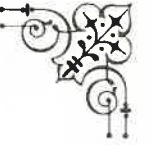
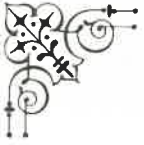




Ghalib:

INTERPRETATIONS

RIAZ AHMAD



Ghalib: INTERPRETATIONS

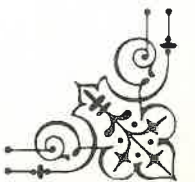
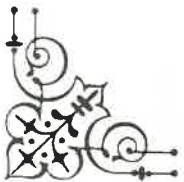
Translations of Ghalib's
Selected Verse

Riaz Ahmad

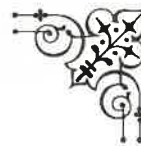
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Ghalib: Interpretations

Ahmad, Dr. Sayed Riaz

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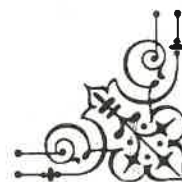
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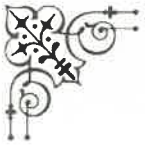
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A. Waheed Chughtai

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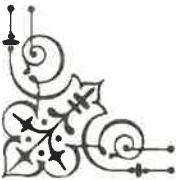
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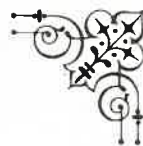
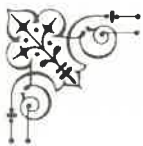
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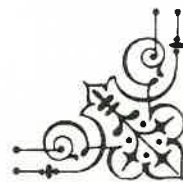
For my grandchildren
Ahmad and Abeer
and my son
Nadir
hoping that to read Ghalib
they will not need these translations
and in this way
will carry our great heritage
to the coming generations.

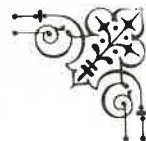




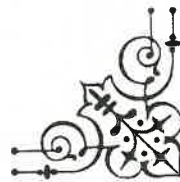
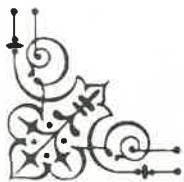
First Lines of Verses

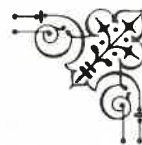
Against whose radiant authorship 19
Sentenced to eternal solitude 20
The spirit of the sword 20
However much you let reason fling 21
As if standing on burning cinders 21
In love my dear 22
For loves commitment 22
Once we execute 23
In every attire 23
A remedy for all pains 24
As the soft footed spring 24
Love's passion 25
The arrow leaving the taut bow 25
The wafting fragrance 26
You shall witness one day 26
Like the whirlwind 27
Aware I am of the narrow path 27
I am like the man pawned to love 28
The beauty of the verse 28
The aberration of the mind 29
Love my dear is the opener 29
Who could have held Layla back 31
My love's commitment did complain 32
The gain and loss of rivers in mine eyes 32
A scream of pain which does not reach the lips 33
In the drop not visible the seven seas 33
You should have given reins to your tongue 34
My tounge tied in knots 34
Scarred I had staggered on 35
The merciless house of mirrors 35
Nothing intervenes 36
From the tilth that is my heart 36
The trials and tribulations 37
Layla lightly bore the reins that possessed Qays 37
Within the orbits of essence 38
If I had sworn abstinence 38
Annihilating its own form 39
Let us keep the eye open 39
From the earth to the heavens 40
In loves feverish passion 40
In the great hall 41
Like the thousand kindled lights 41
Averting their faces 42
There are no knots 42
As I lived, the city's beauteous things 43
The glorious musnud 43
The candle when it's no longer lit 45
As I look at the desolation of my Unrequited Love 46
Like the sterile reed 46





O' bestower of all bounties 47
Howsoever adept this hand at idol breaking 47
From the brow of the heavens to the sole of dust 48
The vasty page of the desert 48
Like the man 49
O' Cloistral Longing! 49
On the flower laden path 51
His fate he had made known to us all 52
For fulfillment a lifetime does a sigh need 52
Like the gaping snare 53
Tutored by the great orb 53
Hark my naive friend 54
Likened to candle's fleeting sojourn 54
To my share falls 55
What should we consider it 55
A prison has no symphonies 56
Across the frontiers of cold intellect 56
Needing someone to share your grief 57
That fateful day 57
Unfettered by the stirrup, untamed by the reins 58
Was it a lapse in memory 58
In some dark drinking den 59
I am in my essence 59
The rose, with its redolent petals 61
There was a time 62
The Seven Sisters of the skies 62
Even for a fleeting moment 63
Faith and love do not reside 63
Incarcerated by enflamed agony of my passion 64
I shall of my cares shed rivers through my tears 64
Why should we all of pain be free 65
The ecstasy of union, where has it gone? 65
In irksome contrast I have stood 66
It is not that my belief 66
Having woven a web of words 67
That cry of woe 67
Nurturing your pining heart 69
The capacity to err 70
A vast crucible of ideas is the man's mind 70
You have not witnessed yet your roan horse 71
Deprived I shall remain of felicity 71
Martyrdom writ large in my lot 72
With every step I took, my dear! 72
You my love 73
The cruel winds of fate 73
When of no avail are my devotion 74
Faith, fidelity, constancy 74
There is none 75
How does one extend one's begging bowl 75
In my heart resides the yearning desire 76
As a tribute to our love's commitment 76
How could my addiction 77
From my body inflamed by love's cares 77
As the pallbearers upon their shoulders 78
Here I have been immersed 78
Would I effect a retreat from your gate 79
Born of rich vintage 79





To carry me to you 80
Vibrant like the flame 80
There were no choices left my dear 81
I shall continue my love 81
These divine verses, 83
When with your tall statuesque figure 84
Your bewitching eyelids 84
In arid wilderness to quench their thirst 85
The light and the spirit 85
O' wilderness 86
As my heart kindled by my solitude 86
With my evenescence 87
As in my wanderings 87
With you the ecstasy 88
His being, 88
None has dominion over its realm 89
Though resideth thou in each of Thy creations 89
Blue envy is the lot of those 90
Seceretly in the darkest hour of the night 90
For the lovers of yore 91
Soloman's throne a mere toy 91
Where I greive 92
About the state of my craving heart 92
Like the gentle breeze 93
With inclement time piling on my years 93
About the esse and annihilation 94
My desires 94
For a lifetime, O' Love! 95
In the wilderness, I roam, like the sands 95
Of your sacrifices 96
In Love's domain, my dear 96
In this our world's marketplace 97
O' radiant orb of the skies 97
Lest you feel 99
There is no shaft poised in the taut bow 100
The pain at your hand 100
From your animating spirit 101
For hankering after sweetness 101
What was there I owned 102
The source of blazing hell-fire 102
Upbraid me not 103
Let's welcome, O' friend, the carnal delights 103
Youth and piety 104
From the garden of paradise 104
They whisper - one to the other 105
Inherit I did 105
Pierced I into my blains 106
The title of my secret tale of torment 106

RUBAIYAT

I pined for tresses black 109
The heart in net of anguish 109
In youth when I did enter 110

MUKHAMMAS

My metal chains 111

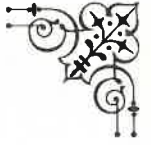
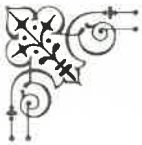
Notes 122



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غالب نام آدم نام و نشانم پیرس ہم اسد اللہم وہم اسد اللہم

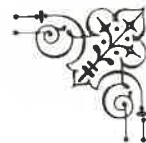


Foreword

Mirza Asadullah Khan Ghalib perhaps the greatest poet of the South Asian sub-Continent lived in the troubled age of the disintegrating Mughal empire. Born in 1797 in Agra he witnessed the end of an era along with its traditions and culture and the birth of another with all its pains and tribulations. The pangs of transition which were let loose on him resulted without doubt into his tragic poetry.

Ghalib was of Turkish aristocratic stock. His grandfather Mirza Quqan Beg, an Aybek Turk had come to the sub-Continent from Samarkand. A soldier of fortune, among those he served were, Mir Munnu the Governor at Lahore, Zulfiqaruddaula Najaf Khan who bestowed upon him the Taaluqa of Pahasu in Buland Shehr and the Maharaja of Jaipur. Asadullah Khan's father, Abdullah Beg Khan married Sahibzadi Izzat Banu the daughter of Ghulam Hussain Kamidan, a prominent noble of Agra. Mirza Abdullah Beg remained in the employment at first of the Asifuddaula and later of Nizam Ali Khan of Hyderabad. He finally moved to Agra once again where he met his death in 1802, in an uprising, to quell which he had been sent to Alwar. He left behind two sons and a daughter. The daughter was the eldest and Asadullah Beg Khan



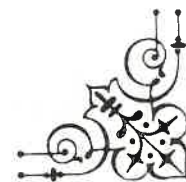


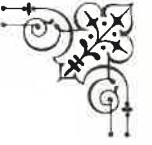
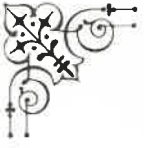
aged five at the time, the older of the two brothers.

Nasrullah Beg Khan took up the responsibility of rearing his deceased brother's three children. The uncle, however, also died a little later and Ghalib spent a part of his boyhood with his mother's family. It appears that most of his independence and the inability to submit to any discipline whatsoever might have been caused by the absence of sustained patriarchal control and disturbed childhood which was spent moving for one protection to another. It has been said that his preoccupation in later life with finding secure, legitimate, and comfortable means of livelihood can perhaps be, at least partially understood in terms of his early insecurity.

Ghalib's formal education, during this period, was quite understandably disturbed. Though the existence of Mullah Abdul Samad Hurmuzd has been doubted by his critics and denied by himself at times, Ghalib at other times spoke of his mentor with great tenderness. Mullah Abdul Samad is said to have been a Zoroastrian converted to Islam, living in Agra, teaching Persian to a crop of young nobles including Ghalib himself. The great knowledge of the Persian language, literature and above all the Persian lore, which Ghalib exhibits, in his poetry, it is believed by some, could only have been the direct outcome of formal education received under the guidance of a man of great knowledge. It is therefore, reasonable to believe that Mullah Abdul Samad was more than a figment of Ghalib's imagination.

At the age of thirteen, already a poet, Ghalib turns up in Delhi. There is ample evidence to show that most of his Urdu poetry which has come down to us through his slim opus was completed before he had attained the age of eighteen. He had then turned to his Persian ghazal which he wrongly considered to be of much greater literary merit in comparison to his Urdu verse which he thought was insipid and colourless.



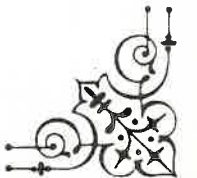
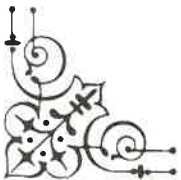


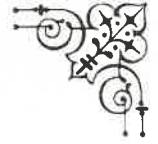
فارسی میں تابہ بینی نقش ہائے رنگِ رنگ
بگذر از مجموعہٴ اردو کہ بے رنگ من است

*Peruse my Persian verse
So that you shall find in it
Patterns of many hues
Disregard my Urdu opus
For it is indeed
Insipid, colourless.*

How wrong he was about the worth of his Persian poetry Ghalib would never discover for his renown, as fate would have it, rests entirely on his Urdu verse. He was a poet steeped in Persian tradition; and Ghazal remained the main form of verse he converged his attention upon apart from *qasida* the eulogistic poetry he wrote for the Emperor and the nawabs, the English Residents and others.

In the year 1826 he came to believe that he had been deliberately deprived of his share of family pension. This led to a prolonged law-suit which was decided against him in 1831. This left Ghalib without any means of livelihood. His expensive habits, acquired in early years, could no longer be satisfied through his meagre income and debts began to pile up and with it the creditors demands which must have brought him much pain. Much has been made of his endeavours to secure his lost pension for which, being his only legitimate source of livelihood, he continued to strive. He had quite understandably felt, that having been subjected to share it with someone who had no claim over it, he had been grievously wronged. Those who paint Ghalib as a person willing to do anything to have his pension reinstated forget the fact that failure on the part of the British Resident to receive him properly extracted a refusal from him to accept the





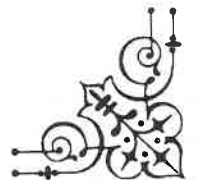
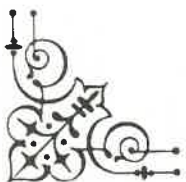
teaching assignment for which he had been invited.

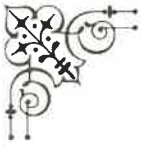
Ghalib had lived in a world in which poets, writers, physicians, artists and other men of learning could survive only through royal patronage. Shaikh Muhammad Ibrahim Zauq's prominent position in the court of Bahadur Shah (Zafar), the last Mughal king, kept Ghalib at bay. There was indeed no love lost between Ghalib and Zauq. Subsequently Ghalib did gain favour and receiving titles of *Najmuddaula* and *Dabeerulmulk* etc. was appointed the royal historiographer with a salary of fifty rupees a month. He was assigned the task of writing a history of the Mughal dynastic rule and did complete the first volume *Mahr-i-Neem Roz* which has been considered by historians as indifferent at best.

After Zauq's death he was appointed poetic preceptor to the Emperor, but these small favours ended with the mutiny and its aftermath resulting in Emperor's exile and subsequent death in Rangoon. Ghalib was left in dire financial straits. Nawab of Rampur's stipend of a hundred rupees coming to his rescue soon after. A year later, his pension was also restored probably due to the intercession of Syed Ahmad Khan and he passed his last days in comparative ease dying on 15th February 1869.

Ghalib was a non-conformist. He revolted against the established values held dear by the Mughal civilisation and the palsy of transition which set in. His great dramatic talent comes out through his ghazals. The ghazal allowed him to express himself with sparkling wit and penetrating intellect.

