

THE GIFT OF HIJAZ

(TRANSLATION OF THE URDU SECTION)

THE DEVIL'S CONFERENCE

IBLIS¹

This ancient game of elements, this base world!
The frustration of the longings of the great Empyrean's dwellers.
Upon its destruction is bent to-day that Fashioner of things,
Who gave it the name, "The world of *Be it so.*"
I inspired in the European the dream of Imperialism:
I broke the spell of the Mosque, the Temple and the Church.
I taught the destitute to believe in Destiny:
I infused into the wealthy the craze for Capitalism.
Who dare extinguish the blazing fire in him,
Whose tumults are stimulated by the inherent passion of Satan?
Who could summon the courage to bend down the old tree,
Whose branches their height to our watering owe?

FIRST COUNCILOR

Stable is the Satanic system, no doubt there is!

¹ We have removed the translator's parenthesis "the Arch-devil," which do not occur in the original.

It has further strengthened in the commoners their slavishness indeed.
Since the dawn of Time have these helpless mortals been ordained to prostration:
Prayer devoid of the posture of standing erect is their nature's constant urge.
In their heart no desire can in fact take its birth:
But if it does, perchance, it dies or is left unripe.
What wonders have our hard, persistent endeavours wrought!
To-day finds the mystics and the priests all as subjects of Imperialism.
Suited to the disposition of the East was this opium indeed:
Otherwise *Ilm-i-Kalam* is no less self-effacing than *qawwali* in effect.
What matters it, if the tumult of the pilgrimage and *tawaf* abides?
For, rendered blunt, lies unused the unsheathed sword of the Faithful.
Whose despair does this latest Ordinance prove:
"To the Muslim in this age is forbidden *fighting in Lord's name*"?

SECOND COUNCILOR

Is the clamour for "Government by the people" evil or good?
Art thou unaware of the fresh mischiefs of the world?

2 *Collected Poetical Works of Iqbal*

FIRST COUNCILOR

Aware am I! but tells me my cosmic
foresight:
No danger from what is but a masquerade
for imperialism.
We ourselves have dressed imperialism in
the garb of democracy
When man has grown to be a little self-
conscious and self-observant.
The true nature of the system of
imperialism lies elsewhere:
It depends not on the existence of an
individual leader of a king.
Be it a national assembly of the court of
Parviz,
Whoever casts a covetous eye on other's
harvest is a king.
Hast thou not observed the democratic
system of the West?
With a brilliant exterior, its interior is
darker than Genghis's.

THIRD COUNCILOR

No cause for anxiety then, if the spirit of
imperialism be preserved:
But what counter-measure to the mischief
wrought by that Jew have you?
That Moses without Light, that Jesus
without the Cross:
No prophet is he, yet with him a book he
carries.
I can hardly explain what significance does
the infidel penetrating vision possess:
It is, methinks, the day of reckoning for the
peoples of the East and the West.
No greater corruption of human nature
than this would be:
Slaves have broken asunder the ropes of
the masters' tents.

FOURTH COUNCILOR

Watch its counteraction in the palaces of
Imperial Rome:
Again did we inspire in the descendants of
Caesar the dream of Caesar.
Who is coiled round the waves of the
Mediterranean?

*That now expands like a pine, and then wails
like a rebeck!*

THIRD COUNCILOR

Little do I recognize him to be a man of
far-sighted wisdom:
(A fool!) who has thus European politics
exposed.

FIFTH COUNCILOR (TURNING TO IBLIS)

O thou! the fire of whose breath lends
stability to the world-process:
Whenever thou wished, everything hidden
presently did thou reveal.
It is thy fire that has transformed dead
earth and water into a world of beauty
and endeavour:
Inspired by thy instruction, the fool of
Paradise turns a seer.
More closely familiar with man's nature
than thee is not He:
Who among the simpletons is known as
God the Sustainer.
Those whose business was confined to
sanctifying, singing hymns and going
round:
Thy sense of self-respect has out them to
shame for ever, with their heads
hanging low.
Though the wizards of Europe all are
disciples to thee:
No longer have I faith in their sagacity left.
That Jew, that mischief-maker, that
reincarnation of Mazdak:
Each tunic is about to be torn to shreds by
his fanaticism.
Behold! the wild crow is vying with the
falcon and the hyena:
Lo, how swiftly does the disposition of
Time allow of a change!
It spread about, and covered the whole
expanse of skies:
What we unwisely had taken for a handful
of dust.
Such is the state of the ghastly dread of the
morrow's disturbance:
To-day tremble with overwhelming awe,
mountains, meadows and rivers all.

