

# THE CALL OF THE CARAVAN BELL

## PREFACE

By

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No one knew that after the late Ghalib, someone would rise in India who would again inspire Urdu poetry with a new spirit and through whom the matchless imagination and the rare imagery of Ghalib would be created anew and would lead to the glorification of the Urdu literature. However, Urdu was fortunate in getting a poet of Iqbal's calibre, the superiority of whose literary elegance has impressed the Urdu knowing people of the whole of India and whose reputation has spread to Iran, Asia Minor and even to Europe.

Ghalib and Iqbal share many common characteristics. If I were a believer in the transmigration of soul I would have certainly said that the love which Mirza Asadullah Khan Ghalib had for Urdu and Persian poetry did not allow his soul to rest in peace even in the Elysium and compelled him to re-appear in another material form to render service to poetry, and was re-born in a corner of Punjab, called Sialkot and was called Muhammad Iqbal.

The respected father and the affectionate mother of Sheikh Muhammad Iqbal must have proposed his name at a very auspicious time, as the name given by them proved to be appropriate in all its connotations, and their successful son proceeded to England after completing his education in India. On achieving his educational goals at Cambridge he went to Germany and returned home, equipped

with the highest intellectual achievements. Sheikh Muhammad Iqbal studied many Persian books during his stay in Europe and published the results of his studies in the form of a research publication, which should be considered a short history of the Persian philosophy. The Germans conferred upon Sheikh Muhammad Iqbal the degree of PhD on the basis of this book. The British Government, which does not have adequate direct access to the oriental languages and learning, took a long time to realize the universal appreciation of Iqbal's poetry, but eventually patronized him by conferring the exalted honour of knighthood. Though he is now known as Dr. Sir Muhammad Iqbal which has the fortunate quality of being the real as well the pen name, is better known and liked than his doctorate and knighthood.

There is a college in Sialkot where a renowned scholar, Maulvi Saiyyid Mir Hasan, who is memorable heir to and a follower of the oriental scholars of former times, teaches oriental learning. Recently he has been honoured by the Government with the title of Shams al 'Ulema. The characteristic quality of his teaching is creation of the right taste for Persian and Arabic in the personality of his pupils. Iqbal was also fortunate in getting a teacher like Saiyyid Mir Hasan in his youth. Iqbal's temperament had a natural inclination for literature. Learning Persian and Arabic from such a teacher added to its elegance. He started writing poetry as early as his school age. By then Urdu had become so popular in Punjab that the language and its poetry had spread to more or less every city. During the student days of Sheikh Muhammad Iqbal a small *musha'irah* used to be convened in Sialkot for which Iqbal began writing *ghazals* occasionally. Nawab

Mirza Khan Sahib Dagh of Delhi had gained much renown as an Urdu poet in those days, and this increased considerably when he became the tutor of the Nizam of Deccan. Those who could not go to him would establish tutorial relationship from afar by mail. *Ghazals* were sent to him by mail and he returned them the same way after correction. In the olden days when such a mailing service did not exist a poet could not get so many pupils. With this facility hundreds of people had established discipleship with him *in absentia* and he had to maintain a department with staff for this purpose. Sheikh Muhammad Iqbal also established communication with him and sent some *ghazals* for correction. In this way Iqbal established a relationship in Urdu with a littérateur who, in his days, was considered unique in the art of linguistic excellence in the field of *ghazal*. Though Iqbal's *ghazals* of that early period did not have the attributes which made his later works very famous, Dagh discerned the beginning of an extra-ordinary writer in this student from a remote Punjab district. Very soon he pronounced his verdict that Iqbal did not need any further coaching in the art of poetry. Hence this tutorial relationship did not last long but its memories remained on both sides. Dagh's name is so prominent in Urdu poetry that Iqbal has respect even for this short period and *in absentia* relationship; and Iqbal had attained that high approbation even in the life-time of Dagh that the latter was proud of considering Iqbal among the people whose poetry he had corrected. I had the good fortune of meeting Dagh in Deccan and I am a witness to such expressions of pride by him.

As the Sialkot College was up to the F.A. Sheikh Muhammad Iqbal had to move to Lahore for his B.A. He wanted to study philosophy and he got a very affectionate professor among those at Lahore, who discerned Iqbal's inclination towards philosophy and started taking special interest in his education. Professor Arnold who is now (1924) Sir Thomas Arnold and is in England, is a man of extraordinary capabilities, is a proficient writer and is well-versed in the new methods of academic investigation and research. He wanted to impart his perceptions and procedures to his pupil and he succeeded in this to a very large extent. Earlier, he had been able to create maturity in the intellectual

perceptions of his friend, the late Maulana Shibli during the period of his professorship at the Aligarh College. Now he discovered another gem to convert which into a shining star became his heart-felt desire. The mutual friendship and affection created in the heart of the teacher and his pupil in the very beginning ultimately resulted in the latter proceeding to England in the wake of his teacher. This relationship was further strengthened there and has endured till the present day. Arnold is happy at the fruition of his labor and at his pupil being a source of pride and fame for him in the intellectual world. Iqbal acknowledges that the perceptions created by Saiyyid Mir Hasan, and advanced in the interim by the *in absentia* mutual acquaintance with Dagh, attained their climax with the affectionate guidance of Arnold.

Iqbal got very good guides in passing through his intellectual journey, and became acquainted with several renowned scholars. Distinguished among these are Drs. McTaggart, Brown, Nicholson and Sorley of the University of Cambridge. Professor Nicholson deserves our special gratitude for his efforts at introducing Iqbal to Europe and America by translating his famous Persian book, *Asrar-i-Khudi* (The Secrets of the Self) into English and for providing a preface and commentary to the same.<sup>1</sup> In the same way Iqbal maintained liaison through correspondence and personal contact with all the shining stars of India's intellectual horizon at that time, such as Maulana Shibli, Maulana Hali and Akbar. They continued influencing Iqbal's writings and Iqbal continued influencing their thought. Maulana Shibli, in his many letters, and the revered Akbar, in his letters as well as in poems have acknowledged Iqbal's accomplishments. Similarly, Iqbal has eulogized these eminent personalities in his works.

Discounting the period of early practice Iqbal's Urdu poetry starts a little before the commencement of the twentieth century. I saw him first in a *musha'irah* in Lahore two or three years before 1901. He had been prevailed upon by some of his class-mates to participate in this *musha'irah* and recite a *ghazal*. People of Lahore had not known

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<sup>1</sup> Nicholson's translation is included in the present volume.

Iqbal till then. The *ghazal* was a short one with simple words and thought but had humour and spontaneity due to which it was much appreciated. He participated in this *musha'irah* two or three times again and people discerned in him the makings of a promising poet. However, this fame at first remained confined to the students of the colleges of Lahore and those engaged in educational pursuits. Meanwhile a literary association had been established which was attended by celebrities, and created a demand for prose as well as poetry. Sheikh Muhammad Iqbal recited his poem addressing the Himalayas, called 'Himala' in one of its meetings. This poem combined the English thought with the Persian elegance of style, and had the added beauty of the flavour of nationalism. As it conformed with the tastes and the needs of the times it was widely appreciated, and requests for its publication started pouring in. But Sheikh Iqbal took it away with him with the excuse of the need for review, and it could not be published then. Shortly after this I planned to start the magazine *Makhzan* for the advancement of Urdu literature. By this time I had developed friendly relations with Sheikh Muhammad Iqbal. I obtained his promise to contribute his new style poems for publication in the poetry section of this magazine. About the time of the appearance of the magazine's first issue I went to ask him for a poem. He said that he did not have any poem ready at that time. I asked him to give me the poem titled 'Himala' and to write another poem for the next month. He was reluctant to give that poem because he considered it to be in need of improvement. As I had noticed its extreme popularity I prevailed upon him to give it to me and I published it in *Makhzan*, Volume 1, No. 1, which appeared in April 1901. This was, as it were, the beginning of the public appearance of Iqbal's Urdu poetry, and this continued till his departure for England in 1905. During this period he wrote a poem for every issue of *Makhzan*. As the news of his poetry spread far and wide requests started coming in from diverse magazines and newspapers. Associations and conferences also started requesting him to benefit the audiences of their annual meetings with his poetry.

The Sheikh having completed his education, had become a professor at the Government College,

Lahore. He spent his time continuously in intellectual company and academic pursuits. With a surging intellect and extreme inspiration, when inclined towards versification, he could produce innumerable verses in a single sitting. Absorbed in his thoughts he would pour out verses, and his friends and some students who might be nearby, would write them down with paper and pencil. In those days I never saw him with pen and paper in linguistic pursuits. Writing poetry looked like a surging river or a bubbling spring of appropriate words with a unique condition of ecstatic softness engulfing him. He would himself recite his verses melodiously, would become ecstatic himself as well as would turn others ecstatic. He is remarkably singular in having such a memory that all the verses constituting a continuous poem would be safe in his memory in the same order at another time and on another day although he had not written them down in the interim. I have been fortunate enough to avail of the opportunity of the companionship of many poets and though I have heard and seen some of them producing poetry I have not seen this style in any of them. Iqbal has the other peculiarity of being unable to produce 'made to order' poetry in spite of all this poetic disposition. When poetically inclined he can produce as many verses as he likes but it is almost impossible for him to produce anything 'to order' on any occasion. For this reason, on being famous and on becoming flooded with requests, he had to deny most of them. Similarly, he would usually pass requests for participation in associations and assemblies. Only the Anjuman-i-Himayat-i-Islam of Lahore, for several reasons, had the privilege of Iqbal's continued participation for several years and recitation of poems written for that very meeting after prior thought.

In the early days the poems presented in public meetings were recited without melody, which had its own charm. However, in one public meeting some friends insisted that Sheikh Muhammad Iqbal read his poem melodiously. His voice is loud and pleasing by nature and he is fully conversant with the style of melody. It threw the audience in spell-bound silence and ecstasy. This produced two results. One was that it made it difficult for him to recite without melody, and when he recites people insist on melodious recital. The other is that,

whereas formerly only the select understood and appreciated his poetry, this magnet attracted the general populace also. In the meetings of the Anjuman-i-Himayat-Islam at Lahore tens of thousands of people assemble when Iqbal's poem is recited and they are spell-bound during the entire recital. Those who understand him and those who do not are equally absorbed.

The second period of his poetry extended from 1905 to 1908 which he spent in Europe. Though he got comparatively little time there for poetry, and only a few poems were written during that stay, they exhibit a special style, based on his observations there. Two major changes occurred in his thinking at that time. For two of these three years I was also living there and had the opportunity of meeting him frequently. One day Sheikh Muhammad Iqbal told me that he had firmly decided to abandon poetry, to avow never to write verse, and use the time he would spend on poetry on some other productive pursuit. I told him that his poetry was not such as should be abandoned. On the other hand his poetry had the potential of curing the malady of our backward nation and unfortunate country. Hence it would be inappropriate to waste such a useful divinely bestowed capability. Sheikh had only half consented, and it was agreed to leave the final decision to Mr. Arnold's opinion. The Sheikh was to change his opinion if Mr. Arnold would agree with me and the reverse would be the case if he agreed with Sheikh. I consider it the good fortune of the intellectual world that Mr. Arnold agreed with me. So it was decided that abandoning poetry was not proper for Iqbal, and that any time spent on this work would be equally useful to him and to his country and nation. The first change which had occurred in our poet ended like this. The second change started with a small beginning and led to an important end, i.e. Persian replaced Urdu as the vehicle for propagation of Iqbal's message.

Iqbal's inclination towards Persian must have been motivated by several factors, but I think his literature study while writing his monograph on Sufism<sup>2</sup> must have been an important one of these.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Abdul Qadir is referring to Iqbal's doctoral thesis *The Development of Metaphysics in Persia* (1908).

Beside this, as his studies stepped into the deep recesses of philosophy, leading to desire for the expression of subtle thoughts, he appreciated the paucity of the Urdu vocabulary compared with that of Persian; and in fact readymade phraseology existed in Persian the equivalent of which would not be easy in Urdu. So he changed to Persian. However, outwardly, the small incident which led him to Persian language is that once he was invited to a friend's house where he was asked whether he wrote Persian verse and was requested to recite his Persian poetry. He had to admit that he had never tried to write in Persian except an odd verse. But this was such an occasion, and this request so moved him, that on return from the party perhaps he passed the rest of the night lying in bed and framing Persian verse. Getting up next morning when he met me he had two Persian *ghazals* ready, which he recited to me orally from memory. His potential for writing in Persian dawned upon him through these *ghazals*, the like of which he had not tried before. Later, on his return from England, his inclination turned towards Persian, though he continued to write Urdu poetry also occasionally. This is the third stage of his poetry, which has continued since 1908. Though many famous Urdu poems have been produced during this period the really important work to which he applied himself was his famous Persian *mathnavi* titled *Asrar-i-Khudi* (The Secrets of the Self) (1915). Its thoughts revolved in his mind for a long time till, at last, they started being transferred from his mind to paper, and ultimately appeared as a book which made Iqbal famous even outside India.

To date (1924) Iqbal has produced three books in Persian, viz. *Asrar-i-Khudi* (The Secret of Self) (1915), *Rumuz-i-Bekhudi* (The Mysteries of Selflessness) (1915) and *Payam-i-Mashriq* (A Message from the East) (1923), all of which are superb. The language is progressively simpler and easier from the first through the second to the third. Lovers of Iqbal's Urdu poetry may have been disappointed by the appearance of these Persian books, but they must remember that Persian accomplished what Urdu could not. Iqbal's works have reached the entire Muslim world where Persian is more or less current, and they contain the depth of thought which needed much wide-spread propagation. It also constituted

the means of acquainting the Europeans and Americans with our worthy author. In *Payam-i-Mashriq* the author has written a reply to the *West-Oestlicher Divan* by the eminent European poet Goethe and beautifully expressed highly philosophical thoughts. Its verses have solved some intricate enigmas which had never been explained in such easy terms before. Since a long time some magazines and newspapers are referring to Dr. Muhammad Iqbal with the title of '*Tarjuman-i-Haqiqat*' (The Interpreter of the Truth). The appropriate verses of this book establish his right to be known by this title, and whoever ascribed this title to him first committed no exaggeration.

Iqbal's Persian writings have influenced his Urdu poetry in the manner that the Urdu poems of the third period have even more Persian form and elegance of style than the earlier ones and have sometimes been based upon Persian verses. It appears as if Persian thought is being assiduously goaded into Urdu.

Many people have been calling for the publication of Iqbal's Urdu poetry which has appeared periodically in magazines and newspapers since 1901. His friends were constantly demanding publication of his Urdu poetry, but this publication had been delayed for several reasons. Thank God for the fulfilment of this long-standing wish of the lovers of Urdu poetry, which has led to the publication of this collection of Iqbal's Urdu poems, comprising 336 pages, divided into three parts. Part One includes poems up to 1905, Part Two those of the period 1905 to 1908 and Part Three has the Urdu poetry since 1908. It can be claimed that up till now there is no book of Urdu poetry with such an abundance of thought and such a combination of research and intrinsic qualities. This is—as was to be expected—because the book is the essence of a quarter century of study, research and observation, and the experience from world-wide travelling. Single verses and hemistich of some poems contain material requiring the space of a dissertation for explaining the thought. This short preface does not have the capacity of a critique of any poem or comparison between poems of different periods. I shall look for some other opportunity for this work. At present I want to congratulate the litterateur on the availability of the Urdu works of Iqbal in the

form of a beautiful book instead of being spread over the pages of magazines and anthologies. It is hoped that those who were anxious to see this literary collection would view it with fondness and cordial appreciation.

In closing, on behalf of Urdu poetry, I would request the learned author to endow Urdu with the share from his intellect, which it needs and deserves. He has himself painted the correct picture of the state of Urdu in a verse of eulogy to Ghalib as follows:

The lock of Urdu's hair still some combing craves:  
This candle still for the heart-burning of a moth  
craves.

After reciting this verse we request him to pay attention again to adorning the hair of Urdu with the same ardour with which he produced the above verse, and afford us the opportunity of regarding this present collection of Urdu of belated appearance to be the prelude to another Urdu collection.

[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]

## PART ONE

BEFORE 1905

### THE HIMALAYAS

O Himalah! O rampart of the realm of India!  
Bowling down, the sky kisses your forehead  
Your condition does not show any signs of  
old age  
You are young in the midst of day and night's  
alternation  
The Kaleem of Tur Sina witnessed but one  
Effulgence  
For the discerning eye you are an  
embodiment of Effulgence.  
To the outward eye you are a mere mountain  
range  
In reality you are our sentinel, you are India's  
rampart  
You are the *divan* whose opening verse is the  
sky

You lead Man to the solitudes of his heart's  
retreat

Snow has endowed you with the turban of  
honour

Which scoffs at the crown of the  
world-illuminating sun.

Antiquity is but a moment of your bygone age  
Dark clouds are encamped in your valleys  
Your peaks are matching with the Pleiades in  
elegance

Though you are standing on earth your abode  
is sky's expanse

The stream in your flank is a fast flowing  
mirror

For which the breeze is working like a  
kerchief.

The mountain top's lightning has given a  
whip

In the hands of cloud for the ambling horse  
O Himalah! Are you like a theatre stage

Which nature's hand has made for its  
elements?

Ah! How the cloud is swaying in excessive joy  
The cloud like an unchained elephant is  
speeding.

Gentle movement of the morning zephyr is  
acting like a cradle

Every flower bud is swinging with  
intoxication of existence

The flower bud's silence with the petal's  
tongue is saying

"I have never experienced the jerk of the  
florist's hand

Silence itself is relating the tale of mine

The corner of nature's solitude is the abode of  
mine"

The brook is melodiously descending from  
the high land

Putting the waves of Kawthar and Tasnim to  
embarrassment

As if showing the mirror to Nature's beauty  
Now evading now rowing against the rock in  
its way

Play in passing this orchestra of beautiful  
music

O wayfarer! The heart comprehends your  
music

When the night's Layla unfurls her long hair  
The sound of water-falls allures the heart  
That silence of the night whose beauty  
surpasses speech

That state of silent meditation overshadowing  
the trees

That dusk's beauty which shivers along the  
mountain range

Very beautiful looks this rouge on your  
cheeks.

O Himalah! Do relate to us some stories of the  
time

When your valleys became abode of Man's  
ancestors

Relate something of the life without  
sophistication

Which had not been stained by the rouge of  
sophistication

O Imagination! Bring back that period

O Vicissitudes of Time speed backwards

#### THE COLOURFUL ROSE

You are not familiar with the hardships of  
solving enigmas

O Beautiful Rose! Perhaps you do not have  
sublime feelings in your heart

Though you adorn the assembly yet do not  
participate in its struggles

In life's assembly I am not endowed with this  
comfort

In this garden I am the complete orchestra of  
Longing

And your life is devoid of the warmth of that  
Longing

To pluck you from the branch is not my  
custom

This sight is not different from the sight of the  
eye which can only see the appearances

Ah! O colourful rose this hand is not one of a  
tormentor

How can I explain to you that I am not a  
flower picker

I am not concerned with intricacies of the  
philosophic eye

Like a lover I see you through the  
    nightingale's eye  
In spite of innumerable tongues you have  
    chosen silence  
What is the secret which is concealed in your  
    bosom?  
Like me you are also a leaf from the garden of  
    Tur  
Far from the garden I am, far from the garden  
    you are  
You are content but scattered like fragrance I  
    am  
Wounded by the sword of love for search I  
    am  
This perturbation of mine a means for  
    fulfillment could be  
This torment a source of my intellectual  
    illumination could be  
This very frailty of mine the means of strength  
    could be  
This mirror of mine envy of the cup of Jam  
    could be  
This constant search is a world-illuminating  
    candle  
And teaches to the steed of human intellect its  
    gait

#### THE AGE OF INFANCY

The earth and sky were unknown worlds to  
    me  
Only the expanse of mother's bosom was a  
    world to me  
Every movement was a symbol of life's  
    pleasure to me  
My own speech was like a meaningless word  
    to me  
During infancy's pain if somebody made me  
    cry  
The noise of the door chain would comfort me  
Oh! How I stared at the moon for long hours  
Staring at its silent journey among broken  
    clouds  
I would ask repeatedly about its mountains  
    and plains  
And how surprised would I be at that  
    prudent lie

My eye was devoted to seeing, my lip was  
    prone to speak  
My heart was no less than inquisitiveness  
    personified

#### MIRZA GHALIB

Through you the secret was revealed to the  
    human intellect  
That innumerable enigmas are solved by  
    human intellect  
You were the complete soul, literary assembly  
    was your body  
You adorned as well as remained veiled from  
    the assembly  
Your eye is longing to witness that veiled  
    Beauty  
Which is veiled in everything as the pathos of  
    life  
The assemblage of existence is rich with your  
    harp  
As mountain's silence by the brook's  
    melodious harp  
The garden of your imagination bestows  
    glory on the universe  
From the field of your thought worlds grow  
    like meadows  
Life is concealed in the humour of your verse  
Picture's lips move with your command of  
    language  
Speech is very proud of the elegance of your  
    miraculous lips  
Thurayyah is astonished at your style's  
    elegance  
Beloved of literature itself loves your style  
Delhi's bud is mocking at the rose of Shiraz  
Ah! You are resting in the midst of Delhi's  
    ruins  
Your counterpart is resting in the Weimar's  
    garden  
Matching you in literary elegance is not  
    possible  
Till maturity of thought and imagination are  
    combined  
Ah! What has befallen the land of India!  
Ah! The inspirer of the super-critical eye!  
The lock of Urdu's hair still craves for  
    combing

This candle still craves for moth's heart-felt  
 pathos  
 O Jahanabad! O cradle of learning and art  
 Your entire super-structure is a silent lament  
 The sun and the moon are asleep in every  
 speck of your dust  
 Though innumerable other gems are also  
 hidden in your dust  
 Does another world-famous person like him  
 also lie buried in you?  
 Does another gem like him also lie concealed  
 in you?

#### THE CLOUD ON THE MOUNTAIN

Elevation bestows the sky's nearness to my  
 abode  
 I am the mountain's cloud, my skirt sprinkles  
 roses  
 Now the wilderness, now the rose garden is  
 my abode  
 City and wilderness are mine, ocean is mine,  
 forest is mine  
 If I want to return to some valley for the night  
 The mountain's verdure is my carpet of velvet  
 Nature has taught me to be a pearl spreader  
 To chant the camel song for the camel of the  
 Beloved of Mercy  
 To be the comforter of the dispirited farmer's  
 heart  
 To be the elegance of the assembly of the  
 garden's trees  
 I spread out over the face of the earth like the  
 locks  
 I get arranged and adorned by the breeze's  
 I tantalize the expecting eye from a distance  
 As I pass silently over some habitation  
 As I approach strolling towards a brook's  
 bank  
 I endow the brook with ear rings of  
 whirlpools  
 I am the hope of the freshly grown field's  
 verdure  
 I am the ocean's offspring, I am nourished by  
 the sun  
 I gave ocean's tumult to the mountain spring  
 I charmed the birds into thrilling chants

I pronounced "Rise" standing by the  
 verdure's head  
 I conferred the taste for smile to the rose-bud  
 By my benevolence farmers' huts on the  
 mountain side  
 Are converted into bed chambers of the  
 opulent

#### A SPIDER AND A FLY

*(Adopted for Children)*

One day a spider said to a fly  
 "Though you pass this way daily  
 My hut has never been honoured by you  
 By making a chance visit inside by you  
 Though depriving strangers of a visit does not  
 matter  
 Evading the near and dear ones does not look  
 good  
 My house will be honoured by a visit by you  
 A ladder is before you if you decide to step in  
 Hearing this the fly said to the spider,  
 "Sire, you should entice some simpleton thus  
 This fly would never be pulled into your net  
 Whoever climbed your net could never step  
 down"  
 The spider said, "How strange, you consider  
 me a cheat  
 I have never seen a simpleton like you in the  
 world  
 I only wanted to entertain you  
 I had no personal gain in view  
 You have come flying from some unknown  
 distant place  
 Resting for a while in my house would not  
 harm you  
 Many things in this house are worth your  
 seeing  
 Though apparently a humble hut you are  
 seeing  
 Dainty drapes are hanging from the doors  
 And I have decorated the walls with mirrors  
 Beddings are available for guests' comforts  
 Not to everyone's lot do fall these comforts."  
 The fly said, "All this may very well be  
 But do not expect me to enter your house  
 "May God protect me from these soft beds



Once asleep in them getting up again is  
impossible”  
The spider spoke to itself on hearing this talk  
“How to trap it? This wretched fellow is  
clever  
Many desires are fulfilled with flattery in the  
world  
All in the world are enslaved with flattery”  
Thinking this the spider spoke to the fly thus!  
“Madam, God has bestowed great honours on  
you!  
Everyone loves your beautiful face  
Even if someone sees you for the first time  
Your eyes look like clusters of glittering  
diamonds  
God has adorned your beautiful head with a  
plume  
This beauty, this dress, this elegance, this  
neatness!  
And all this is very much enhanced by  
singing in flight”.  
The fly was touched by this flattery  
And spoke, “I do not fear you any more  
I hate the habit of declining requests  
Disappointing somebody is bad indeed”  
Saying this it flew from its place  
When it got close the spider snapped it  
The spider had been starving for many days  
The fly provided a good leisurely meal

#### A MOUNTAIN AND A SQUIRREL

*(Adopted for Children from Ralph Waldo  
Emerson)*

A mountain was saying this to a squirrel  
“Commit suicide if you have self-respect  
You are insignificant, still so arrogant, how  
strange!  
You are neither wise, nor intelligent! not even  
shrewd!  
It is strange when the insignificant pose as  
important!  
When the stupid ones like you pose as  
intelligent!  
You are no match in comparison with my  
splendour  
Even the earth is low compared with my  
splendour

The grandeur of mine does not fall to your lot  
The poor animal cannot equal the great  
mountain!”  
On hearing this the squirrel said, “Hold your  
tongue!  
These are immature thoughts, expel them  
from your heart!  
I do not care if I am not large like you!  
You are not a pretty little thing like me  
Everything shows the Omnipotence of God  
Some large, some small, is the wisdom of God  
He has created you large in the world  
And He has taught me climbing large trees  
You are unable to walk a single step  
Only large size! What other greatness have  
you?  
If you are large show me some of the skills I  
have  
Show me how you break this beetle nut as I  
can  
Nothing is useless in this world  
Nothing is bad in God’s creation

#### A COW AND A GOAT

*(Adopted for Children)*

There was a verdant pasture somewhere  
Whose land was the very picture of beauty  
How can the beauty of that elegance be  
described  
Brooks of sparkling water were running on  
every side  
Many were the pomegranate trees  
And so were the shady pipal trees  
Cool breeze flowed everywhere  
Birds were singing everywhere  
A goat arrived at a brook’s bank from  
somewhere  
It came browsing from somewhere in the  
nearby land  
As she stopped and looked around  
She noticed a cow standing by  
The goat first presented her compliments to  
the cow  
Then respectfully started this conversation  
“How are you! Madam Cow”?  
The cow replied, “Not too well  
“My life is a mere existence

My life is a complete agony  
 My life is in danger, what can I say?  
 My luck is bad, what can I say?  
 I am surprised at the state of affairs  
 I am cursing the evil people  
 The poor ones like us are powerless  
 Misfortunes surround the ones like us  
 None should nicely deal with Man  
 May God protect us from Man!  
 He murmurs if my milk declines  
 He sells me if my weight declines  
 He subdues us with cleverness!  
 Alluring, he always subjugates us!  
 I nurse his children with milk  
 I give them new life with milk  
 My goodness is repaid with evil  
 My prayer to God is for mercy!"  
 Having heard the cow's story like this  
 The goat replied, "This complaint is unjust  
 Though truth is always bitter  
 I shall speak what is fair  
 This pasture, and this cool breeze  
 This green grass and this shade  
 Such comforts, were beyond our lot!  
 They were a far cry for us speechless poor!  
 We owe these pleasures to Man  
 We owe all our happiness to Man  
 We derive all our prosperity from him  
 What is better for us, freedom or bondage to  
 him?  
 Hundreds of dangers lurk in the wilderness  
 May God protect us from the wilderness!  
 We are heavily indebted to him  
 Unjust is our complaint against him  
 If you appreciate the life's comforts  
 You would never complain against Man"  
 Hearing all this the cow felt embarrassed  
 She was sorry for complaining against Man  
 She mused over the good and the bad  
 And thoughtfully she said this  
 "Small though is the body of the goat  
 Convincing is the advice of the goat!"