The discipline of two line couplets, his great boon, was most suited to his genius and this remained his centre of concern. Ghalib is a pagan unfettered by formal beliefs in that his verse has a strange freedom of a gazelle roaming the open pastures. His couplets are like flowers blooming in the desert sands. Poetry may or may not be translatable but one can say with some surety that





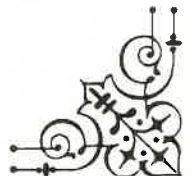
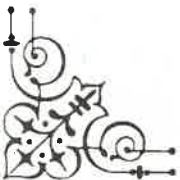
the idiom adopted in the qhazal rarely says what it intends to put across and no satisfactory equivalents are available in languages as far apart as English and Urdu. For a translation to be meaningful it is necessary to have cognate languages bound by tradition to create successful transference. Can poetry be really translated from one language to another, even if they are bound by cognate relationships is another question which can at best be left unanswered.

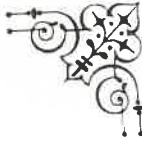
Notwithstanding these questions the experience of translating Ghalib into English verse was more mystic than intellectual. In the beginning a few couplets were rendered into English for my childhood friend and cousin Bashir Ahmad. This was an attempt to show the beauty of Ghalib's poetry to someone belonging to that group of people who having been born here can read and write only the English language. This group, learning the language of the Englishman forgot its own and along with it also became alien to a whole cultural tradition.

It is to those that these translations are offered so that they may learn of their own ethos even though it is through a foreign language and may be tempted to return home.

The late Professor Daud Kamal, Sufi A.Q. Niaz, and Sufia Sadullah among others have attempted translations of Ghalib earlier. No claim is made for greater excellence or greater precision or better poetic rendering. The claim is only that being an endeavour undertaken through love it contains the successes and failures of a sincere attempt. I drew great pleasure from reading Ghalib and interpreting his beautiful verse.

Now a few words about the artistic representations of Ghalib's couplets made by Mr. Waheed Chughtai for this volume. A true inheritor of Abdūl Rāhman Chughtai's great tradition in the realm of painting, Waheed (his nephew) is perhaps the only outstanding painter from the family of the great





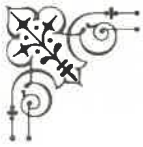
artist.

At my request he undertook the formidable task of producing seven water colours. These, he insists, should in no way be construed as illustrations, for poetry's illusive spirit can hardly find adequate expression through another artistic medium. He says, these seven water-colours are a tribute to Ghalib and are indeed no more than reverberations of a great poetic genius from a fellow artist working in another medium.

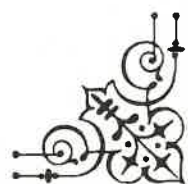
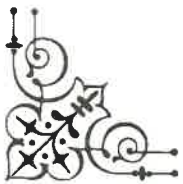
I am also grateful to Mr. Mehmood Hasan Rumi who repainted in colour the portrait of Ghalib from the first edition of his Diwan.

The verses herein are arranged alphabetically in terms of last letters of *radif* as was done loosely by Ghalib himself.

Riaz Ahmad
Lahore.
November 1995.



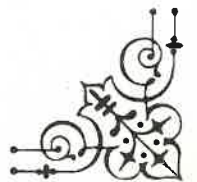
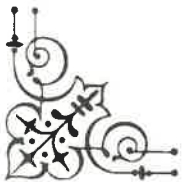
Ghazal

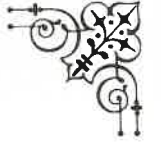




نقش فریادی ہے کس کی شوخی تحریر کا
کاغذی ہے پیرہن، ہر پیکر تصویر کا

Against whose radiant authorship
Laments
Creation all?
For each tormented being
In eternal sorrow of its own mortality
Like in some ancient Persian court
Dons itself in
Paper attire
And staggers through its lofty gates
To lodge a tearful complaint.





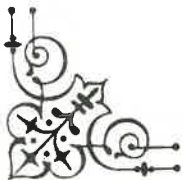
کاؤ کاؤ سخت جانہائے تنہائی نہ پوچھ
صبح کرنا شام کا، لانا ہے جوئے شیر کا

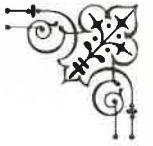
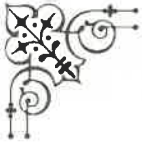
Sentenced to eternal solitude
By the Lord
The knot of my predicament I cannot untie
For pulling the heavy cart
Of the evening,
Through the darkness of the night
To the first ray of dawn all alone,
Is a task no less formidable
Than Farhad's feat
Of digging a canal
All on his own.



جذبہ بے اختیار شوق دیکھا چاہیے
سینہ شمشیر سے باہر ہے، دم شمشیر کا

The spirit of the sword
Having seen
Mine breast's unwavering
Commitment to
Union with its hair sharp edge
In loving embrace,
Is outside itself in yearning devotion
And longs for that one moment
When its cold steel-tongued blade
Shall kiss my warm flesh.





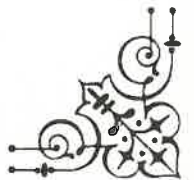
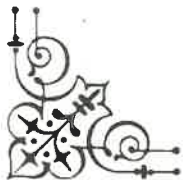
آگى، دامِ شنيدن جس قدر چاہے بچائے
مدعا عتقا ہے، اپنے عالمِ تقرير کا

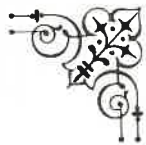
However much you let Reason fling wide
Its cold net to catch
The winged birds of my utterances,
Their true nature
Is destined to stay
Hidden from its piercing barbs,
And my thought my friend!
Shall ever remain
Enigmatic!
Inviolable.



بسکہ ہوں، غالب، اسیری میں بھی آتش زیر پا
موتے آتش دیدہ ہے، حلقہ مری زنجير کا

As if standing on burning cinders
Under my feet,
I am restless in my imprisonment
And yet the sterile shackles-the ringed chains-
Are of no avail,
For they, to me, are no more than the circlets
To which hair turn
After the flame's dragon licks their delicate strands,
So death will soon come
To ease me out of my predicament.





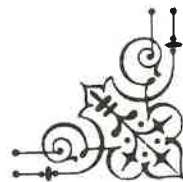
جراحت تحفہ، الماس ارمغان، داغ جگر ہدیہ
مبارکباد! اسد، غمخوار جانِ دردمند آیا

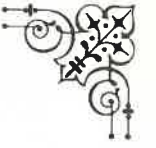
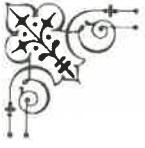
In love my dear there are no rewards
But the bleeding wounds,
No offerings but the multi-faceted diamond
To chew upon,¹
No repayments but the scar on one's heart.
Our compliments deserves he alone
Who chooses to love for no more than his torment,
His ruin.



جڑ قیس، اور کوئی نہ آیا بروئے کار
صحرا، مگر، بہ تنگی چشمِ حسود تھا

For love's commitment
Except Qays,
No name
Did the desert allow
This our world to celebrate,
Though its open expanse
Is without an end
Its jealous eye in narrowness
Does all transcend.





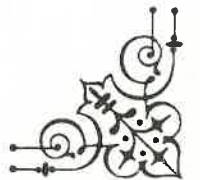
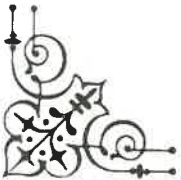
تھا خواب میں ، خیال کو تجھ سے معاملہ
جب آنکھ کھل گئی ، نہ زیاں تھا ، نہ سود تھا

Once we execute
Life's transaction
With mortality,
Gain or loss there is none.
For the fragile bond of thought with you
Breaks my dear
When dreams end
To sever the strings.



ڈھانپا کفن نے داغِ عیوبِ برہنگی
میں ، ورنہ ، ہر لباس میں ننگِ وجود تھا

In every attire
A shame unto myself I was,
While my soul with my body
Remained in concert.
At death my friend,
The blemish of my nudity
Was covered
By the shroud
And my body interred beneath the clod.





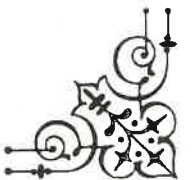
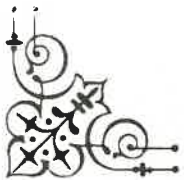
عشق سے طبیعت نے زلیست کا مزا پایا
درد کی دوا پائی ، دردِ بے دوا پایا

A remedy for all pains
A pain sans a remedy.
This is what love is
My dear,
And yet
My callow heart
Was schooled
Under its stern eyes
In the bliss of life
Its joys, its ecstasies.



غنجہ پھر لگا کھنسنے ، آج ہم نے اپنا دل
خون کیا ہوا دیکھا ، گم کیا ہوا پایا

As the soft footed spring
Comes
With its redolent blooms
To end
The wintry frost,
My heart,
I see it bleeding,
I find it lost.





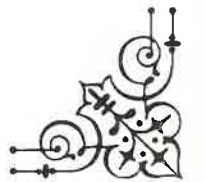
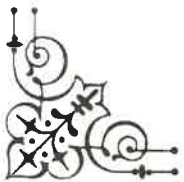
شوق ، ہر رنگ ، رقیبِ سر و ساماں نکلا
قیس ، تصویر کے پردے میں بھی عریاں نکلا

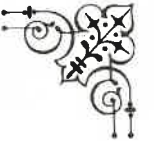
Love's passion
In each of its many hues
Is indeed
The tattered rival of worldly possessions
Of substance, mammon and ease.
For even concealed
Under the paint laid on the canvas,
Qays the wandering desert dweller,
Peeps through
In naked destitution.



زخم نے داد نہ دی تنگی دل کی ، یارب !
تیر بھی سینہ بسمل سے پرافشاں نکلا

The arrow leaving the taut bow
On its feathery wings,
Widens the congealed narrowness of its target.
My heart constricted by my dark grief
Evicts from its inner sanctum
The claustrophobic dart
And sends it a-wing.
Alas! the sweet pain of its sojourn in my heart
Is never to be mine.





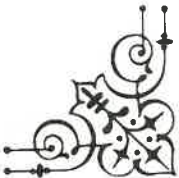
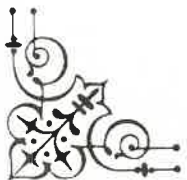
بُوئے گل، نالہٴ دل، دودِ چراغِ محفل
جو تری بزم سے نکلا، سو پریشاں نکلا

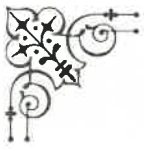
The wafting fragrance
Of the rose,
The tremulous wail
Of a feeling heart,
The swirling smoke
Of the candle lit in despair,
All leaving your chamber
Stagger through in turmoil
Seething, troubled, forlorn.



دکھاؤں گا تماشا، دی اگر فرصت زمانے نے
مرا ہر داغِ دل، اک تنم ہے سرِ چراغاں کا

You shall witness one day
A million lights
Celebrating my love's fortitude
For each blemish
Endowed to my lacerated heart
Is but a seedling
From which
A thousand chariots of fire shall emerge
To proclaim my wounds.





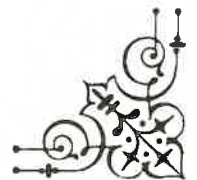
مری تعمیر میں مُضمَر ہے ، اک صورت خرابی کی
ہیولے برقِ خرمن کا ہے ، خونِ گرم دہتقاں کا

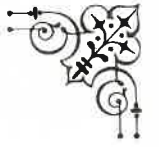
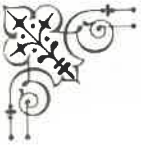
Like the whirlwind the tempestuous fire
Flows into the veins
Of the toiling tiller
Sweltering in the sun,
And then emerges as a thunderbolt
That ignites the harvest.
So that now
In the very essence of my being
Lies the source
Of my cataclysmic doom.



نظر میں ہے ہماری ، جادۂ راہِ فنا ، غالب
کہ یہ شیرازہ ہے عالم کے اجزائے پریشاں کا

Aware I am
Of the narrow path
Life treads
To reach its end in death
The great equaliser,
For this is the confluence of diverse entities
Scattered through deep recesses
Of the universe
That is ours.





سراپا رہن عشق و ناگزیرِ اُلفتِ ہستی
عبادت برق کی کرتا ہوں، اور افسوسِ حاصل کا

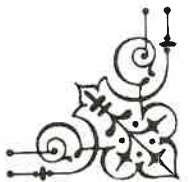
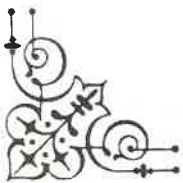
I am like the man pawned to love,
Halved between my spirit's dedication to you
And my self-loving ego.
I worship the lightening and yet cry over
The likely destruction of my home,
For I know that
When descending from the heavens above
The merciless thunderbolt may strike
Any time
To bring ruin to my abode.

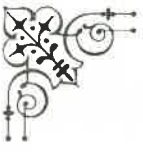


وہی اک بات ہے جو یاں نفس، واں نکمتِ گل کا
چمن کا جلوہ، باعث ہے مری رنگیں نوائی کا

The beauty of the verse
and the fragrance of the flower
both from the same eternity commence

This blooming red rose
is sired by the spring
and gives tongue to my lucid eloquence.





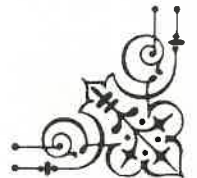
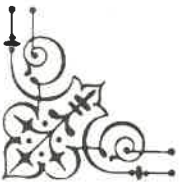
مبیل کے کاروبار پہ ہیں خندہ ہائے گل
کہتے ہیں جس کو عشق ، خلل ہے دماغ کا

The aberration of the mind
Is love my dear,
Listen
And you shall hear
The laughter of the rose
Deriding
The stricken nightingale.

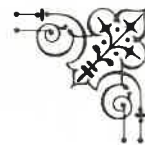


یک قدم دشت سے ، درسِ دفترِ امکاں کھلا
جادہ ، اجزائے دو عالم دشت کا شیرازہ تھا

Love my dear is the opener
Of the gates of reality.
One step into its realm of self-denying wilderness
And lo: the book of potent possibilities
Unshelves itself from ancient archives-
Revealing its misty secrets-
And suddenly the chaos of the two worlds
Scrawled on the tablet of eternity
Forms itself into words
And is legible, comprehensible.

