

CALL ME YOUR OWN

This poem of love depicts intense longing of Bulleh Shah for union with the Lord.

The second stanza points out the main obstacle that comes in the way of such a union. This obstacle is the ego, the elimination of which is necessary to bring about the desired result.

The third stanza in its first two lines gives a warning about the impending death. Idling away precious time during the lifetime will result in regret by the world—“It will shed tears, when its eyes open.” The last two lines of the stanza stress that it is through love and its ecstasy that the goal of God-realization can be attained rather than through intellectual effort and scholarship.

The fourth stanza hints at the intense love disciples have for their Master, who is the physical form of the Lord in the world—“When the formless expressed himself in two eyes, millions of heads rolled on the ground for them.” They sacrificed their lives in a flood of joy for their Beloved—“Waves of delight rose in an awesome flood. O, You will make stream of blood surge from me!”

The fifth stanza brings out the intermingling of joy and sorrow in love. Although the lover has to go through much pain in the game of love, he is not prepared to forego this pain. In fact, the pain somehow is transformed into joy—“Is it witchcraft or a spell of magic, that You make the malady appear as bliss?”

The first two lines of the sixth stanza lay emphasis on the *practice* of meditation rather than mere thinking about the spiritual path. For, time lost in life will never come back. The last two lines express regret on the ways

of the world, which persecutes saints while they are alive, but worships them when they are dead—“When the head is sacrificed on the cross, Of what avail will it be to beat the drums?”

The seventh stanza in beautiful analogies brings out that love is quite distinct from any recognized creeds and religions of this world—“I have turned my body into roasted meat, fermented the water of my eyes into wine, “Made a rebeck out of my bones and nerves. How will You christen this creed, this religion?”

The ninth stanza refers to the ecstasy experienced in the mystic vision of the Lord. It is also a tribute that Bullah pays to his Master, who is called by him as the embodied form of the Lord—“Daily You come as Inayat to me. It is thus that You make yourself manifest.”

The last stanza besides glorifying his Master has a special esoteric significance. The Lord is invisible except by rising above the two eyes to the third eye—“You have to transform these eyes of yours.” But, before the Lord can be seen, one has to merge into the Master—“Then alone will you be able to behold Him, when you come back home as King Inayat.”

Kadi apni akh bulaoge

Will You ever call me Yours?

I am worthless; what virtue do I have?

My body as also my mind belong to You,

You who are my very life,

Will You and I become one?

Will You ever call me Yours?

If I, the perishable, eliminate my ego,
I shall manifest You who are everlasting.
If I reveal the Truth in the manner of Mansur,
I would be caught and put on the gallows.
Will You ever call me Yours?

I am awake when the whole world is asleep.
It will shed tears, when its eyes open.
None has reached the goal except through ecstasy.
Will You grant me eternal bliss?
Will You ever call me Yours?

When the formless expressed himself in two eyes,
Millions of heads rolled on the ground for them.
Waves of delight rose in an awesome flood.
O, You will make a stream of blood surge from me!
Will You ever call me Yours?

No lover—in separation—ever enjoys sound sleep.
I shall wash my face with tears of anguish.
Is it witchcraft or a spell of magic,
That You make this malady appear as bliss?
Will You ever call me Yours?

Say, what secret of love will You dwell on?
What will happen when the judgement is pronounced?
When the head is sacrificed on the cross,
Of what avail will it be to beat the drums?¹
Will You ever call me Yours?

I have turned my body into roasted meat.
I have fermented the water of my eyes into wine.
I have made a rebeck out of my bones and nerves.
How will You christen this creed, this religion?
Will You ever call me Yours?

1. To beat drums of praise will be of little value.

What will You gain from strain and grouse?
Take hold of that which pleases the heart.
To whom do You give this world and the next?
Pray, bestow on me the gift of Your sight.
Will You ever call me Yours?

Your vision for a moment sets me on fire.
A stream of tears flows from my eyes.
Daily You come to me as Inayat.
It is thus that You make yourself manifest.
Will You ever call me Yours?

O Bullah, when you go to see the Lord,
You have to transform these eyes of yours.
Then alone will you behold Him,
When you come back home as King Inayat.

Will You ever call me Yours?

Faqir Mohd., Kulliyat, pp. 178-181, poem 85