### THE CHILD'S INVOCATION

*(Adopted For Children)*

My longing comes to my lips as supplication  
 of mine  
 O God! May like the candle be the life of  
 mine!  
 May the world's darkness disappear through  
 the life of mine!  
 May every place light up with the sparkling  
 light of mine!  
 May my homeland through me attain  
 elegance  
 As the garden through flowers attains  
 elegance  
 May my life like that of the moth be, O Lord!  
 May I love the lamp of knowledge, O Lord!  
 May supportive of the poor my life's way be  
 May loving the old, the suffering my way be  
 O God! Protect me from the evil ways  
 Show me the path leading to the good ways

### SYMPATHY

*(Adapted for Children from William Cowper)*

Perched on the branch of a tree  
 Was a nightingale sad and lonely  
 "The night has drawn near", He was thinking  
 "I passed the day in flying around and  
 feeding  
 How can I reach up to the nest  
 Darkness has enveloped everything"?  
 Hearing the nightingale wailing thus  
 A glow-worm lurking nearby spoke thus  
 "With my heart and soul ready to help I am  
 Though only an insignificant insect I am  
 Never mind if the night is dark  
 I shall shed light if the way is dark  
 God has bestowed a torch on me  
 He has given a shining lamp to me  
 The good in the world only those are  
 Ready to be useful to others who are

### A MOTHER'S DREAM

*(Adopted For Children From William Cowper)*

As I slept one night I saw this dream  
 Which further increased my vexation

I dreamt I was going somewhere on the way  
Dark it was and impossible to find the way  
Trembling all over with fear I was  
Difficult to take even a step with fear was  
With some courage as I forward moved  
I saw some boys as lined in nice array  
Dressed in emerald-like raiment they were  
Carrying lighted lamps in their hands they  
were  
They were going quietly behind each other  
No one knew where they were to go  
Involved in this thought was I  
When in this troupe my son saw I  
He was walking at the back, and was not  
walking fast  
The lamp he had in his hand was not lighted  
Recognizing him I said "O My dear!  
Where have you come leaving me there?  
Restless due to separation I am  
Weeping every day for ever I am  
You did not care even a little for me  
What loyalty you showed, you left me"!  
As the child saw the distress in me  
He replied thus, turning around to me  
"The separation from me makes you cry  
Not least little good does this to me"  
He remained quiet for a while after talking  
Showing me the lamp then he started talking  
"Do you understand what happened to this?  
Your tears have extinguished this"!

#### THE BIRD'S COMPLAINT

*(For Children)*

I am constantly reminded of the bygone times  
Those garden's springs, those chorus of  
chimes  
Gone are the freedoms of our own nests  
Where we could come and go at our own  
pleasure  
My heart aches the moment I think  
Of the buds' smile at the dew's tears  
That beautiful figure, that Kamini's form  
Which source of happiness in my nest did  
form  
I do not hear those lovely sounds in my cage  
now

May it happen that my freedom be in my own  
hands now!  
How unfortunate I am, tantalized for my  
abode I am  
My companions are in the home-land, in the  
prison I am  
Spring has arrived, the flower buds are  
laughing  
On my misfortune in this dark house I am  
wailing  
O God, To whom should I relate my tale of  
woe?  
I fear lest I die in this cage with this woe!  
Since separation from the garden the  
condition of my heart is such  
My heart is waxing the grief, my grief is  
waxing the heart  
O Listeners, considering this music do not be  
happy  
This call is the wailing of my wounded heart  
O the one who confined me make me free  
A silent prisoner I am, earn my blessings free

#### THE INTERROGATION OF THE DEAD

The bright sun is hidden, the night shows its  
face  
The night's hair is spread on shoulders of the  
earth  
This black dress is preparation for some one's  
mourning  
Perhaps the Nature's assemblage for the sun  
is mourning  
The sky is casting a spell over the talking lip  
The night's magician is watching the  
awakened eye  
The wind current is submerged in the river of  
silence  
However, the tolling bell's sound comes from  
the distance  
Heart which in love's turmoil is evading the  
world  
Has dragged me here far from the maddening  
crowd  
I am the spectator of the spectacle of  
disappointments  
I am the associate of those sleeping in  
solitude's corner

O My restlessness! Wait and let me rest  
 awhile  
 And let me shed a few tears at this habitation  
 O those steeped in a swoon, "Where are you?  
 Tell me something of the land where you live  
 Is that world also one of prevarication?  
 Is that world also one of denizens' struggle?  
 Is Man engulfed by sorrow in that land also?  
 Is Man's heart suppressed and helpless in that  
 land also?  
 Does the moth burn itself in candle's love in  
 that land also?  
 Does the tale of flower and nightingale exist  
 in that garden also?  
 In this world a single hemistich perturbs the  
 heart  
 Does there also the warmth of verse soften the  
 heart?  
 This world's relations and alliances life's woes  
 are  
 Are similar sharp thorns present in that  
 garden also?  
 The daily bread and a million calamities this  
 world has  
 Does the soul freedom from anxieties in that  
 world has?  
 Are the thunder, the farmer, the harvest there  
 also?  
 Are the caravan and the robber's fear there  
 also?  
 Do birds collect bits of straw for nests there  
 also?  
 Is the search for bricks and clay for house  
 there also?  
 Are the humans unaware of their reality there  
 also?  
 Are they after nations' and customs'  
 discrimination there also  
 Does garden not cry at the nightingale's wail  
 there also?  
 Like this world is there no sympathy in that  
 world also?  
 Does the Paradise a garden or a restful  
 mansion constitute?  
 Or does the Eternal Beauty's Unveiled Face it  
 constitute?  
 Does hell a method of burning away sins  
 constitute?

Or it in flames of fire a way of discipline  
 constitute?  
 Has walking given way to speedy flying in  
 that world?  
 What is the secret of what is called death by  
 denizens of this world?  
 Life eases the heart's restlessness in this world  
 Is human knowledge also restricted in that  
 world?  
 Does the separated heart get satisfaction by  
 sight there also?  
 Are "Lan Tarani" saying the Turs of that land  
 also  
 Does the soul get solace in longing there also?  
 Is man a victim of desire to learn there also?  
 Ah! Is that land also filled with darkness?  
 Or with Love's light is completely  
 illuminated?  
 Tell us what the secret under this rotating  
 dome is  
 Death a pricking sharp thorn in the human  
 breast is.

*[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]*

#### MOTH AND CANDLE

Why is the moth your lover, O flame,  
 Giving life in a yielding move?  
 You make its ways the quicksilver's ways.  
 You taught it, what rites of love?  
 The creature circles around your flare.  
 How burnt in your flash of sight!  
 Does it know life's peace in the throes of  
 death?  
 Life endures in your ardour bright?  
 Had your lustre not been in the world's house  
 of woe  
 The tree of hot love had not been green.  
 Moth sinks before you making its prayer,  
 Frail heart to feel scorching keen.  
 It must throb like one loving the beauty of  
 old:  
 Small prophet! small mountain of fire!  
 The moth with its urge to envisage the flame!  
 Poor worm, with its light's desire!

*[Translated by H.T. Sorley]*

### REASON AND HEART

One day reason said to the heart:  
'I am a guide for those who are lost.  
I live on earth, but I roam the skies—  
just see the vastness of my reach.  
My task in the world is to guide and lead,  
I am like Khizr of blessed steps.  
I interpret the book of life,  
And through me Divine Glory shines forth.  
You are no more than a drop of blood,  
While I am the envy of the priceless pearl!  
The heart listened, and then said:  
'This is all true,  
But now look at me,  
And see what I am.  
You penetrate the secret of existence,  
But I see it with my eyes.  
You deal With the outward aspect of things,  
I know what lies within.  
Knowledge comes from you, gnosis from me;  
You seek God, I reveal Him.  
Attaining the ultimate in knowledge only  
makes one restless—  
I am the cure for that malady.  
You are the candle of the Assembly of Truth;  
I am the lamp of the Assembly of Beauty.  
You are hobbled by space and time,  
While I am the bird in the Lotus Tree.  
My status is so high—  
I am the throne of the God of Majesty!

*[Translated by Mustansir Mir]*

### THE PAINFUL WAIL

Consumed with grief I am, I get relief in no  
way  
O circumambient waters of the Ganges drown  
me  
Our land foments excessive mutual enmity  
What unity! Our closeness harbors separation  
Enmity instead of sincerity is outrageous  
Enmity among the same barn's grains is  
outrageous  
If the brotherly breeze has not entered in a  
garden  
No pleasure can be derived from songs in that  
garden

Though I exceedingly love the real closeness  
I am upset by the mixing of waves and the  
shore  
The miraculous poet is like the grain from the  
barn  
The grain has no existence if there is no barn  
How can beauty unveil itself if no one is  
anxious for sight  
Lighting of the candle is meaningless if there  
is no assembly  
Why does the taste for speech not change to  
silence  
Why does this brilliance not appear out from  
my mirror  
Alas! My tongue poured its speech down  
When war's fire had burnt the garden down

### THE SUN

*(Translated from Gautier)*

O Sun! The world's essence and motivator  
you are  
The organizer of the book of the world you  
are  
The splendor of existence has been created by  
you  
The verdure of the garden of existence  
depends on you  
The spectacle of elements is maintained by  
you  
The exigency of life in all is maintained by  
you  
Your appearance confers stability on  
everything  
Your illumination and concord is completion  
of life  
You are the sun which establishes light in the  
world  
Which establishes heart, intellect, essence and  
wisdom  
O Sun! Bestow on us the light of wisdom  
Bestow your luster's light on the intellect's  
eye  
You are the decorator of necessities of  
existence' assemblage  
You are the Yazdan of the denizens of the  
high and the low

Your excellence is reflected from every living thing  
 The mountain range also shows your elegance  
 You are the sustainer of the life of all  
 You are the king of the light's children  
 There is no beginning and no end of yours  
 Free of limits of time is the light of yours

THE CANDLE

O Candle! I am also an afflicted person in the world assembly  
 Constant complaint is my lot in the manner of the rue  
 Love gave the warmth of internal pathos to you  
 It made me the florist selling blood-mixed tears  
 Whether you be the candle of a celebrating assembly or one at the grave  
 In every condition associated with the tears of sorrow you remain  
 Your eye views all with equity like the Secret's Lovers  
 My eye is the pride of the tumult of discrimination  
 Your illumination is alike in the Ka'bah and the temple  
 I am entangled in the temple and the Haram's discrimination  
 Your black smoke contains the sigh's elegance  
 Is some heart hidden in the place of your manifestation?  
 You burn with pathos due to distance from Tajalli's Light  
 Your pathos the callous ones consider your light  
 Though you are burning you are unaware of it all  
 You see but do not encompass the internal pathos  
 I quiver like mercury with the excitement of vexation  
 As well I am aware of vexations of the restless heart  
 This was also the elegance of some Beloved  
 Which gave me perception of my own pathos  
 This cognition of mine keeps me restless

Innumerable fire temples are asleep in this spark  
 Discrimination between high and low is created by this alone!  
 Fragrance in flower, ecstasy in wine is created by this alone!  
 Garden, nightingale, flower, fragrance this Cognition is  
 Root of the struggle of 'I and you' this Cognition is  
 At creation's dawn as Beauty became the abode of Love  
 The sound of "Kun" taught warmth to the spirit of Love  
 The command came Beauty of Kun's garden to witness  
 With one eye a thousand dreadful dreams to witness  
 Do not ask me of the nature of the veil of being  
 The eve of separation was the dawn of my being  
 Gone are the days when unaware of imprisonment I was  
 That my abode the adornment of the tree of Tur was  
 I am a prisoner but consider the cage to be a garden  
 This exile's hovel of sorrow I consider the homeland  
 Memories of the homeland a needless melancholy became  
 Now the desire for sight, now Longing for search became  
 O Candle! Look at the excessive illusion of thought  
 Look at the end of the one worshipped by celestial denizens  
 Theme of separation I am, the exalted one I am  
 Design of the Will of the Universe's Lord I am  
 He desired my display as He designed me  
 When at the head of Existence' *Divan* He wrote me  
 The pearl likes living in a handful of dust  
 Style may be dull the subject is excellent  
 Not seeing it rightly is the fault of short-sighted perception

The universe is the show of effulgence of taste  
for Cognizance  
This network of time and space is the scaling  
ladder of the Universe  
It is the necklace of the neck of Eternal Beauty  
I have lost the way, Longing for the goal I am  
O Candle! Captive of perception's illusion I  
am  
I am the hunter as well as the circle of  
tyranny's net!  
I am the Haram's roof as well as the bird on  
Haram's roof  
Am I the Beauty or head to foot the melting  
love am I?  
It is not clear whether the beloved or the  
Lover am I?  
I am afraid the old secret may come up to my  
lips again  
Lest story of suffering on the Cross may come  
up again.

#### A LONGING

O Lord! I have become weary of human  
assemblages!  
When the heart is sad no pleasure in  
assemblages can be  
I seek escape from tumult, my heart desires  
The silence which speech may ardently love!  
I vehemently desire silence, I strongly long  
that  
A small hut in the mountain's side may there  
be  
Freed from worry I may live in retirement  
Freed from the cares of the world I may be  
Birds' chirping may give the pleasure of the  
lyre  
In the spring's noise may the orchestra's  
melody be  
The flower bud bursting may give God's  
message to me  
Showing the whole world to me this small  
wine-cup may be  
My arm may be my pillow, and the green  
grass my bed be  
Putting the congregation to shame my  
solitude's quality be

The nightingale be so familiar with my face  
that  
Her little heart harboring no fear from me  
may be  
Avenues of green trees standing on both sides  
be  
The spring's clear water providing a beautiful  
picture be  
The view of the mountain range may be so  
beautiful  
To see it the waves of water again and again  
rising be  
The verdure may be asleep in the lap of the  
earth  
Water running through the bushes may  
glistening be  
Again and again the flowered boughs  
touching the water be  
As if some beauty looking at itself in mirror  
be  
When the sun apply myrtle to the evening's  
bride  
The tunic of every flower may pinkish golden  
be  
When night's travelers falter behind with  
fatigue  
Their only hope my broken earthenware lamp  
may be  
May the lightning lead them to my hut  
When clouds hovering over the whole sky be.  
The early dawn's cuckoo, that morning's  
*mu'adhhdhin*  
May my confidante he be, and may his  
confidante I be  
May I not be obligated to the temple or to the  
mosque  
May the hut's hole alone herald of morning's  
arrival be  
When the dew may come to perform the  
flowers' ablution  
May wailing my supplication, weeping my  
ablution be  
In this silence may my heart's wailing rise so  
high  
That for stars' caravan the clarion's call my  
wailing be  
May every compassionate heart weeping with  
me be

Perhaps it may awaken those who may  
unconscious be

### THE MORNING SUN

Far from the ignoble strife of Man's tavern  
you are  
The wine-cup adorning the sky's assemblage  
you are  
The jewel which should be the pearl of the  
morning's bride's ear you are  
The ornament which would be the pride of  
horizon's forehead you are  
The blot of night's ink from time's page has  
been removed!  
The star from sky like a spurious picture has  
been removed!  
When from the roof of the sky your beauty  
appears  
Effect of sleep's wine suddenly from eyes  
disappears  
Perception's expanse gets filled with light  
Though opens only the material eye your  
light  
The spectacle which the eyes seek is desired  
The effulgence which would open the insight  
is desired  
The desires for freedom were not fulfilled in  
this life  
We remained imprisoned in chains of  
dependence all life  
The high and the low are alike for your eye  
I too have longing for such a discerning eye  
May my eye shedding tears in sympathy for  
others' woes be!  
May my heart free from the prejudice of  
nation and customs be!  
May my tongue be not bound with  
discrimination of color  
May mankind be my nation, the whole world  
my country be  
May secret of Nature's organization clear to  
my insight be  
May smoke of my imagination's candle rising  
to the sky be  
May search for secrets of opposites not make  
me restless!

May the Love-creating Beauty in everything  
appear to me!  
If the rose petals get damaged by the breeze  
May its pain dropping from my eye as a tear  
be  
May the heart contain that little spark of  
Love's fire  
The light of which may contain the secret of  
the Truth  
May my heart not mine but the Beloved's  
mirror be!  
May no thought in my mind except human  
sympathy be!  
If you cannot endure the hardships of the  
tumultuous world  
O the Great Luminary that is not the mark of  
greatness!  
As you are not aware of your  
world-decorating beauty  
You cannot be equal to a speck of dust at the  
Man's door!  
The light of Man eager for the Spectacle ever  
remained  
And you obligated to the tomorrow's  
morning ever remained  
Longing for the Light of the Truth is only in  
our hearts  
Abode of Lailah of desire for search is only in  
this litter  
Opening of the difficult knot, Oh what a  
pleasure it is!  
The pleasure of universal gain in our endless  
effort is!  
Your bosom is unacquainted with the pain of  
investigation  
You are not familiar with searching of the  
secrets of Nature

### PATHOS OF LOVE

O Pathos of Love! You are a glossy pearl  
Beware, you should not appear among  
strangers  
The theatre of your display is concealed  
under the veil  
The modern audience' eye accepts only the  
visible display



New breeze has arrived in the Existence'  
garden  
O Pathos of Love! Now there is no pleasure in  
display  
Beware! You should not be striving for  
ostentation!  
You should not be obligated to the  
nightingale's lament!  
The tulip's wine-cup should be devoid of  
wine  
The dew's tear should be a mere drop of  
water  
Your secret should be hidden in the bosom  
somewhere  
Your heart -melting tear should not be your  
betrayer  
The flowery-styled poet's tongue should not  
be talking  
Separation's complaint should not be  
concealed in flute's music  
This age is a critic, go and somewhere conceal  
yourself  
In the heart in which you are residing conceal  
yourself  
The learning's surprise is neglecting you,  
beware!  
Your immature eye is not the seeker of Truth,  
beware  
Let the elegant thought remain in search of  
Truth  
Let your wisdom-loving eye remain in  
astonishment  
This is not the garden whose spring you may  
be  
This is not the audience worthy of your  
appearance  
This audience is the lover of the material  
sights  
The purpose of your sight is the closet of  
secrecy  
Every heart is intoxicated with the wine of  
thinking  
Something different is the Tur of the Kalims  
of this age

[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]

### A WITHERED ROSE

How shall I call you now a flower—  
Tell me, oh withered rose!  
How call you that beloved for whom  
The nightingale's heart glows?  
The winds' soft ripples cradled you  
And rocked your bygone hours,  
And your name once was Laughing Rose  
In the country of flowers;  
With the dawn breezes that received  
Your favours you once played,  
Like a perfumer's vase your breath  
Sweetened the garden glade.  
These eyes are full, and drops like dew  
Fall thick on you again;  
This desolate heart finds dimly its  
Own image in your pain,  
A record drawn in miniature  
Of all its sorry gleaming;  
My life was all a life of dreams,  
And you—you are its meaning.  
I tell my stories as the reed  
Plucked from its native wild  
Murmurs; oh Rose, listen! I tell  
The grief of hearts exiled.

[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]

### THE TOMBSTONE OF SAYYID

O you whose life is confined in the material  
world  
O you whose soul is imprisoned in the cage  
Look at the freedom of this garden's warblers  
Look at the prosperity of those once desolate  
This is the congregation with which I was  
concerned  
This is the reward of patience and  
perseverance  
My tomb-stone is ardently desirous of speech,  
look!  
At this tomb-stone's inscription with insight  
look!  
If your aim in the world is din's education  
Never teach your nation world's abdication  
Do not use your tongue for sectarianism  
Resurrection Day's tumult for booty is  
stalking

Your writings should pave the way for unity  
 Beware! No heart should be hurt by your  
 speech  
 In the new congregation do not start old tales  
 Do not start again what are now unacceptable  
 tales  
 Listen to my advice if you are any statesman  
 Courage is your support if you are a leader of  
 men  
 Hesitation in expressing your purpose does  
 not behoove you  
 If your intentions are good you should not  
 fear anything  
 The Mu'min's heart is clear of fear and  
 hypocrisy  
 The Mu'min's heart is fearless against the  
 ruler's power  
 If your hands do hold the miraculous pen  
 If your heart's cup is clear like the cup of Jam  
 You are a Divine pupil! Keep your tongue  
 immaculate!  
 Beware, Lest your prayer's call remains  
 unanswered!  
 With the miracle of your verse awaken those  
 sleeping  
 Burn down falsehood's produce with the  
 flame of your call.

*[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]*

#### THE NEW MOON

The day's bright launch has floundered in the  
 whirlpool of the Nile,  
 On the river's face one fragment floats  
 eddyingly awhile;  
 Into the bowl of heaven the twilight's crimson  
 blood-drops run—  
 Has Nature with her lancet pricked the hot  
 veins of the sun?  
 —Is that an earring, that the sky has thieved  
 from Evening's bride,  
 or through the water does some silvery fish,  
 quivering, glide?  
 Your caravan holds on its way, though no  
 trumpet be blown;  
 Your voice still murmurs, though no mortal  
 ear may catch its tone.

All shapes of life that wanes and grows before  
 us you display:  
 Where is your native land? towards what  
 country lies your way?  
 You who still wander yet still keep your path,  
 take me with you,  
 Take me now while these throbbing thorns of  
 torment pierce me through!  
 I grope for light, I anguish in this earth-abode,  
 a child  
 In the schoolroom of existence, like pale  
 mercury quick and wild.

#### MAN AND NATURE

Watching at daybreak the bright sun come  
 forth  
 I asked the assembled host of heaven and  
 earth—  
 Your radiant looks are kindled by that  
 glowing orb's warm beams  
 That turns to rippling silver your flowing  
 streams;  
 That sun it is that clothes you in these  
 ornaments of light,  
 And whose torch burns to keep your  
 concourse bright.  
 Your roses and rose-gardens are pictures of  
 Paradise  
 Where the Scripture of *The Sun* paints its  
 device;  
 Scarlet the mantle of the flower, and emerald  
 of the tree,  
 Green and red sylphs of your consistory;  
 Your tall pavilion, the blue sky. Is fringed  
 with tasselled gold  
 When round the horizons ruddy clouds  
 are rolled,  
 And when into evening's goblet your rose-  
 tinted nectar flows  
 How lovely the twilight's soft vermilion  
 glows!  
 Your station is exalted, and your splendour:  
 over all  
 Your creatures light lies thick, a dazzling  
 pall;  
 To your magnificence the dawn is one high  
 hymn of praise,

No rag of night lurks on it in that sun's  
blaze.  
And I—I too inhabit this abode of light; but  
why  
Is the star burned out that rules *my*  
destiny?  
Why chained in the dark, past reach of any  
ray,  
Ill-faring and ill-fated and ill-doing must I  
stay?

Speaking, I heard a voice from somewhere  
sound,  
From heaven's balcony or near the  
ground—  
You are creation's gardener, flowers live only  
in your seeing,  
By your light hangs my being or not-being;  
All beauty is in you: I am the tapestry of your  
soul;  
I am its key, but you are Love's own scroll.  
The load that would not leave me you have  
lifted from my shoulder,  
You are all my chaotic work's re-moulder.  
If I exist, it is only as a pensioner of the sun,  
Needing no aid from whom your spark  
burns on;  
My garden would turn wilderness if the sun  
should fail,  
This sojourn of delight a prison's pale.  
Oh you entangled in the snare of longing and  
unrest,  
Still ignorant of a thing so manifest—  
Dullard, who should be proud, and still by  
self-contempt enslaved  
Bear in your brain illusion deep  
engraved—  
If you would weigh your worth at its true  
rate,  
No longer would ill-faring or ill-doing be  
your fate!

[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]

## THE MESSAGE OF DAWN

(Adapted from Henry Wadsworth Longfellow)

When the sparkling of the night's forehead's  
decoration disappeared  
The zephyr of life with the news of the happy  
morning appeared  
It awakened the nightingale of flowery song  
in its nest  
It shook the shoulder of the farmer on the  
field's edge  
It broke the spell of darkness of night's  
talisman with *Surah al-Nur*  
It robbed the golden crown of bed-chamber's  
candle in the dark  
It chanted the magic of awakening on those  
sleeping in the temple  
It gave the Brahman the tidings of the bright  
sun  
Arriving at the mosque's roof it said to the  
Mu'adhdhin  
"Do you not fear appearance of the  
resplendent sun?"  
Climbing the garden's wall it cried this to the  
rose-bud  
"Burst! You are the Mu'adhdhin of the  
morning O rose-bud"  
It gave the command in the wilderness "Move  
O Caravan!"  
"Every dust speck will shine like fire-fly in  
the wilderness"  
When it reached the cemetery from the  
living's habitation  
Witnessing the spectacle of the cemetery it  
spoke thus  
"Remain lying in comfort still, come again  
shall I  
Make the whole world sleep, wake you up  
shall I

## LOVE AND DEATH

(Adapted From Lord Alfred Tennyson)

The hour of the Universe' appearance was  
charming  
The flower-bud of life was showering smiles  
Here the golden crown, the sun was getting  
There the moon its moon-light was getting

The dark gown to the night was being given  
 Training of brightness to stars was being  
 given  
 The Existence's branch was getting leaves  
 here  
 The bud of life was bursting out there  
 The angels were teaching weeping to the dew  
 For the first time the rose was laughing  
 They were conferring pathos on the poet's  
 heart  
 Khudi for the wine of *bekhudi* was pining  
 For the first time dark black clouds were  
 appearing  
 As if some Houri of Paradise with open hair  
 was standing  
 The earth was claiming elegance of the sky  
 The space was claiming to be boundless  
 In short so beautiful the sight was  
 That seeing it in itself a panorama was  
 The angels their flying powers were testing  
 Eternal lights from their foreheads were  
 appearing  
 An angel called Love there was  
 Whose guidance everyone's hope was  
 The angel who the embodiment of  
 restlessness was  
 Angel among angels and restless like mercury  
 he was  
 He was going towards the Paradise for a stroll  
 He met death on its way by the destiny's roll  
 He asked death, "What is the name and work  
 of yours?"  
 I do not want to encounter the face of yours"  
 Hearing this said the angel of death  
 "My work is clear, I am the angel of death  
 I shatter the chattels of existence  
 I extinguish the spark of life  
 The magic of annihilation is in my eyes  
 The message of destruction is its symhol  
 But there is one entity in the Universe  
 It is fire, I am only mercury before it  
 It lives in the human heart as a spark  
 It is the darling of the Divine Light  
 It constantly drips as tears from the eyes  
 The tears whose bitterness is tolerable"  
 When Love heard this from the death's lips,  
 Laughter started appearing from its lips

The thunder of such smile descended on  
 death  
 How can darkness stay in front of such light?  
 On seeing eternity to death it fell  
 Death it was, to death it fell

[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]

#### VIRTUE AND VICE

A Mullah (I tell you his tale not a bit  
 With any ambition of airing my wit)  
 By ascetic deportment had won high repute,  
 In his praise neither gentle nor simple were  
 mute.  
 God's will, he would say, just as meaning is  
 latent  
 In words, through pure doctrine alone  
 becomes patent.  
 His heart a full bowl: wine of piety worked  
 there,  
 Though some dregs of conceit of omniscience  
 lurked there—  
 He was wont to recount his own miracles,  
 knowing  
 How this kept his tally of followers growing.  
 He had long been residing not far from my  
 street,  
 So sinner and saint were accustomed to meet:  
 'This Iqbal,' he once asked an acquaintance of  
 mine,  
 'Is dove of the tree in the literary line,  
 but how do religion's stern monishments  
 seem  
 To agree with this man who at verse beats  
 Kalim?  
 He thinks a Hindu not a heathen, I'm told,  
 A most casuistical notion to hold,  
 And some taints of the Shias' heresy sully  
 His mind—I have heard him extolling their  
 Ali;  
 He finds room in our worship for music—  
 which must  
 Be intended to level true faith with the dust!  
 As with poets so often, no scruple of duty  
 Deters him from meeting the vendors-of-  
 beauty;  
 In the morning, devotions—at evening, the  
 fiddle—

I have never been able to fathom this riddle.  
Yet dawn, my disciples assure me, is not  
More unsoiled than that youth is by blemish  
or spot;  
No Iqbal, but a heterogeneous creature,  
His mind crammed with learning, with  
impulse his nature,  
In divinity, doubtless, as deep as Mansur;  
What the fellow is really, I cannot make out—  
Is it founding some brand-new Islam he's  
about?  
—Thus the great man protracted his chatter,  
and in short made a very long tale of the  
matter.  
In our town, all the world hears of every  
transaction:  
I soon got reports from my own little faction,  
And when I fell in with His Worship one day  
In our talk the same topic came up by the  
way.  
'If,' said he, 'I found fault, pure good-will was  
the cause,  
And my duty to point out religion's strict  
laws.'  
—'Not at all,' I responded, 'I make no  
complaint,  
As a neighbour of mine you need feel no  
constraint;  
In your presence I am, as my bent head  
declares,  
Metamorphosed at once from gay youth to  
grey hairs,  
And if my true nature eludes your analysis,  
Your claim to omniscience need fear no  
paralysis;  
For me also my nature remains still  
enravelled,  
The sea of my thoughts is too deep and  
untravelled:  
I too long to know the Iqbal of reality,  
And often shed tears at this wall of duality.  
To Iqbal of Iqbal little knowledge is given;  
I say this not jesting— not jesting, by Heaven!