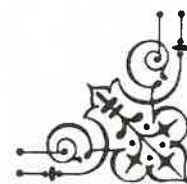
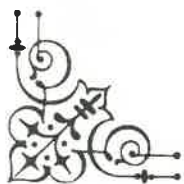


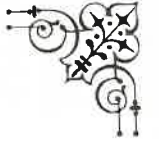




مانعِ وحشتِ خرامیہائے یلیٰ کون ہے؟
خانہٴ مجنونِ صحراگرد، بے دروازہ تھا

Who could have held Layla back
From union with her man, my friend?
The portals of the house of Majnoon-
The desert-wanderer -
There were none,
And to bar the entrant's way
Into the wilderness there stood
No columns of lance-bearers in the sun.





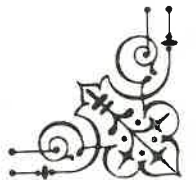
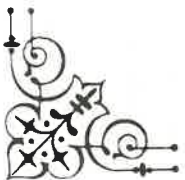
بگلہ ہے شوق کو دل میں بھی تنگی جا کا
گہر میں مچو ہوا ، اضطراب دریا کا

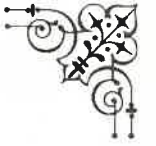
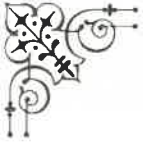
My love's commitment did complain
Of spatial narrowness of my heart
But soon that lustrous pearl consumed
All the black torrents of the restless rivers
That ever swelled in rage.



نہ کہہ کہ گریہ بمقدارِ حسرتِ دل ہے
مری نگاہ میں ہے ، جمع و خرج دریا کا

The gain and loss of rivers in mine eyes,
The tides, pulsating in ebb and flow.
O love! the spate of tears-
Their magnitude- is not contingent
On the depth of yearning love
That dwells within my soul.





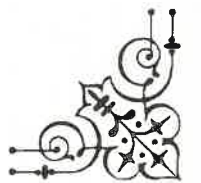
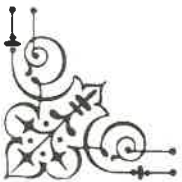
سینے کا داغ ہے ، وہ نالہ کہ لب تک نہ گیا
خاک کا رزق ہے ، وہ قطرہ کہ دریا نہ ہوا

A scream of pain which does not reach the lips,
Where it rests in the heart a scar takes birth.
The raindrop that does not become the turbulent river
Serves only as bread to the arid earth.



قطرہ میں دجلہ دکھائی نہ دے اور جزو میں کُل
کھیل لڑکوں کا ہوا ، دیدہ بیا نہ ہوا

In the drop not visible the seven seas
In the part no whole had been,
Was it no more than a child's play, and not
The discerning eye penetrating the secrets unseen?





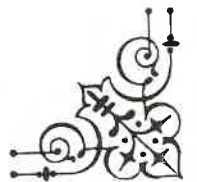
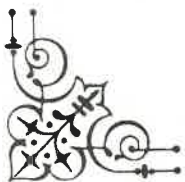
بجلی اک کوند گئی آنکھوں کے آگے، تو کیا؟
بات کرتے، کہ میں لب تشنہ تقریر بھی تھا

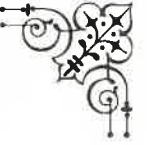
You should have given reins to your tongue
'Cause for your lip's utterances athirst I had been
Like the bolt of lightening you'd gone past
No more than a shaft of light I had seen.



عرضِ نیازِ عشق کے قابل نہیں رہا
جس دل پہ ناز تھا مجھے، وہ دل نہیں رہا

My tongue tied in knots,
Before my beloved I stand pale
Drained of my courage,
To air my love's sorry tale.
Don't you know dear that for its valour,
Once the centre of all my admiration,
My heart no longer throbs inside its cage.





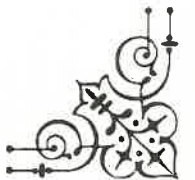
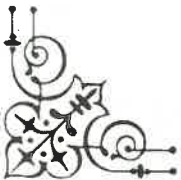
جاتا ہوں داغِ حسرتِ ہستی لیے ہوئے
ہوں شمعِ کشتہ ، درِ خورِ محفل نہیں رہا

Scarred I had staggered on
Carrying in my heart
The deprivations of my existence
Never to come back again
For like the extinguished light
I'd lingered in this mortal world-
My beautiful vale of tears-
Too long to its disdain.



بروئے شش جہت درِ آئینہ باز ہے
یاں امتیازِ ناقص و کامل نہیں رہا

The merciless house of mirrors
Erected by crude nature to reflect our universe
With all its stark realities
In all its orientations lies not.
For here between the pure and the blemished
The infallible and vulnerable
The chaste and the frail
No distinctions are ever made.





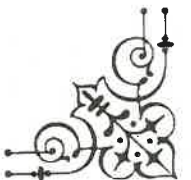
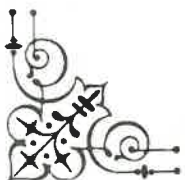
وا کر دیے ہیں شوق نے بند نقابِ حُسن
غیر از نگاہ ، اب کوئی حائل نہیں رہا

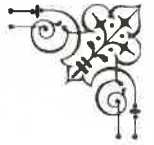
Nothing intervenes
Between you and me
Save the thread of my gaze
For the heart's resident -
My passion -
Has at last extended its hand
To unveil
Your resplendent face.



دل سے ہوائے کشتِ وفا مٹ گئی کہ واں
حاصل سوائے حسرتِ حاصل نہیں رہا

From the tilth that is my heart,
I have erased the desire
To cultivate the harvest of fidelity
Knowing my dear
That there is no longer gain
Except merely
Of vain expectation of laurels or reward.





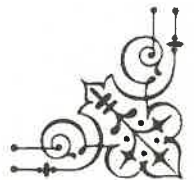
بیدارِ عشق سے نہیں ڈرتا ، مگر ، اسد
جس دل پہ ناز تھا مجھے ، وہ دل نہیں رہا

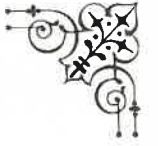
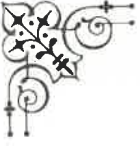
The trials and tribulations
That befall the traveller
In the path of love I do not dread.
What I fear my dear
Is that the heart's fortitude
Of which I was once proud
No longer has the brawn
For which it was once known.



ذره ذره ، ساغرِ میخانہ نیزنگ ہے
گردشِ مجنوں ، بہ چشمکائے یلا آشا

Layla lightly bore the reins that possessed Qays
And placed each movement he made
Subservient to her will.
At the behest of the Mover
Who pulls the invisible strings
Each infinitesimal speck in the illusive universe
Restlessly spins on and on,
Like the Saqi's cup
That rotates in the tavern
In brimming ease from lip to lip.





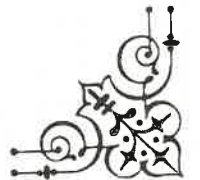
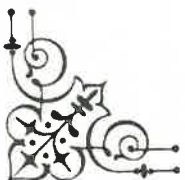
منظر اک بندی پر ، اور ہم بنا سکتے
عرش سے ادھر ہوتا ، کاشکے ، مکاں اپنا

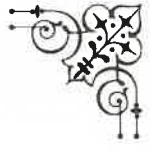
Within the orbits of essence
Had our abode not been circumscribed,
We would have wrought transcendence, my friend
And gone beyond
Unscaled heights
To create new vistas
Unlimited
By flights of thought.



میں اور بزمِ مے سے یوں تشنہ کام آؤں
گریں نے کی تھی توبہ ، ساقی کو کیا ہوا تھا

If I had sworn abstinence
What is it that kept you dear
To cast at me a look
Encouraging my hand to extend,
To hold the cup in feeling fingers
And sate my parched lips?
I and retreat from your company
Unfulfilled,
Ungratified, athirst?





عشرتِ قطرہ ہے ، دریا میں فنا ہو جانا
درد کا حد سے گزرنا ہے دوا ہو جانا

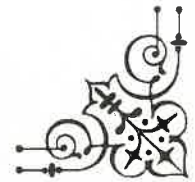
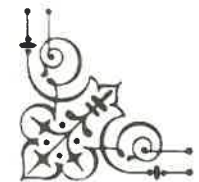
Annihilating its own form
The ecstatic drop
Finds its consummation
In the deep waters of the sea.

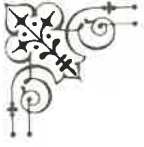
Likewise my friend !
Crossing its ultimate limits
Pain hails oblivion
To become its own remedy.



بخشے ہے جلوۂ گل ، ذوقِ تماشا ، غالب
چشم کو چاہیے ہر رنگ میں وا ہو جانا

Let us keep the eye open
My dear!
So we can forever rejoice
In the perfect harmonies of form,
For the splendour of the rose it is
That bestows on us the aesthetic sensibilities
And upon our eyes
The subtle art of discriminating
Between the beautiful
And the unsightly.





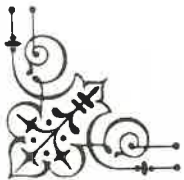
لے زیں سے آسماں تک فرش تھیں بے تابیاں
شوخی بارش سے ، مہ فوارہ سیلاب تھا

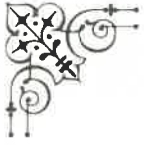
From the earth to the heavens
Extends a crisp excitement.
The playful rain
Transforms,
As if by a miracle,
The placid face of the night's orb
Into a fountain-head,
Spreading far and wide
The mercurial
Crystal shafts of moonlight.



ضعف جنوں کو، وقت تیش، در بھی دور تھا
اک، گھریں، مختصر سا بیاباں ضرور تھا

In love's feverish passion
Frailty of madness was such
That even the door of my abode seemed a distance
Farther than the mirage's tremulous gleam.
It was then, my dear,
That the echoing call of the desert
Beckoning me to its desolation
I had to answer
Through roaming the wilderness
Of my own home.





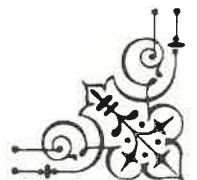
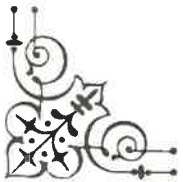
بزمِ شاہنشاہ میں اشعار کا دفتر کھلا
رکھو، یارب، یہ درِ گنجینہ گوہر کھلا

In the great hall
Of my sovereign's court are open
The doors of priceless treasures
And a million poetic jewel-strings unfold
For Muse's sake.
O' Lord!
Keep these gates unclosed
And perpetuate
My poet-king's reign forever and more.



شب ہوئی، پھر انجمِ رخشہ کا منظر کھلا
اس تکلف سے کہ گویا بُنکدے کا در کھلا

Like the thousand kindled lights
The opening temple door may entail,
Night, its starry visage,
In effusive extravagance does unvail.





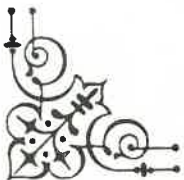
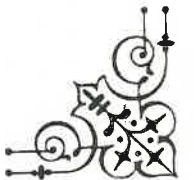
کیوں اندھیری ہے شبِ غم ہے بلاؤں کا نزول
آج ادھر کو ہی رہے گا دیدہ اختر کھلا

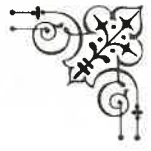
Averting their faces
Even the stars gaze
In the other direction
Leaving me amid darkness of the night
Alone, joyless, forlorn,
Letting monstrous creatures
Alight into my dreams.



اے آہ میری خاطر وابستہ کے سوا
دنیا میں کوئی عُقدہ مشکل نہیں رہا

There are no knots
Except that of the heart
Which have my dexterous fingers defied
And still remain to be untied.





حُسن ، غمزے کی کشاکش سے چھٹا میرے بعد
بارے ، آرام سے ہیں اہلِ جنا ، میرے بعد

As I lived, the city's beauteous things
Were forever
Beguiling, bewitching, enthralling me,
In their coquetry,
Competing each with the other.
Their mutual strife
Shall come to
Tranquility's restful caravanserai
When I am no more.

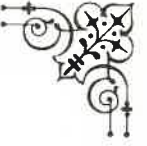
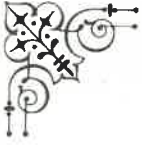


منصبِ شیفگی کے ، کوئی ، قابل نہ رہا
ہوئی معزولی انداز و ادا ، میرے بعد

The glorious musnud
Occupied by my ardent devotion to you
None shall deserve to adorn
When I am no more.

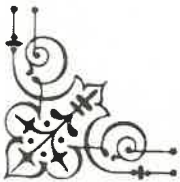
Your coquetry I know
Shall also be deposed from its loft
Forever searching a servile peon
When I am no more.





شمع بجھتی ہے تو اس میں سے دھواں اٹھتا ہے
شعلہٴ عشق سیاہ پوش ہوا ، مرے بعد

The candle when it's no longer lit
Emits smoke from its wick!
The flame of love likewise shall don
A dress of black when I am gone.





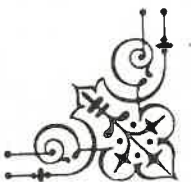
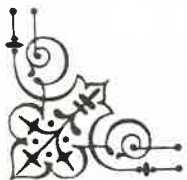
آئے ہے بیکسی عشق پہ رونا، غالب
کس کے گھر جائے گا سیلابِ بلا میرے بعد؟

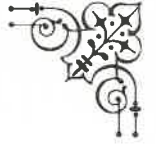
As I look at the desolation
Of my Unrequited Love
Her destitution brings forth
Tears of pity in mine eyes
For I know
That there shall never be
Another dwelling
For the Leviathan deluge
To claim
When I am no more.



نوازشِ نفسِ آتش کہاں در نہ
برنگِ نئے ہے نہاں در ہر استخوانِ فریاد

Like the sterile reed
Awaits a soul bestowing breath
Of an osculating oboist,
In every bone of my body lie
A million cries of anguish unlippped.





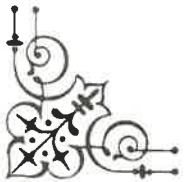
یا رب ! وہ نہ سمجھے ہیں، نہ سمجھیں گے مری بات
دے اور دل اُن کو، جو نہ دے مجھ کو زباں اور

O' Bestower of all bounties!
If you, in your infinite mercy
Do not give me an articulate tongue
Then in your infinite benevolence
Widen my lovers heart
To my plight,
So that my supplications
May, one day find favour
And my yearning its burning flame.



