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Father of Persian Verse

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There was much to be sorry for

I didn't have the chance to apologize
For it all, but he pardoned me anyway.
I worship God. He is my creator.
My tongue did not rest from praising his servants.
Life's wheel is all trickery and bondage:
Poison mixed with nectar, gold-plated zinc.
Many, many new violets have blossomed,
Like a flame, bruised, when it touches sulfur.
Bring out the sun, pour it, drink from it.
It passes the lips and shines through the cheeks.

Thirteen-year-old bride

At times lightning laughs, at times thunder moans
Like a mother who mourns a thirteen-year-old bride.
Leaves on the old willow have turned to green silk.
Dew sits on the tulip, like tears shed by parted lovers.

اگر چه عذر بسی بود روزگار نبود
 چنان که بود به ناچار خویشتن بخشود
 خدای را بستودم، که کردگار من است
 زبانم از غزل و مدح بندگانش نسود
 همه به تنبیل و بند است بازگشتن او
 شرنگ نوش آمیغ است و روی زرانود
 بنفش‌های طری خیل خیل بر سرکرد
 چو آتشی که به گوگرد بردوید کیود
 بیاروهان بده آن آفتاب کش بخوری
 ز لب فروشود و از رخان برآید زود

زمانی برق پر خنده، زمانی رعد پرناله
 چنان چون مادر از سوک عروس سیزده ساله
 و گشته زین پرند سبز شاخ بید بنساله
 چنان چون اشک مهجوران نشسته ژاله برلاله