[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]

### THE POET

A nation is like a body,  
And the individuals in it the body's limbs:  
Those who walk the road of industry  
Are its hands and feet,  
The office of government is its beautiful face,  
And the poet of tuneful melodies is its seeing  
eye.  
If just one limb should suffer pain,  
Tears will drop from the eye—  
How anxious the eye is for the whole body!

[Translated by Mustansir Mir]

### THE HEART

Tales of gallows and crucifixion are mere  
child's play for the Heart  
The request of *Arini* is only the title of the  
story of the Heart  
O Lord! How powerful the full cup of that  
wine would be?  
The Way to eternity is each single line on the  
measuring cup of the Heart  
O Lord! Was it the cloud of mercy or the  
thunderbolt of Love  
When the life's crop got burned down,  
sprouted the seed of the Heart  
You would have got the Beauty's bountiful  
treasure  
O Farhad! You never dug into the ruins of the  
Heart  
Now it looks like the 'Arsh', now like the  
Ka'bah  
O God! Whose lodging is the abode of my  
Heart  
It has its own *junun* and I have my own *sawda*  
The Heart loves someone else and I love the  
Heart  
You do not comprehend this, O simple  
hearted ascetic!  
Envy of a thousand prostrations is one slip of  
the Heart  
It changes the heap of earth into elixir  
Such is the power of the ashes of the Heart  
It gains freedom after being caught in the net  
of Love

On being thunder-struck greens up the tree of  
the Heart.

[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]

THE WAVE OF RIVER

My restless heart doth never keep me still:  
This inner core of me is mercury.  
They call me wave. The ocean is my goal.  
No chain of whirling eddy holdeth me.  
My steed like air upon the water rides.  
My garment's hem on thorn of fish e'er tore,  
When moon is full sometimes I leap all fey;  
Sometimes all mad I dash my head on shore.  
I am the pilgrim loving journey's stage.  
Why am I restless? If my heart make quest.  
I flee from the cramped torment of the stream,  
Away from the sea's wide spaces, all  
distressed.

[Translated by H.T. Sorley]

FAREWELL O WORLD'S CONGREGATION!

(Adapted from Ralph Waldo Emerson)

Farewell O worldly companions! I am going  
to my homeland  
I am feeling unhappy in this well-populated  
wilderness  
I am very much dejected, unsuitable for  
assemblies I am  
Neither you are suitable for me nor suitable  
for you I am  
The king's audience and the minister's bed-  
chamber each is a prison  
The golden chain's prisoner will break  
himself free from this prison  
Though much pleasure is in embellishing  
your assembly  
But some kind of strangeness is in your  
acquaintance  
I remained long in company of your  
self-centered people  
I remain restless for long like the waves of the  
ocean  
I remained long in your luxury gatherings  
I remained long searching for light in the  
darkness

I searched long for the rose' sight among  
thorns  
Ah! I have not found that Yusuf in your  
market place  
The perplexed eye for another scene is  
searching  
As storm-stricken my eye for coast is  
searching  
Leaving your garden like fragrance I am  
going  
Farewell! O worldly company I am going to  
the homeland  
I have made my home in the quietness of the  
mountain side  
Ah! I do not get this pleasure in  
conversation's music!  
Associate of *Nargis-i-Shahlah*, and rose's  
companion I am  
The garden is my homeland, nightingale's  
associate I am  
The sound of the spring's music lulls me to  
sleep  
The morning cuckoo from the green carpet  
wakes me up  
Everyone in the world assemblage social life  
likes  
The poet's heart but the solitude's corner likes  
I am verged on lunacy by being perturbed in  
habitations  
For whom I am searching, roaming in the  
mountain valleys?  
Whose love makes me roam in the meadows?  
And makes me sleep on the spring's banks?  
You taunt me that fond of the corner of  
retirement I am  
Look O imprudent one! Messenger of  
Nature's assembly I am  
Compatriot of the elms, turtle-dove's  
confidante I am!  
In this garden's silence in the state of anxiety I  
am!  
If I do hear something it is only to tell others  
If I do see something it is only to show others  
My heart is a lover of retirement, proud of my  
home I am  
Scoffing at the thrones of Dara and Sikandar I  
am

How enchanting is the act of lying under the  
trees  
As now and then my sight falls at the evening  
star  
Where in the strange house of learning can  
this be seen!  
The secret of universe can only in the  
rose-petal be seen.

*[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]*

### YOUNG BABY

I took a knife away from you and you shriek.  
I am kind, but you thought I was being  
unkind.  
Then you will lie there and cry, you who have  
just arrived in this world of sorrow.  
Make sure it does not prick you! The tip of the  
pen is so slender.  
Ah! Why are you so fond of a thing which  
will give you pain?  
Play with this piece of paper—that is  
harmless.  
Where is your ball? Where is your china cat?  
That little animal with the broken head?  
Your mirror was free from the dust of desire.  
As soon as your eyes opened, the spark of  
desire shone out.  
It is hidden in the movement of your hands,  
in the way you see.  
Like you, your desire is also new-born.  
Your life is free of the prison of discretion.  
Perhaps the secret of nature is manifest to  
your eyes.  
When you are angry with me about  
something, you shriek.  
What a sight! You are made happy with a  
piece of waste-paper!  
In this habit, I am in harmony with you.  
You are capricious; I am also capricious.  
I am given to the joys of momentary pleasure;  
I shriek as well.  
I am quickly moved to anger; I am quickly  
consoled.  
My eyes are enchanted with all the beauty  
they see before them.  
My foolishness is no less than yours.

Like you, I sometimes weep; and sometimes I  
laugh.  
I appear to be a foolish adolescent, but I am  
also a baby!

*[Translated by D.J. Matthews]*

### THE PORTRAIT OF ANGUISH

My story is not indebted to the patience of  
being heard  
My silence is my talk, my speechlessness is  
my speech  
Why does this custom of silencing exist in  
your assembly?  
My tongue is tantalized to talk in this  
assembly  
Some leaves were picked up by the tulip,  
some by the narcissus, some by the rose  
My story is scattered around everywhere in  
the garden  
The turtle-doves, parrots, and nightingales  
pilfered away  
The garden's denizens jointly robbed away  
my plaintive way  
O Candle! Drip like tears from the eye of the  
moth  
Head to foot pathos I am, full of longing is my  
story  
O God! What is the pleasure of living so in  
this world?  
Neither the eternal life, nor the sudden death  
is mine  
This is not only my wailing, but is that of the  
entire garden  
I am a rose, to me every rose' autumn is my  
autumn  
"In this grief-stricken land, in life-long spell of  
the caravan's bell I am  
From the palpitating heart's bounties the  
silent clamor I have"  
In the world's garden unaware of pleasant  
company I am  
Whom happiness still mourns, that hapless  
person I am  
Speech itself sheds tears at my ill luck  
Silent word, longing for an eager ear I am  
I am a mere handful of scattered dust but I do  
not know

Whether Alexander or a mirror or just dust  
 and scum I am  
 Despite all this my existence is the Divine  
 Purpose  
 Embodiment of light is whose reality, that  
 darkness I am  
 I am a treasure, concealed in the wilderness  
 dust  
 No one knows where I am, or whose wealth I  
 am?  
 My insight is not obligated to the stroll of  
 existence  
 That small world I am whose sovereign  
 myself I am  
 Neither wine, nor cup-bearer, nor ecstasy, nor  
 goblet I am  
 But the truth of everything in the existence'  
 tavern I am  
 My heart's mirror shows me both world's  
 secrets  
 I relate exactly what I witness before my eyes  
 I am bestowed with such speech among the  
 elegant speakers  
 That the birds of the 'Arsh's roof are  
 concordant with me  
 This also is an effect of my tumultuous love  
 That my heart's mirrors are Destiny's  
 confidante  
 Your spectacle makes me shed tears, O India!  
 Your tales are admonitory among all the tales  
 Conferring the wailing on me is like  
 conferring everything  
 Since eternity Destiny's pen has put me where  
 all your mourners are  
 O gardener do not leave even the rose-petals'  
 trace in this garden!  
 By your misfortune war preparations are  
 afoot among the gardeners  
 The sky has kept thunderbolts concealed up  
 its sleeve  
 Garden's nightingales should not slumber in  
 their nests  
 Listen to my call, O imprudent one! This is  
 something which  
 The birds in gardens are reciting like the daily  
 prayers  
 Think of the homeland, O ignorant one! Hard  
 times are coming

Conspiracies for your destruction are afoot in  
 the heavens  
 Pay attention to what is happening and what  
 is going to happen  
 What good there is in repeating the tales of  
 the old glories?  
 How long will you remain silent? Create taste  
 for complaint!  
 You should be on the earth, so your cries be in  
 the heavens!  
 You will be annihilated if you do not  
 understand, O people of India!  
 Even your tales will disappear from the  
 world's chronicles  
 This is the law of Nature, this is the order of  
 Nature  
 Those who tread dynamism's path, are the  
 darlings of Nature  
 I will surely exhibit all my hidden wounds  
 today  
 I will surely change assembly to a garden  
 with blood-mixed tears  
 I have to light every heart's candle with  
 hidden pathos  
 I will surely create bright illumination in your  
 darkness  
 So that love-cognizant hearts be created like  
 rose-buds  
 I will surely scatter around my handful of  
 dust in the garden  
 If stringing these scattered pearls in a single  
 rosary  
 Is difficult, I will surely make this difficult  
 task easy  
 O Companion! Leave me alone in the soul-  
 searching effort  
 As I will surely exhibit this mark of the ardent  
 Love  
 I will show the world what my eyes have seen  
 I will surely make you also bewildered like a  
 mirror  
 The discerning eye sees every thing covered  
 in veils  
 It does see the exigencies of the nature of  
 times  
 You have not acquainted your heart with  
 pleasure of dignity



You have passed your entire life in humility  
like foot-prints  
You always remained entangled inside the  
assembly, but  
Have not acquainted yourself with the world  
outside the assembly  
You have continued loving the charm of  
material beauties  
But you have never seen your own elegance  
in this mirror  
Give up prejudice O imprudent one! In the  
world's glass house  
They are your own pictures which you have  
taken as evil ones  
Become embodiment of the wail of tyranny of  
life's pathos!  
You have concealed sound in your pocket like  
the rue seed  
Clarity of heart has nothing to do with  
external decorations  
O imprudent one! You have applied myrtle to  
mirror's palm  
Not only the earth even the sky is bewailing  
your imprudence  
It is outrageous that you have twisted the  
Qur'an's lines!  
To what purpose is your claim to  
monotheism!  
You have made the idol of self conceit your  
deity  
What did you see even if you saw Yusuf in  
the well?  
O imprudent one! You have made the  
Absolute confined  
You are greedy of flowery style even at the  
pulpit  
Your advice also is a form of story telling  
Show that universally illuminating Beauty to  
your weeping eye  
Which renders the moth highly agitated,  
which makes the dew weep like eye  
Mere seeing is not its purpose! O greedy one  
Some One has made the human eye with  
some purpose  
Even if he viewed the whole world, what did  
he see?  
Jam could not see his own reality in the wine  
cup

Sectarianism is the tree, prejudice is its fruit  
This fruit caused expulsion of S Adam from  
Paradise  
Not even a single rose-petal could rise by  
sun's attraction  
It is the longing for elegance which raises the  
dew  
Those wounded by Love do not wander in  
search of cure  
These wounded ones themselves create their  
own cure  
The heart gets complete illumination by the  
spark of Love  
The Tur's flower bed is raised from the Love's  
small seed  
Every malady's cure is to remain wounded  
with Longing's sword  
Wound's remedy is to remain free from  
obligation to stitching  
With the Bekhudi's wine up to the celestial  
world is my flight  
From disappearance of color I have learnt to  
remain fragrance  
How can the weeping eye refrain from  
homeland's lamentation?  
The 'ibadah for the poet's eye is to remain  
constantly with ablution  
To what purpose should we make our nest in  
the rose-branch  
Ah! How can we live with constant disgrace  
in the garden  
If you understand, independence is veiled in  
Love  
Slavery is to remain imprisoned in the net of  
schism  
Contentment is what keeps the cup  
submerged in water  
You should also remain like the bubble in the  
stream  
It is best for you not to remain indifferent to  
yours own  
O apathetic person! If you want to remain  
alive in the world  
Soul-invigorating wine is the Love of the  
human race  
It has taught me to remain ecstatic without  
the wine cup and the pitcher

Sick nations have been cured only through  
 Love  
 Nations have warded off their adversity  
 through Love  
 The expanse of Love is at once foreign land  
 and homeland  
 This wilderness is the cage, the nest, as well as  
 the garden  
 Love is the only stage which is the stage as  
 well as the wilderness  
 It is the bell, the caravan, the leader as well as  
 the robber  
 Everybody calls it an illness, but it is such an  
 illness  
 In which the cure for all ills and misfortunes  
 is concealed  
 The heart's pathos in a way is to become  
 embodiment of Light  
 If this moth burns it is also the assembly's  
 candle  
 The Beauty is just one but appears in  
 everything  
 It is Shirin, the sky, as well as the mountain  
 digger  
 Distinction of sects and governments has  
 destroyed nations  
 Is there any concern for the homeland in my  
 compatriot's hearts?  
 Prolonging the tale of my woes calls for  
 silence, otherwise  
 The tongue in my mouth as well as the ability  
 to speak is  
 "Take not this meaningful tale as related by  
 me is  
 The story was endless, but related with  
 silence is."

#### LAMENT OF SEPARATION

*(In Memory of Arnold)*

O house! Your resident is now residing in the  
 West  
 Ah! The land of the East was not liked by him  
 Today my heart is convinced of this truth  
 The light of the separation's day is darker  
 than night  
 "As from his departure's breast the scar is  
 picked up

Sight is asleep in my eyes like the  
 extinguished candle."  
 I am fond of seclusion, I hate the habitation  
 I run away from the city in excruciation of  
 love  
 I make the heart restless from the olden days'  
 memory  
 For satisfaction I come ardently running  
 towards you  
 Though the eye is familiar with your nook  
 and corner  
 Still some strangeness is apparent from my  
 speed  
 My heart's speck was just to be acquainted  
 with the sun  
 The broken mirror was just to expand into the  
 universe  
 The tree of my longings was just going to  
 green up  
 Ah! what does any one know what I was  
 going to be!  
 Mercy's cloud gathered up its skirt from my  
 garden and departed  
 Rained a little over the flower buds of my  
 desires and departed  
 Where are you! O Kalim of the pinnacle Sina  
 of learning!  
 Your breath was the breeze promoting the joy  
 of learning  
 Gone is that zeal for walking in the vast  
 expanse of learning!  
 In my intellect also you were the inspirer of  
 love of learning  
 "Where is Layla's fervor, so as to decorate  
 Love again  
 May make the dust of Majnun mixed with  
 wilderness again  
 The wilderness of solitude will open the fate's  
 knot  
 I shall reach you after breaking the chains of  
 the Punjab  
 The bewildered eye looks upon your picture  
 But how can one searching for speech be  
 happy?  
 "No power to speak the picture's mouth has  
 Silence is the speech which the picture has"

*[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]*

THE MOON

My desert from your native land how many a league divides!  
Yet by your power the waters of my heart feels these rough tides.  
To what far gathering are you bound, what far gathering come?  
Your face is blanched, as if from journeyings long and wearisome.  
You in this universe all light, and I all darkness, share  
One destiny together in our valley of despair;  
I burn in a flame of longing, ah! burn for the gift of sight,  
And you, all seared with fires of longing, bed the sun for light;  
And if your footsteps cannot stray from one fixed circle's bound,  
I too move in one circle as a compass-hand moves round.  
You roam forlorn life's path to whose dull griefs I too am doomed,  
You shining through creation's throng, I in my flame consumed;  
A long road lies before me and a long road waits for you;  
The silence of your thronging skies is here in my heart too.  
My nature is like yours, you who were born to seek, to rove,  
Though yours are silver rays—the light that guides my feet is love.  
I too dwell among many: if you go companionless  
Amid the company of heaven, I know your loneliness;  
And when for you the blaze of dawn proclaims extinction, I  
Drown with you in the crystal glory of eternity.  
And yet, yet, radiant moon! we are not of one race; it is  
No heart like your heart that can feel and tell its miseries.  
Though you are of light, and I of darkness made, you are

Still far from thirst of consciousness, a thousand journeys far;  
Before my soul the path lies clear in view that it must trace—  
No gleam of knowledge such as mine will ever light your face.

*[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]*

BILAL

As the star of your destiny ascended to shine  
It lifted and brought you from Abyssinia to Hijaz  
This alone made inhabited your desolate house  
Better than a thousand freedoms is your slavery  
That threshold not even for a moment you could leave  
In some one's Love all torments you bore cheerfully  
The oppression befalling in Love is not oppression  
If there is no torment, there is no pleasure in Love  
Full of Intellection like Salman was your insight  
The wine of sight used to increase your thirst  
Like Kaleem you were in search of the Sight  
Uwais was tantalized for the power of Sight  
Madinah was the light for your eyes so to say  
For you this wilderness was the Tur so to say  
Your longing for Sight continued even after witnessing the Sight  
The cold heart warmed up but its breath did not rest even for a moment  
Such a lightning struck your impatient soul  
That your darkness was scoffing at the Musa's palm  
"They captured warmth from the flame and struck it on your heart  
What a lightning of Effulgence they struck on motes of your efforts!"  
The charm of your longing for the Sight was the embodiment of supplication  
The continuous sighting of someone was your prayer

Since eternity the *adhan* was the anthem of  
your Love  
Prayer was the subtle pretext for the Sight  
Happy was the age when Yathrib was his  
abode!  
How happy was the time when common was  
his Sight

[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]

### THE STORY OF ADAM

What a story I have to tell, to anyone who will  
listen,  
Of how I travelled in foreign lands!  
I forgot the story of the First Covenant.  
In the garden of heaven,  
When I drank the fiery cup of awareness I felt  
uneasy.  
I have always searched for the truth about the  
world,  
Showing the celestial heights of my thought.  
Such was my fickle temperament  
That in no place under the sky could I settle  
for good.  
At times I cleared the Ka'ba of stone idols,  
But at times put statues in the same sanctuary;  
At times, to savour talk, I went to Mount  
Sinai  
And hid the eternal light in the folds of my  
sleeve;  
By my own people I was hung on the cross;  
I travelled to the skies, leaving earth behind.  
For years I hid in the Cave of Hira,  
I served the world its last cup of wine;  
Arriving in India, I sang the Divine Song;  
I took a fancy to the land of Greece;  
When India did not heed my call,  
I went to live in China and Japan;  
I saw the world composed of atoms,  
Contrary to what the men of faith taught.  
By stirring up the conflict between reason and  
faith,  
I soaked in blood hundreds of lands.  
When I failed to probe the reality of the stars,  
I spent nights on end wrapped in thought.  
The sword of the Church could not frighten  
me;

I taught the proposition of the revolving  
earth.  
I donned the lens of far-seeing reason,  
and told the world the secret of gravity.  
I captured rays and the restless lightning,  
Making this earth the envy of paradise.  
But although my reason held the world  
captive to my ring,  
Yet I remained ignorant of the secret of  
existence.  
When at last my eyes, worshippers of  
appearance, were opened,  
I found it already lodged in the mansion of  
my heart!

[Translated by Mustansir Mir]

### THE INDIAN ANTHEM

The best land in the world is our India;  
We are its nightingales; this is our garden.  
If we are in exile, our heart resides in our  
homeland.  
Understand that *we* are also where our heart  
is.  
That is the highest mountain, the neighbour  
of the sky;  
It is our sentry; it is our watchman.  
In its lap play thousands of streams,  
And the gardens that flourish because of them  
are the envy of Paradise.  
Oh, waters of the river Ganges! Do you  
remember those days?  
Those days when our caravan halted on your  
bank?  
Religion does not teach us to be enemies with  
each other:  
We are Indians, our homeland is our India.  
Greece, Egypt and Byzantium have all been  
erased from the world.  
But our fame and banner still remain.  
It is something to be proud of that our  
existence is never erased,  
Though the passing of time for centuries has  
always been our enemy.  
Iqbal! No-one in this world has ever known  
your secret.  
Does anyone know the pain I feel inside me?

[Translated by D.J. Matthews]

FIREFLY

Is the firefly aglow in the garden's abode?  
Or blazes a lamp in the throng of the flowers?  
Has a star fluttered down that high aloft  
rode?  
Has a ray of the moon won some life-  
throbbing powers?  
Has the envoy of day come to realms of the  
night?  
Come humbly, a gleam to its own land  
unknown?  
Has there fallen a whorl that moon's cloak  
once bedight?  
From the robe of the sun has a sequin been  
shown?  
Here is hidden the sheen of Old Beauty and  
bright  
That Nature uncovers for men of our day.  
In this little moon are both darkness and light,  
As eclipse may advance, or eclipse pass away.  
The moth and the firefly through air both take  
wing.  
One seeks for light: one in light's all arrayed:  
On earth nature grants all some soul-  
gladd'ning thing.  
For the moth was heat, for the firefly light  
made.  
On birds that were tongueless it dowered  
melody:  
Gave a tongue to the rose but withheld from it  
song.  
For sunset it fashioned sheer half-light to see;  
Set fairy a-glitter but her life made not long:  
The morning made brilliant like sweet bird of  
love:  
Clad down in red robes—with dew's mirror  
dawn plays.  
It brought the tree shadiness, caused air to  
move,  
Set motion to water, taught waves' restless  
ways.  
Yet this is a puzzle that troubles our mind.  
The day of the firefly for us is the night.  
In everything luster of beauty we find;  
In man there is speech: opening buds smile  
delight.

This moon of the sky is as heat of the bard.  
There shines the bright moon: here is anguish  
of pain.  
There must be some trick in the ways of the  
word:  
Else the bird would be fragrance, the flower  
sing refrain.  
The riddle of union's in beauty rich hid.  
The glitter of firefly is fragrance of flower.  
Then why comes perversely this discord  
unbid  
When all things at heart hide this silence of  
power?

[Translated by H.T. Sorley]

MORNING STAR

Enough of this sun-and-moon neighbouring  
glory—  
Enough of this office of heralding dawn!  
Worthless to me the abodes of the planets,  
Lowly earth-dwelling is more than these  
heights  
I inhabit, to heaven but a realm of extinction,  
Dawn's skirt of the hundred-fold rent for my  
shroud:  
To live, to die daily my fate, to be poured  
The morning-draught first by the cupbearer  
Death.  
Thankless this duty, this station, this  
dignity—  
Better the dark then to shine for one hour!  
No star would I be, if it lay in my will,  
But a gleaming white pearl in the cavernous  
sea,  
And then, if too fearful the strife of the waves,  
Leave ocean, and hang in some necklace—  
what joy  
It would be there to glitter as beauty's bright  
pendent,  
A gem in the crown of an emperor's consort!  
What fragment of stone, if its destiny smiled,  
Might not flash in the ring on the finger of  
Solomon?  
But glory of all such in this world must  
vanish,  
The rich gem must vanish at last. That alone

Lives, that need have no acquaintance with death:  
 Can that be called life, that hears death's importunity?  
 If, making earth lovely, our end must be thus,  
 Let me rather be changed to a flower-falling dewdrop,  
 A speck in the gold-dust that paints a bride's forehead,  
 A spark in the sigh that a wounded heart breathes—  
 Or why not the glistening tear-drop that rolls  
 Down the long lashes fringing the eyes of a lady  
 Whose lord, in chain armour enmeshed, must set forth  
 To the battlefield, hurried by love of his country,  
 —A woman whose face like a picture shows hope  
 and despair side by side, and whose silence shames speech:  
 her patient thoughts built on her husband's firm soul,  
 Her looks from their modesty borrowing eloquence,  
 That hour of farewell when the rosy cheek pales  
 And the sorrow of parting makes beauty more beautiful!  
 There, though she locked up her heart, I would gleam,  
 One waterdrop split from her eye's brimming cup,  
 To find in the dust an immortal new life,  
 And teach to the world the long passion of love.

*[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]*

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM FOR THE  
 INDIAN CHILDREN

The land in which Chishti delivered the message of God  
 The garden in which Nanak sang the song of Tawhid of God  
 The land which the Tatars adopted as their homeland

For which people of Hijaz abandoned the Arabian wilderness  
 That same is my homeland, that same is my homeland  
 Whose wisdom had left the Greeks bewildered  
 Which gave knowledge and skill to the entire world  
 Whose soil had been endowed by God with the elixir's effect  
 Which had filled the pocket of the Turks with diamonds  
 That same is my homeland, that same is my homeland  
 Which illuminated and established in the milky way again  
 The stars which had fallen from the sky of Persia  
 The House from which the world had heard *Tawhid's* tune  
 From where the Holy Prophet had felt cool breeze  
 That same is my homeland, that same is my homeland  
 Whose denizens are Kaleems, whose mountains the Sinais are  
 Where the Prophet Nuh's boat and its occupants had landed  
 The land whose elegance is the stairway to the sky  
 Living in whose environment is like living in Paradise  
 That same is my homeland, that same is my homeland

*[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]*

A NEW ALTAR

I'll tell you truth, oh Brahmin, if I may make so bold!  
 These idols in your temples—these idols have grown old,  
 To hate your fellow-mortals is all they teach you, while  
*Our* God too sets his preachers to scold and to revile;  
 Sickened, from both your temple and our shrines I have run,

Alike our preachers' sermons and your fond  
myths I shun.  
—In every graven image you fancied God: I  
see  
in each speck of my country's poor dust,  
divinity.  
Come, let us lift suspicion's thick curtains  
once again,  
Unite once more the sundered, wipe clean  
division's stain.  
Too long has lain deserted the heart's warm  
habitation—  
Come, build here in our homeland an altar's  
new foundation,  
And rise a spire more lofty than any of this  
globe,  
With high pinnacle touching the hem of  
heaven's robe!  
And there at every sunrise let our sweet  
chanting move  
The hearts of all who worship, pouring them  
wine of love:  
Firm strength, calm peace, shall blend in the  
hymns the votary sings—  
For from love comes salvation to all earth's  
living things.