That world is going to turn topsy-turvy,
my Lord!
The world which resteth solely on thy
governance.

IBLIS (TO HIS COUNCILORS)

Absolute command have I of the world of
scent and hue!
The earth, the sun, the moon and the
firmaments all!
With their own eyes shall the West and the
East witness the Spectacle:
When I but warm the blood of the nations
of Europe.
The leaders of politics and the patriarchs
of church all:
One call from me would be enough to turn
them mad.
The fool who considers it to be mere glass-
work:
Let him dare smash the goblets and ewers
of this Civilization.
The collars torn asunder by the hand of
Nature:
Can't be darned with the needle of the
Mazdakite logic.
How could I be frightened by these
Socialists, straying about the streets?
Wretched and straitened, distracted in
mind, incoherent in speech!
The only menace I anticipate may come
that community:
Which still a spark of ambition hidden in
its ashes retains.
Amongst this people there are still to be
seen a few
Who go so far as to perform their ablutions
with the tears of pre-morning hours.
Knows he to whom are revealed the inner
secrets of Time:
Not Mazdakism, but Islam is to be the
trouble of the morrow.

2

I do know this community is no longer the
bearer of the Quran:
The same Capitalism is the religion of the
Believer now.

And I know, too, that in the dark night of
the East
The sleeve of the holy ones of the
Sanctuary is bereft of the white,
illuminating hand.
The demands of the present age, however,
spell the apprehension:
Lest the Shari'ah of the Prophet should
come to light one day:
Beware, a hundred times beware, of the
Law of the Prophet!—
The protector of women's honour, the
tester of men's capacities, the rearer of
worthy men!
The message of death to any kind of
slavery!
No sovereigns and no monarchs, no
mendicants begging!
It does purify wealth of all pollution:
It makes the wealthy trustees of wealth
and property.
What greater revolution in thought and
action will there be:
Not to the crowned heads, but to God
alone does this Earth belong!
Better, if this Law be kept hidden from the
world's eye:
So much the better, the Believer himself is
deprived of inner conviction.
Better that he remains busy and entangled
in the metaphysical theology:
Better, that he remains busy and entangled
in the interpretations of the Book of
God.

3

Whose cries of *God is Most High* could
break the charm of the universe:
May the dark night of that God-thinking
man not ever turn bright!
Is the Son of Mary dead or is he endowed
with eternal life?
Are the Attributes of God separate from
God, or do they form what He is?
Does *the expected* mean Jesus of Nazareth?
Or a Renewer, endowed with the
attributes of the Son of Mary?

Are the letters of the Word of God New or
of Old?
In which of the doctrines does the
salvation of the Blessed Community
lies?
Are not enough to the Faithful in this age:
These idols of worship carved by
Metaphysical Theology?
Our safety lies in that Believer remains a
slave till Doomsday:
Renouncing this transitory world for
others' sake.
What is good in his case is that poetry and
mysticism
Which may keep hidden from his eyes the
game of Life.
Every moment do I dread the awakening
of this community
Whose religion is, in reality, nothing short
of taking account of the universe.
Keep him well absorbed in the thought
and contemplation of God in pre-
morning hours:
Ye all make him grow stronger in his
monastic disposition!

