



Murat Durmus

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# RUMI

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*Drops  
of  
Enlightenment*

(Quotes & Poems)

*Raise your words,  
not voice.*

*It is rain that grows flowers,  
not thunder.*

# **RUMI**

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**Enlightenment**

**(Quotes & Poems)**

**Murat Durmus**

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Rumi Portrait: <http://rumiurdu.blogspot.com/p/about-masnawi.html>

*“You are not a drop in the ocean.  
You are the entire ocean in a drop.”*

*~ Rumi*



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## FOREWORD

I remember it well as if it were yesterday. I was ten years old when my father took me to a performance of the dancing dervishes in Konya. I was fascinated by the elegance of their movements as if they were floating. But, to be honest, I did not know how to classify my impressions at that moment. It was just too much. On the one hand, I was deeply impressed and touched; on the other hand, I was afraid (today, I would call it awe). In any case, my visit at that time left lasting impressions. So much so that they keep coming back to my mind.

Rumi's poems and quotations are omnipresent. They appear everywhere and one cannot escape their depth, beauty and meaning. They are a part of great human creativity and remind us repeatedly how powerful (in a positive sense) words can be.

This little booklet is addressed to all who believe in beauty, love, mindfulness and the power of words. May Rumi's words touch you as they have always touched me and be a companion for a fulfilling and inspiring life.

Murat Durmus

13 March 2022, Frankfurt am Main (Germany)

# INTRODUCTION

## Jalal ad-Din Muhammad Rumi

Jalāl al-Dīn Muḥammad Rūmī (Persian: **جلال الدین محمد رومی**, also known as Jalāl al-Dīn Muḥammad Balkhī (جلال الدین محمد بخاری), Mevlânâ/Mawlânā (مولانا, "our master"), Mevlevî/Mawlawî (مولوی, "my master"), better known as Rumi (30. September 1207 - December 17, 1273), was a 13th-century Persian poet, Hanafite fajih, Islamic scholar, Maturide theologian, and Sufi mystic originally from Greater Khorasan in Greater Iran. Rumi's influence transcends national boundaries and ethnic divisions: Iranians, Tajiks, Turks, Greeks, Pashtuns, other Central Asian Muslims, and the Muslims of the Indian subcontinent have greatly appreciated his spiritual legacy over the past seven centuries. His poems have been translated into many languages of the world and translated into various formats. Rumi has been called the "most popular poet" and the "best-selling poet" in the United States.

Rumi's works are written primarily in Persian, but he occasionally used Turkish, Arabic, and Greek in his verse. His *Masnavi* (*Mathnawi*), which he wrote in Konya, is considered one of the greatest poems in Persian. His works are now read throughout Greater Iran and the Persian-speaking world in their original language. Translations of

his works are very popular, especially in Turkey, Azerbaijan, the United States, and South Asia. His poems have influenced not only Persian literature but also the literary traditions of Ottoman Turkish, Chagatai, Urdu, Bengali, and Pashto.



(23 meters high statue of Mevlana in Buca, İzmir, Turkey<sup>1</sup>)

## Life

His father, Baha'uddin Walad, was a distinguished Persian-speaking preacher, jurist, and Sufi from Balch, whose spiritual lineage is also traced back to Ahmad Ghazali. His paternal grandfather, Hussein, was a noted scholar. According to an early biography, his paternal

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<sup>1</sup> "23 meters high statue of Mevlana in Buca, İzmir, Turkey" Wikipedia, Faik Sarıkaya / wowTURKEY.com - Originally uploaded to www.wowturkey.com, [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rumi#/media/File:Mevlana\\_Statue,\\_Buca.jpg](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rumi#/media/File:Mevlana_Statue,_Buca.jpg).

lineage traced back to Caliph Abu Bakr. In contrast, his mother, Mu'mineh, was the daughter of Muhammad Shah of Khwarism, the ruler of Khorasan.

## **Childhood and Youth**

When Maulana (Rumi) was a child, the Mongols under Genghis Khan invaded Balkh in 1219; his father had foreseen this because the Khwarezmshah had some merchants of the Mongols killed and an act of revenge was to be feared. So, he and his family had already left the area to pilgrimage to Mecca. On the way, they met the famous Persian Sufi Fariduddin Attar in Naishapur, who was already an older man at that time.

Following the pilgrimage to Mecca, the family set out for Anatolia. During a stay in Laranda, today's Karaman, Jalal ad-Din's mother died. Her grave remains a place of pilgrimage to this day. Jalal ad-Din also married his wife Gauhar Chatun, a refugee from the East like him.

## **Education**

The Seljuk sultan, Alā ed-Dīn Key-Qobād, who ruled the nearby city of Konya, heard of Baha'uddin Walad's new abode in 1228. Because he valued and encouraged the sciences and philosophy, he wrote to him to offer him a residence and a chair at the madrasa (university) of Konya. Maulana Jalal ad-Din Balchi (Rumi) studied Islamic sciences under his father and took over his chair after his death in 1230 or 1231.

