

This translation is based on the original Persian text of "Ma'sumeh Shirazi" published by Kanun-e Ma'refat, Tehran, 1964 (2nd edition).

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MASUMEH OF SHIRAZ

A Shaykh said to a woman of the street, "You're drunk,
And every night you cradle in a different bunk."
"What you say," she said, "O Shaykh, is true of me,
But tell me, are you, yourself, that which you claim to be?"

Omar Khayyam

I

It is Judgement Day in the Court of Divine Reward and Punishment. The blazing sun of the 50,000 year-long Day of Resurrection stands a reed's length above the plain of Resurrection like the mouth of a volcano tipped earthward. The souls of both men and jinn stand exposed at its rim.

The dead have flown out of their graves in a thick cloud to the fearful blast of Esrafil's trumpet¹ and now stand in rows at the foot of the great Balance awaiting the recompense of their deeds. The leaders of faiths and creeds and those who are beloved of God, of all colors and races, sit in the foremost rows upon bejeweled thrones inlaid with gold and silver. A group of angels respectfully surrounds them, treating, . . . [read more](#)

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¹ In Islamic tradition, Esrafil is the angel charged with blowing the trumpet that summons mankind on the Resurrection Day.