

A READER'S JOURNAL



The Rose and the Tavern

*Five plates of Persian art and verse,
and forty pages for the forty ghazals of Hafez*

حافظ

PERSIAN POETRY CARAVAN

HOW TO USE THIS JOURNAL

This journal walks beside *The Rose and the Tavern*, in five stages. Each stage opens with a plate — a piece of Persian art and a couplet from the book, in Persian and English — and gives a page to each of the eight ghazals that follow: its title, its Persian first line, and a single question to carry into the day.

Read the poem first. Then write whatever it opened in you — a memory, a name, a line of your own. Nothing here needs to be finished, and nothing needs to be shown to anyone.

The plates are made to be printed on their own and kept where you will see them: by a desk, a mirror, a door. They print in colour; the writing pages need only black ink, on A4 or US Letter paper alike.



A PERSIAN GARDEN PAVILION, KASHAN

الا يا ايها الساقى اور كاسا و ناولها
كه عشق آسان نمود اول ولى افتاد مشكلها

*O cupbearer, pass the cup around
and set it in my hand,
for love seemed easy at first,
but then the hardships fell.*

For the Beloved of Shiraz

اگر آن ترک شیرازی به دست آرد دل ما را



Name a place you love the way Hafez loved Shiraz. What would you give for one more hour there?

Tell the Graceful Gazelle

صبا به لطف بگو آن غزال رعنا را



If the morning breeze could carry one message for you today, to whom would it go, and what would it say?

My Heart Is Slipping Away

دل می رود ز دستم صاحب دلان خدا را



Kindness to friends, patience with enemies. Where could you practise one of them this week?

صوفی بیا کہ آینه صافی ست جام را



Look honestly into your own cup. What does it show you that appearances hide?

چو بشنوی سخن اهل دل گو کہ خطاست



Remember a time you judged something before you had learned its language.

At Midnight, the Beloved Came

زلف آشفته و خوی کرده و خندان لب و مست



“Are you asleep?” What in you is asking to be woken?



PERSEPOLIS

بیا که قصر امل سخت سست بنیادست
بیار باوه که بنیاد عمر بر بادست

*Come: the palace of hope
stands on a crumbling foundation.
Bring wine, for the foundation of life
is built upon the wind.*

Into the Temple of the Magi

در دیر مغان آمد یارم قدحی در دست



What beauty has entered your life and quietly rearranged everything around it?

The Palace of Hope Is Built on Wind

بیا که قصر امل سخت ست بنیادست



Which plan are you holding too tightly? What would it mean to accept what you have been given?

Rose, Wine, and the Beloved

گل در بر و می در کف و معشوق به کام است



Describe an evening when everything you needed was already in the room.

منم کہ گوشہ میخانہ خانقاہ من است



Where is your true place of devotion, whatever it looks like from outside?

What the Ascetic Cannot See

زاهد ظاهرپرست از حال ما آگاه نیست



What do people misread about you from the outside? What would you like them to see?

The Road of Love Has No Shore

راهی ست راه عشق که هیچش کنار نیست



What have you loved without knowing where it would take you?

حسنّت بہ اتفاق ملاحظت جہان گرفت



When did beauty draw you, like the compass, from the safe rim into the centre?

شراب و عیش نہان چیست کار بی بنیاد



What are you living in secret, or by halves? What would it be to live it openly?



NAQSH-E JAHAN SQUARE, ISFAHAN

بدین رواق زبرجد نوشته اند به زر
که جز نکویی اهل کرم نخواهد ماند

*On this emerald arcade
they have written in gold:
“Nothing but the goodness of the generous
will remain.”*

دلی که غیب‌نمای است و جام جم دارد



Have you ever given the treasury of your heart away too cheaply? Or kept it well?

سال‌ها دل طلب جام‌جم از ما می‌کرد



What have you searched for outside yourself that you may already carry?

دَمی با غم به سر بردن جہان یک سر نمی‌ارزد



Name three things that cost you more than they are worth.

در ازل پرتو حسنت ز تجلی دم زد



Hafez cast his lot on sorrow and made it into song. What has your sorrow taught you to make?

نفس باد صبا مشک فشان خواهد شد



What joy are you putting off until tomorrow? What would it take to claim it today?

یاری اندر کس نمی بینیم یاران را چه شد



Whose friendship do you miss? Is there a message you could send?

The Days of Sorrow Will Not Remain

رسید مرده که ایام غم نخواهد ماند



Write down a sorrow that once seemed permanent and has since passed.



A POET'S ROOM IN SHIRAZ

میان عاشق و معشوق هیچ حائل نیست
تو خود حجاب خودی حافظ از میان برخیز

*Between the lover and the beloved
there is no barrier at all.
Hafez, you yourself are your own veil.
Rise from between.*

HAFEZ • GHAZAL 266 • CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

The Angels Knocked at the Tavern Door

دوش دیدم که ملایک در میخانه زدند



What trust have you been given that no one else could carry?

