated by *Irina Zheleznova*

Two worlds within me fit, existing side by side,
Yet narrow is for me this world where I abide.
The heavens and the earth within me are confined
But what I am but ill in words can be defined.
From nature I derive, of her I am a part,
And when of me you speak from this do not depart.
Conjectures lead astray, to guess is but to err;
Be guided by the truth and put your trust in her.
Part form and content not if you would have me whole:
I am the body, aye, but too I am the soul.
No treasure-house contains the riches that are mine,
The pearls, the precious stones, the silks of rare design.
Great, shining, wondrous gems within me lie concealed.
So heavy are my crops that none can count the yield.
Man is my lofty name. I am Mount Sinai,
Life and eternity, the world, the boundless sky.
I am the universe, the spirit, and the dream,
The banks I overflow of time's unending stream.
The stars, the silent orbs, and fate are part of me.
Be mute. No tongue can paint my image truthfully.
I am the golden Sun whose glory never wanes;
Describe me not in words, for I will burst their chains.
I am a man of weight to whom respect is due;
I am a sweet too hard for children's teeth to chew.
I give off sparks like flint, I can be set aflame,
Yet fire cannot devour this that to be I claim.
I am a fount of love; life I beget and mould,
But there is more to me than life's short span can hold.
But youth and age am I in all their riches decked;
My treasures are too great for mirrors to reflect.
Though famed is Nasimi and noble is his name,
Yet is the man in him far greater than his fame.

Translated by *Irina Zheleznova*

*An event commemorating the 600th anniversary
of the death of Imadeddin Nasimi was held
at the UNESCO headquarters. 2017*



Need I my throne, need I my crown, my lands and castles, tell me, love,
 Need I the heart within my breast if you and I be parted, love.
 You are the fever that consumes – I waste away beside you, love,
 You are the balm that heals my wounds – I live anew beside you, love.
 Love is a joy, a priceless gem – no Moslem dares deny it, love.
 What need have I of life itself if you and I be parted, love?
 I offered vows, I sent up prayers, I knew before my Maker, love.
 But if my dreams go up in smoke, then truly prayers are futile, love.
 My love is dead – what use to weep, what use to mourn, o Nasimi?
 If love is dead, and I can live, then tears are vain, o Nasimi.

Translated by *Irina Zheleznova*

The sweetness of reunion will he know and bless
 Whose heart was cruelly wrung by parting's bitterness.
 He only who did see the moon by arrows rent
 Will watch it rise anew in joy and wonderment.
 The nectar of your lips he who has tasted not
 Is doomed to die of thirst and share a beggar's lot.
 To touch that mole of yours, I would give up my sight;
 The fool who scorns my choice exists bereft of light.
 Beside you precious stones are naught but clods of earth;
 He will deprive himself who would deny your worth.
 You are a cypress, aye, but not a full-grown tree;
 A sapling's grace is yours, its tender modesty.
 The sun obscures the moon, so dazzling are its rays;
 But you defeat the sun – your beauty dims its blaze.
 O doff these silks, I pray – your loveliness they mar:
 They fade, and you remain a never-fading star.

Translated by *Irina Zheleznova*



*Statue of Nasimi in Sumgayit.
 Sculptors T. Mammadov and I. Zeynalov*