[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]

### DAGH

The fame of Ghalib has long been buried in  
the ground.  
Mahdi Majruh dwells in the city of the silent.  
In exile, Death broke the win-jar of Amir,  
But in the eyes of the assembly still resides the  
intoxication of the wine of Amir.  
But today, my fellow singers, the whole  
garden is in mourning.  
The bright candle has been extinguished. The  
company of poetry is lamenting.  
The nightingale of Delhi made its nest in that  
garden,  
Where its nightingale fellow-singers are in the  
garden of existence.  
Dagh is dead. Alas! His corpse brings  
adornment to our shoulders.  
The last poet of Shajahanabad is silent.

Where is that elegant rakishness now? The  
coquettish style?  
The fire of youth was ever hidden in the  
camphor of his old age.  
The desire that Dagh's words expressed are in  
everyone's heart.  
The Layla of meaning with him was unveiled;  
with us she is hidden in the drapes of the  
camel-litter.  
Now, who will ask of the morning breeze the  
secret of the peace of the rose?  
Who will understand the mystery of the  
nightingale's lament in the garden?  
He never neglected reality when his thoughts  
took flight.  
The bird kept its eye on the nest as it flew.  
There will be others to show us the delicacies  
of a subject—  
The way that the finer points of their thought  
soar to the sky!  
There will be those who paint pictures of the  
bitterness of time to make us weep or show  
us a new world engendered by their  
imagination.  
In this garden more nightingales of Shiraz  
will be born.  
There will come forth myriad magicians,  
those who possess the art of spells.  
From the temples of verse will arise  
thousands like Azar  
And new wine-pourers will give us wine to  
drink from new measures.  
Many commentaries will be written on the  
book of the heart.  
There will be, oh dream of youth, many an  
interpretation of you.  
But who will draw exactly the picture of love?  
The archer has been taken away, who will fire  
the arrow at the heart?  
I sow the seeds of tears in the soil of poetry.  
You also weep, oh earth of Delhi! I weep for  
Dagh.  
Oh Jahanabad! Oh wealth of the assembly of  
verse!  
Your garden has once more today been  
trampled by autumn.

That colourful flower of yours has departed  
like perfume.  
Ah! The dwelling-place of Urdu is bereft of  
Dagh.  
Perhaps there was no great attraction in the  
dust of his native-land.  
That full-moon was hidden in the soil of the  
Deccan.  
The wine-pourers who were there have been  
taken from us and the tavern is empty.  
As a monument to the assembly of Delhi only  
Hali remains.  
The injustice of death makes desire weep tears  
of blood.  
The hunter of death fires his arrow in  
darkness.  
But my tongue can utter no complaint.  
The colour of the autumn is also the cause of  
the garden's permanence.  
These are all the effects of the one universal  
law:  
The perfume leaves the garden; the rose-  
plucker bids farewell to the world.

*[Translated by D.J. Matthews]*

#### CLOUD

Today again from the east that thick black  
nimbus fares  
And Surban's mountain-crest a dark-hued  
covering ears.  
When the face of the sun was hid in the skirt  
of its misty course,  
A chill wind raced on the cloud as a horseman  
speeds his horse.  
There is no rumble of thunder: the silence is  
thick as a pall:  
In the strange wine-shop of the heavens a  
quiet lies over all.  
It has ordered a scheme for the garden of joy  
that will always bless  
And has come to fasten a gem on the hem of  
the flower's long dress.  
The bloom that once had nodded in the heat  
of the sun's fierce ray  
To fall in earth's lap, it rouses from sleep to a  
lifting day.

With the wind's wild blast the nimbus grew  
to mounting and soaring mass,  
And towering still higher it showered the rain  
out over the grass.  
It has made for the mountain saplings their  
own miraculous tent.  
Here let them rest, the wanderers, who from  
journey in vale are spent.

*[Translated by H.T. Sorley]*

#### FIREFLY AND BIRD

Early one Evening the sweet voice was heard,  
As it sat on a twig, of a carolling bird.  
When it spied something glittering there on  
the ground  
It flew to the place and a firefly it found.  
The firefly said: "Bird of the musical charm,  
Take your sharp beak away: do a poor one no  
harm,  
Allah granted you song and gave the flower  
scent:  
That same Allah to me did my lustre present.  
My being is hidden in garments of light,  
The zenith of creatures that flutter in flight.  
If your dulcet note has of Heaven the ear,  
The eye of that Heaven sees my gleaming  
clear.  
While Nature with sparkle did cover my wing  
It gave you the song that charms hearts when  
you sing.  
It instructed yours beak in all musical grace  
And made me the torch of the garden's space.  
Flashing it gave you: to me it gave voice.  
My portion is radiance: in song you rejoice.  
Radiance and song in this world are not foes;  
They cling to each other in harmony close.  
Creation's firm frame is compact of the two:  
All heights and all depths are to both alike  
due.  
They mingle together to make every thing;  
In this garden from both comes the beauty of  
spring."

*[Translated by H.T. Sorley]*



THE CHILD AND THE CANDLE

O Child with moth-like nature, "How strange that  
You keep gazing at the flame of the candle for  
hours  
What is this movement, when you are in my  
lap?  
Are you intending to embrace the light?  
Though your tiny heart is surprised at this  
spectacle  
But this is recognition of some object already  
seen!  
The candle is but a flame, you are the Light  
embodied  
Ah! In this assembly that is manifest, you are  
concealed  
It is not known why the Nature's hand made  
it manifest!  
And concealed you in the dark soil's mantle  
Your light has been concealed under the veil  
of Intellect!  
The veil of Cognition is a mere mist to the  
wise eye!  
What is called life really a mirage it is  
A dream, a swoon, an ecstasy, oblivion it is  
The Nature's assembly is the Beauty's  
boundless ocean  
For the discerning eye every drop is the  
Beauty's storm  
Beauty is in the frightening silence of the  
mountain  
In shedding of sun's light, and in night's  
darkness  
It is in the morning sky's mirror-like glitter  
In the night's darkness and in the twilight's  
floridity  
It is in the disappearing relics of the old  
magnificence  
In the small child's effort to commence  
speaking  
It is in the harmony of the denizens of the  
rose-garden  
In the nest-building efforts of the tiny little  
birds  
In the mountain stream, in the ocean's  
freedom is Beauty

In the city, the forest, the wilderness, the  
habitation is Beauty  
The soul but longing for some lost object is  
Or else why is it lamenting in wilderness like  
a bell?  
It is restless even in this general splendor of  
Beauty  
Its life is like a fish out of water.

[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]

ON THE BANK OF THE RAVI

Raft in its music, in evening's hush, the Ravi;  
But how it is with this heart, do not ask—  
Hearing in these soft cadences a prayer-call,  
Seeing all earth God's precinct, here beside  
The margins of the onward-flowing waters  
Standing I scarcely know where I am  
standing.

With palsied hand the taverner of heaven  
Has brought the cup: red wine stains  
evening's skirt;  
Day's heading caravan has made haste  
towards  
Extinction: twilight smoulders like hot ash  
Of the sun's funeral pyre. In solitude  
Far off, magnificent, those towers stand,  
where  
The flower of Mughal chivalry lies asleep;  
A legend of Time's tyranny is that palace;  
A book, the register of days gone by;  
No mansion, but a melody of silence—  
No trees, but an unspeaking parliament.

Swiftly across the river's bosom glides  
A boat, the oarsman wrestling with the  
waves,  
A skiff light-motioned as a darting glance,  
Soon far beyond the eye's carved boundary.  
So glides the bark of mortal life, in the ocean  
Of eternity so born, so vanishing,  
Yet never knowing what is death; for it  
May disappear from sight, but cannot perish.

[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]

THE TRAVELLER'S REQUEST

(At The Tomb Of Hazrat Mahbub Ilahi Of Delhi)

What angels recite is your exalted name  
 Your threshold is exalted, your munificence is  
 general  
 The stars are stable by the attraction of your  
 Love  
 Your system is like the system of the sun  
 The pilgrimage to your tomb is life for the  
 heart  
 Your status is higher than those of Masih and  
 Khidar  
 The Beloved's Nature is veiled in your Love  
 High is your dignity, exalted is your  
 veneration  
 If my heart has a stain the stain is of your love  
 But if cheerful I am, I am the rose of your  
 spring  
 Leaving the garden I have come out like the  
 rose of your fragrance  
 I am determined to go through the test of  
 perseverance  
 I have started with zeal from the homeland's  
 tavern  
 The pleasure of the wine of knowledge is  
 speeding me up  
 I am gazing at the mercy's cloud, I am the  
 wilderness tree  
 With the Mercy of God I am not in need of the  
 gardener  
 May I be living elegantly in the world like the  
 sun  
 May I be bestowed with that ladder by your  
 blessings  
 May I be so far ahead of the fellow travelers  
 That I may be regarded as the destination by  
 the caravan  
 May my pen not hurt anybody's feelings  
 May I have complaint against none under the  
 sun  
 Whose effect may penetrate the hearts like a  
 comb  
 May I receive such a clamor from your  
 threshold  
 The nest I had made by picking up bits and  
 pieces

May I see the same nest in the garden again  
 May I come back to put my forehead at my  
 parents' feet  
 Whose efforts made me the confidante of love  
 That candle of the audience of the Holy  
 Prophet's descendants  
 Whose threshold I will always consider like  
 the *Harem*  
 Whose breath opened the flower bud of my  
 longing  
 By whose benevolence I became sagacious  
 Pray to the terrestrial and the celestial world's  
 Lord  
 That I may again become happy with paying  
 homage to him  
 That second Yusuf to me, that candle of  
 Love's assembly  
 Whose brotherly love has given soul's  
 tranquillity to me  
 Who in his love, destroying the book of "you  
 and I"  
 Has brought me up to my youth in the  
 environment of happiness  
 May he remain happy in the world like rose  
 Whom I have always held dearer than my life  
 Blooming, my heart's bud may become a  
 flower!  
 May this traveler's request be accepted!

[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]

GHAZALS

Do not look at the garden of existence like a  
 stranger  
 It is a thing worth looking at, look at it  
 repeatedly  
 You have come into the world like a spark,  
 beware  
 Lest your ephemeral life may end suddenly,  
 beware  
 Granted that I am not worthy of your Sight  
 You should look at my zeal, and look at my  
 perseverance  
 If your eyes have been opened by the longing  
 for Sight  
 Look for the foot prints of the Beloved in  
 every lane

\*

If you had not come I would have had no  
occasion for contention  
But what reluctance in making the promise  
was?  
Your messenger disclosed every secret  
O Lord! What fault of Man in this was?  
You recognized Your Lover in the full  
assembly  
How alert Your eye in the middle of the  
ecstasy was!  
True! Reluctant he was to come, O messenger  
But tell me what the manner of denial was  
Musa was effortlessly attracted to Tur  
How strong, O Zeal your attraction was!  
Your fame continues somewhere, O Iqbal!  
Some magic, not your speech it was

\*

O Lord! Strange is the piety of the preacher  
He has animosity towards the whole world  
Nobody has so far understood that Man  
Where he is going, and from where he has  
come?  
From the same source has the night obtained  
darkness  
From where the star has obtained brightness  
The tale of our compassion is  
Always related by our sympathizer  
Very subtle are the ways of the preacher  
He trembles on hearing the sound of adhan!

\*

I should procure such straws for my nest from  
somewhere  
For burning which the lightning may be  
restless  
Alas! O despair! The sky broke it down  
intently  
Whichever branch I selected for my nest  
You are contending with the seventy two  
nations  
One goblet of yours suits the whole world  
best  
I should create some such longing in my heart

So the sky may turn around to annihilate me  
best  
Collect your harvest first by picking it grain  
by grain  
Some thunderbolt will surely come out to  
annihilate it  
I had regard for the failure of the hunter, O  
friend  
Otherwise, why could I come over flying for  
one grain?  
The heart should not sing freedom's song in  
this garden  
Ah! This garden is not suitable for such odes.

\*

What can I say how I got separated from my  
garden  
And how I got imprisoned in the net of greed  
It is strange that the whole world being  
against me  
How the recipient of honor of respectability I  
have been  
Some demand of showing and seeing was on  
the Tur  
What do you know, O heart! How it was  
decided?  
The desire to be without any desire is also a  
desire  
How the heart's bird freed from the net of  
greed was  
Those desirous of seeing You, see You here  
also  
Then how the Last Day's promise a test of  
patience was  
The Perfect Beauty itself may be the cause of  
this unveiling  
How became self-apparent what concealed in  
curtains was  
Death as a recipe still remains, O separation's  
pathos!  
The physician is insane, how I deemed  
incurable was  
O admonishing eye! Have you ever seen, how  
the rose  
Having been born out of dust became colorful  
The purpose of interrogation for deeds was to  
disgrace me

Otherwise all as to how and why it happened  
obvious was  
My destruction was something worth  
witnessing  
What can I say how I facing Him was

\*

Unusual in state, distinct from the whole  
world they are  
O Lord! Inhabitants of which habitation these  
Lovers are?  
Even during pathos's cure I desperately love  
pathos  
Blisters' thorns have been extracted with  
needle's point  
O Lord, the garden of my hopes may remain  
prosperous  
I have raised these plants watering them with  
my blood  
The stars' silence at night makes me weep  
Strange my Love is, strange my Laments are  
Do not ask me of the pleasure of remaining  
destitute  
Hundreds of nests have been made and  
destroyed by me  
Being a stranger to the journey's companion is  
not good  
O spark! Wait, after all we are also going to  
disappear  
Expectation for the houri has taught  
everything to the preacher  
Only in appearance simple and straight  
forward these people are  
Why should not my verses be dear to me, O  
Iqbal  
These the painful laments of my heart are

\*

One should not see the Spectacle with the  
material eye  
If one wants to see Him he should open the  
insight's eye  
His talking lip was death's message to  
Mansur  
How can anybody dare to claim Someone's  
Love now  
Close your eyes if you want taste for the Sight

The real Seeing is that one should not try to  
see Him  
I am the extreme Love, Thou art the extreme  
Beauty  
One should see me or witness Thy Spectacle  
The Beloved's Beauty is the creator of excuse  
for Love's crime  
One need not create a new excuse on the Day  
of Judgment  
O Companion! It is not possible to close this  
zealous eye!  
In what other manner should one try to  
witness Him  
With what thought did Kaleem become  
insistent on the Tur?  
One should request for the Sight if he has the  
power for the Sight  
Even the eyebrow's movement is unwelcome  
to the Sight  
With the eye of the narcissus should one see  
Thee  
The pleasures of the Longings of Love will be  
manifest  
If one has Longing like me for a few days

\*

What should I say how much Longing for  
dejection I have  
The elegance of my market is only up to the  
ardent desire for losing  
I am the sot who himself becomes garden by  
the Wine's Light  
Rose's love is only up to the departure of the  
unkind cup bearer  
Hunter's enhancement of garden's beauty is  
till start of my melodies  
As for the thunderbolts' restlessness, it is up  
to my nest  
I am that handful of dust, which is changed to  
wilderness by distress' grace  
Do not ask me of my span, it is from the earth  
to the sky  
I am the bell, complaint is asleep in my whole  
nature  
The silence of mine only is up to the caravan's  
departure  
With a tranquil heart create means of  
attaining your aims

Because the whirlpool's knot is only up to the  
water's flow  
Silence is death in the garden of Love, O  
nightingale  
This life is only up to observance of the  
wailing's custom  
In youth, there is Sight's zeal as well as  
Longing's pleasure  
The happiness of our house is only up to the  
guest's presence  
Disgraced though I am in the whole world  
but, O ignorance  
I understand that my Love is known only to  
my confidante

\*

The one I was searching for on the earth and  
in heaven  
Appeared residing in the recesses of my own  
heart  
When the reality of the self became evident to  
my eyes  
The house appeared among residents of my  
own heart  
If it were somewhat familiar with taste of  
rubbing foreheads  
The stone of Ka'ba's threshold would have  
joined the foreheads  
O Majnun! Have you ever glanced at yourself  
That like Layla you are also sitting in the litter  
The months of the union continue flying like  
moments  
But the moments of separation linger for  
months!  
O seaman, how will you protect me from  
being drowned  
As those destined to drowning get drowned  
in the boats also  
The one who concealed His Beauty from  
Kalim Allah  
The same Beloved is manifest among  
beloveds  
The breath of Lovers can light up the  
extinguished candle  
O God! What is kept concealed in the breast of  
the Lovers?  
Serve the fakirs if you have the longing for  
Love

This pearl is not available in the treasures of  
kings  
Do not ask of these Devotees, if you have  
faith, you should look at them  
They have the illuminated palm up their  
sleeves  
The insightful eye for whose spectacle is  
tantalized  
That elegance of congregation is in these very  
recluses  
Burn the produce of your heart with some  
such spark  
That the Last Day's sun may also be among  
your gleaners  
For Love search for some heart which would  
become mortified  
This is the wine which is not kept in delicate  
wine glasses  
The Beauty itself becomes the Lover of whose  
Beauty  
O Heart! Does someone among the beautiful  
has that beauty?  
Someone became highly excited at your grace  
of *Ma'arafna*  
Your rank remained among the most elegant  
of all the Lovers  
Manifest Thyself and show them Thy Beauty  
some time  
Talks have continued among the sagacious  
since long time  
Silent, O Heart! Crying in the full assembly is  
not good  
Decorum is the most important etiquette  
among the ways of Love  
It is not possible for me to deem my critics  
bad  
Because Iqbal, I am myself among my critics

\*

Completion of your Love is what I desire  
Look at my sincerity what little I desire  
It may be oppression or the promise of  
unveiling  
Something testing my perseverance I desire  
May the pious be happy with this Paradise  
Only to see your Countenance I desire  
Though I am but a tiny little heart I am so  
bold

To hear the same *Lan tarani* I desire  
O assembly's companions! I am existing only  
for a few moments  
I am the dawn's candle, I am about to be  
extinguished  
I have divulged the secret in the full assembly  
I am very insolent, punishment I desire

\*

When that *Beniaz* opens His Graceful Hand  
Why should the *niazmand* be not proud of his  
humility  
You have confined Him to the '*Arsh*, O  
preacher!  
What kind of God would keep away from His  
people?  
In my view he is not a rind at all, O  
cup-bearer  
Who would distinguish between ecstasy and  
lack of it  
Always remain very attentive to the heart,  
this orchestra is such  
If broken, it would produce the music of the  
Secret  
Somebody should ask how it hurts the  
preacher  
If God shows His Grace even to the sinner  
O God! From where does poetry acquire its  
heat?  
This is a thing with which even stone would  
soften  
Nightingale's lament comes from  
discrimination between tulip and rose  
No one in the world should open the  
discriminating eye  
The arrogance of piety has taught the  
preacher  
To use abusive language to the people of God  
Such wind should blow from India, O Iqbal  
Which would blow me as dust to Hijaz

\*

I bear hardships on myself, I am unconcerned  
with others  
Alas! How strange, I am the oppressor, I am  
the ignorant  
I existed only till the time Thy Splendor  
appeared

I am the falsehood which is annihilated by the  
Truth  
From the knowledge's sea divers came out  
with pearls in hand  
Alas, O deprivation! A mere pebble collector  
on the sea shore I am  
My disgrace itself is the demonstration of my  
nobility  
I am the negligence which the angels ardently  
desire  
O the existence' assemblage! Be not proud of  
your beauty  
You are a mere picture of the assemblage, I  
am the assemblage  
O Iqbal! I am in constant search for myself  
I am the traveler as well as the destination

\*

Majnun abandoned habitation, you should  
abandon wilderness also  
If there be ambition for Sight, you should  
abandon Layla also  
O preacher! Perfection of abandonment  
attains the objective  
As you have abandoned the world, abandon  
the Hereafter also  
Suicide is better than the way of *taqlid*  
Seek your own path, abandon the love of  
Khizr also  
Like the pen the un-Islamic message is on  
your tongue  
Abandon unjustified pride in the un-Islamic  
objects also  
Theology is no pleasure if heart does not have  
Love's pathos  
If you are not the Wounded, you should  
abandon fluttering also  
Weep like the dew on flowers and leave the  
garden  
Abandon the desire of staying in this garden  
also  
The custom of Love is abandonment of all  
Abandon temple, mosque, and church also  
This is not business, this is '*ibadat* of God!  
O ignorant one, abandon the longing for  
reward also  
It is good to guard Intuition with Intellect  
But sometimes you should let it go alone also

What life is that which is dependent on  
others?  
Abandon dependence on the life of fame also  
Repeated request is a kind of boldness! O  
Kaleem  
The condition for approbation is to abandon  
urging also  
As the preacher brought proof in support of  
wine  
Iqbal insists that he should abandon drinking  
also.

*[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]*

## PART TWO

1905—8

### LOVE

As yet the tresses of the bride of night were  
not familiar with their graceful curls;  
And the stars of heaven had tasted not the  
bliss of whistling motion through the depths  
of space.  
The moon in her new robes looked rather  
strange  
And knew not revolution's ceaseless law.  
From the dark house of possibilities the world  
had just emerged to spin along,  
No joy of life had throbbled as yet within the  
furthest limits of immensity.  
The order of existence scarcely had begun  
unfolding to perfectionment;  
It seems as if the world, like a ring whose  
socket waiteth for its precious stone, longed  
to evolve the archetypes to come.  
They say there was an alchemist on high,  
Dust of whose footsteps sparkled even more  
than Jamshid's crystal cup.<sup>3</sup>  
And on the pedestal of heaven there was  
engraved Elixir's wondrous recipe,

---

<sup>3</sup> "Wherein the king beheld the marvels of a universe," adds Umrao Singh in paranthesis.

Which angels always guarded from the ken of  
Adam's soul destined by it to live.  
The alchemist was ever on the watch  
Knowing this recipe more precious than the  
Great Name itself.  
Till seemingly saying his orisons, he nearer  
drew  
And gained the strictly guarded pedestal, his  
constant effort yielding in the end the fruit  
of his desire for which he burned.  
And having learnt it, he went forth to seek  
through the vast field of possibilities for its  
ingredients and collected them;  
Yea! what is there that can be hid from those  
who know the halls where truth for ever  
dwells.  
From stars he took their brightness; from the  
moon the marks of burnt-out passions of the  
past;  
And from night's floating and dishevelled  
tresses a little darkness;  
From the lightning he received its  
restlessness; and purity from houris;  
And the gentle warmth that runs rippling  
from healing breath of Mary's son.  
Then from the quality of Providence he took  
that splendour which dependeth not on  
aught else than itself,  
And from the dew and angels took he their  
humility.  
Then in the waters of the spring of life he  
made them to dissolve;  
And from the Throne of Most High they  
called this essence "Love."  
That alchemist sprinkled this liquid on the  
new sprouting being,  
And its magic touch released the spell-bound  
process of the worlds.  
Motion appeared in atoms; forthwith they  
abandoned their repose,  
And roused themselves embracing their  
affinities again.  
The suns and stars rolled in majestic curves,  
The buds received fresh tints, and poppy  
flowers were branded with the burning  
marks of Love.

*[Translated by Umrao Singh Sher Gil]*

BEAUTY'S ESSENCE

Beauty asked God one day  
This question: 'Why  
Didst Thou not make me, in Thy world,  
    undying?'  
And God replying—  
'A picture-show is this world: all this world  
A tale out of the long night of not-being;  
And in it, seeing  
Its nature works through mutability,  
That only is lovely whose essence knows  
    decay.'

The moon stood near and heard this colloquy,  
The words took wing about the sky  
And reached the morning-star;  
Dawn learned them from its star, and told the  
    dew—  
It told the heavens' whisper to  
Earth's poor familiar;  
And at the dew's report the flower's eye filled,  
With pain the new bud's tiny heartbeat thrilled;  
Springtime fled from the garden, weeping;  
Youth, that had come to wander there, went  
    creeping  
Sadly away.

*[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]*

THE MESSAGE

Love made you acquainted with the taste of  
    affliction  
Like assembly's candle give affliction's gift to  
    the assembly  
The illuminating Love depends on God's  
    Benevolence  
To whomever He may give without  
    restriction of temple or Harem  
Like the candle the mantle of light he does not  
    get  
Whom God does not give effective wail in the  
    world  
He is in the star, the moon, the dawn's theatre  
    of display  
You need not apply discrimination's  
    collyrium to the Sightful eye  
Love is exalted above the customs and usages  
    of prayers

If Beauty has ecstasy of elegance you too give  
    elegant reply  
O Tavern-keeper! Pleasure is the only effect of  
    West's wine  
It does not have pleasure of affliction, give me  
    the home-made wine  
Do you not know? The old congregation has  
    changed  
For God's sake do not give them  
    materialism's wine.

SWAMI RAM TIRATH

O Impatient drop! You are in the bosom of the  
    sea  
You were a pearl earlier, now you are an  
    invaluable pearl  
Ah! How gracefully you opened the secrets of  
    life  
I am still a prisoner of the discriminations of  
    life  
The life's clamor on destruction became the  
    Last Day's tumult  
The spark on being extinguished became  
    Azar's fire temple  
The denial of Existence is the Love's gesture  
    of the informed heart  
In the river of La is concealed the pearl of  
    Illallah  
The meaning of the end is hidden from the  
    unsightful eye  
Mercury is only raw silver, when its  
    restlessness stops,  
The Ibrahim of Love is the destroyer of the  
    idol of existence  
The ecstasy of Tasnim of Love is the cure of  
    awareness.

ADDRESSED TO THE STUDENTS OF  
ALIGARH COLLEGE

The message of others is different, my  
    message is different  
The style of address of the one afflicted with  
    Love is different  
You have heard the laments of the bird under  
    the net  
Also listen to the laments of the bird on the  
    roof tops which are different



Call was coming from the mount, "Life's  
secret is peace"  
The frail ant was saying "The pleasure of  
struggle is different"  
The glory of Hijaz' assemblage is based on  
Haram's Love  
The station of this is different, the system of  
that is different!  
Eternal luxury is death if there is no Longing  
for Search  
Man's revolving is different, wine-cup's  
revolving is different  
The dawn's candle left the message that  
burning is life's secret  
In the life's sorrowful abode the condition for  
eternity is different  
The wine is still half-mature, Love is  
unsuccessful still  
Leave the church's brick on the pitcher's  
mouth still.

#### THE MORNING STAR

The dawn's star was weeping and saying this  
"I got the eye but not the leisure for Sight  
Everything has come to life through the sun's  
energy  
Only I did not get protection under the  
morning's skirt  
After all what is the capacity of the dawn's  
star  
It is like bubble's breath, like the spark's  
brightness"  
I said "O beautiful jewel of the dawn's  
forehead  
Do you have fear of death? Come down from  
the sky  
Drop down from the sky's height with the  
dew  
My poetry's field will be invigorating to you  
I am the gardener, Love is its bloom  
Its foundation is firm like eternity

#### THE BEAUTY AND THE LOVE

Just as the moon's silver boat is drowned  
In the storm of sun's light at the break of  
dawn  
Just as the moon-like lotus disappears

Behind the veil of light in the moon-lit night  
Just like the Kaleem's radiant palm in the  
Tur's effulgence  
And the flower bud's fragrance in the wave of  
garden's breeze  
Similar is my heart in the flood of Thy Love  
If Thou art the assembly, I am the assembly's  
splendour  
If Thou art the Beauty's thunder, I am the  
produce of Love  
If Thou art the dawn, my tears are Thy dew  
If I am traveller's night, Thou art my twilight  
My heart harbours Thy dishevelled hair locks  
My bewilderment is created by Thy picture  
Thy Beauty is Perfect, my Love is perfect  
Thou art the spring's breeze for my poetry's  
garden  
Thou gave tranquillity to my restless  
imagination  
Since Thy Love took residence in my breast  
New lights have been added to my mirror  
Love's nature gets stimulation for Perfection  
from Beauty  
My hope's trees flourished through Thy  
favour  
My caravan has reached its destination.