[Translated by Muhammad Ashraf]

THE ADVICE OF AN OLD BALUCH TO HIS SON

Winds of these wasteland be your love! Bokhara,
Delhi, are worth no more. Like running water
Go where you will: these desert plains are
ours, and
Ours are these valleys.
Honour, that high thing in a world of troubling,
Sets on the hermit's head Darius' crown. How
Glass is forged flint-hard—this strange craft
they tell of
Learn from some master!
Fortunes of States through individual
prowess ripen
Each man one star of their ascendant:
Ocean withholds her treasure when the diver
Groping for pearlshells

Clings by land's margin. To the Muslim
freedom
Gained at the price of casting off religion
Makes an ill bargain! In our world, where
once more
Civilization
Looses its wild beasts, in one more encounter
Spirit and flesh meet; on the true-believer's
Manhood God's trust lies—the machines of
Europe
Satan's alliance.
Who knows the nation's fates?—but signs
abound, if
Muslims are wakeful. From your buried
fathers
Ask pride of action; do not fear—*a king may
Smile on a beggar.*

[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]

PAINTING AND THE PAINTER

Said the portrait to its Painter:
"My manifestation attests to Thine
unbounded Skill;
And yet what a violation of justice it is that
Thou shouldst remain hid from my sight!

THE PAINTER

The vision endowed to those that observe
find it oppressive:
See for thyself how the spark burnt itself
out when it saw the world!
What aught is sight but sadness, gloom,
feverishness and self-torment:
Rest, or thou ignorant (of the mysteries),
upon report.

THE PORTRAIT

What aught is report but the impotence of
ratiocination and wisdom?
Vision is the eternal springtide of life.
The hustle and the bustle of the present
age does not permit one
To express oneself melodiously.

THE PAINTER

Thou doth exist because the Perfection of
My Art.

Do not, then, feel cast out in
disappointment with Him that hath
drawn thee.
I only put one condition if thou wishest to
see Me:
Never disappear from thine own sight.

[Translated by Kamal M. Habib]

THE STATE OF BARZAKH

THE CORPSE (TO ITS GRAVE)

What is it, this Resurrection Day?
Of what present is it the future?
O my ancient sleeping-chamber,
What is Resurrection Day?

THE GRAVE

O corpse of a hundred years, don't you
know
That every death implies a call for
resurrection?

THE CORPSE

A death that implies resurrection
Such a death does not entrap me!
It is true that I have been dead for a
hundred years,
But I am not tired of this dark chamber in
the earth.
The soul should once again ride the poor
body
If this is resurrection, then I am not a taker!

A VOICE FROM THE UNSEEN

Death is not for snakes and scorpions,
Or for birds and beasts of prey,
Eternal death is the lot of slave nations
alone.
Even Israfil's trumpet cannot bring back to
life those
Whose bodies, when they lived, had no
souls.
To spring back to life after death -only the
free can do that,
Even though all living beings are headed
Into the arms of the grave.

THE GRAVE (TO ITS CORPSE)

You vicious creature! In the world you
were a slave!
I had failed to understand why my soil
was as hot as fire!
Your corpse makes my darkness even
darker.
It rips the earth's veil of honour.
Beware, beware a hundred times of a
slave's corpse!
O Israfil! O Lord of the universe!
O soul that is chaste and pure!

THE VOICE FROM THE UNSEEN

Resurrection upsets the order of the
universe,
But it is this commotions that reveals the
secrets of existence.
An earthquake makes mountains fly like
clouds,
But it also starts new springs flowing in
the valleys.
Total destruction must come before any
re-creation –
For in this way the problems of existence
are resolved.

THE EARTH

Oh, this eternal death! Oh, this struggle
that marks life!
Will this conflict in the world ever end?
Reason cannot free itself from its idols;
The commoners and the elite-all are slaves
to Lat and Manat.
How abject Adam- the man with divine
attributes -has now become!
That such a world should continue to exist
Is more than heart and eye can bear.
Why does man's night not turn into dawn?

[Translated by Mustansir Mir]

A DEPOSED MONARCH

Good luck to that King, cashiered so
gracefully, whose
Dismissal shows how a ruling Power behaves!
In Britain's fane the King is only a plaster
Image its worshippers smash whenever they
choose;

Comment [KB1]: 'Iqbal Towards
an Ethical Theory of Poetry' in Iqbal
Review, April 1975

Its opiate incense is for us, the slaves—
Come, English swindler, bring out our new
master!