ہر چند مُبک دست ہوئے بُت شکنی ہیں
ہم ہیں، تو ابھی راہ میں ہے سنگِ گراں اور

Howsoever adept this hand at idol breaking-
the art of cudgeling the work of starry eyed
sculptors of yore-
Lest the boulders should set claim to eternal life-
This graven image-
This narcissistic inner granite-
Shall forever be prostrate in its own worship
And remain poised for limitless aeons
Like the circling rocks
Chiselled by some forgotten Druid,
On a lonely hillside.





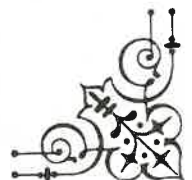
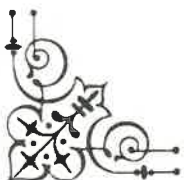
وُسعتِ سہی کرم دیکھ، کہ سر تا سر خاک
گزرے ہے آبلہ پا، ابرِ گہر بار ہنوز

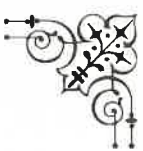
From the brow of heavens to the sole of dust
The great expanse of endeavours
Of those who bestow
Is unlimited, unbound,
Lo! the pearl carrying cloud,
In spite of rounded blains on its feet
Moves far and wide
Scattering its gems of benevolence.



یک قلم کاغذِ آتشزدہ ہے، صفحہٴ دشت
نقشِ پا میں ہے تپِ گرمی رفتار ہنوز

The vasty page of the desert
Is like the burning piece of paper in a pyre
For in the pace of my tread still resides
The heat of the blistered feet afire.





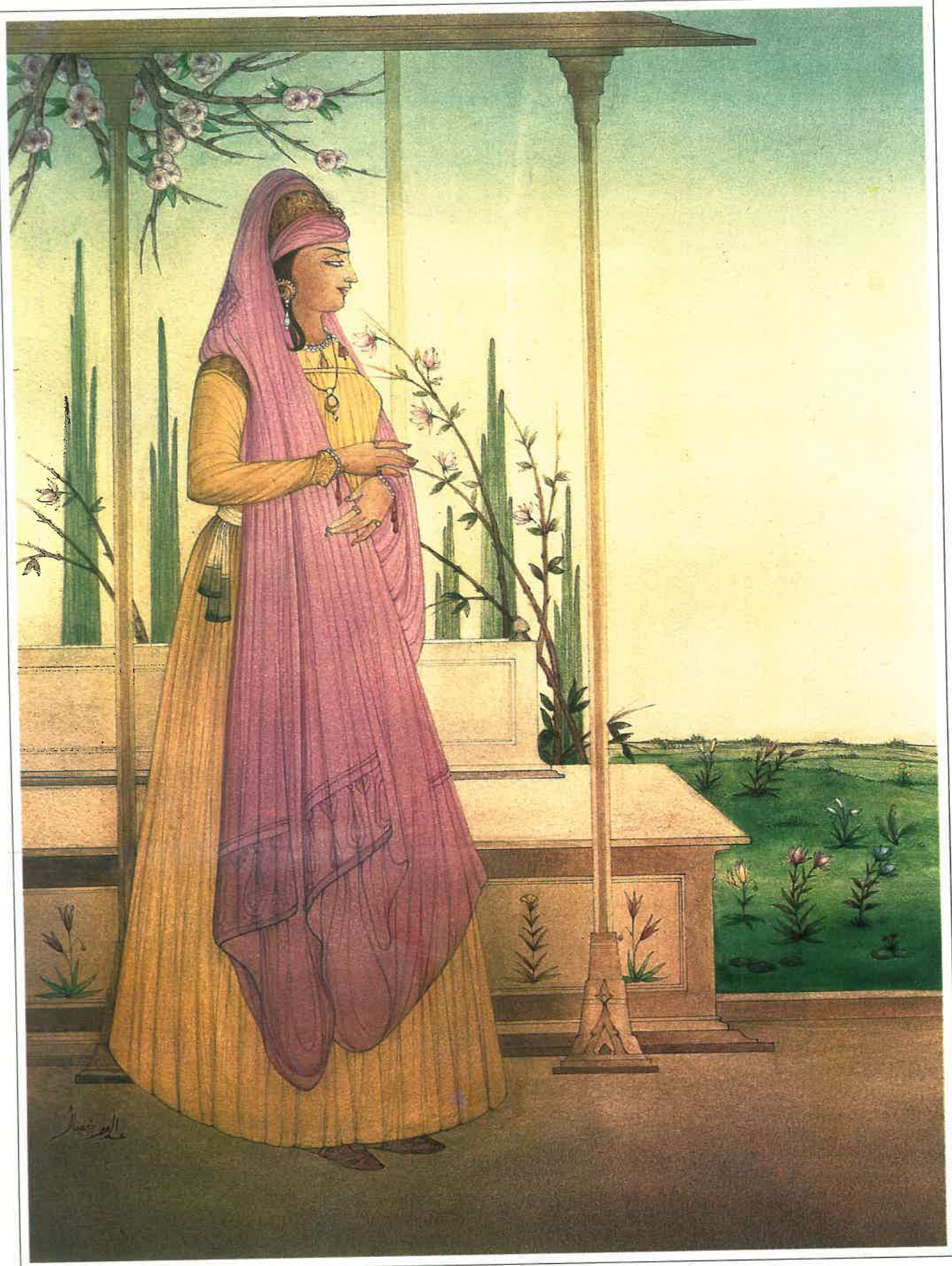
ہے نازِ مفلساں زہرِ از دست رفتہ پر
ہوں گلِ فروشِ شوخیِ داغِ کسِ ہنوز

Like the man
Sans his once owned riches
Taking nostalgic pride
In what was once his lot,
I still brag
Of the lustrous bloom
Of the scar left on my heart
By the fire that was love.



مژدہ، اے ذوقِ اسیری! کہ نظر آتا ہے
دامِ خالی، قفسِ مرغِ گرفتار کے پاس

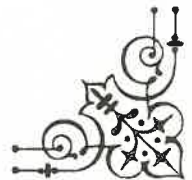
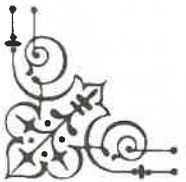
O' Cloistral Longing!
Good tidings! for I see
Beside the bird-cage
Incarcerating the fowl behind its bars
Another with its gates ajar
Waiting for you
To enter and satisfy
Your raven urge.

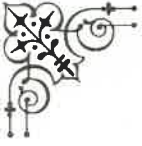




دیکھ کر تجھ کو، چمن بسکہ نمُو کرتا ہے
خود بخود پہنچے ہے گل، گوشہ دُستار کے پاس

On the flower laden path
Of the garden
You step down
Statuesque, vain, proud.
And in its reflected arrogance
Emanating from your closeness,
The timeless constellations mirroring in its eyes,
The sweet-scented rose extends its stalk
To reach out to your turbaned brow.





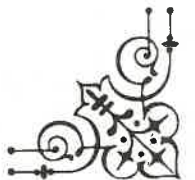
مرگیا ، پھوڑ کے سر، غالب وحشی ہے ہے !
بیٹھنا اس کا وہ، آکر ، تری دیوار کے پاس

His fate
He had made known to us all
Through squatting stone-eyed
Beside your granite wall.
Alas! Ghalib the wild is no more
For died he this morning
Beside your door.



اُہ کو چاہیے ایک عمر، اثر ہونے تک
کون جیتا ہے، تری زلف کے سر پہننے تک؟

For fulfillment, a life time does a sigh need-
A sigh uttered in longing
For your proximity.
Would my life abide that long,
O' loved one,
For your silken hair
Fortified behind formidable
Ramparts of time
To be vanquished and to fall
To my conquering arms?





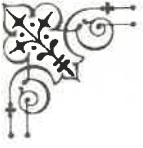
دام ہر موج میں ہے، حلقہ صد کام ہنگ
دیکھیں، کیا گزے ہے قطرے پہ، گم ہونے تک

Like the gaping snare
Of the open mouthed crocodile,
There is a noose
In each tide of the turbulent waters.
Let's wait and see,
What untold suffering, what pale anguish,
The lone rain-drop-
That aspires to become a pearl- suffers,
For the path it has to traverse
Is fraught with dangers unknown.



پر تو خور سے، ہے شبنم کو فنا کی تعلیم
میں بھی ہوں، ایک عنایت کی نظر ہونے تک

Tutored by the great orb
The dew-drop
Learns the secrets of annihilation,
I too my love,
Shall await
A cursory glance
From you
To reach
My denouement,
My consummation.



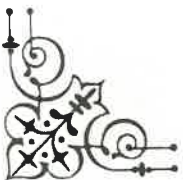
یک نظر بیش نہیں ، فرصتِ ہستی ، غافل
گرمیِ بزم ہے ، اک رقصِ شرر ہونے تک

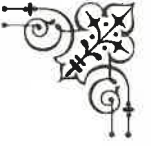
Hark my naive friend!
Our earthly life is but a fleeting vision-
A transient moment-
Its life spans
No longer than a pirouetting spark
Which spires
From a glowing grate,
Follows its predestined path
In a flare,
And then is no more.



نغمِ ہستی کا ، اسد ، کس سے ہو، جز مرگ، علاج؟
شمع ہر رنگ میں جلتی ہے ، سحر ہونے تک

Likened to candle's fleeting sojourn
In the hallow of burning spectral light,
Through night 'till the first darts of dawn
Cause to rescue it from its plight
No cures have the pangs of grief in this life
Barring our exit from the arena of strife.





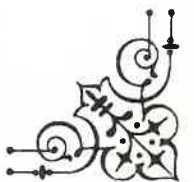
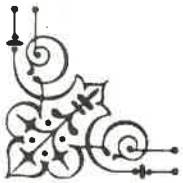
مجھ کو ارزانی ہے ! تجھ کو مبارک ہو جیتو !
نالہٴ بیل کا درد اور خندہٴ گل کا نمک

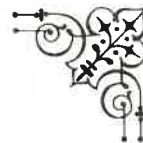
To my share falls
The un-restrained lament
Of the nightingale
And to you vouchsafed
My dear!
Is the sharp deriding laughter of the rose
That impales my soul.



دائم الحبس اس میں ہیں لاکھوں تمنائیں، اسد
جانتے ہیں سینہٴ پُرخوں کو زنداں خانہ ہم

What should we consider it
This bleeding heart
But a barbed prison
For in it have lain
Incarcerated
A million appetites in chains.





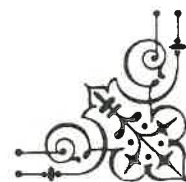
بہ نالہ حاصلِ دہشتگی فراہم کر
متنازع خانہ زنجیر، جُز صدا ، معلوم

A prison has no symphonies
But the songs sung
By the iron chains
For those emerged in pleasures of the world
There is no wealth, my dear,
But the lament aired in agony of pain.



ہے پرے سرحدِ ادراک سے ، اپنا مسجود
قبلہ کو، اہل نظر، قبلہ نما کہتے ہیں

Across the frontiers of cold intellect
Stands the Worshipped
Defying reason
Obviating rational thought.
It is the discerning eye only
That sees the sequestered Cause
Which indeed lies
Beyond all His visible manifestations.





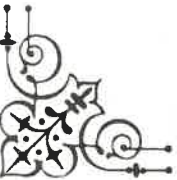
مہرباں ہو کے بُلا لو مجھے چاہو جس وقت
میں گیا وقت نہیں ہوں کہ پھر آ بھی نہ سکوں

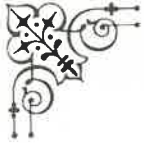
Needing someone to share your grief
You can beckon-
You can beckon me to your presence
In your benign grace
And I shall come to leave no more,
For I am not like the time
Which once gone
Will never retrace its steps
And come back to knock again at your door.



نغمائے غم کو بھی، اے دل، غنیمت جانیے
بے صدا ہو جائیگا، یہ سازِ ہستی ایک دن

That fateful day
Does not seem to be far
When life's flute
Shall be without a breath.
O' heart!
Cherish even the mournful songs
Of love
For they provide the only recompense
To this otherwise
Silent symphony.





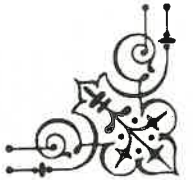
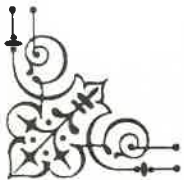
رو میں ہے رخسِ عمر، کہاں دیکھئے تھے
نے ہاتھ باگ پر ہے، نہ پا ہے رکاب میں

Unfettered by the stirrup, untamed by the reins,
Life's steed gallops on in liquid fluency,
Its direction undefined
Its goal embalmed
In deep mist of weird destiny.
All we can do my dear
Is to resign ourselves to Fate's unsteady hand,
For we know not where it shall pause
Or where it shall finally find
Its ultimate haven- its last resort.



وہ آئے گھر میں ہمارے خدا کی قدرت ہے
کبھی ہم ان کو، کبھی اپنے گھر کو دیکھتے ہیں

Was it a lapse in memory
Or merely
An extravagant impulse
My dear?
You at my door?
My tongue
Suddenly in harness caught,
My eyes fixed on your
Gilt embroidered finery
Amid my destitute want.





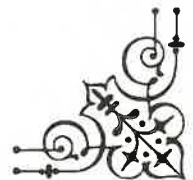
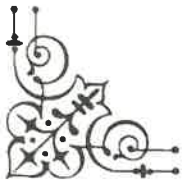
کیوں گردشِ مدام سے گھبرا نہ جائے دل ؟
انسان ہوں ، پیالہ و ساغر نہیں ہوں میں

In some dark drinking den
To the tedium of volution,
Why should I be subjected?
A cup or a decanter I am not.
Do you expect my friend
That I shall forever spin
Like the potter's wheel
And my heart shall ever
Become accustomed to its unending whirl?

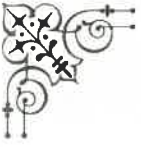


یا رب ، زمانہ مجھ کو مٹاتا ہے کس لیے؟
لوحِ جہاں پہ حرفِ مکرر نہیں ہوں میں

I am in my essence
A word
Which has no echo.
Why then,
O Lord,
The invisible
Hand of fate
Endeavours
To erase my name
From the tablet of eternity.

