

# PROLOGUE

1.

The one who created the world with the power of supremacy,  
Over the heavens, it breathed into the soul living ecstasy,  
Gave us the land of endless universe, colored with colors prosperously,  
Of its glory the kings' crown shine, giving his face and ascendancy.

2.

Oh, you god made the world within all kinds of us,  
You care, empower me over the evil I have, to restrain it thus,  
Let me be love within this heart, till the death will come for us,  
Easy my sins that torment me, let me live in pure trust.

3.

Who - like lion, charms armament of the great sword and shield,  
- No one, but the sun King Tamar, with hair like the golden field,  
Knowing not what words to say, evenly worth for her to be heard?  
Of her beauty all men have bowed with great love they all have shared.

4.

Let's praise the one King Tamar<sup>1</sup> with the tears of blood and pain,  
You admirers of her majesty, saying words worthy of her name,  
With reed pen in the ink of Agate Lake, I write the greatness of her reign,  
Let your hearts tear apart with the words from love they came.

5.

I was told to write that poetry is great and sounding sweet,  
Praising her eyebrows, eyes and hair, sugary lips and snow-white teeth,  
Crystals shining in her mouth, awesome beauty of legs and feet,  
All the hardest stones are broken easily of an anvil lead.

6.

Now I need to write the verses with empathy and great art,  
I need the power of your supremacy in my mind and faithful heart,  
Let all of us carry the hurt of Tariel, of his pain we are a part,  
The three of our heroes shine with one love in day and dark.

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<sup>1</sup> Tamar (Georgian: თამარო, also transliterated as T'amar) (1160 – 18 January 1213), of the Bagrationi dynasty, was Queen Regnant of Georgia from 1184 to 1213. Although she was a woman, she is always mentioned in Georgian history as a King Tamar. The first woman to rule Georgia in her own right, Tamar presided over the "Golden age" of the medieval Georgian monarchy.

7.  
Come: let us sit together crying for Tariel with no single dry tear,  
Neither in the sky of shining stars nor is any man is alike him here,  
I, Rustaveli have written verses, in respect for him, in love like fear,  
Far away from you a tale is now a verse which to your heart is near.
8.  
I, Rustaveli have written verses with love like an endless sky,  
For her who serves all the army, for her I write, of her I die,  
Weakened of love no healing I find, but keep knotted with worship tie,  
Either she cures me of love of hers or now I let my soul to fly.
9.  
Began as a Persian story, translated in Georgian in the end,  
A lonely pearl of past has crossed the times from hand to hand,  
I found it now and said as verse, to your judgment either good or bad,  
For my mistress I did these all, for her are tears that I have shed.
10.  
Of her beauty my eyes go blind, but I miss the shiny rays of her star,  
Aha, my heart had fallen in love, makes me run the fields afar,  
Pray if your soul would rather mind the pain of a hurting scar,  
Praise the three colors of mine, written in verses of one avatar.
11.  
Every men must accept the day beginning of their own one fate,  
Let the workers be in labour, let the warriors be brave and great,  
Let the ones in love till madness know their love not being late,  
Neither disdain care of others nor returning love with hate.
12.  
Firstly the poetry is the wisdom divinely said in verse and word,  
Even god is pleased to listen the wonderful songs of blissful bird,  
All good men are fit to eavesdrop, for what is bad is never heard,  
What you think is long to say, poetry makes it shortly said.
13.  
As the horses are examined with the fancy riding roads,  
As footballers playing on square, winning games of heavy loads,  
So the poet writes long verses richly said in many modes,  
Not exhausted of what to say, not subtracting language codes.

14.

Then you see the poor poets in quest of places where to hide,  
Lost for words in the Georgian language, of their words they only slide,  
They deprive the pearls of Georgian, words are like a lonely bride,  
Only masters make the poem written in verses full of pride.

15.

We may not call them poets, who justly write the words they mean,  
They in vain aver being poets, even the greatest ever seen,  
Simple verses of one and two, of true verses so far had been,  
Yes, they claim: "Mine is better!", but their minds are wholly clean.

16.

