



# A Poem by Sa'di

How could I ever thank my Friend?

How could I ever thank my Friend?  
No thanks could ever begin to be worthy.  
Every hair of my body is a gift from Him;  
How could I thank Him for each hair?  
Praise that loving Lord forever  
Who from nothing conjures all living beings!  
Who could ever describe His goodness?  
His infinite glory lays all praise waste.  
Look, He has graced you a robe of splendor  
From childhood's first cries to old age!  
He made you pure in His own image; stay pure.  
It is horrible to die blackened by sin.  
Never let dust settle on your mirror's shining;  
Let it once grow dull and it will never polish.  
When you work in the world to earn your living  
Do not, for one moment, rely on your own strength.  
Self-worshiper, don't you understand anything yet?  
It is God alone that gives your arms their power.  
If, by your striving, you achieve something good,  
Don't claim the credit all for yourself;  
It is fate that decides who wins and who loses  
And all success streams only from the grace of God.  
In this world you never stand by your own strength;  
It is the Invisible that sustains you every moment.

