Sarıç içecek Destesi
(A Bouquet of Yellow Flowers)

Yunus Emre
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Preface

Sarıçiçek Destesi (A Bouquet of Yellow Flowers) is a collection of Yunus Emre’s poems. For centuries, these poems have molded us, refined us, and made us what we are today.

In this book, examples of the miniature art accompany Yunus’s poems. Although, in the first sight, miniature seems to be disregarding one of the three dimensions, it opens many dimensions for the eye of the heart.

“Despite all this abundance, the heart suffers from straits,” Yunus says. The reason behind straits is moving away from the essential, and diverting away from ourselves. The reason behind straits is breaking off or loosening ties with the reality and the first word. The reason behind straits is removing from “a single word turning the universe of hell into eight paradises”.

I would like to thank to all those who contributed to this work, hoping that Sarıçiçek Destesi will approach us to the essential, strengthen our bonds with the reality, and help us overcome the sufferings of our heart.

Dr. Kadir KOÇDEMİR
Governor of Eskişehir
Head of Eskişehir 2013 Cultural Capital of the Turkic World Agency
If you break a true believer's heart once,
It's no prayer to God—this obeisance,
All of the world's seventy-two nations
Cannot wash the dirt of your hands and face.

There are the sages—they have come and gone.
Leaving their world behind them, they moved on.
They flapped their wings and flew to the True One,
Not like geese, but as birds of Paradise.

The true road doesn't ever run awry,
The real hero scoffs at clambering high,
The eye that can see God is the true eye,
Not the eye that stares from a lofty place.

If you followed the never-swerving road,
If you held a hero's hand as he strode,
If doing good deeds was your moral code,
You shall get a thousand to one, no less.

These are the moving facts that Yunus tells,
Where his blend of butter and honey jells,
Not salt, but jewelry is what he sells—
These goods he hands out to the populace.
If you break a true believer’s heart once,
It’s no prayer to God—this obeisance,
All of the world’s seventy-two nations
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These are the moving facts that Yunus tells,
Where his blend of butter and honey jells,
Not salt, but jewelry is what he sells—
These goods he hands out to the populace.
Crazed heart you have again brimmed over;
must you, as the waters, rage?
Once more my tears of blood run down:
are you to bar the Road to me?

Do what I will I cannot reach my Love,
no balm my pain can find;
I am cast out from my true land—
and do you seek to hold me here?

I lost my comrade on the Road,
since when I have no solace found;
My heart’s blood! Must you well within me till,
as tears, you pour from me?

Along your Road I am as dust—
and yet more you demand of me:
Are you the mountain which,
in stony challenge, stands athwart my Way?

You snow-topped mountain hard
across my Path like to a highwayman;
Torn as I am from my true Love,
would you now close the Road to me?

You clouds that gather round
the crags of these same snowy mountain peaks,
Is it for me, your tresses flowing,
that you bear unbroken tears?

Yunus is beside himself;
my destination hid from me;
The meaning he cannot divine
when Yunus glimpsed You in a dream.
Crazed heart you have again brimmed over;
must you, as the waters, rage?
Once more my tears of blood run down:
are you to bar the Road to me?
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Yunus is beside himself;
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The meaning he cannot divine
when Yunus glimpsed You in a dream.
I wonder—is anyone here
A stranger as forlorn as I?
His heart wounded, his eyes tearful—
A stranger as forlorn as I?

Let no one be lonesome like me
Or writhe in exile’s agony.
Teacher, I hope no one will be
A stranger as forlorn as I.

They’ll say, “He’s dead, that sad stranger”
Hearing of it three days later,
They’ll wash my corpse in cold water—
A stranger as forlorn as I.

Yunus gets no help nor pity.
No cure for his calamity,
Drifting from city to city—
A stranger as forlorn as I.
I wonder—is anyone here
A stranger as forlorn as I?
His heart wounded, his eyes tearful—
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Yunus gets no help nor pity.
No cure for his calamity,
Drifting from city to city—
A stranger as forlorn as I.
Burning, burning, I drift and tread.
Love spattered my body with blood.
I'm not in my senses nor mad,
Come, see what love has done to me.