## The Mysticism

He was introduced to Sufism by a murshid named Sayyid Burhanuddin Muhaqqiq Tirmidhi. Together they traveled to Aleppo and Damascus, where they have met Ibn Arabi of Spain (Murcia), an influential Sufi master.

As a scholar, Maulana Jalal ad-Din (Rumi) achieved great fame, and he lived and acted as traditionally befitting a seasoned and highly respected scholar. However, when he met the dervish Shams-i Tabrizi (also known as Shamsuddin Tabrizi) in Konya in 1244, his life changed radically. Shams-i Tabriz was himself a disciple of Haci Bektaş Veli, who lived simultaneously. The latter was a strong personality endowed with extraordinary spiritual abilities. The spiritual bond between the two friends became so intense that Maulana (Rumi) temporarily abandoned the world to devote himself entirely to his friend's secrets.



(An Ottoman era manuscript depicting Rumi and Shams-e Tabrizi.<sup>2)</sup>

After the jealousy and envy of many influential people of Konya became too great, Shams fled the city. Rumi's grief was great until one day Shams returned. Probably because the situation became unbearable after some time, Shams then disappeared forever. It is assumed today that he was murdered. However, the longing for the friend inspired Maulana Jalal ad-Din (Rumi) to the rice dance, which is still imitated today, and to the poetry of his verses, which are also often quoted until today.

<sup>2</sup> "An Ottoman era manuscript depicting Rumi and Shams-e Tabrizi"  
 Wikipedia, Unknown author - Topkapi Palace Museum,  
[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rumi#/media/File:Meeting\\_of\\_Jalal\\_ad-Din\\_Rumi\\_and\\_Molla\\_Shams\\_al-Din.jpg](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rumi#/media/File:Meeting_of_Jalal_ad-Din_Rumi_and_Molla_Shams_al-Din.jpg).

## Works

After losing his friend Shams, Maulana (Rumi) repeatedly composed verses expressing his grief. His poetry, especially his 25,700 verse line poem Mathnawi (Turkish. Mesnevi), contains some of the most beautiful mystical verses ever written. It is also said of Maulana, "He is not a prophet, but he has a book," and that book, the Masnawi (Mathnawi), is also called the "Koran in Persian." Another major work of Maulana is the Diwan-i Shams-i Tabrizi (The Diwan of Shams-e Tabrizi; Shams-ad Din = Sun of Faith), which contains 35,000 lines. It was written over 30 years, from the disappearance of Shams to Maulana's death in Konya in 1273. Compared to the more sober Mathnawi, the Diwan more clearly reflects the feeling of mystical drunkenness.

Comparable to the Mathnawi is the prose collection *Fihi ma fihi* (On Being and Not Being). He gave these lectures to his disciples, just like *Madschalis-i Sab'a* (Seven Sessions), which he gave to the public before his meeting with Shams.

Of exclusively historical importance is his last work *Makatib* (Letters), for the most part, letters of recommendation in Persian to princes and nobles for the benefit of friends and disciples.

Since Persian was Maulana's mother tongue, Persian is also the language of his best-known works. However, he

wrote a tiny part of his love poetry, which was not combined into one piece at the time, in Turkish and Greek.

## Teaching

Maulana's (Rumi's) teaching was based on the fact that he considered love to be the main force of the universe. More precisely, the universe is a harmonious whole in which each part is in a love relationship with all others, which in turn is directed solely to God and can only endure through his love.

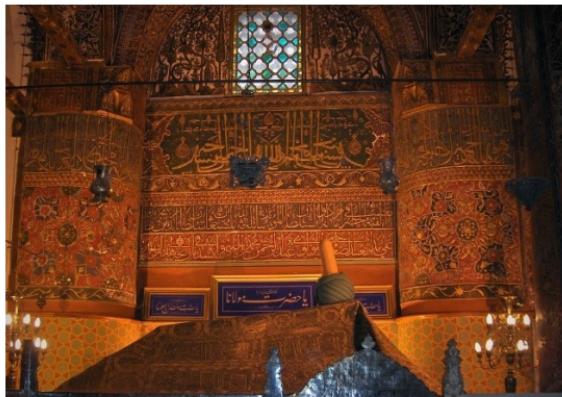
Man, who is created as a part of this harmonious whole, can achieve harmony with himself and the universe only when he learns to love God. His love for God will enable him to love his fellow human beings and all things created by God.

Coming closer to God through love is the path to true fulfillment in life for Maulana, just as for most Sufis. The reason for his fame is that he could render this teaching in the poetry of unsurpassable beauty. He described the joy of coming closer to God with the same eloquence as the sorrow of being separated from God. Like other mystical poets, he referred to God as the Beloved and the human soul searching for God as the Lover.

