

THE STORM OF LOVE.

When the storm clouds start to gather and the weather's looking foul,
Some people close their windows as the wind begins to howl.
Then they curse and blame the weather, wondering how long it will last,
While dry inside they wait until the mighty storm has passed.
But one especial storm should not be treated in this way,
For it's a storm which you'll find blowing hard on every day.
Don't close the doors and windows when you hear the tempest start,
But open up and let the Storm of Love awake your heart.
This storm of love of which I sing is not like any other,
And the blessings of this wind and rain your heart will soon discover,
And the lightning's glowing flashes, they will never leave your eyes,
As the crashing of the thunder calls your soul to Paradise.
Now some have said it first becomes a gentle flowing breeze,
Which makes you feel so comfortable your Nafs feels quite at ease.
Then when you least expect it, you get blown into the air,
And you leave your dark and dirty ways without a doubt or care.
For it blows away the filth of all hypocrisy and sin,
As the rainfall of Remembrance floods your beating heart within;
Then the false foundations of the selfish Nafs are undermined,
And when its prison crumbles, love of worship you will find.
Both the source and the direction of the storm of Love are clear;
When the pure wind comes to lift you then the goal seems very near!

With one flash the skyline of those blessed hills appears ahead,
To the green of yonder shining dome your streaming eyes are led.
Now this storm of Love of which I sing: it blows in every place
Where there's a thirsty heart which seeks the rain of Allah's Grace;
And though a thousand times you wander from the path that's plain,
The thunder and the lightning guide you back to Truth again.
The verses of the best of poets, great Moulana Rum,
Would call his precious Shaykh the sun - for Rumi was the moon!
But the blessing of this age is not Tabriz's shining sun,
But this blowing, flowing storm of Love which to our hearts has come.
It blows from that blest Garden which surrounds the holy Court
Of our Prophet by whose guidance every Seeker ever sought,
And from those hearts which lie beside the Rahmah of the Dome –
For from their waves of loving joy this storm of Love has grown.
So when the clouds are gathered and that sweet wind comes to blow,
Wind up a turban on your head; dispose your heart below,
And pray for Tawbah's racing flood to wash your sins away,
And leave a pool of faith to cool you on the Judgment day.
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And the blessings of this wind and rain your heart will soon discover,
And the lightning's glowing flashes, they will never leave your eyes,
As the crashing of the thunder calls your soul to Paradise.