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Father of Persian Verse

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Prey for this world

Dear boy, we are nothing but prey for this world.
We are mere finches; death is a hunting bird.
Sooner or later, every rose will die.
Death will crush us under a grinding stone.

Life, short or long

Life, be it short or long,
Does is not end in death?
This cord must pass through
The ring despite its length.
You can choose labor and hardship.
You can choose comfort and safety.
You can take little from this world
Or take all from Tarāz to Ray.
Your whole being is a dream,
But dreams are not real.
When death comes, everyone's the same,
You can't tell one from the other.
If only beauties can be coquettish,
Then no one can be coquettish but you.

جمله صید این جهانیم، ای پسر
 ما چو صعوه، مرگ برسان ز غن
 هر گلی پژمرده گردد زونه دیر
 مرگ بفشارد همه در زیر غن

زندگانی چه کوتاه و چه دراز
 نه به آخر بمرد باید باز
 هم به چنبر گذار خواهد بود
 این رسن را، اگر چه هست دراز
 خواهی اندر عنا و شدت زی
 خواهی اندر امان به نعمت و ناز
 خواهی اندکتر از جهان بپذیر
 خواهی از ری بگیر تا به طراز
 این همه باد و بود تو خواب است
 خواب را حکم نی، مگر به مجاز
 این همه روز مرگ یکسانند
 نشناسی ز یکدگرشان باز
 ناز، اگر خوب راسزاست به شرط
 نسزد جز ترا کرشمه و ناز