*“When Rumi died on December 17, 1273, Jews, Christians, followers of Sufism, and other Muslims wept for him. The inhabitants of Konya accompanied Rumi to his grave,*

*which has remained an important place of pilgrimage to this day.”*

## Mausoleum



(Tomb of Jalal ad-Din Muhammad Rumi; Mevlâna mausoleum; Konya, Turkey<sup>3</sup>)

After his death, Maulana Jalal ad-Din was buried in a mausoleum, which served as a meeting place (tekke) for the Maulawi Order (Turkish: Mevlevi). This mausoleum has been the landmark of Konya ever since, and to this day, it serves as a place of pilgrimage for devout Muslims and the followers of Maulana. When Atatürk banned public religious acts on September 2, 1925, the Mevlevi Order was also affected in the course of secularization. Nevertheless, the tomb of Jalal ad-Din did not lose its importance; this can be seen, among other things, in the fact that it is

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<sup>3</sup> “Tomb of Jalal ad-Din Muhammad Rumi; Mevlâna mausoleum; Konya, Turkey” Wikipedia, Georges Jansoone (JoJan), [https://de.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rumi\\_\(Dichter\)#/media/Datei:Turkey\\_Konya\\_008.jpg](https://de.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rumi_(Dichter)#/media/Datei:Turkey_Konya_008.jpg).

customary among the general population to buy small amulets in the shape of the tomb after visiting the mausoleum (which has been turned into a museum by the Turkish government).

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## RUMI



(30 September 1207 – 17 December 1273)



**Your task is not to seek for love, but merely to seek and find all the barriers within yourself that you have built against it.**



**Out beyond ideas of wrongdoing**

**and rightdoing there is a field.**

**I'll meet you there.**

**When the soul lies down in that grass**

the world is too full to talk about.



The wound is the place where the Light enters you.



Stop acting so small.

You are the universe in ecstatic motion.



What you seek is seeking you.



Yesterday I was clever, so I wanted to change the world.

Today I am wise, so I am changing myself.



Don't grieve. Anything you lose comes round in  
another form.



The minute I heard my first love story,

I started looking for you,

not knowing how blind that was.

Lovers don't finally meet somewhere.

**They're in each other all along.**

*(The Illuminated Rumi)*



**Dance, when you're broken open.**

**Dance, if you've torn the bandage off.**

**Dance in the middle of the fighting.**

**Dance in your blood.**

**Dance when you're perfectly free.**



**If you are irritated by every rub, how will your mirror  
be polished?**



**Don't be satisfied with stories, how things have gone  
with others.**

**Unfold your own myth.**

*(The Essential Rumi)*



**You were born with wings,**

**why prefer to crawl through life?**



When you do things from your soul,  
you feel a river moving in you, a joy.



Forget safety.

Live where you fear to live.

Destroy your reputation.

Be notorious.



Knock,

and he'll open the door

Vanish,

and he'll make you shine like the sun

Fall,

and he'll raise you to the heavens

Become nothing,

and he'll turn you into everything.



When I am with you, we stay up all night.

When you're not here, I can't go to sleep.

Praise God for those two insomnias!

And the difference between them.



Raise your words, not voice.

It is rain that grows flowers, not thunder.



My soul is from elsewhere,

I'm sure of that, and I intend to end up there.



I want to see you.

Know your voice.

Recognize you when you

first come 'round the corner.

Sense your scent when I come

into a room you've just left.

Know the lift of your heel,  
the glide of your foot.

Become familiar with the way  
you purse your lips  
then let them part,  
just the slightest bit,  
when I lean in to your space  
and kiss you.

I want to know the joy  
of how you whisper  
"more"



Silence is the language of God,  
all else is poor translation.



**Sell your cleverness and buy bewilderment.**  
*(Masnavi i Man'avi, the spiritual couplets of Maula)*



In your light I learn how to love.  
 In your beauty, how to make poems.  
 You dance inside my chest where no-one sees you,  
 but sometimes I do,  
 and that sight becomes this art.



Ignore those that make you fearful and sad,  
 that degrade you back towards disease and death.



Everything in the universe is within you.  
 Ask all from yourself.



Where there is ruin, there is hope for a treasure



I want to sing like the birds' sing, not worrying about  
who hears or what they think.



Be grateful for whoever comes, because each has been  
sent as a guide from beyond.



Let yourself be drawn by the stronger pull of that which  
you truly love.



Goodbyes are only for those who love with their eyes.  
Because for those who love with heart and soul there is  
no such thing as separation.



Words are a pretext.

It is the inner bond that draws one person to another,  
not words.



There is a candle in your heart, ready to be kindled.

There is a void in your soul, ready to be filled.

You feel it, don't you?



Travel brings power and love back into your life.



Set your life on fire.

Seek those who fan your flames



Be empty of worrying.

Think of who created thought!

Why do you stay in prison?

When the door is so wide open?

*(The Essential Rumi)*



This being human is a guest house.

Every morning is a new arrival.

A joy, a depression, a meanness, some momentary  
awareness comes as an unexpected visitor...

Welcome and entertain them all.

Treat each guest honorably.

The dark thought, the shame, the malice, meet them at  
the door laughing, and invite them in.