LITANY OF THE DAMNED

Itching palms, in the old temple of Earth, have
the kneelers,
Men who remember their God only when
idols are deaf.
Vain are the Hindu's rites and vain the
Mohammedan's worship;
Wailing and gnashing of teeth still are the lot
of the poor.
None of earth's cities in truth is more than a
populous desert,
High though their buildings soar, kissing the
sky with their roofs.
Axe in hand Farhad toils on;—Fate's irony
witness!
Slek and content is Parvez, parching with
drought in Farhad.
All that there is in that world its rulers' brains
have engendered:
Science and learning are theirs, commerce and
practice of State;
Free of enslavement, Allah be thanked, to the
huckster of Europe—
Free is this country of ours, scorched in the
furnace of Hell.

[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]

THE LATE MASUD

The sun, the moon, the stars
And this azure sky all around—
Who can tell for sure all this is
The world nothingness or being!
The ideas of roads and destinations
Are fictions and myths
As life is aimless journey, indeed.
Alas! Time's hand wiped out
That monument of the perfections
Of Ahmad and Mahmood.
His sudden death signifies
The decline of knowledge and art
His, Masood's, who was
The most valuable asset
Of this caravan of ours.

The indifferent cold manner of
Worldly men moves me to tears.
They reckon the dawn wails of birds
As lilting songs!
Please! Do not plead that
The remedy of grief for a friend
Lies hidden in patience!
Please do not say that in patience lies
The solution of Death's riddle!
*A heart, howsoever loving and patient, is
All the same, a stone.
And between love and patience lie
A thousand miles.*²
Don't ask what is fleeting life
For, who knows what means
This combine of magic and colour charm?
One born of dust must hide in dust.
But what does it mean?
A short lived absence or extinction?
This man, this mere dust of path,
Has been endowed with artistic taste.
Of this,
Reason cannot reveal the aim.
Are the heart and vision too
The miracles of this very water and clay?
If not, what then is the end-all of man?
The moving soul of this universe is
There is no god but God.
Then why the Messiah, the nails and the
cross?
From whom should be demanded
The blood-money of longings spilt?
For, who is the guilty and what the blood
money?
Grieve not that we are
In the bondage of this world,
As the heart that we have
Breaks all magic spells.
If the self lives, death is but
A sojourn in life: as love
Tries death in a test of eternal life.
If the self is alive, your ocean is shoreless
And the waves of the Nile, of Euphrates
Are restless, separated from you.
If the self is dead, you are

² Iqbal's note—[the quotation is from] Saadi.

Like a straw before the breeze.
If the self is alive, you
The sultan of all existence.
If the eye is deprived of
One vision of beauty exposed,
Myriad exposures of beauty
Compensate for one loss.
The station of a true *momin* is
Beyond the sky's reach.
Below, from the earth to the Pleiades
All are idol-houses of Lat and Manat.
His eternal abode is
The sacred precinct of the One and the Only
One,
Not this gloomy dusty grave
Nor this exposure house of Attributes!
Those self-aware who have
Leapt above this abode of dust
Have broken the spell of
The sun, the sky and the stars!

A VOICE FROM BEYOND

From the Emperium enquires
A voice at dawn: how did
You lose your essential quality
Of enquiry and understanding?
How was blunted
Your scalpel of research?
Why do you not rend open
The hearts of stars?
You deserve to dominate and rule over
All that is visible as well as esoteric.
Can a flame be the slave of
Dry sticks and grass?
Why are the sun, moon and stars not
Under your suzerainty?
Why don't heavens shudder
With a mere glance from you?
True!
Even to-day blood courses
Through your veins, but
Your thoughts do not inspire
Nor is your thinking fearless.
An eye which in its vision
Does not imbibe pure virtue
Is capable of seeing, no doubt,
But is not all-seeing.

Not a bit remains in you
Of your clear reflection of conscience!
Alas! O you victim of imperialism,
Of *mullah-ism* and mysticism!

[Translated by Maqbool Elahi]

QUATRAINS

1

What fruit will the bough of my hope bear—
What do I know of your destiny?
The rose-bud needs to open today—
Why wait for tomorrow's morning breeze?

