

# I Know the Way You Can Get

## I Know the Way You Can Get

by **Hafiz**, Persian lyric poet & mystic (1320 to 1389)

*I know the way you can get  
When you have not had a drink of Love:*

*Your face hardens,  
Your sweet muscles cramp.  
Children become concerned  
About a strange look that appears in your eyes  
Which even begins to worry your own mirror  
And nose.*

*Squirrels and birds sense your sadness  
And call an important conference in a tall tree.  
They decide which secret code to chant  
To help your mind and soul.*

*Even angels fear that brand of madness  
That arrays itself against the world  
And throws sharp stones and spears into  
The innocent  
And into one's self.*

*O I know the way you can get  
If you have not been drinking Love:*

*You might rip apart  
Every sentence your friends and teachers say,  
Looking for hidden clauses.*

*You might weigh every word on a scale  
Like a dead fish.*

*You might pull out a ruler to measure  
From every angle in your darkness  
The beautiful dimensions of a heart you once  
Trusted.*

*I know the way you can get  
If you have not had a drink from Love's  
Hands.*

*That is why all the Great Ones speak of  
The vital need  
To keep remembering God,  
So you will come to know and see Him  
As being so Playful  
And Wanting,  
Just Wanting to help.*

*That is why Hafiz says:  
Bring your cup near me.  
For all I care about  
Is quenching your thirst for freedom!*

*All a Sane man can ever care about  
Is giving Love!*

*from: [I Heard God Laughing](#)  
translated by Daniel Ladinsky*