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[Buddha at Borobodur \(https://razarumi.com/buddha-at-borobodur/\)](https://razarumi.com/buddha-at-borobodur/)

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I have two ways of loving You (https://razarumi.com/i-have-two-ways-of-loving-you/)

[RABIA AL ADAWIYYA \(HTTPS://RAZARUMI.COM/TAG/RABIA-AL-ADAWIYYA/\)](https://razarumi.com/tag/rabia-al-adawiyya/)[RABIA BASRI POETRY \(HTTPS://RAZARUMI.COM/TAG/RABIA-BASRI-POETRY/\)](https://razarumi.com/tag/rabia-basri-poetry/)[SUFİ SAINTS \(HTTPS://RAZARUMI.COM/TAG/SUFİ-SAINTS/\)](https://razarumi.com/tag/sufi-saints/)[SUFİ POETRY \(HTTPS://RAZARUMI.COM/CATEGORY/SUFİ-POETRY/\)](https://razarumi.com/category/sufi-poetry/)<https://razarumi.com/wp-content/uploads/2006/08/Rabia-al-Adawiyya-rabia-basri.jpg>

Rabi'a al-'Adawiyya, (<http://www.khamush.com/sufism/rabia.htm>) also known as Rabia Basri (c.717-801) was one of the early mystics from Basra, a port city in Iraq. Being a woman she is the feminine voice in Sufi annals. For centuries she has been the torchbearer for the later Sufis and movements. Rabi'a began her ascetic life in a small desert cell and was attained self-knowledge without a spiritual guide. She was one of the first of the Sufis to teach that Love alone was the guide on the mystic path. Most of her life and thoughts have been chronicled by the Persian Sufi-poet Fariduddin Attar (<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Attar>). More details can be seen [here](#)

Here are two **poems by Rabia** (<https://razarumi.com/o-my-lord-if-i-worship-you/>) that are my old favourites translated by Charles Upton:

Translate »



I have two ways o

Raza Rumi رضا رومي

(<https://razarumi.com/>)



I have two ways of loving You:
 A selfish one
 And another way that is worthy of You.
 In my selfish love, I remember You and You alone.
 In that other love, You lift the veil
 And let me feast my eyes on Your Living Face.

I carry a torch in one hand

I carry a torch in one hand
 And a bucket of water in the other:
 With these things I am going to set fire to Heaven
 And put out the flames of Hell
 So that voyagers to God can rip the veils
 And see the real goal.

And this one is most profound, lamenting the hope for a reward or fear of punishment in the act of worship..

Eternal Beauty

O Lord, if I worship you out of fear of hell, burn me in hell.
 If I worship you in the hope of paradise, forbid it to me.
 And if I worship you for your own sake,
 do not deprive me of your eternal beauty

Search

translated by Paul Losensky in *Early Islamic Mysticism*

Love is purely about lovingfear and avarice consume it!



NEXT POST

[The Ship Sunk in Love \(https://razarumi.com/the-ship-sunk-in-love/\)](https://razarumi.com/the-ship-sunk-in-love/)

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Rabi'a

In my Soul there is a temple, a shrine, a mosque, a church where I kneel.
Prayer should bring us to an altar where no walls or names exist.

Is there not a region of Love, where the Sovereignty is illuminated nothing,
Where ecstasy gets poured into itself and becomes lost,
Where the wing is fully alive but has no mind or body?

In my Soul there is a temple, a shrine, a mosque, a church that dissolves,
That dissolves in God.

Source: [Probable Future/rabi'a.](#)



I carry a torch in one hand
And a bucket of water in the other:
With these things I am going to set fire to Heaven
And put out the flames of Hell,
So that voyagers to God can rip the veils
And see the real goal.

Source: [Doorkeeper of the heart: versions of Rabia.](#) Translated by Charles Upton (at [other women's voices](#)).



My Love

My joy
My hunger
My shelter
My friend;
My food for the journey
My journey's End.

You are my breath,
My hope,
My companion,
My craving,
My abundant wealth.

Without You — my Life, my Love —
I would never have wandered across these endless countries.
You have poured out so much grace for me,
Done me so many favors, given me so many gifts —
I look everywhere for Your love —
Then suddenly I am filled with it.

O Captain of my Heart
Radiant Eye of Yearning in my breast,
I will never be free from You
As long as I live.

Be satisfied with me, Love,

And I am satisfied.

Source: Doorkeeper of the Heart: Versions of Rabia. Translated by Charles Upton (at Poetry Chaikhana.com).



My Beloved

Love

I have loved Thee with two loves:
a selfish love and a love that is worthy of Thee.

As for the love which is selfish,
Therein I occupy myself with Thee,
to the exclusion of all others.

But in the love which is worthy of Thee,
Thou dost raise the veil that I may see Thee.

Yet is the praise not mine in this or that,
But the praise is to Thee in both that and this.

Source: Poet Seers/Rabia.

My peace, O my brothers and sisters, is my solitude,
And my Beloved is with me always,
For His love I can find no substitute,
And His love is the test for me among mortal beings,
Whenever His Beauty I may contemplate,
He is my *mihrab*, towards Him is my *qiblah*;
If I die of love, before completing satisfaction,
Alas, for my anxiety in the world, alas for my distress,
O Healer (of souls) the heart feeds upon its desire,
The striving after union with Thee has healed my soul,
O my Joy and my Life abidingly,
You were the source of my life and from
Thee also came my ecstasy.
I have separated myself from all created beings,
My hope is for union with Thee,
for that is the goal of my desire.

Source: Old Poetry/rabi'a.



O God, Another Night is Passing Away

O God, Another Night is passing away,
Another Day is rising —

Tell me that I have spent the Night well so I can be at peace,
Or that I have wasted it, so I can mourn for what is lost.

I swear that ever since the first day You brought me back to life,
The day You became my Friend,
I have not slept —
And even if You drive me from your door,
I swear again that we will never be separated.
Because You are alive in my heart.

Source: Women in Sufism: A Hidden Treasure — Writings and Stories of Mystics Poets, Scholars & Saints.
Edited by Camille Adams Helminski (at poetry-chaikhana.com).



O my Lord, the Stars Glitter

O my Lord, the stars glitter
and the eyes of men are closed.
Kings have locked their doors
and each lover is alone with his love.

Here, I am alone with you.

If I adore You out of fear of Hell, burn me in Hell!
If I adore you out of desire for Paradise,
Lock me out of Paradise.

But if I adore you for Yourself alone,
Do not deny to me Your eternal beauty.

Source: Doorkeeper of the heart: versions of Rabia.
Translated by Charles Upton (at other women's voices).

Source: Doorkeeper of the Heart: Versions of Rabia. Translated by Charles Upton (at poetry-chaikhana.com).

My Greatest Need is You

Your hope in my heart is the rarest treasure
Your Name on my tongue is the sweetest word.

My choicest hours
Are the hours I spend with You —

O *Allah*, I can't live in this world
Without remembering You —
How can I endure the next world
Without seeing Your face?

I am a stranger in Your country
And lonely among Your worshipers:
This is the substance of my complaint.

Source: Old Poetry/rabi'a.



Reality

In love, nothing exists between heart and heart.
Speech is born out of longing,
True description from the real taste.
The one who tastes, knows;
the one who explains, lies.
How can you describe the true form of Something
In whose presence you are blotted out?
And in whose being you still exist?
And who lives as a sign for your journey?

Source: Old Poetry/rabi'a.



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