[Translated by Mustansir Mir]

Set him free of this world's affairs
To be free of casting for everyone snares.
In old age, Satan's thoughts too are old
Wherefrom should he bring new sins' flares?

Upset this world of morn and eve,
Of these wetlands, of those dry leave.
May your Godhead remain free of blemish all
In my insipid prostrations do not believe!

[Translated by Maqbool Elahi]

2

My poor estate makes proud men covetous,
Poverty such as mine ennoble us.
Beware those other rags and begging-bowls
That make the Muslim pusillanimous!

[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]

Rescue me please from wisdom's narrowness
And from excessive light, its plentifulness.
It deigns to cast looks at others, that is,
The eye of Muslims' shamelessness!

[Translated by Maqbool Elahi]

Iqbal said to the Shaykh of the Ka'bah:
'Who went to sleep under the very arch in the
mosque?'
A voice sounded from the walls of the
mosque:
'Who became lost in the idol-house of the
West?'

[Translated by Mustansir Mir]

The old flame of desires has grown cold
As the Muslims' veins hot-blood no longer
hold.

Greetings to the idols for my secularism
For flame of *Allah Hoo's* cheers is dead,
behold!

The talk of Muslim is interesting,
His heart warm, breath light and gaze
arresting.
O who can catch a glimpse of him, for he
Though the very soul of company, is by
himself resting!

[Translated by Maqbool Elahi]

The clairvoyance of the zephyr
Is apparent from its discrimination between
flowers and thorns!
A flower cannot be guarded
If the thorn has the nature of silk.

[Translated by the Editors]

Of love and losing what words need be said?
The self's unfolding is Life's fountain-head;
There's neither loss to ocean nor to pearl
In the pearl's loosening from the ocean's bed.

[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]

Why is there no storm in your sea?
Why is your *khudi* not Muslim?
It is pointless to complain of God's decree –
Why are you not God's decree?

[Translated by Mustansir Mir]

If with the heart's eye the intellect would see
aright
This universe is illuminated with Allah's
light.
But if you see through the waxing sun and
moon,
It is just the revolution of morn and night.
Sometimes by rising from the ocean like a
wave,
Occasionally like a diver in its bosom behave.
At times cross beyond the ocean's shore
To expose better your self's real enclave.

[Translated by Maqbool Elahi]

THE POETIC NOTEBOOK OF MULLAZADE
ZAIGHAM OF LAULAB

1

Your springs and lakes
with water pulsating and quivering like
quicksilver,
the morning birds fluttering about the sky,
agitated and in turmoil,
O Valley of Laulab!

When the pulpit and the niche
cease to re-create Resurrections,
faith then is dead or a mere dream,
for thee, me and for all.
O Valley of Laulab!

The Mullah's sight has lost
the light of penetrative discernment;
the mystic's wine, pure and sparkling,
no longer produces frenzy,
O Valley of Laulab!

A dervish
whose morning lamentation
may awaken the hearts of the people
is no longer around,
O Valley of Laulab!

2

Harder than death is what thou call'st slavery,
would that slaves understand master's tricks;
strange are the ways of imperialists:
they allow the sounding of trumpet; but
forbid resurrection.

Thy soul is weary under the stress of slavery,
build niche for *khudi* in thy impassive breast.

3

Today that land of Kashmir, under the heels
of the enemy,
has become weak, helpless and poor –
once known among the wise as Little Iran.

When the man of truth is overawed by the
power and pomp of king and landlord,
a cry of burning lament issues forth from the
heavens.

The old farmer's cottage, on the
mountainside, where pain and grief ever
rule—
tells its sad story of Fate's hard lot.

So skilful of hands, so rich in mind, these
people, alas, or pure breed,
O God, your justice, so long delayed, must
come at last as a retribution.

4

When the enslaved people's rage boils and
they rise in revolt against the master,
this world of near and far, of colour and
smell, becomes the scene of tremors and
convulsions.

It purifies man's conscience—eschewing all
doubts and misgivings—
When the lamp of high ideals is lit,
brightening all paths leading to the goal.

There are old maladies and ancient scars the
people suffer from, that intellect fails to cure
and heal,
but love shows its skill and without the help
of physician's talents removes all scars and
cures all woes.

