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Father of Persian Verse

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Crying for the beloved

I have the right to moan for my love's absence,
As the nightingale moans for the red rose, at dawn.
If fate does not deliver you to me,
I will burn fate with the flames in my heart.
When you brighten your face, a thousand
Butterflies will burn around you, as I do.
I will not fit under the tombstone, if
For one moment you sit grieving by my grave.
The world is as it has always been,
And will be the same for ever, my dear.
With one turn it will make a king,
With a throne, a crown and earrings.
O world, you make them rot under ground,
And the ground piles more torment on them.
Now, bring some of that life-giving wine,
And crush the past under a grinding stone.

به حق نالم ز هجر دوست زارا
 سحر گاهان چو بر گلبن هزارا
 قضا، گر داد من نستاند از تو
 ز سوز دل بسوزانم قضا را
 چو عارض بر فروزی می بسوزد
 چو من پروانه بر گردت هزارا
 نگنجم در لحد، گر زانکه لختی
 نشینی بر مزارم سوکوارا
 جهان این است و چونین است تا بود
 و همچونین بود اینند، یارا
 به يك گردش به شاهنشاهی آرد
 دهد دیهیم و تاج و گوشوارا
 توشان زیر زمین فرسوده کردی
 زمین داده بریشان بر زغارا
 از آن جان تو لختی خون فسرده
 سپرده زیر پای اندر سپارا