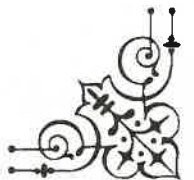






سب کہاں ، کچھ لالہ و گل میں نمایاں ہو گئیں
خاک میں ، کیا صورتیں ہونگی کہ ، پنہاں ہو گئیں

The Rose, with its redolent petals
The Water lily with its robe of virgin white
These have surely come to us in transmigration
Of but a few of those
Endowed with sublime beauty and grace.
Some embrace death to sprout again
But most, forever, in dust remain.





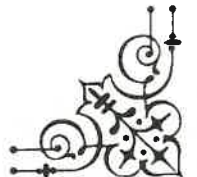
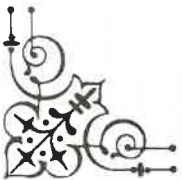
یاد تھیں ہم کو بھی ، رنگا رنگ بزم آریاں
لیکن اب نقش و نگار طاقِ نسیاں ہو گئیں

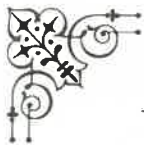
There was a time
When I could recall vividly
A hundred jovialities of our tryst.
But now, my friend,
With the thickening mist of time,
All has obscured slowly
Into faded patterns
Around the niches
Hollowed out of the walls of my memory.



تھیں بناتِ انشِ گردوں دن کو پردے میں نہاں
شب کو اُن کے جی میں کیا آتی کہ عریاں ہو گئیں؟

The Seven Sisters of the skies
Cloistered in the veil of daylight
Come to their own at nightfall,
Revealing their virgin glory
In the crystal firmament
Naked, radiant, sensuous.





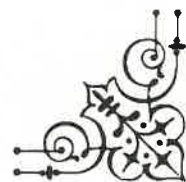
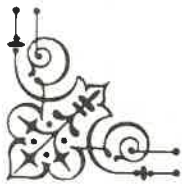
گر ترے دل میں ہو خیال، وصل میں شوق کا زوال
موج، محیطِ آب میں مائے ہے دستِ دپاکہ یوں

Even for a fleeting moment,
My dear
Do not harbour the thought
That your proximity shall diminish
Or even restrain
The surging desires resident in my heart,
For it is in the depths of turbulent oceans
That the tides continue to seethe and roar
In their impetuous affluence.



ہاں، وہ نہیں خدا پرست، جاؤ، وہ بے وفا سہی
جس کو ہو دین و دل عزیز، اُس کی گلی میں چائے کیوں؟

Faith and Love do not reside
In stony hearts I know.
So those in gospels who believe
Or in sovereign heart's domain do dwell
Should venture not in streets where lives
My love, my life, my sweetheart.



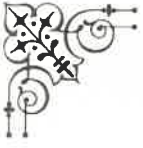
دیر نہیں ، حرم نہیں ، در نہیں ، آستان نہیں
بیٹھے ہیں رگدڑ پہ ہم ، غیر ہمیں اٹھائے کیوں؟

Incarcerated by the inflamed agony of my passion
I squat alone on the roadside in no man's realm
And thus am free to have my own.
The green robed mohtasib at the holiest of shrines,
The bearded attendant of some marble cenotaph,
A lowly gateman of the rich man's estate
The saffron clad Brahmin
in the icy temple hewn out of a gigantic rock
They have no domain over me
For I sit outside their mantle.



دل ہی تو ہے نہ سنگ و خشت، درد سے بھر نہ آئے کیوں؟
روئیں گے ہم ہزار بار، کوئی ہمیں ستائے کیوں؟

I shall of my cares shed rivers through my tears,
For the heart is neither the obdurate boulder
Nor the brick fired in the infernal kiln.
My eyes shall indeed continue to cascade
O' loved one
Whenever their cups fill
With pale wines of sorrow
Matured for you
In the secret cellars of my heart.



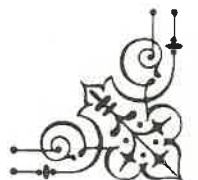
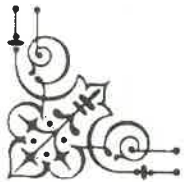
قیدِ حیات و بندِ غم، اصل میں دونوں ایک ہیں
موت سے پہلے آدمی، غم سے نجات پائے کیوں؟

Why should we all of pain be free
Ere last announcement silences
Our lying tongue, our vanity
For this here cage we name as life
And fetters of eternal grief
Are just the same reality.



وہ فراق اور وہ وصال کہاں؟
وہ شب و روز و ماہ و سال کہاں؟

The ecstasy of union, where has it gone?
In which breeze have dried the parting tears
Where are those days of pleasure, dear,
Those nights, those months, those years?





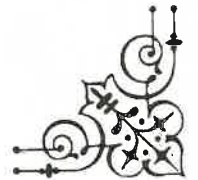
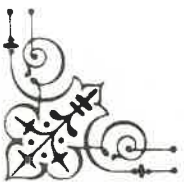
نہ جانوں نیک ہوں یا بد ہوں، پر صحبت مخالف ہے
جو گل ہوں تو ہوں گلشن میں، جو خس ہوں، تو ہوں گلشن میں

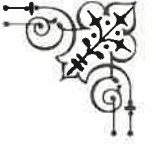
In irksome contrast I have stood
To my attendant environment
Virtuous or errant I do not know.
If I am a parasitic weed
Then among flower beds I have been.
If I am a radiant bloom
Then on a pile of dry leaves
Waiting to be lit on a pyre I have lain.



نہیں کہ مجھ کو قیامت کا اعتقاد نہیں
شبِ فراق سے روزِ جزا زیاد نہیں

It is not
That my belief in the day of judgment
Falters for lack of faith my dear.
It's merely that the fateful night
We parted
Ushered in greater tribulations
Then the doomsday could ever bring.





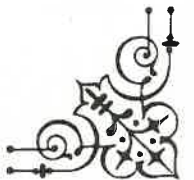
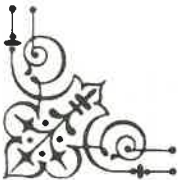
ہو گئی ہے غیر کی شیریں بیانی کارگر
عشق کا اُس کو گماں ہم بے زبانوں پر نہیں

Having woven a web of words
The rival's articulate tongue
Has won all your favours
My dear!
To my rue
In my mute stance
You suspect not
My deep love for you.



وہ نالہ ، دل میں خس کی برابر جگہ نہ پائے!
جس نالے سے تنگاف پڑے آفتاب میں

That cry of woe
Which receives but a narrow abode
In the confines of the heart,
That cry of woe
Emanating from its sanctum ascends
To tear the sun apart.



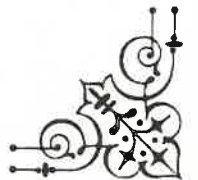
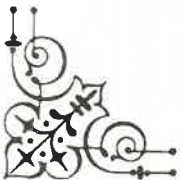




دل رگا کے لگ گیا اُن کو بھی تنہا بیٹھنا
بارے اپنی بیکسی کی ہم نے پائی دادیاں

Nurturing your pining heart
In utter solitude it is
That in love you now sit forlorn

At last it is here
I receive recompense
For the anguish I endured so long.





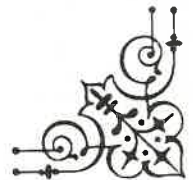
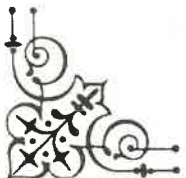
بقدر حسرت دل چاہیے ذوقِ معاصی بھی
بھروں یک گوشہ دامن، گر آبِ ہفت دریا ہو

The capacity to err
Has depended always on the dark urges
That dwell in the deepest crypts of the heart.
To satiate my appetites
My dear
The seven violent seas
Are no more than
A single drop of wine
That clings to the cup
After its soul has gone.



ہے آدمی، بجائے خود، اک محشرِ خیال
ہم انجمن سمجھتے ہیں، خلوت ہی کیوں نہ ہو

A vast crucible of ideas is the man's mind,
For in it brew a million tumultuous storms,
Unleashing, the arrow-heads of light
That dispel darkness.
Even though in solitude
Man, my dear, is a tryst, an ensemble an assemblage,
a starry eyed group of musicians
orchestrating a symphony.





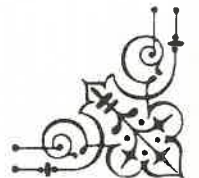
ابھی ہم قتل گہ کا دیکھنا آسان سمجھتے ہیں
نہیں دیکھا شادور، جوئے خوں میں تیرے توسن کو

You have not witnessed yet your roan horse
Afloat in whirlpools of blood.
In your artless naivete
My friend
You believe
That our eyes
Can bear the sight
Of the blood letting carnage
Likely to be rampant one day
In our midst?



خوشی کیا، کھیت پر میرے اگر سو بار ابر آئے
سمجھتا ہوں کہ ڈھونڈھے ہے ابھی سے برق خرمین کو

Deprived I shall remain of felicity,
Though the pregnant clouds
Laden with rivers of rain
Roll over my lands a hundred times.
I know my dear!
That veiled behind that opaque foam,
The covetous lightening scans my ripening harvest
Sharpening its curved scythes.





شہادت تھی مری قسمت میں، جو دی تھی یہ خو مجھ کو
جہاں تلوار کو دیکھا، جھکا دیتا تھا گردن کو

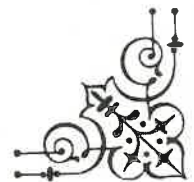
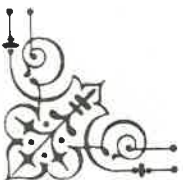
Martyrdom writ large in my lot
Through your benevolence,
Instills in my nature,
The urge to bow down intuitively
To steely sensuality of the sword,
And to expose the soft neck
Each time a sinewy hand is raised
To free a soul
From its earthly home.

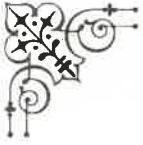


واں پہنچ کر، جو غش آتا پئے ہم ہے ہم کو
صدرہ آہنگِ زیں بوسِ قدم ہے ہم کو

With every step I took, my dear!
My body's burden grew,
My feet deserved acknowledgment
For carrying me to you.

Unconsciousness was brought on me
By long and arduous trek,
Though at the time I thought that I
Had bowed to show my debt.





تم وہ نازک کہ خموشی کو فغاں کہتے ہو
ہم وہ عاجز کہ تغافل بھی ستم ہے ہم کو

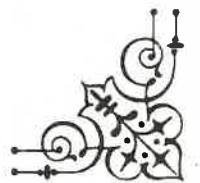
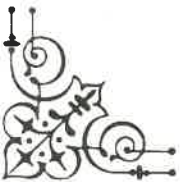
You my love,
So frail, so delicate
That eerie silence of the deepest blue sea
Is to you a discordant uproar.

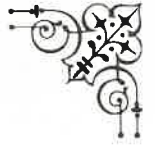
I my love,
So wretched, so entombed by doubt
That even your indifference
Is to me a persecution.



جب میکدہ چھٹا ، تو پھر اب کیا جگہ کی قید
مسجد ہو ، مدرسہ ہو ، کوئی خانقاہ ہو

The cruel winds of fate
Blew away the tavern
To which each day this pilgrim went
To drown the black sorrows, to pine,
So to sailing in the dark river of oblivion.
What do I care,
Where now I spend the rest of my days.
It matters little
Be it a mosque, a monastery, a shrine.





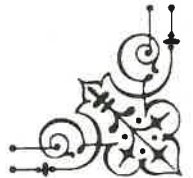
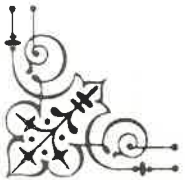
دفا کیسی؟ کہاں کا عشق؟ جب سر پھوڑنا ٹھہرا
تو پھر اے سنگِ دل، تیرا ہی سنگِ آستاں کیوں ہو

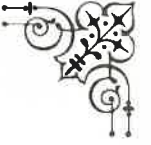
When of no avail are my devotion,
my fidelity, my ever abiding loyalty
O' Stone Hearted Love!
Then why only the granite monoliths
Standing guard at your gate?
In your magnanimity, I am sure
You will not deny this mortal his one last wish
For I nurture the most pressing urge
In my heart, that is, to choose
A boulder of my own for banging my head against.



یہ فتنہ، آدمی کی خانہ دیرانی کو کیا کم ہے؟
ہوئے تم دوست جس کے، دشمن اس کا آسماں کیوں ہو؟

Faith, fidelity, constancy
Are virtues alien to you, my dear,
And your treachery, indeed
The destroyer of abodes.
Why should we invite the curse
Of the canopy of heavens
To befall those who boast
Of your intimacy.





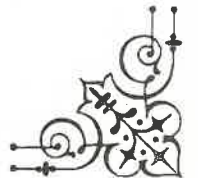
کوئی نہیں ہے اب ایسا جہان میں غالب
جو جاگنے کو ملا دیوے آ کے خواب کے ساتھ

There is none
In the vast wilderness
Of the world now my friend,
Who would care
To walk through my door
One day,
And in artless proficiency
Wed
My wakefulness,
With my dreams.²



مئے عشرت کی خواہش، ساقی گروں سے کیا کیجئے
یہ بیٹھا ہے اک دو چار جامِ وازگوں، وہ بھی

How does one extend one's begging bowl
For a few droplets
Of that soul invigorating liquid,
That remedy for all sorrow, all grief,
When one knows, O' friend
That having inverted His emptied cups-
The seven crystal goblets
One by one- He also sits and waits.





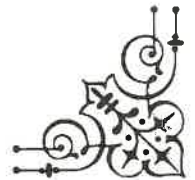
مرے دل میں ہے، غالب، شوقِ وصل و شکوہِ ہجراں
خدا وہ دن کرے، جو اس سے میں یہ بھی کہوں، وہ بھی!

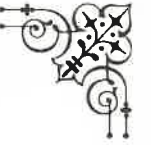
In my heart resides the yearning desire
To gather my loved one in my arms
And the urge to narrate to her
The blue ballad of our separation.
O' Lord!
Let the dawn of the day arrive
When I shall of my yearning speak
And of my suffering intone
The unending song into her ears.



عمر بھر کا تُو نے پیمانِ وفا باندھا، تو کیا؟
عمر کو بھی تو نہیں ہے پائنداری، ہائے ہائے

As a tribute to our love's commitment
You vouched to keep the knot of amity tied
'Till eternity's dark culmination in a misty bowl.
You must know,
My dear, that the bond of mortality
Between us pervades all others
Making our earthly sojourn merely a transitory marvel.