The master's sturdy body—with a heart of
stone and face of a mirror—
gets soon smashed up and beaten down at the
repeated blows of the weak slave.

5

The partridge flies with the majesty of the
falcons;
the hunter is nonplussed: is it a partridge or a
falcon?

Every nation is astir, her thoughts in a
constant flux;
today we see in the East the signs of
tomorrow's resurrection.

The deadbody, awaiting Israfil's Call, has all
of a sudden risen to life:
Nature's pitiless laws work wonders.

6

The dissolute know the Sufi's
accomplishments,
though their miracles are not so well-known.

Self-enrichment, self-respect and the cry of
Ana-al-Haq—
these are the states of the wayfarer, if he be
free;

but if slave, then it all becomes his *all is He*;
he is dead body, grave and sudden death, all
in one.

7

Come out of the monastery and play the role
of Shabbir,
for monastery's *faqir* is but grief and affliction.

Thy religion and literature both smell of
renunciation:
symbol of old age of dying nations.

Imperialism has myriads of Satans with eyes
full of magic charms
that evoke among the prey an irresistible urge
to be its victim.

How carelessly they passed by, with no ear to
my lamentations,
The Kashmiri's black eyes, so lacking in lustre
and life, who made them so dead and mute?

8

Thou think'st it a mere drop of blood; well,
man's heart is but lofty ambitions.

The revolutions of moon and stars are not to
its liking:
It makes its own nights and days.

The earth that enshrines in its bosom the fire
of plane tree:
this exalted earth can never be dead and cold.

9

When flowers' bookshop opened in the
garden
Mullah's bookish knowledge lost all value.

The spring breeze was exhilarating, poise-
breaking,
the old man of Indrab burst into *ghazal*-
singing.

The tulip, of fiery skirt, said:
it doth reveal the secrets of the soul.

Who calls sleep awhile in the grave as eternal
death,
sows seeds of destruction in the earth.

Life is not a succession of days and nights,
nor is it intoxication and dreamy sleep;

life is to burn in one's fire:
happy is the man who grasps this truth.

If thou snatch'st a spark from heart's fire,
thou canst be a sun under the sky.

10

A free man's vein is hard like stone's,
a slave's is tender like vine's;

a slave's heart is dead, frustrated and never
sees the light of hope;
a free man's heart is alive, full of zest and
happiness.

A free man's wealth, a shining heart and
warm breath,
that of slave, only moist eyes.

The slave lacks sincerity and generosity
though he be adept in argumentation.

And never the twine shall be equal,
the one is slave to fate, the other, master of
fate.

11

All high and low are unaware of *khudi*:
is it a mosque or tavern?

The head preacher has withheld this secret
from us:

the Harem itself is the moth moving round
Harem's lamp.

Faith and *kufir*, only talisman of ignorance,
talking of Shaykh and Brahman is all myth;

O God, may the valley have a dervish
whose *faqr* works Moses-like;

how long would they remain hidden from the
world?

the unique gems that the Wooler Lake has in
its depth.

12

The living nations of the world have won
their laurels,
the world transformed through the dynamism
of their acts;

the astrologer's calendar of the future is false,
the old stars have fallen away.

The world's heart is so fiery
that river waves shoot out stars.

The earth is experiencing tremors after
tremors,
the warnings of Nature are but too clear.

Khidr, standing by the Wooler, is thinking:
When will the Himalayas' springs burst forth?

13

It is the sign of living nations
their fate changes day and night;

their life is sincerity and generosity to
perfection,

Nature too forgives their follies;

in manners *qalandar*-like, in majesty as
Iskander:

these people are like naked swords.

Beauty and majesty of a self-conscious man
flows from *khudi*:

it is the text, the rest are commentaries.

I don't deny the splendour of the days of 'Id,
but alas! only the *takbirs* of free men are
acceptable to God.

What can the sage know my songs' secret?
the words of man of madness are beyond
reason's ken.

14

How heretically do you play the game of life?
you adjust yourself to times, rather than to
thine self.

I no longer see in the schools
heart of Junaid and insight of Ghazali and
Razi.