#### ON SEEING A CAT IN THE LAP OF SOMEONE

Who has taught you this glancing with  
shyness?  
Who has taught you the riddle of Love's  
initiation?  
Love comes out of each grace of yours  
Wit is dripping from the blue eyes of yours  
You see him sometimes, you shy away  
sometimes  
Rise up sometimes, lie down and sleep  
sometimes  
Is your eye bewildered like the mirror?  
Are you recognized by the glow of  
knowledge?  
You strike him with wrists, this is a strange  
playfulness!  
Is it aversion or anger? Or a way of Love it is?  
You will be removed from the lap if you will  
be naughty

You will be beaten if the flower on the breast  
will fall  
What are you longing for? What are you  
seeking?  
Ah! Are you also in Love with the same  
thing?  
The feeling for Beauty is not special to Man  
Like the heart it is present in everything  
In the flask of time Love is like the pure wine  
Love is the sun's spirit, and the blood in  
moon's veins  
Its pain is concealed in every speck's core  
This is the light which is reflected in  
everything  
It causes happiness somewhere, and sorrow  
somewhere  
It is pearl somewhere, tear somewhere, dew  
somewhere.

*[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]*

### THE BUD

When the bud shows itself in the morning's  
fresh beauty  
It reveals at that moment its bosom of gold:  
It quaffs sparkling wine from the tavern of  
dawning  
And draws from sun's goblet the life it can  
hold.  
It rends the sun's heart, its own head  
extending:  
And oh: what delight it has of that rending.  
At times, o sun of mine, you too raise your  
veil:  
As the glamour of my gaze spins all restless  
apace.  
Let the heat of thy radiance in me find abode  
And that vision's reflection fill all mirror's  
space.  
Let your gleaming become at the life of my  
heart  
And my soul in your light as in cradle-bed  
swing.  
And little by little bring again flowing joy  
In my grief shining clear as the jewel in a ring.  
The vision of you let me put far away  
And just like a bud live in your lap of light.

Let me bare to its nakedness my hidden  
thought;  
Make plain all the truth of being's sad plight.

*[Translated by H.T. Sorley]*

### MOON AND STARS

Trembling at the chill breath of dawn  
The fearful stars said to the moon:  
'About us lies heaven's changeless scene  
Where wearied we must shine, still shine,  
Tasked to move on, on, morn and eve—  
To move, to move, for ever move!  
No creature of this world knows rest,  
Nowhere can fabled peace exist,  
All things condemned by tyrant laws  
To wander, stars, men, rocks, and tress—  
But shall this journeying ever end,  
Ever a destination find?'

'Oh my companions,' said the moon,  
'You who night's harvest-acres glean,  
On motion all this world's life hangs:  
Such is the ancient doom of things.  
Swift runs the shadowy steed of time  
Lashed by desire's whip into foam,  
And there's no loitering on that oath,  
For hidden in repose lurks death:  
They that press on win clear—the late,  
The laggard, trampled underfoot.  
And what the goal of all this haste?—  
Its cradle love, beauty its quest.'

*[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]*

### THE UNION

O Nightingale! The rose whose search made  
me flounced  
By dint of good luck that rose I have finally  
found  
I used to flounce myself, I used to make  
others flounced  
I used to feel shy when I found you singing  
beautifully  
A mere restless heart was not in my bosom, it  
was mercury  
I was impatient for fulfillment of the Longing  
of Love

My misfortune was famous in the assembly of  
the rose  
My morning was the reflection of my dark  
night  
With my breath I have a blood-stained knife  
in the bosom  
Under the cloak of silence I have Judgment  
Day's uproar  
Now that distress does not exist in my  
reflections' world  
My reciting ghazals is no longer irksome to  
rose garden's assembly  
With the heat of Love my blisters became  
flames  
Now playing with thunderbolts are my  
wailings  
The rouge of Love has changed this dark dust  
into a mirror  
And I see the old companion's reflection in  
the mirror  
By becoming a prisoner I gained my freedom  
By ruining the heart I got prosperity for my  
house  
My star is shining with this sun's light  
By whose path's dust the moon light is shy  
By a glance you taught me the rules of  
annihilation  
How cool the day that has burnt away the  
motes from me

SULAIMA

The one whose manifestation witnessed the  
astronomer's eye  
In the sun, in the moon, in the assembly of  
stars  
Whom the Sufi found in the dark recesses of  
his heart  
Whom the poet saw in the midst of elegance  
of Nature  
Whose brilliance exists, whose fragrance  
persists  
In the pearls of dew, in the shirts of flowers  
Who has inhabited the wilderness by  
becoming tranquillity  
Whose Presence creates the uproar in the  
midst of the garden  
Though His Beauty is manifest in everything

In your eye is Its climax, O Sulaima!

THE UNFAITHFUL LOVER

1

O Iqbal! You are a strange mixture of  
opposites  
You are the elegance of assembly's crowd as  
well as alone  
O lunatic with colorful song! Your struggles  
and efforts  
Are the garden's beauty as well as wilderness'  
adornment  
You are the associate of stars due to your  
flight's elegance  
O land traveler your steps also traverse the  
sky  
Your forehead is in prostration in the midst of  
preoccupation with wine  
In your system are some colors of the system  
of goblets also  
Like flower's fragrance you are devoid of  
color's dress  
Though you are a creator of wisdom you are  
also insane  
Like waves you are running to the destination  
without foot-prints  
And then you are also left behind like the sea-  
shore  
Female beauty has the effect of electricity for  
your nature  
And strangely enough your loves are  
unconventional also  
Your existence depends on the amusement's  
law  
Are you prostrating only at a single door  
step?  
Among the beautiful you are famous for  
infidelity  
O fickle-minded! You are famous as well as  
infamous  
You have come into the world with mercury's  
nature  
Your restlessness is lovable, you are very  
restless

What the disturbance of love has turned into  
 wilderness  
 I keep that handful of dust concealed under  
 the cloak  
 It has thousands of facets, each of a different  
 color  
 I keep such a multi-faceted diamond in my  
 breast  
 The poet's heart, is but intoxication's toil and  
 hustle  
 What do you know, what I keep inside my  
 breast!  
 In every intoxication of Love there is a new  
 effulgence of Longing  
 I am restless, I have a heart unacquainted  
 with rest  
 Though a new beauty every moment is the  
 sight's object  
 I have a firm covenant of fidelity with the  
 Beauty  
*Beniazi* has created my nature's Niaz  
 I keep the struggle for the Longing like the  
 zephyr  
 The spectacle of a single flying spark  
 Cannot be assuasive as I have a thunderous  
 heart  
 What may fulfill every demand of the nature  
 of Love  
 Ah! Attainment of that Perfect Effulgence is  
 my aim  
 The search for the Whole misguides me into  
 It's parts  
 The Beauty is boundless, I have the incurable  
 pathos  
 My life depends upon Love's extreme  
 compassion  
 But I keep the Love free of customs of fidelity  
 The truth is that lack of imagination produces  
 fidelity  
 I have a new Resurrection Day ever fresh in  
 my heart  
 Cup-bearer's bounty is like dew, heart's  
 capacity demands oceans  
 I am always thirsty, I have a burning fire  
 under my foot  
 By creating me He created His own critic

As a picture, I have complaint against my  
 Painter  
 If the Beauty was so short-lived in existence'  
 assembly  
 Why then do I keep such a boundless  
 imagination?  
 I am constantly struggling in the Longing's  
 wilderness  
 I am the ocean's wave, I carry my destruction  
 on my shoulder

#### THE UNSUCCESSFUL EFFORT

The dawn is vexed by separation from the sun  
 The twilight's eye is raining blood for the  
 evening star  
 The day's Qais has the pining for the night's  
 Layla  
 The morning star is restless for perpetual  
 radiance  
 The sky's polar star was saying to the stars'  
 caravan  
 "Companions! I am tantalized for the pleasure  
 of walking"  
 Springs desire rivers, rivers love the ocean  
 The ocean wave is in love with the full moon  
 The eternal Beauty which is veiled in tulips  
 and roses  
 Is considered to be restless for general  
 manifestation  
 Ask Khizr of blessed steps for the secret of life  
 Everything is alive with un-achieved effort

#### THE SONG OF GRIEF

My life is similar to that of the silent violin  
 The lap of which is full of all kinds of  
 melodies  
 The harp of the universe is sacrificed on  
 whose silence  
 Every string of which is the grave of  
 hundreds of melodies  
 The silence of which is the custodian of  
 music's perfection  
 And the silence of which is not obligated to  
 any uproar  
 Ah! The hope of my Love was never fulfilled  
 This instrument was never hit by the  
 plectrum

But sometimes the zephyr of the garden of  
Tur flows  
And sometimes the breeze of Houri's breath  
from the sky  
Which gently touches the string of my life  
And frees the imprisoned soul of my life  
The gentle sound of the music of despair rises  
The clarion's call for the caravan of tears rises  
Just as dew's elegance depends upon the taste  
for racing  
The elegance of my nature depends upon  
grief's melodies!

#### THE SHORT-LIVED JOY

You should not tell me, "Death is a message  
of luxury and pleasure"  
You should not draw the picture of *Sharab-i-*  
*Tuhur's* ecstasy—  
Do not feel grieved by separation from the  
Houri  
Do not present the Houri in the mirror of  
words  
Do not make me fascinated by the beautiful  
cup-bearer  
Do not describe the Houri, do not relate the  
*Salsabil's* story  
I do not doubt Paradise being the place of  
peace  
Your message is not proper for the life's  
prime!  
Ah! How long should youth linger in hope  
Joy is not joy for which you remain waiting  
What worth is the beauty which is in need of  
the discerning eye  
Which is obligated for the tomorrow for its  
manifestation  
Strange is the feeling for life  
"Today's joy" is the belief of youth.

[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]

#### MAN

Nature has played a strange and wanton  
joke—  
Making man a seeker of secrets,  
But hiding the secrets from his view!  
The urge for knowledge gives him no rest,  
But the secret of life remains undiscovered.

Wonder is at the beginning and the end—  
What else is there in this house of mirrors?  
The wave of the river glides along,  
The river follows its course to the ocean,  
The wind sweeps the clouds along,  
Bearing them on its shoulders,  
The stars are drunk with the wine of fate,  
And lie chained in the sky's prison;  
The sun, a worshipper who gets up at dawn,  
And calls out the message 'Arise!',  
Is hiding in the western hills,  
Drinking a cup of reddish wine.  
All things delight in their very existence,  
They are drunk with the wine of being.  
But there is no one to drive away his  
sorrow—  
How bitter are the days of man!

[Translated by Mustansir Mir]

#### THE MANIFESTATION OF BEAUTY

Beauty's manifestation which gives  
restlessness to Longing  
Which youth nurtures in its fancy's lap  
By which this ephemeral universe becomes  
eternal  
By which youth becomes a colorful tale  
Which teaches us to be meditating  
To be escaping the present state's scene  
Which removes the immaturity of perceptions  
Which makes Intellect a slave to impressions  
Ah! Does that Beauty exist anywhere or not?  
O Lord! Does that jewel exist on the  
universe's ring?

[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]

#### ONE EVENING

(BY THE NECKAR AT HEIDELBERG)

Silent is the moonlight pale,  
The boughs of all the trees are still,  
The music-maker of the vale  
Hushed, and the green robes of the hill;  
Fallen into a swoon creation  
Sleeps in the bosom of the night,  
And from this hush such magic grows,  
No more now Neckar's current flows;  
Silent the starry caravan moves

Onward, no bell tinkling its flight,  
 Silent the hills and streams and groves,  
 All Nature lost in contemplation.  
 Oh heart, you too be silent: keep  
 Your grief hugged close, and sleep.

#### SOLITUDE

Solitude, night—what pang is here?  
 Are not stars your comrades? Clear  
 Majesty of those silent skies,  
 Drowsed earth, deep silence of the worlds,  
 That moon, that wilderness and hill—  
 White rose-beds all creation fill.  
 Sweet are the teardrops that have pearled  
 Like gleaming gems, like stars, your eyes;  
 But what thing do you crave? All Nature,  
 Oh my heart, is your fellow-creature.

[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]

#### THE MESSAGE OF LOVE

Listen O seeker of heart's pathos! I am Naz,  
 you should become Niaz  
 I am the Ghaznavi of heart's Somnath, you  
 completely become Ayaz  
 Greatness in the world is not associated with  
 the Alexander's splendor  
 Your breast has everything, you should also  
 become the maker of mirrors  
 The aim of life's struggle is perfection of your  
 Crescent's grandeur  
 You are the world's oldest Divine Command,  
 be fulfilled like prayer  
 Be not contented, O gardener, your dignity is  
 established by this alone  
 If flowers abound in the garden, you should  
 become a more ardent beggar  
 Gone are those days, these are not the times  
 for wandering in wilderness  
 Become melted in the world like the  
 congregation's lighted candle  
 The individual's existence is unreal, the  
 nation's existence is real  
 Be devoted to the nation, become destroyer of  
 the unreal's magic  
 Iqbal! These sectarians of India are working  
 like Azar.

Saving your skirt from idols become the dust  
 of the way of Hijaz.

[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]

#### SEPARATION

I am wandering in search of some lonely  
 retreat.  
 I have hid myself here by the great  
 mountains' feet.  
 Like the halting attempts of a small boy to  
 pray,  
 The spring's music is broken—my joy hath  
 full sway.  
 To the red twilight's throne comes the eve's  
 starry race;  
 'This a vision of heaven thus to see beauty's  
 face.  
 Still eve's separation's excuse for my mood;  
 Some memory has taught me how music is  
 good.  
 My life is all restless—unrest is mine own—  
 It is just as I were like some small boy alone.  
 When the night is all dark he commences to  
 hum  
 And he thinks that the sound from some other  
 has come.  
 The lessons of patience I teach my heart,  
 As though to night's *sev'rance* I show a false  
 part.

[Translated by H.T. Sorley]

#### TO ABD AL-QADIR

Rise, as darkness has appeared on the eastern  
 horizon  
 We should light up the assemblage with  
 blazing songs  
 Our capacity is only a cry of lament like the  
 wild rue  
 We should overturn the assemblage with this  
 same uproar  
 We should show the assemblage the effect of  
 Love's polish  
 We should convert the stone of today into the  
 mirror of tomorrow  
 By showing them the effulgence of the lost  
 Yusuf

We should make them more agitation-prone  
than Zalaykha's blood  
By giving the lesson of the law of growth to  
this garden  
We should turn the insignificant drop of dew  
into the ocean  
We should lift our dearest chattel from the  
China's temple  
We should fascinate all with the face of Sa'di  
and Sulaima  
Look! The Layla's she-camel became useless  
in Yathrib  
We should make Qais acquainted with the  
new longing  
The wine should be mature and so hot that  
with it  
We should soften the heart of the glass, the  
goblet, and the decanter  
The grief which kept us warm in the cold of  
the West  
Opening up the breast we should make it  
public  
In the world's congregation we should live  
like the candle  
We should burn ourselves and open up the  
rivals' eyes  
"The candle reveals whatever passes through  
the heart  
Burning is not the thought which the candle  
conceals."

[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]

### SICILY

Weep to thy heart's content, O blood-weeping  
eye!  
Yonder is visible the tomb of Muslim culture.  
Once this place was alive with those dwellers  
of the desert,  
For whose ships the ocean was a playground;  
Who raised earthquakes in the palaces of the  
kings of kings,  
In whose swords were the nests of many  
lightning.  
Whose birth was death for the old world,  
Whose fear caused the palaces of error to  
tremble;  
Whose cry of *arise* gave life to a lifeless world

And freedom to men from the chains of  
superstition.  
Is that cry of *God is great* silent for ever,  
Whose reverberations delight the ear to this  
day?  
Oh Sicily! The sea is honoured by you,  
You are a guide in the desert of these waters.  
May the cheek of the ocean remain adorned  
by your beauty spot;  
May the lamps comfort those who measure  
the seas;  
May your view be ever light on the eyes of the  
traveller,  
May waves ever dance on your rocks!  
Once you were the cradle of civilization of the  
people,  
The fire of whose glance was world-burning  
beauty.  
The nightingale of Shiraz wailed over  
Baghdad,  
And Dagh wept tears of blood over Delhi.  
When the heavens scattered the wealth of  
Granada to the winds,  
The sorrowful heart of Ibn Badrun cried out.  
The dirge of your ruin fell to the lot of the  
grieving Iqbal:  
Destiny picked up the heart that was privy to  
your secrets.  
Whose story is hidden in your ruins?  
The silence of your footfall has a mode of  
expression.  
Tell me of your sorrow—I too am full of pain;  
I am the dust of that caravan whose goal you  
were.  
Paint over this picture once more and show it  
to me;  
Make me suffer by telling the story of ancient  
days.  
I shall carry your gift to India;  
I shall make others weep as I weep here.  
[Translation by Umrao Singh Sher Gil;  
revised by the Editors]<sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup> This translation is based on the

GHAZALS

\*

The life of Man is no more than a breath!  
 Breath is a wave of air, it is no more than a  
 flow!  
 The flower was depicting life as a smile, but  
 The candle said that it is no more than a cry of  
 grief!  
 The secret of life is a secret till there is a  
 confidante  
 When it is open, it is nothing more than the  
 confidante!  
 Somebody should ask the pilgrims of Ka'bah,  
 O Iqbal  
 Is the gift of the Harem nothing more than  
*Zamzam*?

\*

O God! Teach a little Love to my happy  
 Intellect.  
 It loves fine stitching but my shirt has no  
 collar  
 As I got Love's ardor the angels said on *azal's*  
 morning  
 "You are like the grave's candle, you have no  
 assembly"  
 No friend is available here, this land is  
 friendless, O Heart!  
 You want something from me which does not  
 exist under the sky  
 The Arab architect made it distinct from the  
 whole world  
 The foundation of our nation's fort is not  
 geographical unity  
 Why this coming and going, future's concern  
 is a conceit  
 We are manifest in everything, we do not  
 have any homeland  
 Somebody should take my message to the  
*Makhzan's* editor  
 Activist nations do not have taste for poetic  
 literature!

\*

The world will know when the flood of  
 conversation will emerge from my heart  
 This is not my silence, but is the shrine of the  
 word of my Longing  
 As the ocean wave said, "My dignity is  
 established by flowing"  
 The pearl said, "Sitting in shell is the safety of  
 my brightness"  
 Whose temperament does not deserve are not  
 improved by training  
 Reflection of the river bank's cypress does not  
 prosper by living in the water  
 I did not see any heart in which Longing is  
 not concealed  
 O God! What is Thy universe! It is a picture  
 gallery of Longing  
 It dawned after death that our life was a spell  
 of greed  
 What we called material body, was  
 dust-cloud of greed's lane  
 Why am I the embodiment of search if  
 nothing is concealed?  
 The sight is Longing for the Spectacle, the  
 heart is mad after the Search  
 The garden's flower bud asked the gardener,  
 "Why is Man so heartless?"  
 The breaking of my wine glass is occasion for  
 smile in your eyes  
 The effulgence of Love emanates from every  
 speck of the existence' garden  
 If you know the reality of rose, it is also a  
 combination of color and fragrance"  
 All my writings are anachronism, my poetry  
 is completely defective  
 If somebody sees some skill in me it is the  
 fault of my critic  
 Decorum requires silence, otherwise Thy  
 Mercy is worse than Tyranny  
 Thou hast given a tiny heart, which also is  
 misled towards greed  
 Unity's perfection is so evident that if you cut  
 with the knife 's tip  
 Sure you would see human blood trickling  
 out of the rose' vein  
 The age of *taqlid* has passed, allegorism  
 should depart!



When the Truth itself is evident who is  
authorized to talk?  
If I am far from home, my relatives should not  
be sad  
Like pearl separation from home is perfecting  
my elegance

\*

Thy splendor is manifest in thunder, in fire, in  
spark  
Thy luster is evident in the moon, in the sun,  
in the star  
Thy elegance exists in skies' heights, and in  
earths' depths  
It is in the ocean's flow, and in falling behind  
of the shore  
Why should *Shari`ah* be the accuser of the  
eloquence' taste?  
I only conceal the meaning of my heart in  
metaphors  
The real life in Man is pervading in  
everything  
It is in tree, in flower, in animal, in stone, in  
star  
The heat of the drop of Love's tear has  
consumed me  
Boundless fire existed in this little drop of  
water  
There is no longing in me for reward of the  
Judgment Day  
I am the merchant who sees profit in the loss  
Being unaware of tranquility is existence for it  
O God! Restlessness of which heart is residing  
in mercury  
O Iqbal I am silent after hearing the call of  
"Lan Tarani"  
Being afflicted with separation I have no  
strength for importunity

\*

O worldly congregation! Though your  
gatherings were attractive  
Some degree of melancholy there was in your  
spectacles  
Finally that dust acquired comfort in Love  
Which had been wandering long in Intellect's  
wilderness

O Wine! How much enamored you were with  
the custom of concealment  
After emerging from grape's veil you were  
concealed in the decanter  
Knowledge could not comprehend the  
Beauty's effect  
So much ignorance prevailed in all the  
world's sages  
O Iqbal! I have searched for it in Europe in  
vain  
The characteristic which was in the beauties  
of India

\*

We circumambulate the wine-cup like the  
wine's reflection  
We are offering this prayer from morning till  
evening  
You are not singular in this O Kaleem  
Trees and stones are also talking with God  
O Candle! Search for a new world, because  
here  
We are enduring tyrannies of the incomplete  
Love  
O Companions! Silence in this garden is good  
As the melodious ones are kept in cages here  
Those whose purpose is pleasure from wine  
Are changing the lawful into the unlawful  
How can you and we reconcile, O preacher  
As we are making the custom of Love  
universal!  
O God! What magic is concealed in the saints,  
clad in rags!  
That they subdue the youth with a single  
glance  
I shudder at the pleasures of their assemblies  
Who are getting fame by destroying their  
homes  
May the meadows of the motherland be ever  
flourishing  
We are saluting you from the ship sailing  
away  
When those un-accustomed to prayers  
assemble for one, Iqbal  
Calling me back from temple they make me  
their imam.

*March 1907*

Time has come for openness, Beloved's Sight  
 will be common  
 The secret which silence had concealed, will  
 be unveiled now  
 O Cup-bearer! Time has gone when wine was  
 taken secretly  
 The whole world will be tavern, everyone will  
 be drinking  
 Those who once wandered insane, will return  
 to habitations  
 Lovers' wandering will be the same but  
 deserts will be new  
 The Hijaz' silence has proclaimed to the  
 waiting ear at last  
 The covenants established with desert's  
 inhabitants will be re-affirmed  
 Which coming out of deserts had overturned  
 the Roman Empire  
 I have heard from the *Qudsis* that the same  
 lion will be re-awakened  
 As the cup-bearer mentioned me in the  
 wine-drinkers' assembly  
 The tavern's sage said, "He is insolent, he will  
 be disgraced"  
 O Western world's inhabitants, God's world  
 is not a shop!  
 What you are considering genuine, will be  
 regarded counterfeit  
 Your civilization will commit suicide with its  
 own dagger  
 The nest built on the frail branch will not be  
 durable  
 The caravan of the feeble ants will make fleet  
 of rose petals  
 However strong the ocean waves' tumult be it  
 will cross the ocean  
 The poppy, roaming in the garden, shows its  
 spots to every flower-bud  
 Knowing that by this exhibition it will be  
 counted among the Lovers  
 O Sight! That was the One you showed us as a  
 thousand  
 If this is your state what will be your  
 credibility?  
 As I told the turtledove one day the free of  
 here are treading on dust!

The buds started saying that I must be the  
 knower of the garden's secrets!  
 There are thousands of God's Lovers, who are  
 roaming in the wilderness  
 I shall adore the one who will be the lover of  
 God's people  
 This is the world's custom, O Heart! Even  
 winking is a sin  
 What will our respect be if you will be restless  
 here?  
 In the darkness of the night I shall take out  
 my tired caravan  
 My sigh will be shedding sparks my breath  
 will be throwing flames  
 If there is nothing but show in the aim of your  
 life  
 Your destruction from the world will be in a  
 breath like spark  
 Do not ask about the condition of Iqbal, he is  
 in the same state  
 Sitting somewhere by the wayside he must be  
 waiting for oppression!

*[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]*

## PART THREE

### THE ISLAMIC CITIES

The region of Delhi is adored by my grieved  
 heart  
 In every speck of it the ancestors' blood is  
 asleep  
 Why should not the land of this desolate  
 garden be holy?  
 This region is the shrine of the grandeur of  
 Islam  
 Kings of the Khair al-Umam are asleep in this  
 land  
 Dependent on whose rule remained the world  
 order  
 Memory of assembly's warmth still renders  
 the heart restless  
 The splendor has been burnt but memory of  
 the splendor is still secure

Though Jahanabad also is a shrine for the  
Muslim  
Baghdad as well is deserving of this  
magnificence  
This is the garden the source of whose pride  
was  
The wild tulip which was called the culture of  
Hijaz  
Why should not the dust of this habitation be  
equivalent to Iram  
Which witnessed the footsteps of the  
Prophet's successors  
The garden whose flower buds were the  
garden's wealth is this  
The grave yard of those who made Rome  
tremble is this  
The land of Cordoba also is the light of the  
Muslim's eye  
Which shined in Europe's darkness like the  
candle of Tur  
Extinguishing of this lamp dispersed the  
assembly of Millat-i-Baida  
And lighted the lamp of the present day's  
materialistic civilization  
This holy region is the grave of that  
civilization  
With which the life blood still exists in the  
veins of Europe's vines  
The tract of Constantinople, that is the  
Caesar's city  
The perpetual banner of the grandeur of the  
Ummah's Mahdi  
Like the Haram's dust this region is also holy  
It is the shrine of descendants of Shah-i-  
Lawlak  
Its breeze is holy like the fragrance of rose  
A voice is calling from the tomb of Ayyub  
Ansari  
"O Muslim! this city is the heart of the Nation  
of Islam!  
This city is the reward for millenniums of  
blood sacrifices!"  
But you are that land, O the resting place of  
Mustafa  
Even to the Ka'bah whose sight is better than  
Hajj-i-Akbar  
In the world's ring you are shining like a gem  
Your land was the birth place of our grandeur

That Magnificent Emperor got rest in your  
midst  
Under whose protection the world nations got  
security  
Whose successors became rulers of world's  
empires  
Became successors of Caesar, inheritors of  
Jam's throne  
If the Muslim nationalism is restricted to  
place  
Neither India nor Persia nor Syria is its base  
Ah Yathrib! You are the Muslim's homeland  
and his shelter  
You are the focal point of the rays of his inner  
feelings  
As long as you exist, we will also flourish in  
the world  
You are the morning of this garden we are the  
dew's pearls

#### THE STAR

Are you afraid of the moon or the dawn?  
Are you conscious of the end of beauty?  
Are you afraid of being robbed of light's  
wealth?  
Are you afraid of annihilation like the spark?  
The sky has settled you far from the earth  
It has wrapped you in gold's mantle like the  
moon  
It is outrageous that your feeble life is still in  
fear  
Your whole night passes in trembling with  
fear  
O shining traveler! This habitation is strange  
The rise of one leads to the fall of the other  
The birth of one sun is the death of a myriad  
stars  
Annihilation's sleep is the ecstasy of life's  
wine  
Flower bud's departure is the secret of  
flower's birth  
Is annihilation life's end, or is the equivalent  
of life!  
Quiescence is difficult in the universe  
Only change is permanent in the universe

[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]

### TWO PLANETS

Two planets meeting face to face,  
One to the other cried, 'How sweet  
If endlessly we might embrace,  
And here for ever stay! how sweet  
If Heaven a little might relent,  
And leave our light in one light blent!'