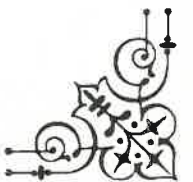
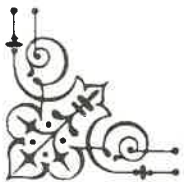
کس طرح کاٹے کوئی شہائے تارِ برشگال؟
ہے، نظر، خو کردہ اختر شماری ہائے ہائے!

How could my addiction
Of counting the stars
Be satisfied in the pluvial downpours
When black clouds
Shroud the crystal sky.
For it is then
That tides of grief billow
And I cannot oar
Through the vasty sea.



سایہ میرا، مجھ سے، مثلِ دود، بھاگے ہے، اسد
پاس مجھ آتش بجاں کے کس سے ٹھہرا جائے ہے؟

From my body inflamed by love's cares
Rise a million intense flares
So like smoke, me even my shadow eludes
To condemn me to my solitude.





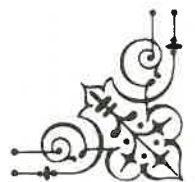
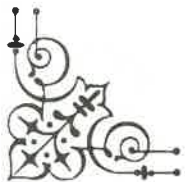
ہر یک مکاں کو ہے مکیں سے شرف، اسد
مجنوں جو مر گیا ہے، تو جنگل اداس ہے

As the pallbearers upon their shoulders
Carry Majnoon's remains to be interred
Under the shifting dunes,
The sorrowful silence of the arid plain
Steps in to invade his once vibrant desert home.
O' my friend do not be surprised!
For the dweller it is who bestows
Upon the dwelling its honour, its animation,
Its vibrant glow.



اُس بزم میں مجھے نہیں بنتی حیا کیے
بیٹھا رہا، اگرچہ اشارے ہوا کیے

Here I have been immersed
In my shame
Let them point at me
Let them play their games
Stubornly unmoving
With all the criss-crossing innuendoes,
Subtle glances and enigmatic grins
Here I am and here I shall remain.





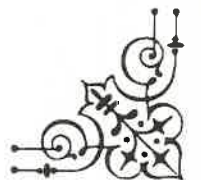
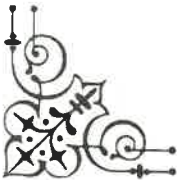
دل ہی تو ہے ، سیاستِ درباں سے ڈر گیا
میں ، اور جاؤں در سے ترے بن صدا کیے ؟

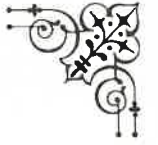
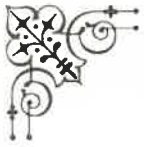
Would I effect a retreat from your gate
Without voicing
A call to my slumbering fate?
Alas! My feeble heart's
Dread of the machinations of those at your court,
That once reaching the portals
Of your palatial fort
I retraced my steps
To walk back
To my solitude.



وہ بادۂ شبانہ کی سر مستیاں کہاں؟
اُٹھیے بس اب، کہ لذتِ خوابِ سحر گئی

Born of rich vintage
Of wine in sensuous scarlet apparel,
The night's festive revelries
Are, at last, at an end.
Open thy eyes! Behold!
The dawn with all its sanity
Emerges from the east.
Rise for the bliss of sweet morning slumber
Is no longer thine.





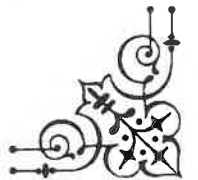
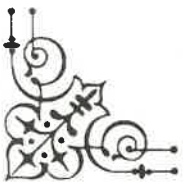
اُڑتی پھرے ہے خاک مری کوئے یار میں
بارے اب اے ہوا! ہوسِ بال و پر گئی

To carry me to you
While living
I willed plumed wings
But now
Grateful I am to the wind
Which in seething clouds
My dust to you brings.



ہے صاعقہ و شعلہ و سیلاب کا عالم
آنا ہی سمجھ میں مری آتا نہیں، گو آئے

Vibrant like the flame
Transient like the flash of lightening
Descended
She in her full glory
In my chamber one night.
It's obvious my dear
Why
Comprehending that presence-
That mercurial apparition-
Could never be within my grasp.





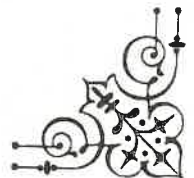
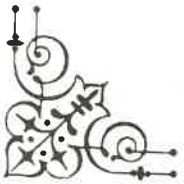
ہاں ، اہل طلب ، کون سُنے طعنہ نایافت؟
دیکھا کہ وہ ملتا نہیں ، اپنے ہی کو کھو آئے

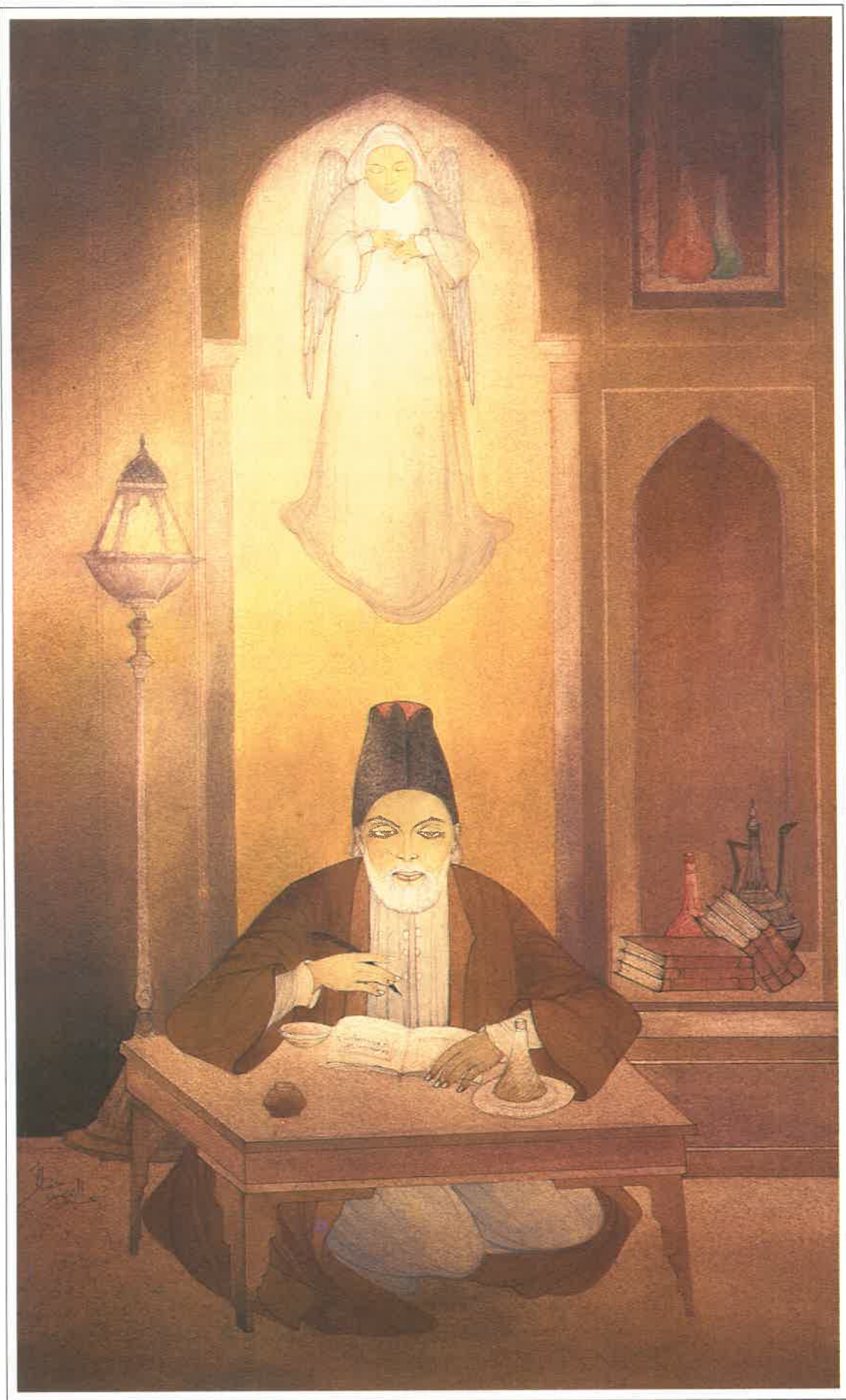
There were no choices left my dear
I could only tread the path of obliteration
Prepared by myself and all my realities.
Having been sent back from your door
Mocked
My injured esteem draped me
In the pale shroud of oblivion
And beckoned me to the black depth
Of the precipice where I went
Like a willing martyr to return no more.

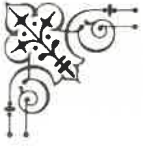


کہاں تک روؤں اس کے خمیے کے پیچھے قیامت ہے!
مری قسمت میں ، یارب ! کیا نہ تھی دیوار پتھر کی؟

I shall continue my love
To shed tears
In the shadow of your canvas tent
For to have a settled abode
For my loved one
I was never meant.
One wall of solid mortar and stone
They could have built
And desperate urge
To split my head could be fulfilled.

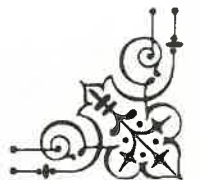
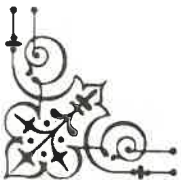


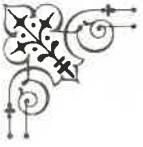




آتے ہیں غیب سے یہ مضامین خیال میں
غالب صریح خامہ نوائے سروش ہے

These divine verses,
As I write
Are
The hallowed revelations
Descending
From on high
The sound of the scribe's pen
In the stillness of the night is indeed
The heavenly muse
Uttering her immortal words





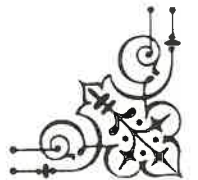
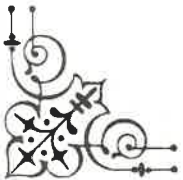
سائے کی طرح ساتھ پھریں ، سرد و صنوبر
تو اس قدِ دلکش سے جو گلزار میں آوے

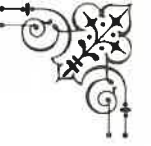
When with your tall statuesque figure
You step down
Among the flower laden paths
Of the garden
With you in the crisp morning air
Pace up and down
Many a lofty cyprus tree
Dauntless, graceful, proud.



اُس چشمِ فسوں گر کا ، اگر پائے ، اشارہ
طوطی کی طرح آئینہ گفتار میں آوے

Your bewitching eyelids
If they so much as shiver
In acquiescence,
Or you your head nod
The mirror in fluent praise of your beauty
Shall pirouette in elation
And burst parrot-like
Into melodic echoes
Of its tender devotion to you.





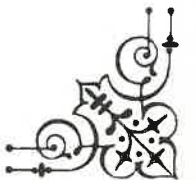
کانٹوں کی زباں سوکھ گئی پیاس سے، یارب!
ایک آبلہ پادادی پُر خار میں آوے

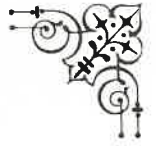
In arid wilderness to quench their thirst
Lo! there hang
The parched lips
Of the needle ridden
Desert cacti,
The brittle thorns
Await my dear,
The sore footed traveller
To drift into their domain
And sate their thirsty tongues.



نفسِ قیس کہ ہے چشم و چراغِ صحرا
گر نہیں شمعِ سیہ خانہ لیلیٰ، نہ سہی

The light and the spirit
Of the vast expanse
Of the desert wilderness
Is our Qays.
With his presence here
This barren wasteland
Throbs with life,
What if he could not be
The flame that illuminates
Layla's chamber
And be her radiant orb?





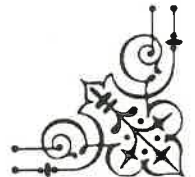
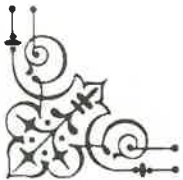
ہر قدم ، دُوری منزل ہے نمایاں مجھ سے
میری رفتار سے ، بھاگے ہے بیاباں مجھ سے

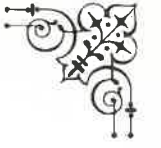
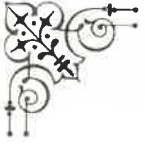
O' wilderness
O' my illusive goal
Why is it that you recede
From me
With the same haste
That I dare to espouse,
In your pursuit?
Each step I plod confirms
You as a shimmering mirage.



وحشتِ آتشِ دل سے ، شبِ تنہائی میں
صورتِ دُود ، رہا سایہ گریزاں مجھ سے

As my heart, kindled by my solitude,
Becomes afire in the night,
Even my shadow like the smoke
From a pyre, takes flight.





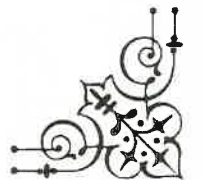
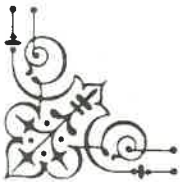
غمِ عشاق ، نہ ہو سادگی آموزِ بُتباں
کس قدر خانہ آئینہ ہے ویراں مجھ سے!

With my evanescence
Through the gates of life
How empty lies
The house of mirrors
For in funereal grief
My loved one adorns herself not.
Let's hope that this grief
Does not school others
Into morbid austerity
And all the mirrors into sterile sleep.



اثرِ آبلہ سے جادۂ صحرائے جنوں
صورتِ رشتہ گوہر ہے چراغاں مجھ سے

As in my wanderings
The blisters of my feet bleed on the desert trail
My flaming footprints like the jewel-strings
Line the thorny paths
As if celebrating my Love's insatiate thirst.