Nature—the great lawgiver—decrees:
the ways of falcon are forbidden in the
religion of sparrows.

The same heavenly law-giver decreed for the
male falcon:
fly about the skies, don't deal with the earth.

I have not left speaking the naked truth,
though the people may speak ill of me before
the kings.

We have neither Samarkand nor Bukhara to
offer,
the dervish can only pray for the Shirazi Turk.

15

The ways of the West are calculating, the
ways of the East are monkish;
there the times change from moment to
moment, here the times see no change
whatsoever.

Khidr, on the bank of the river, spoke to me
thus in confidence:
all are the ways of sorcery, be the actor a king
of dervish.

These people of the monasteries look upon
me as their rival;
they fear lest my beautiful songs rent asunder
the saint's threshold stone.

This is the manifest symbol of the knowledge
of the slave people:
What if the earth has limits! the whole
expanse of Space is boundless.

I can't see what it is: is it self-deception of
deception of God?
Having invented the excuse of fate, the
Muslim has ceased to act meaningfully.

The rose twig made the hunter weep on
seeing me caught in the net:
a charming sweet singer was he, his nest
rested harmlessly on my branches.

16

O land of charming and sweet flowers what
need is there to explain:
the burning red tulip, grief-stricken and sad,
best reflects our bloody heart.

The gods of Himalayas speak thus to thee, to
me and to all:
Fate is a name we give to the retribution of
what we do and act.

In the bitter winds of winter, the poor
labourer works in a naked body,
though his skill provides shawls to the rich.

The world shall never be loyal to thee:
it is and has been ever in flux.

17

Self-awareness has made the *mujahid* forget
his body,
to whom bearing of coat-of-mail is forbidden.

18

Nourish that lofty will and burning heart,
get back your father's arms if thou wish'st to
have his sword.

19

I am quiet a stranger to the town, listen to my
bewailings;
may thy breast entertain many a resurrection!

The grief-laden songs of mine are valuable:
the unsatisfied heart is a wealth most
uncommon.

I fear the world does not appreciate my
labour,
it isn't like Farhad's:

*The axe's noise falling on the stone is something else,
Beware, it is voice of axe falling on the heart³.*

[Translated by K. Nizam-ud-Din]

TO SIR AKBAR HYDERI

THE CHIEF MINISTER OF HYDERABAD DECCAN

On receiving a cheque of one thousand rupees as 'entertainment' from the privy purse of the Nizam, which is in the charge of the Chief Minister

It was God's command that the pomp of Parviz
Be given to the *qalandar*, for he has angelic attributes.
I was told: Take it and be an emperor;
Confer permanence on the ephemeral with your talent.
I would have much honoured this trust—
All bitterness tastes sweet to the mouth of a dervish.
However, the self-respect of *faqir* could not accept it
When He said: this is the charity of my Godhead.

[Translated by the Editors]

HUSAIN AHMAD

The Ajamites do not yet know
The fine points of our faith;
Otherwise, Husain Ahmad of Deoband!
What is this foolhardiness?
A sermon-song from the pulpit that
A nation by a homeland be!
From the real position
Of the Arabian Prophet
How sadly unaware is he!
Your self merge with Mustafa
For all faith embodies in him!
If you do not reach up to him

³ Iqbal's note—"The axe's noise..." This couplet is from *Kharitah-i-Jawahar*, the famous notebook of Mirza Mazhar Janijanan (may God have mercy on him).

It is all Bu Lahab's idolatry!

[Translated by Maqbool Elahi]

THE HUMAN BEING

To know and see is so easy in the world.
Nothing may stay hidden for this universe is luminous.
The Nature's veil is translucent if one is willing to see:
Far too visible are the angel's faint smiles.
This world is an invitation for the human being to look,
For every secret is given an instinct to jump out of its closet.
It is the tears of human blood that the Almighty has used
For stirring up storms in His oceans.
What would the sky know whose abode is this earthy planet;
On whose nightly banquets do the stars stand in watch!
If I am the end of all, then what lies beyond?
Where lies the limit of my unending adventures?

[Translated by the Editors]

