

Ghazal 17

My heart's devoured by the beloved's fire.
A guest in my home, she herself housed fire.

From a distance she consumed my body.
Near my beloved, my soul consumed fire.

Last night my burning tears, like candle wax,
Melted my heart in a moth-flickered fire.

Of course friends too can set the heart ablaze.
I've even seen distant strangers set fire.

I washed religious clothes at the tavern
And threw my reason in the wine-red fire.

Sober, I broke the wine cup in my heart.
My liver still fed on the wine-flagoned fire.

He ripped the religious cap from my skull
And suddenly it seemed like it rained fire.

Hafez, stop chit-chatting. Drink some wine.
Your candle grows short from gossip-fanned fire.