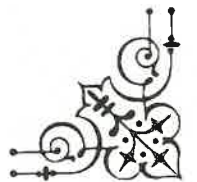
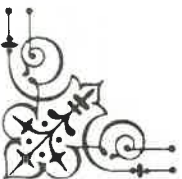
گردشِ ساغرِ صدِ جلوہ رنگیں تجھ سے
آئینہ داری یک دیدہ حیراں مجھ سے

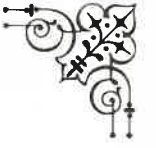
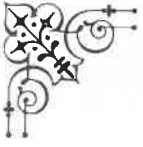
With you the ecstasy
Of a hundred rotating cups
Brimming with the spirit of the grape.
With me the wide-eyed awe
Of a mirror agape.



کہہ سکے کون کہ یہ جلوہ گری کس کی ہے؟
پردہ چھوڑا ہے وہ اس نے کہ اٹھائے نہ بنے

His being,
Veiled from our perceptive eyes
Behind the radiance
Of His own creative act
He sits in His glorious seclusion
Unseen,
Such that none shall ever
Raise the drapes
To reveal his resplendent face.





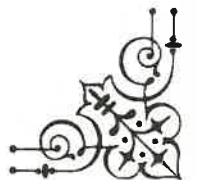
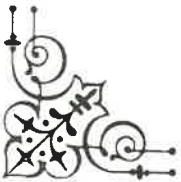
عشق پر زور نہیں، ہے یہ وہ آتش، غالب
کہ لگائے نہ لگے ، اور بجھائے نہ بنے

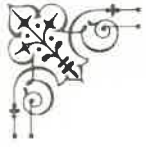
None has dominion over its realm
For love is a fire wild and untamed
It cannot be extinguished through craft or wit
Nor at your bidding it shall ever be lit



ہر چند ہر ایک شے میں تو ہے پر تجھ سی کوئی شے نہیں ہے
ہاں کھائیومت فریب ہستی ہر چند کہیں کہ ہے، نہیں ہے

Though resideth Thou in each of Thy creations
Yet like Thou there is none.
My being is but a mere deception,
I may say I am, but there's only One.





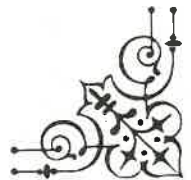
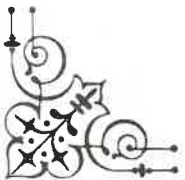
حسد سزائے کمالِ سخن ہے ، کیا کیجے ؟
بستم بہائے متاعِ مہنر ہے ، کیا کیے ؟

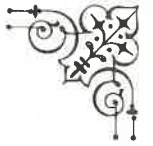
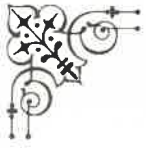
Blue envy is the lot of those
Who tread the poetry's path,
And those that higher skills achieve
Get jealousy and wrath.



دیکھ کر درپردہ گرم دامن افشانی مجھے
کر گئی وابستہ تن ، میری عریانی مجھے

Secretly,
In the darkest hour of the night
I shed my attire,
And shorn of all worldly encumbrances-
Like a hermit-
I went forth into the world in my unclad chill.
But alas! my nakedness soon rewrote
My covenant with the firmament
Sentencing me
To my body
From which there was no escape.





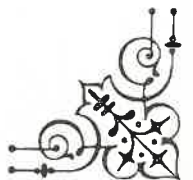
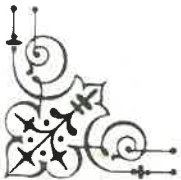
قد و گیسو میں ، قیس و کوہن کی آزمائش ہے
جہاں ہم ہیں ، وہاں دار و رسن کی آزمائش ہے

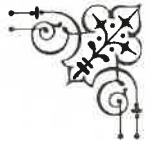
For the lovers of yore-
Qays the desert dweller, and Farhad the excavator-
The trials and tribulations emanated merely from
Serpentine tresses and statuesque frames.
Where I stand, my dear!
The test is of the chains
Which snake around my bleeding ankles
And the cross
Which, carried on my feeble shoulders,
Silhouettes against the turbulent sky.



بازیچہ اطفال ہے ، دنیا کے آگے ہوتا ہے شب و روز تماشا مے آگے
اک کھیل ہے اورنگ سلیمان مے نزدیک اک بات ہے عجازِ میا مے آگے

Solomon's throne a mere toy,
The Nazarene's miracle no more than a ploy
The world's tumult is to me a mere trickster's scam.
On a decrepit stage in an unending play
The effusive thespians perform their parts
And slowly slip away.





ہوتا ہے نہاں گرد میں ، صحرا ، مرے ہوتے
گھستا ہے ، جہیں خاک پہ ، دریا ، مرے آگے

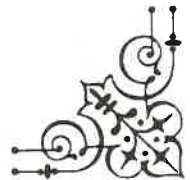
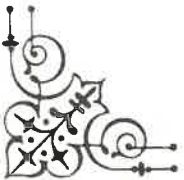
Where I grieve,
My tears shame the tides my dear
And rivers pound their vain brow
On the bank's shingled crust.

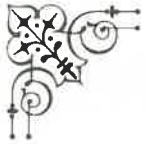
Where I roam
My footsteps raise a cloud my dear
And deserts hide their countenance
Behind a screen of dust



مت پوچھ کہ کیا حال ہے میرا ترے پیچھے
تو دیکھ کہ کیا رنگ ہے تیرا مرے آگے

About the state of my craving heart
When I am where you are not
Do not ask my dear.
You may on the other hand
Question me
About the pink
Of your blushing countenance
When you are where I am.





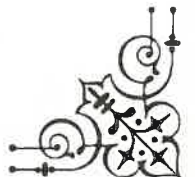
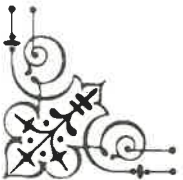
پھر دیکھیے اندازِ گل افشانی گفتار
رکھ دے کوئی پیمانہ صبا مرے آگے

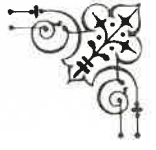
Like the gentle breeze
Unloosens from the rose in full bloom
Its soft petals
And scatters them softly
On the sweet smelling earth
The fluency of my oration you shall witness
Only when your delicate hand
Reaches out from behind the drape
To place before me the goblet of your fairest wine.



گو ہاتھ کو جنبش نہیں، آنکھوں میں تو دم ہے
رہنے دو ابھی ساغر و مینا مرے آگے

With inclement time piling on my years
My feeble hands
May be withered
O' loved one!
But in mine eyes still reside
The latent sparks of a yearning heart
So hold on my dear and remove not the decanter
From the orbit of my reach.





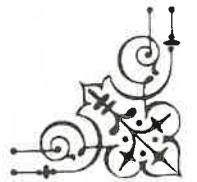
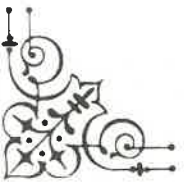
پُچھے ہے کیا وجود و عدم اہل شوق کا
آپ اپنی آگ کے خس و خاشاک ہو گئے

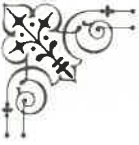
About the esse and annihilation
Of those
Who chose the path of desperate love
Do not ask my friend,
For long ago of their own volition
They became
The fuel of their own inner fire.



ہزاروں خواہشیں ایسی کہ ہر خواہش پہ دم نکلے
بہت نکلے مرے ارمان، لیکن پھر بھی کم نکلے

My desires,
The more I am able to realise
The more there are that remain unrealised,
Insatiable are my appetites
And yet prepared am I to sacrifice my soul
For the infirmity
to eye
to have
to possess
to keep as my own.





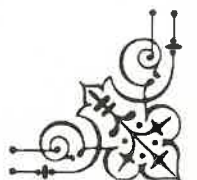
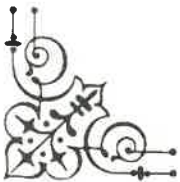
ڈرے کیوں میرا قاتل؟ کیا رہیگا اس کی گردن پر
وہ خوں، جو چشمِ تر سے عمر بھر لیں دمبدم نکلے؟

For a life time, O' Love!
Breath by breath, drop by drop,
My blood dripped out of these tearful eyes.
Why should you slayer mine!
Be afraid that your swiping scimitar
Would be accused of that one last blow
That ends the chain
Of a thousand death I am heir to?



نکلنا خلد سے آدم کا سُنتے آئے ہیں، لیکن
بہت بے آبرو ہو کر، ترے کوچے سے ہم نکلے

In wilderness, I roam, like the sands
Shifting, from dune to dune.
Written in the book of fate was indeed,
My expulsion from the roadside facing your gate
Where I had dragged my squatting stone
To get but a glimpse of you each day.
Could that one evicted from the Garden
Have suffered alone like me
And suffered greater humiliation, greater pain?



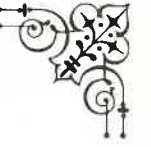
ہوئی جن سے توقعِ خشکی کی داد پانے کی
وہ ہم سے بھی زیادہ خستہ تیغِ ستم نکلے

Of your sacrifices
In the path of love's cares
Acclamation from those you expect
Subject them to a slight probe my dear
And discover you shall
That in gnawing anguish
You, they always excel.



محبت میں نہیں ہے فرق جینے اور مرنے کا
اسی کو دیکھ کر جیتے ہیں جس کا فر پہ دم نکلے

In Love's domain, my dear,
Living and dying
Are, but an indivisible act-
Indistinguishable, one from the other
For in this realm you die each day
For the one whose very sight it is
That ignites in you the spark that is life.



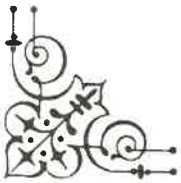
دل و دیں نقد ساقی سے گر سودا کیا چاہے
کہ اس بازار میں ساغر متاعِ دستگرداں ہے

In this, our world's marketplace
Canopied by the crystal cup, it is said,
The payment for love's passionate wine
Is defrayed, my dear, on the barrelhead,
Your faith is pawned, your heart retailed,
Your sanely poised head forever you trade.



اے پر تو خورشیدِ جہاں تابِ ادھر بھی
سائے کی طرح ہم پہ عجب وقت پڑا ہے

O' radiant orb of the skies
Shed upon me
Your ethereal darts
Of sunlight,
For black shrouds of
Ever deepening shadows-
the hapless sorrows
of our earth-bound destiny-
Have brought on us
These evil times.

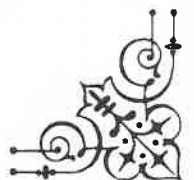
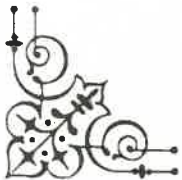


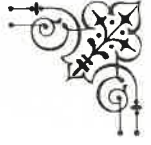




کتے ہوئے ساقی کو جیا آتی ہے ورنہ
ہے یوں کہ مجھے دُرِدِ تہہ جام بہت ہے

Lest you feel
O' generous saqi
That a mere trifle
Satisfies my appetites,
I do not air the secrets kept
Through many a festive revelry
That dregs of wine
Forever shall suffice for me.





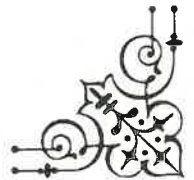
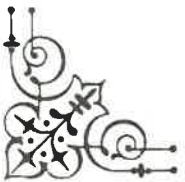
نئے تیر کماں میں ہے ، نہ صیاد کیوں میں
گوشے میں قفس کے ، مجھے آرام بہت ہے

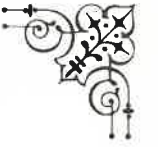
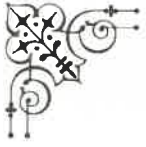
There is no shaft poised in the taut bow,
Nor the nimble-footed hunter
For a nervous covey in ambush lies await.
Where I am dear
There is neither fear nor rage.
Safe and unscathed in my lucid stillness
In comfort I sit like some plumed bird
In the sanctuary of this gilded cage.



تری وفا سے کیا ہو تلافی ؛ کہ دہر میں
تیرے سوا بھی ، ہم پہ بہت سے ستم ہوئے

The pain at your hand
I have endured,
Your fidelity
Cannot for a moment atone,
For it is only an infinitesimal fraction
Of the great web of grief
Woven around me
By my predicament.





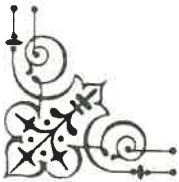
ہے کائنات کو حرکت تیرے ذوق سے
پر تو سے آفتاب کے ذرے میں جان ہے

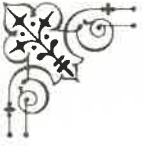
From your animating spirit
It is, O Lord!
That creation receives its movement,
Its stir
For the countenance of the great orb it is
That bestows life on the azoic speck.



ناکردہ گناہوں کی بھی حسرت کی مے داد
یا رب ! اگر ان کردہ گناہوں کی سزا ہے

For hankering after sweetness
Of uncommitted trespasses
Some reward I do deserve,
If punishment for committed sins
On me, dear Lord
You choose to serve.





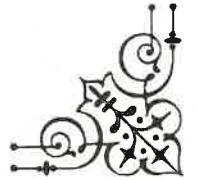
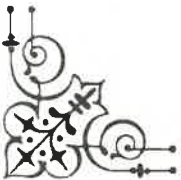
گھر میں تھا کیا کہ ترا غم اُسے غارت کرتا
وہ جو رکھتے تھے ہم اک حسرتِ تعمیر، سو ہے

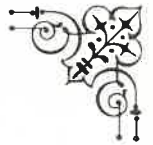
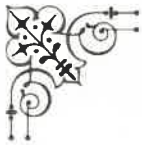
What was there I owned
That the grief of your parting
Could ravage, could have wrecked?
The long cherished urge
To build over my head
A roof is all I had
And still do possess.



جلوہ زارِ آتشِ دوزخ ہمارا دل سہی
فتنہٴ شورِ قیامت کس کے اب و گل میں ہے

The source of blazing hell-fire
In my burning heart resides today
But the Satanic wickedness of doomsday
Is leavened only in your clay.





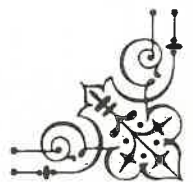
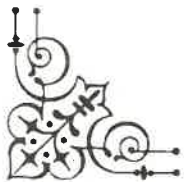
مگیر خورده ازال فرقه ام که میداند
سوادِ خالِ رُخ یارِ داغِ عصیاں را

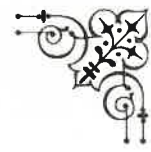
Upbraid me not
For proselytised I was
To my sinful faith long ago,
Such, that the dusk hued blemish
Of sin
Is the fetching mole
On the beloved's chin.