But through that longing to dissolve  
In one, the parting summons sounded.  
Immutably the stars revolve,  
By changeless orbits each is bounded;  
Eternal union is a dream,  
And severance the world's law supreme.

*[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]*

### THE ROYAL CEMETERY

The sky is clothed in the cloud's old tattered  
robe  
The mirror of moon's forehead is somewhat  
gloomy  
The moon light is pale in this silent panorama  
The dawn is sleeping in the lap of the night  
How astonishing is silence of the trees  
This silence is the soft tune of Nature's harp  
The heart of every speck of the universe is  
pathos embodied  
And the silence is a sad sigh on the lips of  
existence  
Ah! That fort, that universal mustering  
ground  
Is carrying millennia's weight on its shoulders  
Was full of life at one time, now is desolate  
This silence is the cemetery of its past  
elegance  
It is the lover of the remains of its old  
denizens  
It is standing on the mountain top like a  
sentinel  
There from the cloud's window above the  
sky's roof  
That young green star is viewing the universe  
The earth's vast expanse is a mere child's play  
to it  
The story of Man's failure is known to it by  
heart

This traveler is going to his destination since  
eternity  
Seeing revolutions' spectacles from the sky's  
seclusion  
Though quiescence of the star is not possible  
in the universe  
It has stopped momentarily for saying prayer  
for the dead  
This earth is full of flowers of life's  
variegations  
This earth is the cemetery of many destroyed  
civilizations  
This grief-stricken stage is the resting place of  
kings  
O admonished eye! Pay the tribute of rosy  
tears  
Though a mere cemetery, this dust ranks with  
the sky  
Ah! this is the wealth of an unfortunate  
nation!  
So astounding is the grandeur of mausoleums  
That the spectator's eye evades even winking  
Such an expression of failure is in this picture  
Which is impossible to reflect in description's  
mirror  
Far from the habitations' crowds are sleeping  
Those who were restless with unfulfilled  
Longings  
The grave's darkness holds the brilliance of  
those suns  
At whose thresholds the sky used to remain  
prostrating  
Is this the end of these emperors'  
magnificence?  
Whose diplomatic policies knew no decline  
Be it the grandeur of Qaisar or Faghfur's sway  
The foe of death's assault cannot be turned  
away  
The result of kings' life-efforts also is the  
grave  
The last stage on path of magnificence is the  
grave  
Neither the happy assembly's commotion nor  
the genius' talk  
Not even the wailing people's whole night's  
compassion!  
Neither the tumult of the sword in the battle!  
Nor the cry of blood warming *Takbir!*

No call can wake up those who are sleeping  
No life can return to the desolate breast  
The soul in the handful of dust is enduring  
injustice  
When breath enters non-existence' flute it is a  
mere complaint  
Human life resembles the sweet singing bird,  
which  
Sat on the branch a while, chirped, flew away  
Ah! For what purpose did we come in the  
world, for what purpose did we go away!  
Sprouted from the life's branch, blossomed,  
faded away  
Death is interpretation of the dream of the  
king and the poor alike  
This atrocious one's terror is the picture of  
justice  
The stream of life is a boundless ocean  
And the grave is a wave of this boundless  
ocean  
O ambition! Shed tears of blood as this life is  
unreliable  
It is the smile of the spark, it is the flammable  
straw  
This moon which is a miracle of the Lord of  
the universe  
Clad in the robe of gold is slowly and proudly  
strolling  
But in the frightening vastness of the starless  
sky  
Its helplessness is worth watching at time of  
dawn  
What was the moon is a mere piece of cloud  
Whose destruction is in the last tear drop  
Similarly unpredictable is the life of nations  
Their glory is a picture of the happy times  
gone by  
In this world no nation however prestigious it  
may be  
Can continue its existence till the end of time  
So much accustomed to nations' destruction is  
the universe  
That it watches this scene with indifference  
Nothing stays the same without change  
The universe' nature is made of change  
The beauty of world's jewel is in ever-  
changing names

The mother earth has always remained  
expecting new nations!  
This highway is acquainted with thousands of  
caravans  
Kohinur's eye is familiar with innumerable  
kings  
Egypt and Babylon are annihilated, not a  
mark remains  
The roll of existence does not have even their  
names  
The evening of death has overpowered the  
sun of Iran  
Time has robbed the grandeur of Greece and  
Rome  
Ah! The Muslim also from the world similarly  
departed  
The azure cloud appeared over the horizon,  
rained and departed  
The rose petal's vein is a string of pearls with  
dawn's tears  
Some ray of the sun is enmeshed in the dew  
The river's breast is the cradle for sun's rays  
How beautiful is the sun's sight at the river  
bank!  
Juniper is busy in beautifying, river is the  
mirror  
For the flower bud spring breeze is the mirror  
The cuckoo remains calling from the garden's  
nest  
Remains hidden from the human eye in the  
leaves' privacy  
And the nightingale, the flowery singer of the  
garden  
By whose presence is alive the glory of the  
garden  
Is a living picture of the commotion of Love  
How beautiful is this picture from Nature's  
pen!  
In the garden the roses silent assemblies are  
holding  
The shepherd boys' shouts in the valley are  
echoing  
This old world is so full of life  
That in death also is hidden the zest of life  
The petals fall in autumn in the same way  
As toys fall from the sleeping infant's hand  
In this cheerful world though luxury is  
limitless

One grief, that is grief of the *Millat* is always  
 fresh  
 Memories of the age gone by are still fresh in  
 our heart  
 This Ummah cannot erase its kings' memories  
 form its heart  
 These desolate mansions are excuses for  
 shedding tears  
 Insight has developed in the eye with  
 continuous tears  
 We give to the world the pearls of the  
 weeping eye  
 We are the remaining clouds of a storm gone  
 by  
 There are hundreds of pearls in this cloud's  
 breast  
 Thunder still lurks in this cloud's silent breast  
 It can change the dry wilderness to a flowery  
 vale  
 It can change the farmer's hope from slumber  
 to awakening  
 The manifestation of this nation's majesty has  
 passed  
 But the manifestation of its beauty has not yet  
 passed

#### MORNING'S APPEARANCE

From under the horizon's skirt is appearing  
 The day and night's virgin daughter that is  
 dawn  
 The sky has completed benedictions for the  
 star's crop  
 The sun has decorated the eastern horizon  
 with mirrors  
 The sky, getting news of the arrival of the sun  
 Has packed up night's litter on dust-cloud's  
 shoulders  
 The sun's flame seems to be the produce of  
 this field  
 Which was sown by sky's farmer as sparks of  
 stars  
 The morning star is on the way from the sky  
 retrieving  
 As the last nightly worshiper from the  
 mosque be retrieving  
 What a beautiful sight it is as somebody  
 slowly

Draws the bright sword from the sheath's  
 darkness  
 The dawn's meaning in the eastern horizon is  
 hidden  
 As inside the goblet the pleasant wine is  
 hidden  
 The dawn is under the skirt of the friendly  
 breeze  
 The noise of the conch is mixed with the call  
 of *adhan*  
 All the singing birds woke up by the cuckoo's  
 call  
 Every string of dawn's system has become  
 musical

#### TADMIN ON A VERSE OF ANISI SHAMLU

I always remain roaming like the morning  
 breeze  
 Roaming is more pleasant in Love than  
 destination  
 The restless heart reached the land of the  
 Saint of Sanjar  
 Where the cure for the malady of impatience  
 is available  
 The longing of my heart had not yet reached  
 the lips  
 The tongue was about to be obligated to the  
 power of speech  
 A voice came from the tomb, "The Harem's  
 inhabitants have  
 A complaint against you, O renouncer of  
 ancestors' ways!  
 O Qais! How has your internal warmth cooled  
 down?  
 Because Layla still has the same ways of her  
 old self  
 The seed of *La Ilaha* did not sprout in your  
 barren soil  
 The sterility of your nature is universally  
 disgraced  
 O imprudent one! Do you know what your  
 life is?  
 It is the builder of synagogues, full of church  
 music  
 Though your training has been in the House  
 of God  
 Your rebellious heart is the lover of temple

"You learnt fidelity from us but used it on others  
You snatched a pearl from us but sacrificed it on others."

### THE PHILOSOPHY OF GRIEF

(Addressed to Mian Fazli Husain Barrister-At-Law, Lahore)

Though the wine of life is the embodiment of pleasure  
The cloud of life carries tears also in its skirt  
The bubble of life dances on the wave of grief  
"Alam's" Surah is also part of the Book of Life  
By losing even a single petal the rose ceases to be rose  
If the nightingale is unaware of autumn it ceases to be nightingale  
The heart's story is colored with Longing's blood  
The human music is incomplete without lament's cry  
For the discerning eye the grief's scar is insight  
For the soul sigh's mirror is beauty's accompaniment  
Incidents of grief give perfection to human nature  
The dust of anguish is rouge for the heart's mirror  
Youth is awakened from sleep's pleasure by grief  
This orchestra wakes up with this plectrum alone  
For the heart's bird grief is the strongest feather  
The human heart is a secret whose disclosure is grief  
Grief is not distress, but is the soul's silent song  
Which is locked in the embrace of existence' harp  
Whose night is not acquainted with *Ya Rab's* plaint!  
Whose night does not manifest the stars of tears  
Whose heart's cup does not know breaking with grief

Who always remained ecstatic with pleasure and exhilaration  
The gardener whose hand is safe from thorn's tip  
Whose love is unaware of the pathos of separation  
Though grief's affliction is far from his life  
The secret of life is concealed from his eyes  
O the one with comprehension of life's affairs  
Why should not grief and sorrow be easy for you?  
Love is the introduction to the Eternity's old treatise  
Human intellect is mortal but Love is eternally alive  
The evening of death is no match to the sun of Love  
Love is the warmth of life and lasts till eternity  
If annihilation had been intended for the departed beloved  
Love's zeal would have also departed from the Lover's heart  
Love does not die by the beloved's death  
It stays in the soul as grief but does not die  
Lover's immortality is the beloved's immortality  
The beloved's life is unacquainted with mortality  
The spring comes singing from the mountain top  
Teaching the art of singing to the birds of the sky  
Its mirror is bright like the Houri's cheek  
But falling on valley's rocks it is shattered  
The river's pearls ever more beautiful became  
That is by this fall they water's stars became  
The river of flowing mercury spread and became scattered  
A whole entire world of restless drops became manifest  
But separation is the training for reunion to those drops  
After a while the same river is running like a silver string  
The flowing river of life is of the same origin  
Falling from high it became the concourse of humanity

In the depths of this world we part to reunite  
 But we cry considering temporary parting as  
 permanent  
 Though the dead do die they do not perish  
 Really they do not get separated from us  
 When Intellect be surrounded in worldly  
 calamities  
 Or when it be besieged in the dreary night of  
 youth  
 When the heart's skirt be the battle field of  
 good and evil  
 When journey to the goal be difficult in road's  
 darkness  
 When the Khizr of courage may be resigned  
 from longing  
 When Intellect be helpless and conscience a  
 silent voice  
 When not a single fellow-traveler be in the  
 vale of life  
 When not even fire-fly's spark to show the  
 way there be  
 The foreheads of the dead brighten up in this  
 darkness  
 As stars are shining in the darkness of the  
 night.

[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]

#### ON A FLOWER-OFFERING

When she walks drunk with pride  
 About the garden path,  
 Flowerets on every side  
 Lift up one suppliant voice—  
 May she, ah God, make me  
 Of all the rest her choice,  
 Raise me from low degree  
 To wake the sunflower's wrath!  
 —Divine fortune, that she  
 Should pluck *you* from the stem!  
 Your rivals toss their petals;  
 The shock of severance past,  
 New bliss of union settles  
 Upon your life, whose gem  
 Shines perfectly at last.  
 My heart, though it found love  
 In feeling hearts it its vassal—  
 This heart of mine, pride of

The garden of my youth,  
 Could never flower-like nestle  
 In the desired one's breast,  
 Nor ever feel the smooth  
 Touch of the shimmering vest.  
 No springtime shall come freighting  
 Its leaves with April's luck,  
 It withers in this waiting  
 For her who comes to pluck.

[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]

#### THE ANTHEM OF THE ISLAMIC COMMUNITY

China and Arabia are ours; India is ours.  
 We are Muslims, the whole world is ours.  
 God's unity is held in trust in our breasts.  
 It is not easy to erase our name and sign.  
 Among the idol temples of the world the first  
 is that house of God;<sup>5</sup>  
 We are its keepers; it is our keeper.  
 Brought up in the shadow of the sword, we  
 reached maturity;  
 The scimitar of the crescent moon is the  
 emblem of our community.  
 In the valleys of the west our call to prayer  
 resounded;  
 Our onward flow was never stemmed by  
 anyone.  
 We, oh heaven, are not to be suppressed by  
 falsehood!  
 A hundred times you have tested us.  
 Oh garden of Andalusia! Do you remember  
 those days,  
 When our nest was in your branches?  
 Oh waves of the Tigris! You also recognize us;  
 Your river still relates our story.  
 Oh land of purity! We fell and died for your  
 honour;  
 Our blood still courses through your veins.  
 The Lord of Hijaz is the leader of our  
 community;

<sup>5</sup> Matthews' translation of this line is flawed. The original rather means, "Among the temples of the world that first House of God," implying that many temples existed before Ka'bah but they were dedicated to deities other than God.



From this name comes the peace of our soul.  
Iqbal's song is like the bell of a caravan;<sup>6</sup>  
Once more our caravan measures the road.

[Translated by D.J. Matthews]

### PATRIOTISM

*As a Political Concept*

In this age the wine, the cup, even Jam is  
different  
The cup-bearer started different ways of grace  
and tyranny  
The Muslim also constructed a different  
harem of his own  
The Azar of civilization made different idols  
of his own  
Country, is the biggest among these new  
gods!  
What is its shirt is the shroud of Din  
This idol which is the product of the new  
civilization  
Is the plunderer of the structure of the Holy  
Prophet's Din  
Your arm is enforced with the strength of the  
Divine Unity  
You are the followers of Mustafa, your  
country is Islam  
You should show the old panorama to the  
world  
O Mustafaa's follower! You should destroy  
this idol  
The limitation to country results in  
destruction  
Live like the fish in the ocean free from  
country  
Renouncing the country is the way of the  
God's Beloved  
You should also testify to the Prophethood's  
Truth by similar action  
In political parlance country is something  
different  
In Prophet's command country is something  
different

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<sup>6</sup> "the bell of a caravan" — or, more correctly, "the call of the marching bell" (this is one of the few occurrences of the title phrase in the anthology itself).

The antagonism among world's nations is  
created by this alone  
Subjugation as the goal of commerce is  
created by this alone  
Politics have become bereft of sincerity is by  
this alone  
The destruction of the home of the weak is by  
this alone  
God's creation is unjustly divided among  
nations by it  
The Islamic concept of nationality is uprooted  
by it

### A PILGRIM ON HIS WAY TO MADINAH

The caravan has been robbed in wilderness  
and the destination is far  
The coast of this desolation, that is this dry  
ocean is far  
My fellow travelers became victims of the  
robbers' dagger  
The remaining ones turned back to Makkah in  
frustration  
How willingly this young man from Bokhara  
gave his life!  
In the poison of death he has found the taste  
of life!  
The robber's dagger was the Eid's crescent to  
him  
"Ah Yathrib" was within heart, *Tawhid's*  
slogan was on the lips  
Fear says, "Do not travel alone towards  
Yathrib"  
Longing says, "You are a Muslim, travel  
fearlessly"  
"Would I return to Makkah without paying  
homage?  
Would I not appear confidently before Lovers  
on the Judgment Day?  
The traveler through Hijaz' wilderness has no  
fear for life  
This secret is hidden in the emigration of the  
Holy Prophet  
Thought safety is in the companionship of the  
Syrian litter  
Pleasure of Love is in the heart-breaking  
affliction of danger  
Ah! How clever this timid Intellect is!

And the brave man's feeling how fearless is!

QAT`AH

Yesterday a desperate Lover was saying with  
wailing at the Prophet's tomb  
"The Egyptian and Indian Muslims dare  
destroying the Millat's foundation!  
These pilgrims to the West's sanctuary may  
fake our leadership  
What bond do we have with those who have  
remained unacquainted with you?  
Outrageous are these "self-seeking spiritual  
leaders",  
May God protect your Millat  
They are promoting their own glory by  
destroying the Muslims  
O Iqbal who would listen to you, the  
congregation has changed  
You are telling us these tales of the old in the  
new age.

*[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]*

THE COMPLAINT

Why should I choose the loser's role?  
Forbear to seek what gain I may?  
Nor think of what the morrow holds,  
But brood o'er woes of yesterday?  
    Why should my ears enraptured hear  
    The plaintive notes of Philomel?  
    Fellow-bard! a rose am I  
    To lose me in sweet music's swell?  
For I too have the gift of song  
Which gives me courage to complain,  
But ah! 'tis none but God Himself  
Whom I, in sorrow, must arraign!

I grant that we have earned repute  
As ever reconciled to Fate,  
But to Thee still a tale of pain  
I can no longer help narrate.  
    Though we may seem like voiceless  
    lyres,  
    Within, imprisoned anguish cries;  
    Its urge compels, and I obey,  
    Framing these plaintive melodies.  
Hear Thou, O God! these sad complaints  
From those of proven fealty;

From lips accustomed but to praise  
Hear Thou these words in blame of Thee!

From when eternal Time began,  
Thy Timeless Self had also been;  
But then no breeze its sweetness spread  
Though the Rose reigned the garden's queen.  
    Canst Thou, in justice, but confess,  
    O Lord! from whom all favours flow,  
    Had not the south wind toiled in love  
    The world Thy fragrance would not  
    know?

The glad travail we sought for Thee  
Rejoiced our souls and was our pride—  
Thinkst Thou the followers of Thy Friend  
Insanely spread Thy Truth so wide?

Before we came, how strange a sight  
Was this most beautiful world of Thine!  
For here to stones men bowed their heads,  
And there in trees did 'gods' enshrine!  
    Their unenlightened minds could seize  
    Nought else but what their eyes could  
    see,  
    Thou knowest, Lord, Thy writ ran not  
    —Man neither knew nor worshipped  
    Thee!

And canst Thou say that even once  
One of these did Thy name recite?  
It was the might of Muslim arms  
Fulfilled Thy task and gave them Light.

Yet once there lived the Seljuks here,  
Turanians too, and wise Chinese,  
Sasanians drew their breath and thrived  
In rose-perfumed Iranian breeze;  
    And elsewhere in Thy peopled world  
    The Greeks of Yunan held their sway,  
    While sons of Israel side by side  
    With Christian nations had their day.  
But which among these nations raised  
The sacred sword in holy fight,  
Self-consecrated to Thy cause,  
To set their crazy world aright?

'Tis we and we alone who thronged  
As warriors on Thy fields of fray,  
And now upon the land we fought  
And now upon the salt sea spray.  
    We made our Azan's call resound

Beneath proud spires in Western lands,  
And made that magic melody  
Thrill over Afric's burning sands.  
The pageantries of mighty kings  
To us were shows that mattered not,  
Beneath the shade of blades unsheathed  
In *Kalima* we glory sought.

Our only life was then to face  
The perils of Thy holy wars;  
To glorify Thy name we died,  
Adorned with hallowed battle scars.  
Not lust for power for our own sakes  
Our drawn-sword's playfulness  
inspired,  
Nor roamed we hand-in-glove with  
Death  
For worldly riches we desired.  
Our people, had they set their hearts  
On this world's riches or its gold,  
Not idol-breaking would have gone  
But idols would have bought and sold.

We stood our ground like rocks when once  
The foe had met our phalanx dread;  
Before our might the bravest quailed  
And, vanquished, from the battle fled.  
And those who offered Thee affront  
Our swift, relentless fury faced,  
Their mightiest arms we set at nought,  
Their insolence and pride abased.  
On all men's minds we set Thy seal,  
Thy *tawhid's* firm and sure impress—  
The selfsame message preached our lips  
When swords danced high in battle's  
stress.

Declare Thou whose fierce valour once  
Did Khyber's barriers overthrow?  
Or whose resistless might once laid  
Famed Caesar's proudest cities low?  
Who smashed to dust man's hand-  
wrought gods,  
Those things of straw and earth and  
clay?  
And who did unbelieving hosts  
To spread Thy name and glory slay?  
And who was it that quenched and cooled  
The fiery urns of fair Iran ?

And in that land did once again  
Revive the worship of Yazdan?

Among those nations, was there one  
Who craved Thee as we craved and sought?  
Or risked the perils of fell war  
That Thy Divinest will be wrought?  
Whose was that conquest-thirsty sword  
Which won and held the world in fee?  
And whose the *Takbeer*-sounding call,  
Which wakened all the world to Thee?  
Whose was the fateful wrath which made  
All idols shrink in terror just?  
"There is no god but God," they cried,  
As crumbling down they kissed the dust.

When worship's ordained hour was come,  
And furious raged the battle's fray,  
Those men of Hijaz, staunch in Thee,  
Facing Thy Ka'ba, bowed to pray.  
Mahmood the king and slave Ayaz,  
In line, as equals, stood arrayed,  
The lord was no more lord to slave:  
While both to the One Master prayed.  
Slave or slave's master, rich or poor,  
No sense of difference then felt,  
For each a brother was to each  
When in Thy Presence, Lord, they  
knelt.

And Thou dost know we went about  
At sunrise or when stars did shine,  
In banquet-halls of Time and Space,  
Like goblets, filled with *tawhid's* wine  
Both heights and lowlands we  
traversed to spread  
Thy message; O glad pain!  
Not even once, Thou knowest well,  
We strove against the world in vain.  
Not only land we bore Thy Word  
Glorious across the heaving seas,  
Upon our steed of zeal, we rode  
Unto their darkest boundaries!

We who removed from this world's book  
The leaves which were with falsehood  
stained,  
We who, from tyrant ignorance,  
The prisoned human race unchained,  
We who with myriad *sajdas* filled

Thy holy Ka'ba's hallowed shrine,  
Whose bosoms reverently held  
Thy great and glorious Book Divine—  
If our meed still the obloquy  
That we have shirked the Faithful's part,  
How then canst Thou make claim to be  
The kindly faith-compelling heart?

For there are those of other faiths  
Among whom many sinners,  
Some humble, others puffed with pride,  
Drunken in their effrontery;  
If some have vision, thousands are  
Of little worth, neglectful, worse;  
And millions upon millions live  
From Thy dear, glorious name averse.  
Yet see how still Thy bounties rain  
On roofs of unbelieving clans,  
While strikes Thy thunder-bolt the homes  
Of all-forbearing Mussalmans!

In idol-houses, hark! they say,  
"Behold, the Muslim star sinks low!  
How glad they are that now at last  
Thy Ka'ba's brave protectors go!  
They say, "The world is well rid now  
Of hymn-reciting camel-men,  
Their Quran folded in their arms,  
At last they hie them from our ken!  
Thus they rejoice who own Thee not;  
Yet still unmindful seemest Thou  
Of Thine own One-ness, Thy tawhid—  
Art Thou so unregarding now?

That ignorant men who lack the grace  
To ope their lips in conclave high  
Should have their coffers treasure-filled,  
Is not the burden of our sigh;  
But O, that this world's best should fall  
To unbelievers from Thy hand  
While we on promises are fed  
Of pleasures in a shadowy land!  
Where are those favours which Thou once  
Upon our grateful hearts didst pour?  
Why cherishest Thou not, O Lord,  
The Faithful as in days of yore?

Why from the bounties of this life  
The Faithful now no profit gain  
Though still Almighty Thou remainest

And limitless Thy means remain?  
If Thou but will, fountains can flow  
From barren desert and parched sands,  
And mirage-bound a traveller be  
While walking through green forest  
lands:

Yet foemen-taunted, grace-deprived,  
And poorest of the poor are we!  
Is this Thy recompense to those  
Who sacrifice their lives for Thee?

Thy world, how eagerly, today  
On strangers, all its grace bestows:  
For those who walk Thy chosen way  
A world of dreams its glamour throws!  
So be it then, so let us pass,  
Let other nations hold the sway—  
When we are gone, reproach us not  
That *tawhid* too has passed away!

We live here only that Thy Name  
May live here in men's minds enshrined;  
Can saki bid his last adieu  
And leave Love's cup and wine behind?

Thy court-yard empties. They depart  
Who came to worship and adore;  
The midnight's sighs, the dawn's lament,  
Now Thou wilt miss for evermore!  
They came, they gave their hearts to Thee,  
They had their recompense, and went.  
But hardly they had seated been  
When from Thy Presence they were sent!  
They came glad lovers, begging love;  
With future promise turned away:  
Go, shine Thy Beauty's lamp about  
And seek and win them if Thou may!

The love of Layla burneth still,  
And Majnun passion's yearning knows;  
In hill and valley of the Nejd  
The fleet gazelle still leaping goes;  
The soul of Love is still the same,  
Still, Beauty's magic charms enthrall,  
Thy Ahmad's feemen still abide;  
And Thou art there, the soul of all.

Then Stranger! why estranged today  
The bond of love 'twixt Thee and Thine?  
Upon the Faithful, O Unkind,  
Why frowns Thy eye of wrath Divine?

Did we forswear our faith to Thee?  
To Thy dear Prophet cease to cling?  
Of idol-breaking did we tire?  
Or take to idol-worshipping?  
    Or did we weary of Thy Love,  
    Or Thy Love's rapture ever shun?  
    Or turned we from the path which trod  
    Qaran's Owais and Salman?  
Thy *Takbeer's* unextinguished flame  
Within our hearts we cherish yet:  
Aethiop Belal's life, the star  
By which our own lives' course we set!

But even if a change hath been,  
And we in Love are less adept,  
Or out of resignation's path  
Our erring wayward feet have stept;  
    If, unlike trusted compasses,  
    Our souls respond not now to you,  
    And if to laws of faithfulness  
    Our roving hearts are now less true ;  
Must Thou too play the fickle flirt  
With us, with others, day by day,  
We cannot help the sinful thought  
Which shame forbids our lips to say.

Upon the peak of Mount Faran  
Thy glorious Faith Thou didst perfect—  
With one Divinest gesture drew  
A host of fervid first-elect;  
    Thy flaming Beauty filled the world  
    And set a myriad hearts on fire;  
    Then blew the quintessence of Love  
    In Man to passion's wild desire.  
Ah, why within our deadened hearts  
That holy flame today leaps not?  
Though still those burnt-out victims we  
Which once we were, hast Thou forgot?

Upon the dale of Nejd is stilled  
The clanging of the captive's chains;  
To glimpse the camel-litter, Qais  
No longer with his madness strains  
    The yearnings of the heart are dead,  
    The heart itself is cold; so we;  
    And desolation fills our house  
    For shines not there the Light of Thee.  
O blessed day when Thou shalt come,  
A thousand graces in Thy train

When by unbashful glad feet turn  
Towards our nesting-place again.

Beside the garden fountain now,  
Quaffing wine, strangers sit, alas!  
The cuckoo's note their ear regales  
And their hands hold the sparkling glass!  
    From all this garden's riot far,  
    Calm in a corner seated too,  
    Love-longing lunatics await  
    Thy frenzy-kindling breath of *hu!*  
The passion for the flame's embrace—  
Thy moths—ah, let them once more know;  
And bid Thy ancient lightning strike  
And set these ash-cold hearts aglow!

