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Father of Persian Verse

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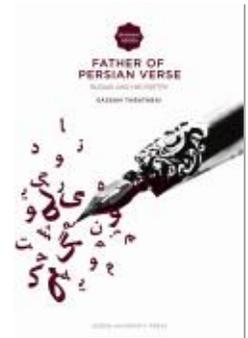
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The death of Morādi

Morādi has died, but is not really dead.
 Such a great man's death is not trivial.²
 His precious life he returned to his father,
 His dark body entrusted to his mother.
 What belonged to the angels has gone with them.
 The man you say has died has just begun to live.
 He was no hay to blow away in the wind.
 He was no water to freeze in the cold.
 He was no comb to be broken by hair.
 He was no seed to be crushed by the earth.
 He was a golden treasure in this world,
 Both worlds were worth a grain of barley, to him.
 His earthen shell was cast back into the earth.
 His soul and wisdom rose to the heavens.
 The second life, of which people don't know,
 He polished and entrusted to God.
 He was clear wine mixed with sediment,
 Which settled while he rose to the top.
 They all take the trip together, my dear,
 The Marvazi, Rāzi, Rumi and Kurd.³
 In the end, each returns to his own home.
 How could satin be equal to rough cloth?
 Stop, like a period. Because the lord
 Has struck your name from the book of speech.

² Abol Hasan Mohammad ibn Mohammad Morādi was a poet who lived during the same time as Rudaki. Very little remains of his works.

³ Marvazi, Rāzi, Rumi and Kurd are the inhabitants of Marv, Ray, Rum (in Turkey) and Kurdistan, respectively.

مرد مرادی، نه همانا که مرد
 مرگ چنان خواهی نه کاریست خرد
 جان گرامی به پدر باز داد
 کالبد تیره به مادر سپرد
 آن ملک با ملکی رفت باز
 زنده کنون شد که تو گویی: بمرد
 گاه نبد او که به بادی پرید
 آب نبد او که به سرما فسرد
 شانه نبود او که به مویی شکست
 دانه نبود او که زمینش فشرد
 گنج زری بود درین خاکدان
 کو دو جهان را به جوی می‌شمرد
 قالب خاکی سوی خاکی فگند
 جان و خرد سوی سماوات برد
 جان دوم را که ندانند خلق
 مصقله‌ای کرد و به جانان سپرد
 صاف بد آمیخته با درد می
 بر سر خم رفت و جدا شد ز درد
 در سفر افتند به هم، ای عزیز
 مروزی و رازی و رومی و کرد
 خانه‌ء خود باز رود هر یکی
 اطلس کی باشد همتای برد
 خامش کن چون نقطه، ایرا ملک
 نام تو از دفتر گفتن سترد