

Prayer - Lawh-i-Rasúl (Tablet to Rasúl)

Bahá'u'lláh

Translated



LAWH-I-RASUL

(TABLET TO RASUL)

Verily, I am the One Who abideth disconsolate beneath the canopy of this world.

O Rasúl! Shouldst thou ask concerning the Sun of the heaven of inner meaning, know that it hath been eclipsed by the clouds of envy; and shouldst thou enquire regarding the Moon of the realm of everlasting holiness, be apprised that it hath been obscured by the shrouds of hatred; and shouldst thou search after the Star of the firmament of unseen reality, be informed that it hath sunk below the horizon of malice. Behold, a lone Ḥusayn assailed by a hundred thousand deadly foes! Behold, a solitary Abraham compassed by a myriad tyrant kings! Behold, one stainless Soul that vast multitudes aim to seize! Behold, one single Throat that countless daggers seek to pierce!

Not a single night in Mine earthly life did I find rest; not a single day was I granted repose. At one time My severed head was sent as a trophy from land to land; at another I was suspended in the air. At one time I had for a boon companion him who dealt Me a fatal blow; at another I had for a close associate him who profaned My remains. Every morn, as I arose from My bed, a fresh affliction awaited Me; and every eve, as I repaired to the solitude of My chamber, a sore trial was



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in store. In the succession of My woes there was no reprieve, and in the onslaught of My sorrows there was no respite.

Notwithstanding all this, I stood against Mine enemies manifest as the sun and appeared before the dwellers of the heavenly kingdom bright as the moon. Not for an instant did I seek to preserve Mine own life, and not for a moment did I pursue Mine own ease and comfort. I offered up My soul in the path of My Beloved and laid down My life for His sake. My fortress was My reliance on God, and My shield Mine attachment to that peerless Friend; Mine armour was Mine unflinching trust in Him, and My hosts Mine ardent hope in His grace.

At length My revelation aroused the envy of My foes and elicited the rancour of the malicious. O My Rasúl! Wert thou to gaze with a keen and discerning eye, thou wouldst behold all things—yea, verily, even the denizens of the Realm on high—sharing in Mine anguish and sorrow. O Rasúl! The oppressive gloom of satanic envy hath concealed the resplendent Morn of the spirit, and the darksome veils of malice have obscured the refulgent rays of the Day-Star of eternal holiness.

At this present hour the Ancient King hath purposed to take leave of this wayward people. Yet none knoweth whether, even after His departure, this Essence of God's mercy will be spared the sting of these venomous serpents, as was clearly witnessed after His first banishment.

O Rasúl! Canst thou perceive the plight of this wronged and banished Soul Who findeth Himself sore tried by two contending peoples, and Who hath neither the pity of His foes nor the compassion of His friends? I swear by My Beauty that the afflictions I suffer at the hands of Mine enemies are a hundred thousand times easier to bear! Render thanks unto God that thou art not fully acquainted with the condition of Him Who is the Eternal King and that which He hath been made to suffer. These indeed are days whose like the eye of creation hath never seen.

Strive, then, that thou mayest forsake the path of illusion and imitation and gain admittance into the realm of inner vision and the kingdom of spiritual discoveries. For in these days all are bewildered in the drunkenness of ignorance, save those whom thy Lord hath willed to spare. Some consider the fading mirage to be the billowing ocean and reckon the impenetrable

darkness as the radiant morn. Others, having forsaken the river of eternal life, content themselves with a vanishing drop. Such is the state and condition of the people: "Thus have We created the souls in divers conditions."

As to thee, O Rasúl, shouldst thou wish to take flight in the atmosphere of My love, it behoveth thee to soar above the kingdoms of earth and heaven and all that they contain, that thou mayest attain the paradise of the good-pleasure of the All-Glorious. Well is it with them that have entered therein!

1. "Deadly foes" (lit., "Shimrs") and "tyrant kings" (lit., "Nimrods"): Shimr dealt the blow that killed Imám Ḥusayn, and Nimrod was the persecutor of Abraham.
2. Cf. Qur'án 71:14.