Towards the Hijaz turn again  
The straying tribe their bridle-strings!  
Lo, wingless soars the nightingale  
Aloft, upon its yearning's wings!  
    The fragrance in each blossom hid  
    Within the garden palpitates,  
    But with Thy plectrum wake its strings—  
    The lute that livening touch awaits!  
Yea, longs to break its prison's bounds  
The string-imprisoned melody;  
And yearning Sinai waits again  
To burn itself to dust in Thee

Resolve, O Lord! the travail sore  
Which this Thy chosen people tries,  
Make Thou the ant of little worth  
To Solomon's proud stature rise!  
    Bring Thou, O Lord, with our grasp  
    That most rare love for which we pray;  
    To India's temple-squatters teach  
    The truth of the Islamic way.  
Our hearts' desires, long unfulfilled,  
Unceasingly our life-blood drain;  
Our breasts, with thousand daggers pierced,  
Still struggle with their cry of pain!

The fragrance of the rose has borne  
The garden's secret far away—  
How sad it is, the traitor's role  
The garden's sweetest buds should play!  
    The bloom-time of the rose is done;  
    The garden-harp now shattered lies;  
    And from its perch upon the twig,  
    Away each feathered songster flies—

But yet there unaccompanied sits  
A lonely bulbul, all day long;  
Its throat a-throb with music still  
And pouring out its heart in song.

The darkening cypress sways no more;  
From shadowy nests its doves have fled;  
The withered blossoms droop and die,  
And all around their petals shed;  
    Those memoried, old garden walks  
    Of all their former pride lie shorn,  
    Despoiled of raiment green, each  
    branch  
    In nakedness now stands forlorn;  
Unmoved by passing seasons' change,  
The songster sits and sings alone:  
Would there were in this garden some  
Could feel the burden of its moan!

This life no more its joy retains,  
Nor even death can bring relief;  
'Tis sweet to sit alone and sigh  
And eat a sad heart out in grief.  
    Out from the mirror of my soul  
    What gems of thought now strive to  
    shine;  
    What visions splendid, dreams  
    sublime,  
    Arise within this breast of mine!  
But in this garden lives not one  
To see and hear, to feel and know:  
No tulip with its streak of pain,  
To sense my heart-blood's smarting flow.

May this sad bulbuls lonely song  
To grief each listening soul awake;  
The clangour of these rousing bells  
Make drowsy hearts their sleep forsake!  
    Let Faithful hearts re-plant their troth,  
    And forge afresh their bond Divine;  
    Let in the long-parched breast of each  
    The old thirst wake for sweet old wine!  
The blood of sweet Arabian vine  
O'erflows this wine-jar Ajamy,  
Although the singer sings in Ind,  
Of Hijaz is his melody.

*[Translated by Altaf Husain]*

## THE MOON

O moon! Your beauty is the dignity of creation  
Circumambulating the earthly sanctuary is  
    your old habit  
This something like a spot which appears on  
    your breast  
Are you someone's Lover? Is this the  
    Longing's scar?  
I am restless on the earth, you are impatient in  
    the sky  
You are also in search, I am also in search  
Man is the candle of the congregation which  
    is also yours  
The direction in which I am going is also your  
    destination  
The one you are searching for in the stars'  
    silence  
Perhaps is concealed in the commotion of life  
It is standing is the cypress tree, is sleeping in  
    the verdure  
Is singing in the nightingale, is silent in the  
    flower bud  
Come, I shall show you His luminous cheek  
In rivers' mirror, in dew's looking glass  
In forest, in mountains in everything only He  
    exists  
In the heart of Man, in your cheek only He  
    exists.

*[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]*

## THE NIGHT AND THE POET

### THE NIGHT

Why do you roam about in my moonlight,  
So worried,  
Silent as a flower, drifting like perfume?  
Perhaps you are a jeweller  
Dealing in the pearls that are called stars,  
Or are a fish that swims in my river of  
    light;  
Or a star that has fallen from my brow,  
And, having forsaken the heights,  
Now resides in the depths below.  
The strings of the violin of life are still;  
My mirror reflects life as it sleeps.  
The eye of the vortex too is sleeping  
In the depths of the river;

The restless wave hugs the shore and is still.  
The earth, so busy and bustling,  
Slumbers as though no one lived on it.  
But the poet's heart is never at peace—  
How did you elude my spell?

THE POET

I sow pearls in the soil of your moon;  
Hiding from men, I weep like dawn.  
I am reluctant to come out in the busy day,  
And my tears flow in the solitude of night.  
The cry pent up inside me,  
Whom should I get to hear it,  
And to whom can I show my burning  
desire?  
Lying on my chest the lightning of Sinai  
sobs:  
Where is the seeing eye—has it gone to  
sleep?  
My assembly-hall is dead like the candle at  
a grave.  
Alas, night! I have a long way to go!  
The winds of the present age are not  
favourable to it:  
It does not feel the loss it has suffered.  
The message of love,  
When I can no longer keep it to myself,  
I come and tell it to your shining stars.

*[Translated by Mustansir Mir]*

THE ASSEMBLY OF STARS

While setting, the sun threw at the dark-  
clothed evening  
Tulip flowers which it had collected from  
horizon's basin  
The twilight of evening put all ornaments of  
gold on it,  
Nature put off its entire set of silver  
ornaments  
The Layla of the night in the litter of silence  
arrived  
Started shining the beautiful pearls of the  
evening's bride  
Those living far from the commotion of the  
world  
Which Man calls "stars" in his own language

The sky's assembly was busy lighting up the  
sky  
From the `Arsh-i-Barin the call of an angel  
came  
"O sentinels of the night! O stars of the sky!  
The whole shining nation of yours inhabits  
the sky  
Start such music as may awaken all those  
sleeping  
The brightness of your forehead is guide for  
caravans  
The earth's denizens consider you the  
destiny's mirrors  
Perhaps they will listen to your call"  
Silence departed from this star-spangled  
expanse  
The sky's expanse was filled with this music  
The Eternal Beauty is produced in the stars'  
loveliness  
As the image of rose is in the looking glass of  
the dew  
To be afraid of the new ways, to insist on the  
old ones  
This is the only difficult stage in the life of  
nations  
This caravan of life is so fast moving  
Many a nation is trampled in whose race  
Thousands of stars are hidden from our eyes  
But their existence is also included in our  
group  
The earth's denizens did not understand in a  
whole life  
What has come in our comprehension in a  
short span of life  
All systems are established on mutual  
attraction  
This secret is concealed in the life of the stars"

STROLLING IN THE CELESTIAL WORLD

As only imagination was my fellow-traveler  
My path happened to pass through the sky  
I was flying constantly and no one  
Was acquainted with me in the sky  
The stars were staring at me in surprise  
My journey was a well guarded secret  
I escaped from the alternation of day and  
night

I escaped from this ancient order of things  
 What can I tell you what Paradise is  
 It is the climax of material longings  
 Birds were singing in the branches of Tubah  
 Unabashed Hourî's beauty was present all  
 around  
 Beautiful cup-bearers with wine-cups in hand  
 The audience was crying drink more and  
 more"  
 Far from the Paradise the eye observed  
 There was a dark house, cold and silent  
 Countenance of Qais and Layla's material  
 form  
 Were shoulder to shoulder with its darkness  
 It was so cold that being embarrassed by it  
 The Arctic Circle was concealing its face  
 When I inquired about its condition  
 The reply of the angel was strange  
 "This cold place is called Hell  
 It is deprived of fire and light  
 The heat of its flames which is borrowed  
 Terrifies the people seeking admonition  
 When the earth's people come here  
 They bring their embers with them"

#### ADVICE

One day by way of advice I said to Iqbal  
 Neither you fast nor are regular in prayers  
 You are also perfect in the ways of  
 hypocritical people  
 You pine for London in the heart but you talk  
 of Hijaz  
 Your lies are also based on what is  
 expediency  
 The manner of your flattery also is fully  
 miraculous  
 Your lecture ends on glorification of the  
 government  
 Your bright thought is the inventor of  
 methods of entreating  
 Officials' doors are also like Maqam-i-  
 Mahmud to you  
 Your designs are more interlocked than locks  
 of Ayaz' hair  
 Like other people you can also conceal  
 Secrets of self aggrandizement in your cloak  
 of din's service

You are seen in the mosque also on the Eid  
 day  
 Your heart is also softened by the sermon's  
 effect  
 You practice reading country's newspapers  
 also  
 Which are obligated to sing your repute's  
 songs  
 On top of all this you can also write verse  
 Your poetry's goblets are full of the wine of  
 Shiraz  
 Whatever are the attributes of leaders, you  
 have them all  
 Incumbent on you is rising and joining the  
 struggle  
 You are not afraid of hunters, as you have  
 wings also  
 Then why are you not inclined for flight?  
 "The end of our life is the cemetery  
 Presently raise tumult in the sky's vault"

#### RAMA

Overflowing with the wine of Truth is the cup  
 of India  
 All philosophers of the Western world have  
 acknowledged India  
 It is the result of the elegant thinking of  
 Indians  
 That higher than the sky is the position of  
 India  
 This country has had many people of angelic  
 disposition  
 On whose account world renowned is the  
 name of India  
 India is proud of the existence of Rama  
 Spiritual people consider him prelate of India  
 This alone is the miracle of this light of  
 righteousness  
 That brighter than world's morning is the  
 evening of India  
 He was expert in sword craft, was unique in  
 bravery  
 Was matchless in piety and in the enthusiasm  
 of love



### THE MOTOR CAR

How rightly Jogender said this yesterday  
"The car of Zulfiqar 'Ali Khan is so quiet  
Its elegant and graceful pace is not noisy  
Fast like lightning, like breeze it is quiet"  
I replied "This is not restricted to car  
In the path of life every fleet footed is quiet  
The bell is footless from its habit of lamenting  
The caravan of fragrance like zephyr is quiet  
The decanter always walks on embers due to  
gurgling  
But the nature of the gentle-moving wine-cup  
is quiet  
To the poet's thoughts the wings for flight are  
silence  
The wealth of the voice's warmth lies in  
silence"!

### THE HUMAN RACE

The sights of the garden may or may not be  
beautiful  
The narcissus, unable to act, forced to  
watching is!  
It does not appreciate the pleasure of  
movement  
The very nature of juniper devoid of longing  
is!  
Whatever is in the world is accustomed to  
submission  
Every power of Man busy in pressing for his  
Longing is!  
This speck remains incessantly ambitious of  
expansion  
Not a speck but perhaps the constricted  
wilderness he is  
If he wills he can change the face of the  
garden  
This entity wise, clear-sighted and powerful is

[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]

### ADDRESS TO THE MUSLIM YOUTH

Have ever you pondered, O Muslim youth,  
On deep and serious things?  
What is this world in which this *you*  
Is only a broken star?  
You came of a stock that nourishes you

In the close embracing of love,  
A stock that trampled under foot  
Dara who wore the crown.  
Civilization's grace they forged  
To a world-disposing law,  
Those folks that came from the Arab sands  
That cradled their camel-men.  
The simple life was the pride they had  
In their deeds of glorious show.  
How does the lovely face feel need  
Of rouge and mole and art?  
In pure plain life and in fear of God  
They lived their modest way.  
The rich man stood in no fear of the poor  
That he gives his wealth in fee.<sup>7</sup>  
In short, in words can I tell to you  
What were these desert men?  
Holders, Keepers, Saviours, Adorners  
Of what we call the world.  
If I should draw the sketch aright  
Limning the form in words,  
The vision I'd draw would be better far  
Than all your fancy paints.  
There is no standard by which to judge  
Yours and your father's worth.  
You utter words but they did deeds.  
They roamed: you stay at home.  
We have despoiled the inheritance  
That we from our fathers won.  
The heaven from the zenith has dashed it  
down  
And cast it on the ground.  
What is this weeping at ordered things  
That it is the affair of a day?  
Except the help of all-certain law  
The world has no other plan.  
But if those pearls of learning's lore,  
Those books our fathers wrote  
We see in Europe made scholar's joy,  
The heart is rent with grief.  
*Rich man<sup>8</sup>, behold the darkened day*

---

<sup>7</sup> "In pure plain life...wealth in fee." Sorley's translation of these lines is absurd. The original lines mean: Those God-fearing men held such pride even in poverty that the rich dared not give alms to the poor [without taking permission].

*Kinan's old man once knew,  
That the light of his eyes to Zuleikha's eyes  
Might bring the brightness of sight.*

[Translated by H.T. Sorley]

### THE EID CRESCENT

O the pride of Shawwal! O the fasting  
person's darling!  
Come! As Muslims were very anxiously  
waiting for you  
The message of Eid is written on your  
forehead  
Your evening is the preface to the dawn of  
pleasure  
You are the mirror of the history of Millat-i-  
Baidah  
O crescent! We are your lovers since a very  
long time  
The banner under whose shade we wielded  
our swords  
Under whose shade we used the blood of our  
enemies  
The companionship of this very banner is  
your destiny  
The Millat's honor is by your ever-increasing  
beauty  
Our nation is cherisher of friends, fidelity is  
your way  
This silvery shirt of yours is the propagator of  
love  
Look at the earth's habitation from your  
celestial apses!  
Look at the depth of our abode from your  
eminence!  
Look at the caravans and also look at their fast  
speed  
At the destitute traveler's estrangement with  
destination also look  
On sighting you we used to give charity  
lavishly  
O empty cup! Today at our indigence also  
look

---

<sup>8</sup> "Rich man..." It should be read "O Ghani!"  
(Sorley has mistakenly translated the name of the  
Kashmiri poet whose Persian couplet is quoted  
here. Ghani Kashmiri himself appears among the  
heroes in *A Message of the East* and *Javidnama*.)

Muslims are tightly bound in chains of  
sectarianism  
Look at your freedom and at their bondage  
also look  
In the mosque look at disintegration of the  
priest's love  
In the temple at the Brahman's strong idol-  
worship also look  
Look at the sight of the Muslim ways in the  
infidels' life  
And at your Muslims' tormenting other  
Muslims also look  
Be the spectator of the shower of rocks of  
misfortunes  
At the frailty of the Muslims Ummah's abodes  
also look  
Yes, look at the advance flattery of the  
'honorable' people  
And at the self-respect of the formerly  
shameless people also look  
Whom we got acquainted with the taste of  
eloquence  
At the haughty speech of that former  
speechless adversary look  
Listen to sounds of pleasurable orchestra in  
West's palaces  
And at the preparations for the mourning in  
Iran also look  
The imprudent Turk has torn the cloak of the  
Divine Khilafah  
Look at Muslims' simplicity at other's  
cunningness also look  
Look at everything, and remain quiet like a  
mirror  
In today tumult remain occupied in evening's  
music!

### THE CANDLE AND THE POET

(February 1912)

#### THE POET

Last night I said to the candle of my desolate  
house  
"Your hair gets combed by the wings of the  
moth  
In the world I am like the lamp of the  
wilderness' tulip

I am neither in an assembly's lot, nor in a  
house' fortune  
Since a long time I am also burning my breath  
like you  
Though I am circling the flame no moth has  
hit its wing  
Many an effulgence is crammed in my life of  
unfulfilled desires  
Not a single loving heart rises in this  
assembly  
From where have you acquired this world-  
illuminating fire?  
You have infused the love of Kalim in the  
poor insect"!

*The Candle*

"The blow of breath which gives me the  
message of death  
By the same blow of breath your lip is  
melodious  
I am alight because burning is built into my  
nature  
You are alight so that the moths may have the  
love of yours  
I am weeping because a flood gushes forth  
from my heart  
You shed dew so that garden's assembly may  
sing praises yours  
My morning is adorned with the roses from  
my night's toil  
Your tomorrow is unaware of the today of  
yours  
Though you are lightened you are devoid of  
the inner heat  
Like the lamp of the wilderness' tulip is the  
flame of yours  
Just think if cup-bearer's title is appropriate  
for you  
Assembly is thirsty and the wine-measure is  
empty of yours  
Your ways are different, the law of the Millat  
is different  
Your mirror has been disgraced by the ugly  
appearance of yours  
With the Ka'bah by your side you are  
temple's lover  
How rebellious is the irresponsible love of  
yours

That Qais be produced in your assembly is  
not possible  
Your wilderness is straitened, without Lailah  
is the litter of yours  
O brilliant pearl! O the one reared in the  
wave's lap  
Unacquainted with the taste of storms is the  
ocean of yours  
Why are you singing now? your garden is in  
disorder!  
Your singing is out of place, your music is out  
of season  
Those who were anxious for the Spectacle  
have departed  
Your coming now with general Sighting's  
promise matters little  
Those old ardent lovers of wine are gone from  
the assembly  
O cub-bearer! Your coming now in assembly  
with strong wine in the cup matters little  
Ah! When the rose garden's organization has  
already got disorganized  
If the flower got the message of spring breeze  
matters little  
The lover's condition was worth seeing at the  
night's end  
The Beloved's arrival early in the morning  
matters little  
Extinguished is the flame which was every  
moth's objective  
If some pursuer of perfect love came now it  
matters little  
The flowers do not care, you may or may not  
sing  
The caravan is callous, the bell may or may  
not ring  
If devoid of love's warmth you remained  
even as assembly's candle  
Your moths also unacquainted with this taste  
remained  
If you could string them together on the  
thread of Love  
Then why did the beads of your rosary  
scattered remain?  
Gone is the courageous Love, gone is the  
sublime thinking  
In your assembly neither the insane nor the  
sages remain

Gone is that burning of Love, gone is that  
 heart's pathos  
 What good it is if the moths round the candle  
 did remain?  
 Very well, the cup-bearer you may be, whom  
 will you serve wine  
 Now neither those wine-drinkers nor those  
 taverns did remain  
 Today a broken decanter is crying for the cup-  
 bearer  
 Whose goblets in circulation till yesterday did  
 remain  
 Today are silent those Love-cherishing  
 expanses  
 Where Layla and her lovers dancing did  
 remain  
 How disappointing! The caravan's wealth is  
 gone  
 The feeling of loss from caravan's heart is  
 gone  
 With whose activities the wilderness was once  
 flourishing  
 Their cities are wiped out, habitations  
 desolate have become  
 The prayers which established the grandeur  
 of Tawhid  
 Those prayers offerings to Brahman in India  
 have become  
 In this world ever-lasting comfort on laws'  
 observance depends  
 To the ocean wave freedoms prelude to  
 lamentation have become  
 The Manifestation Itself was longing for  
 whose eyes  
 Those eyes despaired of Aiman's light have  
 become  
 Thousands of nightingales were flying about  
 in the rose-garden  
 What happened to them that they confined to  
 the nests have become?  
 In the celestial expanse whose lightning  
 power was panoramic  
 Those lightning's satiated with the barn's  
 sides have become  
 Why should the blood letting eye ingratiated  
 to the rose garden be?  
 With continuous tears the eyes fully satiated  
 with embers have become

However, the grief's night gives the message  
 of 'Eid's morning  
 In the darkness of the night the ray of hope  
 has appeared  
 Glad tidings, O cup-bearer of the tavern of  
 Hijaz  
 After ages your rinds have regained  
 consciousness  
 Wealth of self-respect was the price for other's  
 wine  
 Now your shop is again full of calls for the  
 carousal  
 About to break is the magic of India's white  
 faced masters  
 Again the Sulaima's eye is the harbinger of  
 clamor's message  
 There is clamor again for cup-bearer to bring  
 the home-made wine  
 As the heart's uproars have been silenced by  
 the West's wine  
 Sing because this is not the time for silence  
 The dawn's sky is shouldering the sun like  
 decanter  
 Burn in sympathy with others and also make  
 others burn  
 Listen if you can, a bright Hadith has been  
 conveyed to you  
 Ancestors have said that poetry is a part of  
 prophethood  
 Yes, convey to the Millat the glad tidings of  
 the Messenger Angel!  
 Awaken the eye with the promise of the  
 Beloved's Sight  
 Bring the heart to life with the warmth of  
 speech's skill  
 Your love for indulgence became a robber of  
 courage  
 You were an ocean in wilderness, in garden a  
 brook you became  
 When you stood firm in your purity, you had  
 the nation also  
 Caravan of fragrance after leaving the rose  
 scattered became  
 The life of the drop has lessons of the secrets  
 of life  
 Sometimes pearl, sometimes dew, sometimes  
 tear it became  
 Obtain it from somewhere it is a great wealth

What good is life if the heart unaware of  
bosom became  
Your honor depended upon the organization  
of the Millat  
When this organization departed, disgraced  
world wide you became  
The individual is firm by nation's coherence,  
otherwise nothing  
The wave is only in the ocean, and outside it  
is nothing  
Keep the love concealed in your heart's veil  
still  
That is do not disgrace your wine like the  
decanter  
Pitch your tent in the Valley of Sinai like  
Kalim 1  
Make the Truth's flame destroyer of home's  
comfort  
The candle should also know the result of  
atrocities  
Make the moth's ashes restorer of the  
morning  
If you are self-respecting be not obliged to the  
cup-bearer  
In the ocean's midst turn the goblet up side  
down like the bubble  
No joy remains in the old mountains and  
wilderness  
Your love is new, you should create new  
wilderness  
If the destiny has destroyed you completely  
From downfall make a new rod like the seed  
Yes! Build your nest again on the same old  
branch  
Make the rose garden's residents martyrs of  
the song of intoxication  
In this garden be the nightingale's follower or  
rose' pupil  
Either be all complaint or do not produce any  
music  
Why are you silent in the garden like dew's  
retreat  
Open your lips, you are the music of the  
world's harp!  
Become somewhat acquainted with your own  
reality O farmer!  
The grain, the cultivation, the rain, as well as  
the produce you are

Ah! Whose search keeps you aimlessly  
wandering  
The path, the traveler, the guide, as well as  
the destination you are  
Why is your heart trembling with the fear of  
the storm?  
The sailor, the ocean, the boat, as well as the  
sea-shore you are  
Come and look some time in the lane of the  
torn collars  
Qais, Lailah, the wilderness as well as the  
litter on the camel you are  
Woe foolishness! You are in need of the cup-  
bearer  
The wine, the decanter, the cup-bearer, as  
well as the assembly you are  
Becoming a flame burn down the rubbish of  
Godlessness  
Why are you afraid of the falsehood? The  
destroyer of falsehood also you are  
O imprudent one! You are the essence of  
time's mirror  
The ultimate message of God in the world  
you are!  
O imprudent one! Be aware of your own  
reality as  
Though you are only a drop your reality is  
also like the boundless ocean  
Why are you imprisoned in the spell of poor  
resources  
Just look, concealed in you is also the storm's  
power!  
Your breast is custodian of the love's message  
of the one  
Who is Apparent as well as Hidden in the  
universe' system  
What conquers the whole world without  
sword and gun  
If you understand the material is also in your  
mettle  
O indolent One! Do you remember that  
covenant also?  
On which Mount Faran till now is a silent  
witness  
O ignorant one! Only you became contented  
with some flower buds  
Otherwise in the rose-garden there is also  
cure for the receiver's small capacity!

The heart's state is produced in the speech's  
curtain  
In decanter's veil the wine is apparent as well  
as veiled  
My fiery music has burnt me down  
And this is the very means of my life!  
Look into my breast for the secret of this fiery  
music  
Look into heart's mirror for destiny's  
manifestation!  
The sky will shine mirror-like with the  
morning's light  
And the night's darkness will be speeding  
away!  
The spring breeze will be so melody inspiring  
That flower-bed's silent fragrance will become  
melodious!  
The garden's afflicted ones will unite with  
other afflicted ones  
The zephyr will become companion of the  
rose' assembly!  
My gentle spray of dew will produce warmth  
and music  
Every flower-bud of this garden will become  
appreciative of pathos!  
You will see the result of the glory of the  
river's flow  
The restless wave itself will become its ankle's  
chain!  
The hearts will again recall the message of  
prostrations  
The foreheads will become acquainted with  
the Harem's dust  
The hunter's wailing will give material for the  
birds' singing  
Colored with flower-picker's blood the  
flower-bud will become  
Whatever the eye is seeing cannot be  
described by the lips  
I am lost in amazement as to what the world  
will become!  
The night will eventually disappear by sun's  
appearance!  
This garden will be filled with the Light of  
Tawhid!

[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]

MUSLIM

(June 1912)

Every breath you draw, Iqbal,  
Is laden with sighs;  
Your smouldering breast is filled with lament.  
The lute of your heart has no song of hope:  
Your litter, we believe, has not his Layla.  
Your ears seek the sound of a song  
That has been sung and is no more,  
Your heart is unconcerned  
With the commotion of the present.  
Your fellow-singers of the garden  
Would not hear the tale of the rose:  
The assembly would not listen  
To your message of old.  
Quiet, O bell of the numb-footed caravan!  
Your voice causes much despair—quiet!  
It cannot be brought back to life,  
The assembly of olden times;  
Yesternight cannot be lit up with candles.

I am a Muslim, my friend  
A bearer of the message of *tawhid*  
And a witness since eternity to that truth!  
To *tawhid* is due the warm beat  
Of the pulse of the existents;  
From it, too, the boldness  
In the Muslim's thought.  
It is for the sake of this truth  
That God created the world,  
And to guard that truth He created me.  
It was I who abolished  
The worship of falsehood—  
I, indeed, who proved to be  
The protector of the laws of existence.  
My existence is a robe  
That covers the nakedness of the world:  
To destroy me would be  
A disgrace to mankind!  
Of the fate of the world,  
The Muslim is the shining star—  
One whose brilliance puts to shame  
The spell cast by dawn.  
The secrets of life are exposed to my view:  
I cannot be said to have despaired  
Of waging the struggle of life.  
How can I be frightened

By the transient scene of sorrow?  
I believe in the destiny of my Community!  
Of the element of despair my life is free:  
The heat of the battle  
Gives notice of complete victory.  
Yes, my eyes are fixed on the age gone by,  
And to the assembly I tell  
The same old story.  
To the dust of my being is elixir  
The memory of the bygone age.  
My past is the exegesis of my future;  
I keep in view that exciting age—  
In the mirror of the past I see the future.

[Translated by Mustansir Mir]

#### BEFORE THE PROPHET'S THRONE

Sick of this world and all this world's tumult  
I who had lived fettered to dawn and sunset,  
Yet never fathomed the planet's hoary laws,  
Taking provisions for my way set out  
From earth, and angels led me where the  
Prophet  
Holds audience, and before the mercy-seat.  
'Nightingale of the gardens of Hijaz! each bud  
Is melting,' said those Lips, 'in your song's  
passion-flood;  
Your heart forever steeped in the wine of  
ecstasy,  
Your reeling feet nobler than any suppliant  
knee.  
But since, taught by these Seraphim to mount  
so high,  
You have soared up from nether realms  
towards the sky  
And like a scent comes here from the orchards  
of the earth—  
What do you bring for us, what is your  
offering worth?'  
'Master! there is no quiet in that land of time  
and space,  
Where the existence that we crave hides and  
still hides its face;  
Though all creation's flowerbeds teem with  
tulip and red rose,  
The flower whose perfume is true love—that  
flower no garden knows.

But I have brought this chalice here to make  
my sacrifice;  
The thing it holds you will not find in all your  
Paradise.  
See here, oh Lord, the honour of your people  
brimming up!  
The martyred blood of Tripoli, oh Lord, is in  
this cup.'

[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]

#### THE HOSPITAL OF HIJAZ

A leader of the nation once said to Iqbal  
"A hospital is about to open in Jeddah for  
Hijaz  
Every speck of your dust becomes restless  
As you hear from somebody the tale of Hijaz  
Move your hand of Love towards your pocket  
You are world famous as the lover of Hijaz  
The hospital in the suburbs of Batha is needed  
In the hands of 'Isa the patient's pulse is  
needed"  
I said "Life lies in the veil of death  
As the Truth lies veiled in metaphors  
What the Lover has obtained in the position  
of death  
Khizr could not obtain in the wine of eternal  
life  
Sir, convey this message of life to others  
I am searching for death in the land of Hijaz  
Why have you brought the message of cure?  
What concern do Lovers have with the  
Masiha."