خوشا رندی و جوشِ ژنده رود و مشربِ عذیش
به لبِ خشکی چه میری در سربستانِ مذهبها

Let's welcome, O' friend, the carnal delights
Of riotous passion and dissolute din
'Cause dying of thirst for the scarlet wine,
For the mirage that is piety, is a cardinal sin.





شباب و زہد چہ نا قدر دانی ہستی است
بلا بجان جوانانِ پارسا ریزد

Youth and piety?
What an insult to the gift that is life,
A catastrophe it is when among the young
The bane called abstinence is rife.



سخن ز روضۂ رضواں بہ کوئے یار کشید
چو جادۂ کہ ز صحرا بہ لالہ زار کشید

From the garden of paradise
The talk took a turn
To the street in which lives my beloved

It was like traversing the path
That swerves from the harsh desert
To the pliant tenderness of the tulip field.



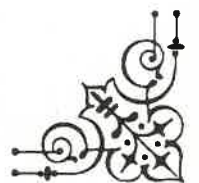
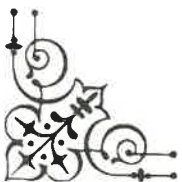
از عشق و حُسنِ ما و تو باهمد گر در گفتگو
خُرد به مجنوں یک طرف شیریں به لیلایک طرف

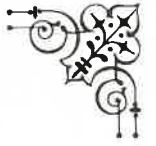
They whisper - one to the other-
Of your sublime beauty
And my steadfast love
Layla and Shireen
In this alcove
Majnoon and Khusrau
In that.



خوئے آدم دارم آدم زاده ام
آشکارا دم ز عصیاں می زخم

Inherit I did
My constitution
From Adam the evictee, my friend
For descending from him
I carry his substance in my veins.
My indulgences indeed
Emanate from the primal bane.





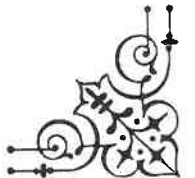
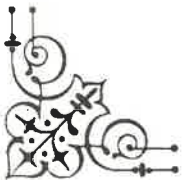
آغشته ایم ہر سر خارے بخون دل
قانونِ باغبانی صحرا نوشتہ ایم

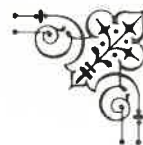
Pierced I into my blains
Each pointed head of a million thorns
Strewn across
The cacti ridden desert paths
And thus it was that I not knowing
Wrote the cannons
Of irrigating the desert garden
With my blood.



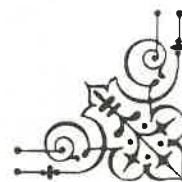
عنوان را ز نامہ اندودہ سادہ بود
سپر شکست رنگ بسیا نوشتہ ایم

The title of my secret tale of torment
Was indeed plain
For I had written it in clear words
In the pale colour of woe
On my brow.





Rubaiyat





شب زلف و رخِ عرق نشاں کا غم تھا
کیا شرح کروں؟ کہ طرفہ تر عالم تھا
رویا میں ہزار آنکھ سے صبح تنک
ہر قطرہ اشک، دیدہ پر غم تھا

I pined for tresses black and radiant face,
Thy eyes, thy beauty and thy carved grace,
Shed tears I with a hundred eyes 'till dawn,
The droplets falling at a hurried pace.



دل، سخت، نرژند ہو گیا ہے، گویا
اُس سے گلہ مند ہو گیا ہے، گویا
پر یار کے آگے بول سکتے ہی نہیں
غالب، منہ بند ہو گیا ہے، گویا

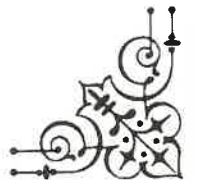
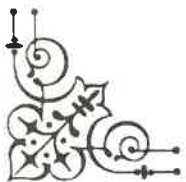
The heart in net of anguish is now caught
Of vexing grief this tangled web is wrought
My speech impaired my feeble hands in chain
My tongue is tied in prickly brambled knot.

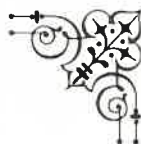
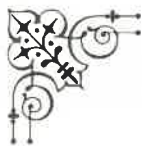




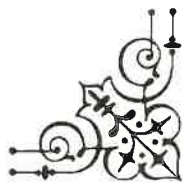
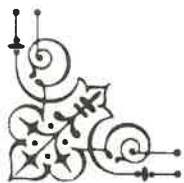
دل تھا کہ جو جانِ درد تمہید سہی
بے تابِ رشک و حسرتِ دید سہی
ہم اور فردن ، اے تجلی ! افسوس
تکرار روا نہیں ، تو تجدید سہی

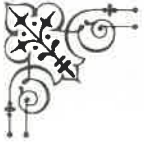
In youth when I did enter Love's domain
With sorrow and deep anguish I was slain
Alas! are gone the days of anguish sweet
If nothing else, renewal we must gain.





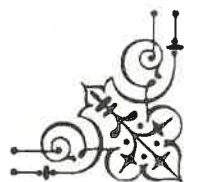
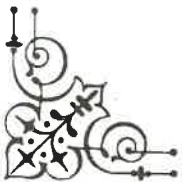
Mukhammas





گھتے گھتے پاؤں میں زنجیر آدھی رہ گئی
مر گئے پر قبر کی تعمیر آدھی رہ گئی
سب ہی پڑھتا، کاش! کیوں تکبیر آدھی رہ گئی؟
کھنچ کے قاتل جب تری شمشیر آدھی رہ گئی
غم سے جانِ عاشق دگیر آدھی رہ گئی

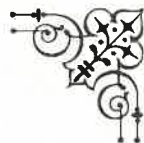
My metal chains did wear away
unfortunately a half remained,
The body in the coffin lay
the mausoleum half remained,
The funeral chants went on and on
the incantation half remained,
The sword unveiled its nudity,
encased in sheath but half remained,
My soul did go to Sky of Skies,
in body mine a half remained.





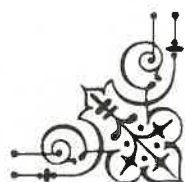
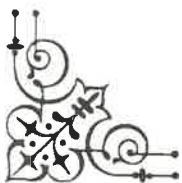
بیٹھ رہتا ہے کے چشم پر نم اُس کے رُو برد
کیوں کہا تو نے کہ ”کہہ دل کا غم اُس کے رُو برد“
بات کرنے میں نکلتا ہے دم اُس کے رُو برد
کہہ سکے ساری حقیقت نہ ہم اس کے رُو برد
ہم نشیں آدھی ہوئی تقریر، آدھی رہ گئی

I would have sat with tearful eyes
for ever in her company
Mute I would be if you had not
encouraged dear my litany
To speak I tried, my tongue was tied
I writhed, I reeled, do look at me
I could not say my truth to her,
an orator I could not be
Express I did my words of love
though some were said a half remained.



تو نے دیکھا؟ مجھ پہ کیسی بن گئی اے رازدار
خواب و بیداری پہ کب ہے آدمی کو اختیار
مثلِ زخم آنکھوں کو سی دیتا، جو ہوتا ہوشیار
کھینچتا تھا رات کو میں خواب میں، تصویرِ یار
جاگ اٹھا، جو کھینچنی تصویرِ آدھی رہ گئی

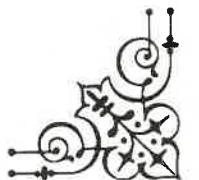
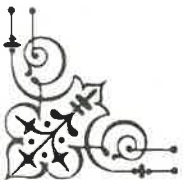
You saw, I am sure, you did my friend
what pain what sorrow cordoned me
On waking hours no one has rule,
in realm of dreams no sovereignty,
Like wounds of flesh I would have sewn
my eyelids till eternity
In luring pose I dreamt of you
I drew my brush in utter glee
Rose I in grief from slumber deep
when work on canvas half remained.





غم نے جب گھیرا تو چاہا ہم نے، یوں اے دلنواز
مستی چشمِ سیہ سے چل کے ہودیں چارہ ساز
تو صدائے پا سے جاگا، تھا جو محو خوابِ ناز
دیکھتے ہی اے سنگم تیری چشمِ نیم باز
کی تھی پُوری ہم نے جو تدبیر، آدھی رہ گئی

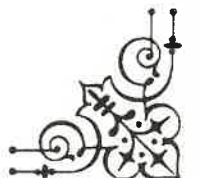
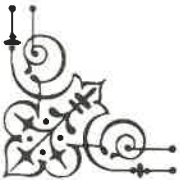
Submerged in sea of grief my love,
I pined for you, I pined for you
Embarking on my journey through
your deep black eyes; when slowly you
Woke up that night from deep deep sleep
I do recall I do, I do,
Your beautiful half opened eyes
do vividly to me come through,
Intentions I had had that night
were blissful but a half remained.





اس بتِ مغرور کو کیا ہو کسی پر التفات ؟
جس کے حُسنِ روز افزوں کی یہ اک ادنیٰ ہے بات
ماہِ نو نیکلے پہ گزری ہوں گی راتیں پان سات
اُس رُخِ روشن کے آگے ماہِ یک ہفتہ کی رات
تابشِ خورشیدِ پُر تنویر ، آدھی رہ گئی

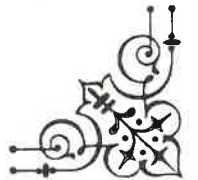
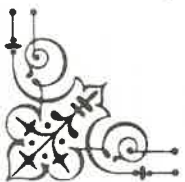
That pitiless damsel fair and proud
whose beauty all us lovers praised
Whose ever-mounting radiance
by lunar splendour was unveiled
Incescent orb of night by then
had seen but life of seven days
When up she rose from slumber deep
to overwhelm the sun's bright rays
I did see, though the sun was bright,
its radiance but half remained.





تا مجھے پہنچائے کاہش، بختِ بد ہے گھات میں
ہاں فراوانی اگر کچھ ہے تو ہے آفات میں
جُز غم و رنج و الم گھاٹا ہے ہر یک بات میں
کم نصیبی اس کو کہتے ہیں کہ میرے ہات میں
آتے ہی خاصیتِ اکسیر، آدھی رہ گئی

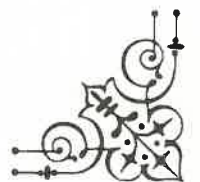
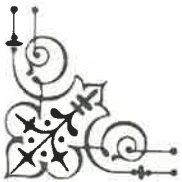
Ill fate does sit in ambush dear
it waits unseen to ravage me
There is aplenty in my life
of fiendish monsters on a spree
My sullen anguish aggravates
all else subsides to weaken me
My half a fate was caligraphed
on tablet of eternity,
Elixir vitae when I found
its potency but half remained.

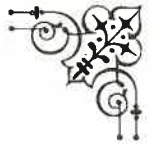




سب سے یہ گوشہ، کنا ہے، گلے لگ جا مرے
آدمی کو کیوں پکائے ہے؟ گلے لگ جا مرے
سر سے گر چادر اتارے ہے، گلے لگ جا مرے
مانگ کیا بیٹھا سنوارے ہے؟ گلے لگ جا مرے
وصل کی شب اے بت بے پیر، آدھی رہ گئی

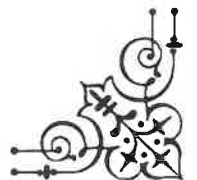
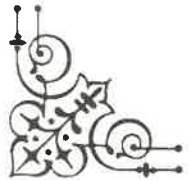
This cloistered niche is placed apart
come come my love embrace embrace
Call not the valet let's stay alone
come come my love embrace embrace
Unveil your face for me to see
come come my love embrace embrace
To part your tresses need there's none
come come my love embrace embrace
Implore I did that long long night
though half was gone a half remained.

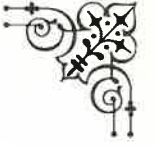




میں یہ کیا جانوں کہ وہ کس واسطے ہوں پھر گئے
پر نصیب اپنا، انہیں جاتا سنا، جوں پھر گئے
دیکھنا قسمت، وہ آئے اور پھر یوں پھر گئے
اُم کے آدھی دور میرے گھر سے وہ کیوں پھر گئے؟
کیا کشش میں دل کی اب تاثیر، آدھی رہ گئی؟

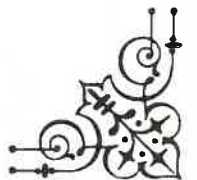
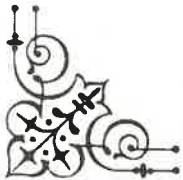
I do not know my sweetheart dear
for what her fair intentions changed,
I apprehend her going back
was by my destiny ordained,
My dismal fate indeed it was
her company sweet I had not gained,
Half the way to my house she'd come
then suddenly her spirit waned,
The magnetism I'd had for her
it must have only half remained.





ناگماں یاد آگئی ہے مجھ کو یارب کب کی بات
کچھ نہیں کہتا کسی سے ، سن رہا ہوں سب کی بات
کس لیے تجھ سے چھپاؤں ہاں وہ پرسوں شب کی بات
نامہ بر جلدی میں تیری ، وہ جو تھی مطلب کی بات
خط میں آدھی ہو سکی تحریر ، آدھی رہ گئی

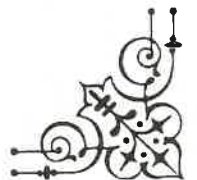
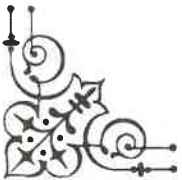
O' Glorious God I know not why
from distant past I do recall,
I did not say a single word
but what was said I heard it all,
Why I should hide from you my dear
the secret of that strange nightfall
The messenger in haste flew off
of what I nursed inside my heart
A half could go in missive mine,
unpenned the other half remained.





Notes:

- 1 It was believed that chewing the diamond caused instantaneous death.
- 2 Doubts have been expressed as to this couplet being that of Ghalib. It is being included here for its sheer beauty and infinite charm.
- 3 Mukhammas is a literary piece containing five lined stanzas. Here nine of the total eleven have been translated. This is a tazmin (parody) in which last two lines of each stanza are those of Bahadur Shah Zafar. The composition of this literary piece must have been undertaken by Ghalib at the Emperor's behest.





595/-