مسلمانان مرا وقتی دلی بود



Who has been the wise companion of your heart? What did they teach you?

یوسف گم گشته باز آید به کنعان غم مخور



You Are Your Own Veil

دلم رمیده لولی وشی ست شور انگیز



Where do you stand between yourself and what you long for?

درد عشقی کشیدہ ام کہ میرس



Is there something you have lived that words cannot hold? Circle it without naming it.

باز آ می و دل تنگ مرا مونس جان باش

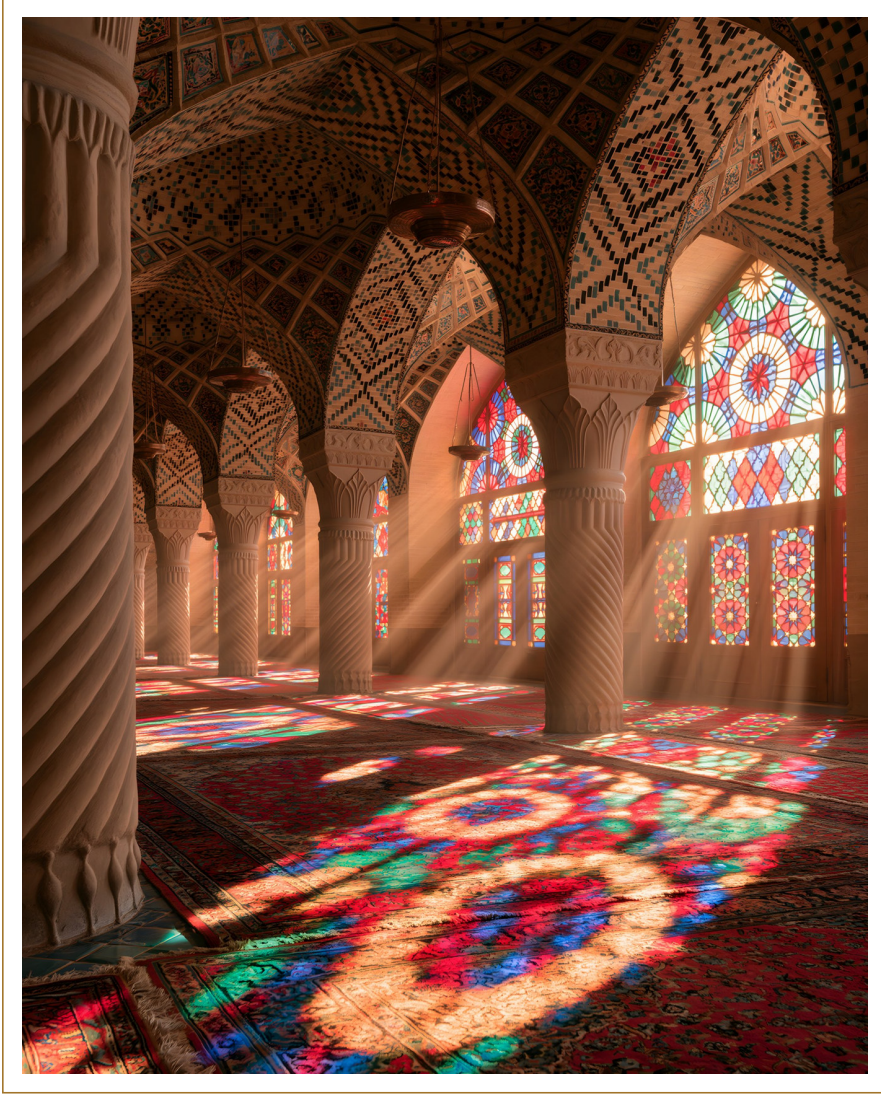


Whom would you ask to come back? What would you want them to keep for you?

شراب تلخ می خواهم که مردا فکن بود زورش



What hard truth would bring you rest, if you let yourself taste it?



NASIR AL-MULK MOSQUE, SHIRAZ

خوشا شیراز و وضع بی مثالش
خداوندانگه دار از زوالش

*Blessed is Shiraz,
and its matchless ways!
Lord, keep it safe
from every decline.*

زلف بر باد مده تاندهی بر بادم



I Am the Servant of Love

فاش می گویم و از گفته خود دلشادم



What do you serve so completely that it sets you free?

در خرابات مغان نور خدا می بینم



بیاتا گل برافشانیم و می در ساغر اندازیم



If you could redesign one corner of the world with joy, what would you cast down, and what would you build?

منم کہ شہرہ شہرم بہ عشق ورزیدن



مزرع سبز فلک دیدم و داس مه نو



Look at what you have sown. What is ripening, and what would you like to plant now?

O King of the Beautiful Ones

ای پادشاه خوبان داد از غم تنهایی



Where has a night of separation ended in your life? Write the first line of the morning.



Return to any poem whenever you need it;
ghazals were made to be read again.

To hear the poems read aloud, find the
Persian Poetry Caravan podcast on Spotify or YouTube.

*With gratitude,
Persian Poetry Caravan*