Stands as a second sort of poetry, sounds alike a raining patter,  
Though they try fulfilling words, but still not can make them better,  
Just like a young hunter, they bring words to make us shelter,  
When unable to hunt the big ones, little loot just does not matter.

17.

And the third sort of poetry is good enough to sing as song,  
For love and joy with your friends, makes right out of all wrong,  
Even we can get pleasure from words so tied to rhymes so strong,  
We may not call them poets, who say that a verse is long.

18.

The poet's endeavor saying verses must not be spent in vain,  
To the one he is truly devoted, being in love in that one name,  
Unleashing all his art and knowledge, for her glory and her fame,  
Muses making him sing sweet songs, from them are worthy to gain.

19.

Hear all and know my own one, her I commend whom I have praised,  
May I glorify her name endless times' from sun set and raised,  
She is the only life of mine, of her beauty I am amazed,  
Her name I have said in shelter in the beginning she I praised.

20.

Where all thoughts meet divine truth is the love I want to say,  
Hard to tell as thoughts are endless and our tongue can not obey,  
It is gifted from heaven above inspiring us as child to play,  
Those who try need to know how their mind with pain will flay.

21.

Now at first I deem to tell how love is like celestial sky,  
Hard to say as words are simple, makes the tongue confoundly shy,  
That is pure as heavens sun, gives us wings and makes us fly,  
Be prepared for pain and torture the ones who seek to give a try.

22.

Of that highest form of worship even clever minds can't know,  
The tongue is dumb, the ear is deaf, whatever comes us to show,  
How men try to know that love, with all passion to seek to flow,  
Some imitate the love in dirt, some afar are kept in owe.

23.

The word for love in Arabian is the word that mean mad,  
As love makes men mad and crazy, making them in love over their head,  
Some who know divinely madness, have no longer pain they've had,  
Those who can not bear the torture, left the ones their hearts have said.

24.

Lover needs to be as gorgeous looking as the sun giving pleasure,  
Be wise, generous, wealthy and young, having time for being in leisure,  
Intelligent, patient, smart and strong, the strongest warriors to give a measure,  
If not having all above, may not find true love like lost treasure.

25.

Love is a beautiful thing to know, but it is heavy to keep on shoulder,  
Love is warm and different thing, not like lewdness that is colder,  
Clean is one and dirt the other, in between them lies a vast border,  
Never blend them with each other, do you hear what I say bolder?

26.

Lovers keep endless love so pure, not in coarse and not in lewd,  
As being afar of his own lover, fall in pain of dreams he would,  
Though the hurt tore all apart, still he stands by one he stood,  
Hate the heartless love of dirt, hugging, kissing, touching rude.

27.

He may think he is in love, but not can be called as lover,  
He who loves someone today and tomorrow loves another,  
Forged love in young men's mind, does not last for them further,  
A good lover is the one, who may favor death than rather.

28.

Firstly love is art to kept in secret, poignant pain that all must hide,  
Remembrance of her beyond himself, running deserts, killing wide,  
Afar to die, afar to burn, afar with pain to have a ride,  
Even fight the kings of kingdoms, but to keep her love in mind.

29.

Secret must stay as secret, not been told to all in buster,  
Not to scream "Ooh!" to all, throwing love about as duster,  
Stay unnoticed, but in love, keeping secret is one to master,  
Get this torture as if a joy, get painful fire killing faster.

30.

How can any man be trusted, about whose love is easy to tell?  
Being impatient to all to say, made themselves not too well,  
Not to care for her name, feelings in words he made to sell,  
The man who makes his lover hurt, all deserves the pain in hell!

31.

Wonders why the man may boast by telling all about his role,  
Why to share the love to others, why in hearts to make this hole?!  
If not in love, why not in hate? If in hate, to hoot like an owl?!  
For evil man the evil words are better than one's heart and soul.

32.

Once a lover sheds tears for the lover, it is the moment of living fine,  
Charms alone to run the fields, how in heart love strings align,  
Stays in thoughts in all times with her, has no time to even dine,  
But not makes it seen by others, once the man with love will shine.