Now and then like the winds I blow,
Now and then like the roads I go,
Now and then like the floods I flow,
Come, see what love has done to me.

Hold my hand, lift me from this place
Or take me into your embrace…
You made me weep, make me rejoice,
Come, see what love has done to me.

Searching, I roam from land to land,
In all tongues I ask for the Friend.
Who knows my plight where love is banned?
Come, see what love has done to me.

Lovelorn, I tread; madly I scream.
My loved one is my only dream;
I wake and plunge into deep gloom.
Come, see what love has done to me.

I'm Yunus, mystic of sorrow,
Suffering wounds from top to toe;
In the Friend's hands I writhe in woe.
Come, see what love has done to me.
Burning, burning, I drift and tread.

Love spattered my body with blood.
I’m not in my senses nor mad,
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I’m Yunus, mystic of sorrow,
Suffering wounds from top to toe;
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Come, see what love has done to me.
Who comprehends the Word

Who comprehends the Word,
a single word his face may make to shine;
The seasoned Word may cause to prosper
all the works of him who speaks.

A word can be the tumult’s end,
can bring the blinded mind to see;
A word may into oil and honey
sweet transform a poisoned dish.

So weightily pronounce your word,
that so the unworthy be bemused;
Your word speak with propriety—
drop never an unseemly word.

Come, my brother, O majestic one,
come, hearken to my word;
The thousand jewels of the lover’s face
a word can make black earth.

Walk then, walk the Way, but let not
knowledge make you unaware;
Be watchful—with a single heedless
word your tongue may sear a soul.

O Yunus, from the plenitude of words
speak that which should be said;
Take heed, a word alone may
separate you from the line of Sheykhs.
Who comprehends the Word,
a single word his face may make to shine;
The seasoned Word may cause to prosper
all the works of him who speaks.
A word can be the tumult's end,
can bring the blinded mind to see;
A word may into oil and honey
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Knowledge should mean a full grasp of knowledge:

Knowledge should mean a full grasp of knowledge: Knowledge means to know yourself, heart and soul. If you have failed to understand yourself, Then all of your reading has missed its call.

What is the purpose of reading those books? So that Man can know the All-Powerful. If you have read, but failed to understand, Then your efforts are just a barren toil.

Don’t boast of reading, mastering science Or of all your prayers and obeisance. If you don’t identify Man as God, All your learning is of no use at all.

The true meaning of the four holy books Is found in the alphabet’s first letter. You talk about that first letter, preacher; What is the meaning of that—could you tell?

Yunus Emre says to you, Pharisee, Make the holy pilgrimage if need be A thousand times - but if you ask me, The visit to a heart is best of all.
I climbed to the branches of a plum tree,
And I helped myself to the grapes up there.
The owner of the orchard scolded me:
“What are you devouring my walnuts for?”

He made me into a thief—that was wrong:
So, in turn, I hurled slanders at him too—
And the peddler asked when he came along:
“You were to marry my daughter, weren’t you?”

I dumped sun-baked mud into the cauldron
And boiled it together with the North Wind.
“What on earth could this thing be?” asked someone;
Dipping the grapes I put them in his hand.

To the weaver at the loom, I gave thread
Which he chose not to wind into a ball;
To get the fabric orders out, he sped—
Those who want can now come and get it all.

I snatched one of the wings of a sparrow
And loaded it on to forty ox-carts.
Even forty spans failed to pull it, though;
So the sparrow wing got stuck in these parts.

A fly caught an eagle, lifted it high—
And smack onto the ground, a thumping thrust.
What I tell you is the truth, not a lie:
With my own eyes I saw the rising dust.
I climbed to the branches of a plum tree,
And I helped myself to the grapes up there.
The owner of the orchard scolded me:
"What are you devouring my walnuts for?"
He made me into a thief—that was wrong:
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