[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]

#### THE ANSWER TO THE COMPLAINT

When passion streaming from the heart  
Turns human lips to lyres,  
Some magic wings man's music then,  
His song with soul inspires;  
Man's words are sacred then, they soar,  
The ears of heaven they seek,  
From dust those mortal accents rise,  
Immortals hear them speak;  
So wild and wayward was my Love,  
Such tumult raised its sighs,  
Before its daring swiftly fell

The ramparts of the skies.  
 The skies exclaimed in wonderment,  
 "Some one is hiding here,"  
 The wheeling Planets paused to say,  
 "Seek on the highest sphere."  
     The silver Moon said, "You are wrong,  
     Some mortal it must be,"  
     The Milky Way too joined converse,  
     "Here in our midst is he."  
 Rizwan alone, my plaintive voice  
 Began to recognise,  
 He knew me for a human who  
 Had lost his Paradise.

And even the Angels could not tell  
 What was that voice so strange,  
 Whose secret seemed to lie beyond  
 Celestial wisdom's range.  
     They said, "Can Man now roving come  
     And reach these regions high?  
     That tiny speck of mortal clay,  
     Has it now learnt to fly?  
 How little do these beings of earth  
 The laws of conduct know;  
 How coarse and insolent they are,  
 These men who live below.

So great their insolence indeed,  
 They dare even God upbraid!  
 Is this the Man to whom their bow  
 The Angels once had made?  
     Of Quality and Quantity  
     He knows the secrets, true—  
     The ways of humbleness as well  
     If he a little knew!  
 That they alone are blest with speech  
 How proud these humans be,  
 Yet, ignorant, they lack the art  
 To use it gracefully."

Then spake a Voice Compassionate:  
 "Thy tale enkindles pain,  
 Thy cup is brimming full with tears  
 Which thou couldst not contain  
     Even High Heaven itself is moved  
     By these impassioned cries;  
     How wild the heart which taught thy lips  
     Such savage melodies!  
 Its grace yet makes this song of thine

A song of eulogy;  
 A bridge of converse thou hast formed  
 'Twixt mortal man and Me!

Behold, my hands arc full of gifts,  
 But who comes seeking here?  
 And how shall I the right road shew  
 When there's no traveller?  
     My loving care is there for all,  
     If deserved but by few!  
     Not this the clay from which I can  
     An Adam's shape renew!  
 On him who merits well I set  
 The brightest diadem,  
 And those who truly questing come,  
 A new world waits for them.

Apostate hearts and palsied hands  
 Your earthly lives debase,  
 You all, to your great Prophet, are  
 Bringers of deep disgrace;  
     Those idol-breakers all have gone,  
     You idolaters are,  
     Abraham was the father, you  
     His sons, are but Azar;  
 Now stranger bands carousal hold,  
 Strange are both cup and wine,  
 A strange new Ka'ba you have reared,  
 Strange idols oh its shrine!

The tulip of the wilds once reigned  
 The queen of blossom-time:  
 In this once lay the quintessence  
 Of loveliness sublime.  
     Once every true-born Mussalman  
     By Allah set his store,  
     This fickle-hearted courtesan  
     Even you did once adore!  
 Go, seek some constant mistress now,  
 To her a new bond sign,  
 Muhammad's universal creed  
 To narrow bounds confine!

To pray to me at break of day  
 You now an ordeal deem,  
 Your morning slumber sweeter far—  
 Yet *you* would faithful seem!  
     The hardships of the fast oppress  
     Your natures—now grown free;  
 Such are your ways and you still would



Protest your love for me!  
Unto a nation faith is life,  
You lost your faith and fell,  
When gravitation fails, must cease  
Concourse celestial.

You love your homes the least among  
The nations of the earth,  
You are the most incompetent  
In knowledge and in worth;  
    You are a barn where lightning stays,  
    Where ruin idle lies,  
    Ancestral coffins long entombed  
    Your only merchandise;  
In turning graves to profit, you  
Have proved yourselves adept;  
Should idol-trading offer gain  
Of course you would accept.

Whose striving, from this world of mine,  
Its falsehoods did efface?  
Whose toil, from age-old ignorance  
Set free the human race?  
    And whose the brows whose worship  
    filled  
    My Ka'ba's hallowed shrine?  
    Or whose the breasts which fondly held  
    My 'glorious Book Divine'?  
These were your great progenitors;  
You lack their brain and brawn;  
You sit and wait in slothful ease  
For every morrow's dawn.

And did you say, for Muslims I  
Mere promises dispense?  
Unjust laments at least should show  
Some spark of commonsense.  
    Eternal is the Law of God  
    And Justice is its name,  
    Should infidels like Muslims live  
    The meed shall be the same.  
Not one among you seeks in truth  
To come at bliss through me  
Still the Light Sinai's mount illumines—  
No Moses there to see.

Your nation's weal, your nation's woe,  
In common you all share,  
Your Prophet and your creed the same,  
The same Truth you declare;

And one your Ka'ba, One your God,  
And one your great Quran;  
Yet, still, divided each from each,  
Lives every Mussalman.

You split yourselves in countless sects,  
In classes high and low;  
Think you the world its gifts will still  
On such as you bestow?

Who now forgetfully neglect  
My Rasool's Law sublime?  
And whose lives write them clearly down  
As servers of the time?

    To whom now other customs seem  
    Far nobler than their own?  
    By whom your great forefathers' ways  
    Once followed, are forsworn?

Your hearts are now of longing void,  
Your souls now know no zeal,  
You heed no more that message great  
Which Ahmad did reveal.

If any fasting's hardship bear,  
It is the poor, today;  
If worship's echoes ring in mosques,  
It is the poor who pray;  
    It is the humble and the poor  
    Who still my name esteem,  
    Theirs is the word, theirs is the deed,  
    Yours the shame they redeem.  
The rich are drunk with wine of wealth,  
Their God they hardly know,  
It is because the poor yet live  
That wells of Faith still flow.

That judgment ripe is no more theirs  
Who play your preachers' role,  
Nor kindling accents from their lips,  
Reveal the flaming soul.  
    Azan yet sounds, but never now  
    Like Bilal's, soulfully;  
    Philosophy, convictionless,  
    Now mourns its Ghazzali,  
Untrod by praying feet, the mosques  
Lament their emptiness,  
For gone are those exemplars great  
Of Arab godliness

'Tis said: "The Muslims quit this world,  
Their days are on the wane," —

The Muslims died out long ago;  
Such a lament is vain.  
    From Christians you have learnt your  
    style,  
    Your culture from Hindus;  
    How can a race as Muslims pass  
    Who shame even the Jews?  
You are known as Syed, and Mughal,  
You call yourselves Pathan;  
But can you truly claim as well  
The name of Mussalman?  
The Muslim was sincere of speech,  
Of fear his voice was free;  
Just, staunch, he scorned the slightest breath  
Of partiality.  
    In nature, like a tree, kept fresh  
    By modesty most rare,  
    Yet braver than the bravest he,  
    Intrepid past compare.  
Like wine, upon the drinker's lips,  
His joy, in losing, lay;  
As the cup pours its liquor out,  
He poured his 'self' away.

What the knife is to cankerous growths,  
To all untruth was he,  
His actions, in life's mirror shone  
Like light, vibrantly.  
    If he was confident of aught,  
    It was his right arm's might,  
    He feared but God, while thoughts of  
    death  
    Your craven souls affright.  
When sons, lacking their fathers' worth,  
Are neither skilled nor sage,  
With what deserving can they claim  
Their fathers' heritage?

The love of ease, like fumes of wine  
Makes sots of you today,  
How dare you pass as Mussalmans?  
That is not Islam's way?  
    Nor Usman's treasure-chest you own,  
    Nor Ali's empty bowl,  
    With spirits of such great forbears,  
    What kinship has your soul?  
The honoured of their times, they lived,  
For theirs was true *iman*,  
You live disgraced, as having left

The paths of Al-Quran.  
You roll the eye of mutual wrath,  
Their eye was ever kind;  
You err, for errors look, while they  
Were generously blind.  
    Aspiring for the Pleiades,  
    How simple it all seems!  
    But let there first be hearts like theirs,  
    To justify such dreams.  
They reigned upon the Chinese throne,  
They wore the Persian crown:  
Where is that honour that they knew —  
Words are your whole renown.

They fought for honour, self-respect,  
Yours the self-slayer's knife,  
You shun the ties of brotherhood  
They cherished more than life.  
    You can but weave the web of words,  
    They did their deeds of might:  
    You pine after a bud: they basked  
    In gardens flower-bright.  
The world remembers still the tales  
Which hymn their bravery,  
And in their storied book of life  
Shines their sincerity.

Upon your nation's sky you rose  
Like stars of brilliant hue,  
The lure of India's idols made  
Even Brahmans out of you;  
    Drawn by the wander-lust, you went  
    A-roving 'from your nests:  
    Slothful in good, your youth next learnt  
    To doubt their faith's behests;  
    'Enlightenment' ensnared you all,  
    And all your 'fetters' fell,  
    The land of Ka'ba you forsook,  
    In idol-land to dwell!

If longing Qais roams no more,  
But seeks the town again,  
Leaving the lonely desert wastes  
To share tile life of men,  
    Qais is mad: what if he dwells  
    In town or wilderness?  
    Yet from him Layla must not veil  
    Her face in bashfulness!  
Complain ye not of heart unkind

Nor speak of tyranny!  
When Love no bondage knows, then why  
Should Beauty not be free?

Each stack and barn it sets on fire,  
This lightning-like New Age,  
Nor bowling wild nor garden gay  
Escapes its flaming rage;

    This new fire feeds on fuel old, —  
    The nations of the past,  
    And they too burn to whom was sent  
    God's Messenger, the last.

But if the faith of Abraham  
There, once again, is born,  
Where leaps this flame, flowers will bloom,  
And laugh its blaze to scorn.

Yet, let the gardener not be sad  
To see the garden's plight,  
For soon its branches will be gay  
With buds, like stars of light;

    The withered leaves and weeds will pass,  
    And all its sweepings old;  
    For there, again, will martyr-blood  
    In roses red unfold.

But look! a hint of russet hue,  
Brightening the eastern skies,  
The glow on yon horizon's brow,  
Heralds a new sunrise.

In Life's old garden nations lived  
Who all its fruits enjoyed,  
While others longed in vain, while some  
The winter blasts destroyed;

    Its trees are legion; some decay,  
    While others flush with bloom,  
    And thousands still their birth await,  
    Hid in the garden's womb;

A symbol of luxuriance,  
The Tree of Islam reigns,  
Its fruits achieved with centuries  
Of garden-tending pains.

Thy robe is free from dust of home,  
Not thine such narrow ties,  
That Yousuf thou, who Canaan sweet,  
In every Egypt lies;

    The *qafila* can ne'er disperse

Thou holdest the starting bells<sup>9</sup>  
Nought else is needed, if thy will  
Thy onward march impels.

Thou candle-tree! thy wick-like root,  
Its top with flame illumines,  
Thy thought is fire, its very breath  
All future care consumes.

And thou shalt suffer no surcease  
Should Iran's star decline,  
'Tis not the vessel which decides  
The potency of wine;

    'Tis proved to all the world, from tales  
    Of Tartar conquerors,  
    The Ka'ba brave defenders found  
    In temple-worshippers.

In thee relies the bark of God,  
Adrift beyond the bar,  
The new-born age is dark as night,  
And thou its dim pole-star.

The Bulgars march! the fiend of war  
In fearful fury breathes;  
The message comes: "Sleepers, awake!  
The Balkan cauldron seethes."

    Thou deemest this a cause of grief,  
    Thy heart is mortified;  
    But nay, thy pride, thy sacrifice,  
    Thus, once again, are tried.

Beneath thy foes if chargers neigh?  
Why tremblest thou in fright?  
For never, never, shall their breath  
Extinguish Heaven's light.

Not yet have other nations seen  
What thou art truly worth,  
The realm of Being has need of thee  
For perfecting this earth.

    If aught yet keeps world alive,  
    'Tis thine impetuous zeal,  
    And thou shalt rise its ruling star,  
    And thou shalt shape its weal.

This is no time for idle rest,  
Much yet remains undone;  
The lamp of *tawhid* needs thy touch  
To make it shame the sun!

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<sup>9</sup> 'Starting bells...' Or the 'marching bells' — The expression in Urdu is the same as the title of the anthology.

Thou art like fragrance in the bud,  
 Diffuse thyself: be free.  
 Perfume the garden breeze, and fill  
 The earth with scent of thee.  
     From dusty speck, do thou increase  
     To trackless desert-main.  
     From a faint breeze, a tempest grow,  
     Become a hurricane!  
 Raise thou, through Love, all humble  
 To greatness and to fame;  
 Enlighten thou the groping world  
 With dear Muhammad's Name.

If this fair flower blossom not,  
 The bulbul will not sing,  
 Nor rose-buds make the garden smile  
 Welcoming in the spring;  
     If he is not the saki, then  
     Nor jar nor wine will be,  
     Nor in this world will *tawhid* shine,  
     Nor thy heart beat in thee;  
 Yonder ethereal skyey tent,  
 This great name still sustains,  
 And dancing to its music, flows  
 The blood in Life's own veins.  
 'Tis in the forests and the hills,  
 And on the tranquil plains,  
 On the seas, in the arms of waves,  
 In roar of hurricanes;  
     A music heard in China's towns,  
     Morocco's desert-song,  
     And hid within each Muslim's heart  
     It makes his faith grow strong.  
 Let all the peoples of the world  
 See till the end of time,  
 How I have made this glorious name  
 Beyond all thought sublime!

That pupil of the eye of Earth,  
 Soil only dark men tread,  
 That region where have always been  
 Your martyrs born and bred,  
     That land upon the hot sun's lap,  
     That land of *al-hilal*,  
     Which lovers fondly love to call  
     The land of their Bilal,—  
 Is all a-quiver with this Name,  
 Like trembling mercury,  
 Like pupils dark, in pools of light,

It swims perpetually!  
 Thy shield be wisdom, be thy sword  
 The flaming Love Divine,  
 My fond *dervish!* dost thou not know  
 That all the world is thine?  
     All else but God is at thy feet,  
     If sounds thy *Takbeer* great;  
     If thou a Muslim truly art,  
     Thy effort is thy fate.  
 To my Muhammad be but true,  
 And thou hast conquered me;  
 The world is nought: thou shalt command  
 My Pen of Destiny.

[Translated by Altaf Husain]

### THE CUP-BEARER

Everyone knows how to throw down people  
 with intoxicants  
 The fun is to convert the intoxicated one to  
 sanity, O cup-bearer  
 Those who were the old wine-drinkers are  
 gradually departing  
 Bring the water of immortality from  
 somewhere, O cup-bearer  
 Your whole night has passed in tumult and  
 clamor  
 The dawn is close remember God, O cup-  
 bearer!

### EDUCATION AND ITS CONSEQUENCES

(*Tadmin Bar Shi'r-i-Mullah 'Arshi - Based on a  
 verse of Mullah 'Arshi*)

Though we also are happy with the progress  
 of the young  
 But some complaint from the happy lips also  
 comes with it  
 We had thought education would bring  
 economic freedom  
 We did not know that atheism would also  
 come with it  
 Though Shirin did honor Parviz with her  
 presence  
 But she brought the ax of Farhad also with her  
 Let us take the seed afresh in our hand and  
 use it anew

We are ashamed to reap what would come  
out from whatever we sowed

### CLOSENESS TO KINGS

The distinction between the ruler and the  
ruled cannot disappear  
The beggar cannot have the audacity of being  
equal to the king  
In the world adoration of the master is the  
climax of devotion  
"Seek the pleasure of the master and have the  
beautiful tunic"  
But if you aim to have the good pleasure of  
the ruler  
You will have the title of self-seeker and anti-  
national  
The old way has thousands of difficulties  
In the new principle the lap is free of worries  
The real joy comes by passing one's life like  
this  
"Thousand words in the mouth and have  
silent lips"  
This principle alone is the mainstay of  
peaceful existence  
"The recluse beggar you are, O Hafiz make no  
clamor"  
But "If you are inclined to clamor let us begin  
"Grasp holy wine, then drink it to the harp's  
tune"  
Join the assemblies of the rich, the minister  
and the king  
Smash to pieces conscience' goblet with  
greed's stone  
However, listen to the message of the Saint of  
Shiraz also  
That this is the secret of the conscience seller's  
closet  
"Light of effulgence is the king's brilliant  
opinion  
If you want his closeness try to have clean  
intention"

### THE POET

The melodious brook is coming down from  
the mountain  
After drinking red wine from the tavern's  
spring

Just listen to the message of the ecstatic  
stroller  
Only he is living who unconcerned with  
resting is  
In the valleys the cloud's elegant daughter is  
roaming  
Exhibiting her love for the greenery of the  
meadow is  
Stealing away the cup of wine from  
mountain's tavern  
Passing throughout ups and downs suckling  
the fields is  
If the affectionate poet also exhibits the truth  
Life's cultivation greens up from his bountiful  
ways  
Khalil's glory is evident from his verse  
When his nation exhibits the Azar's ways  
For earth's inhabitants is the recipe of eternal  
life  
The literature which is nurtured in sincere  
ways  
If the book of literature's wine in the world's  
garden does not exist  
The flower, the bud, the verdure, even the  
garden will not exist

### THE GOOD NEWS OF THE DAWN

(1912)

When the dawn full of action arrives from the  
east  
The silence marches off from the stage of life  
The quietude of nature's congregation ends at  
last  
Everything presents evidence of its life at last  
The birds warble on getting the message of  
life  
In the garden flowers also put on the robe of  
life  
O sleeping Muslim get up! You also engaged  
in action be  
Look, the horizon has brightened up, you also  
busy in urgent tasks be  
In the universe's expanse a traveler like the  
sun be  
So that the sky not producing these spots of  
clouds be

Pulling the dagger of sun's ray get busy again  
in the fight  
Again teacher of escape's rules to falsehood's  
darkness be  
You are head to foot Light, manifestation  
makes you happy  
And after being manifest spreading out is  
incumbent on you  
Yes! On being manifest become lightning to  
the bat's eye  
O hidden mystery of the heart of universe  
manifest be!

*[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]*

### PRAYER

Lord, fill the Muslim's heart  
With a desire so fervent  
That it will set his heart aflame  
And stir his soul.  
Light up again every speck of dust  
In the Valley of Faran.  
Make us long again for beautiful sights,  
And create in us the urge to make demands.  
Give piercing vision  
To those deprived of sight,  
And show to others what I have seen.  
Lead the stray gazelle back to the Sanctuary.  
It has grown used to the city -  
Give it back the vastness of the desert.  
Stir up again the ruins of the heart  
With a commotion like judgment Day.  
Let this empty litter once again seat  
A sweetheart - a Layla!  
In the darkness of this age give  
To every troubled heart  
Scars of love that would shame the moon.  
Let the goals be as high as the Pleiades.  
Give us the calm and poise of the shore,  
But the freedom of the sea.  
Let love be selfless  
And truth fearless;  
Let our breasts be flooded with light-  
Make our hearts clear as crystal.  
Enable us to foresee the calamity that is  
coming;  
In the midst of today's upheaval  
Give us a vision of tomorrow.

I am a nightingale making my lament,  
I am from a garden which has been ravaged.  
I wish that my prayer would have effect—  
Give to a beggar, bounteous Lord!

*[Translated by Mustansir Mir]*

### IN RESPONSE TO THE REQUEST FOR WRITING A POEM ON 'EID

In the Shalamar Garden a yellowed leaf was  
saying  
"Gone is that spring of which the confidante I  
am  
The garden's visitors should not trample me  
down  
The memory of the branch of their own nest I  
am"  
This tiny little leaf made the heart restless  
One coming into the garden complete  
mourner of spring I am  
In the autumn I am crying in remembrance of  
the spring  
How can I get the happiness of Eid as grief-  
stricken I am  
Devastated have become the olden days'  
taverns  
A memorial of the olden days' wine drinkers I  
am  
It gives the message of pleasure and  
happiness to us!  
The crescent of Eid is making fun of us!

*[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]*

### FATIMA BINT ' ABDULLAH

Fatima, you are the pride  
Of the Community -God bless it!  
Your dust is holy, every particle of it.  
You, houri of the desert,  
Were fated to win such merit!  
To give the soldiers of Islam water to drink  
Was to be your good fortune.  
A *jihad* in the way of God,  
Waged without sword or shield!  
What courage the love of martyrdom gives!  
O that in our autumn-stricken garden  
There were flower-buds like this!  
O that a spark like this, dear Lord,  
Could be found in our ashes!

In our desert many deer still hide!  
And in the spent clouds  
Many flashes of lightning still lie dormant!  
Fatima, though our grieving eyes  
Weep tears like dew over you,  
Our dirge is also a celebration song.  
How thrilling is the dance of your dust,  
Every atom of which is charged with life.  
There is stirring in your quiet grave:  
Within it a new nation is being reared.  
Though I know nothing of the range of its  
ambition,  
I see them spring to life from this tomb.  
New stars are appearing in the sky above,  
Stars whose rolling waves of light  
Have not been seen by the eyes of man;  
Stars just risen out of the dark dungeon of  
time,  
Stars whose light is not hostage to day and  
night;  
Stars whose radiance is both old and new,  
And partakes of the splendour  
Of the star of your destiny too.

*[Translated by Mustansir Mir]*

#### THE DEW AND THE STARS

One night the stars said to the dew:  
'Every morning you get to see new sights.  
Who knows how many worlds you have seen!  
You have seen the traces left behind by those  
Who once flourished but then perished.  
Venus has heard this news from an angel:  
Far, far from the heavens is the city of men.  
Tell us the story of that beautiful realm  
Which is serenaded by the moon.  
'Do not ask me, stars, about the garden of the  
world;  
It is no garden, but a town filled with sighs  
and screams.  
The west wind arrives there, only to leave  
again;  
The poor bud blooms, but only to Wither.  
How do I describe to you  
The bud that brightens the garden—  
It is a tiny flame with no heat!  
The rose cannot hear the nightingale's cry,  
Or pick up pearls from the fold of my hem.

The songbirds are captive—what an outrage!  
Thorns grow in the rose's shadow-what an  
outrage!  
The eyes of the ailing narcissus are never dry.  
The heart longs to see, but the eyes are blind.  
The ardour of its complaint has burnt the tall  
tree's heart;  
The tree is a captive, and is free only in name.  
The stars - in the language of men - are sparks  
struck by human sighs;  
In the language of gardens, I am the sky's  
tears.  
It is foolish how the moon circles the earth—  
It believes that the earth will heal the scar in  
its heart!  
The world is a cottage built in the air—  
A picture of lament drawn on the canvas of  
space.'

*[Translated by Mustansir Mir]*

#### THE SIEGE OF ADRIANOPOLE

When the struggle between Truth and  
falsehood began in Europe  
The Truth was compelled on wielding the  
dagger  
The dust of the Cross circled round the  
Crescent  
Shakree became besieged in the fortress of  
Adrianople  
Provisions of Muslim soldiers became  
exhausted  
The face of hope from the eye became  
concealed  
At last by the Turkish army commander's  
orders  
"Martial Law" was proclaimed the law of the  
city  
Everything was transferred to the army  
camp's store  
The eagle became beggar for the grain of the  
sparrow  
But when the Faqih of the city heard this  
news  
He exploded with anger like the thunderbolt  
of Tur  
"Dhimmi's" wealth is forbidden for the  
Muslim army"

This edict was published throughout the  
whole city  
The army would not touch the Jews' and  
Christians' wealth  
The Muslim became compelled by the  
Command of God!

### GHULAM QADIR RUHILAH

How cruel, tyrant and vindictive the Ruhilah  
was  
He blinded the Mughal Emperor with the  
point of his dagger  
The tyrant ordered members of the royal  
household to dance  
This tyranny was no less than the Judgment  
Day's signal  
For the delicate ladies of the royal household  
it was  
Utterly impossible to comply with this  
shameless order  
Ah! The merciless one made them the means  
of pleasure  
Whose beauty had been veiled from sun's,  
moon's and stars  
The feeble hearts were throbbing, the feet  
were forced to move  
A river of blood was flowing from the wet  
eyes of the princesses  
For some time his eyes remained thus  
absorbed in seeing  
In confusion he freed his head from the load  
of Mighfar  
He untied the deadly, fire-spitting sword  
from the waist  
Whose sharpness was a source of  
luminescence to the stars  
He put the dagger in front, and lied down in  
some thought  
Sleep was demanding rest from the red eyes  
so to say  
The water of sleep extinguished the embers of  
his eyes  
The tyrant's sight became ashamed of the  
painful spectacle!  
He got up and started saying this to Taimur's  
household

"You should have no complaint against your  
fate"  
My sleeping in the couch was a mere show,  
an affectation  
Because stupor is foreign to the dignity of  
fighters  
It was my intention that some daughter of  
Taimur  
Considering me unconscious might kill me  
with my own dagger,  
But at last this secret has dawned to the whole  
world  
Concern for honor has departed from  
Taimur's household."

### A DIALOGUE

A domesticated bird once said to the wild  
bird  
"If you have wings, do not I also have wings?  
If you are air-borne, I am also air-borne  
If you are free I am also not a prisoner  
All winged creatures are characterized by  
flight  
Why then are wild birds inclined to be  
arrogant!"  
As the wild bird's self-respect became  
wounded  
He spoke thus on hearing this heart-rending  
talk  
"There is no doubt you also are free for flight  
But the limit of your flight is only up to the  
wall  
Are you unacquainted with the courage of the  
wild birds?  
You live on the dust, they are concerned with  
the sky  
You are a household bird, you seek food in  
the dust  
We strike the star with our beak in search of  
the grain"

### I AND YOU

My eye is unacquainted with the taste for the  
Sight  
Your eye is the knower of Nature's secret, so  
what?



My tongue is indebted to the complaint  
against time  
The universe's rotation depends on your will,  
so what?  
The sky kept me wandering in garden like the  
breeze's current  
The sky has bestowed the abode over you, so  
what?  
The wealth of your life is free of desire for  
gain  
In my heart is the anxiety of loss, so what?  
Your planes are flying about in the air  
My ship is devoid of the sail, so what?  
I became strong, so what, I became weak, so  
what?  
This happened, so what, that happened, so  
what?  
Tranquillity does not exist to any extent in  
this rose-garden!  
If you became spring, and I became autumn,  
so what?

THE POEM BASED ON A VERSE OF ABU  
TALIB KALIM

Your regard for the ways of the Lord of  
Yathrib is strange  
Your life is exhibiting that you are not a  
Muslim  
What made heavens contained in your ring's  
circle  
O Sulaiman! that jewel is lost by your  
negligence!  
That mark of prostration which used to shine  
like a star  
Your forehead has now become unacquainted  
with that mark!  
Just look at your actions, do you envisage  
That candor whose fearlessness was always  
wonderful  
Your ancestors' eye was the thunderbolt for  
falsehood  
The same falsehood is now lodged in your  
breast  
O negligent one come and inhabit in your  
abode again  
The discerning Kalim is singing on the  
spiritual Tur

"You must be subservient to whom you had  
become rebellious  
From wherever you departed like flame, turn  
back to it"

SHIBLI AND HALI

One day Iqbal said to the Muslim  
"Your existence is unique in the universe  
The tunes of your old songs are the basis of  
new knowledge  
Civilization is the dust of your old caravans  
Even the zephyr's current is like stone to it  
Very delicate is the mirror of Man's honor  
The men of action by discovering the causes  
of phenomena  
Find the cure for the azure-colored sky's  
cruelties  
Ask them who are the old secret keepers of  
the garden  
How the autumn became engaged in fight  
with your garden"  
The Muslim became restless with my  
conversation  
The sad sigh became betrayer of the inner  
sorrow  
He said "Just look at the autumn's condition  
The leaves of the tree of life have become pale  
Those garden's secret keepers became silent  
Whose tune of pathos was the means of  
mellowness  
The garden's inhabitants were still mourning  
Shibli  
When Hali also became a traveler towards  
Paradise  
"Still he is a fool who is asking the gardener  
What did nightingale say, what did rose hear,  
what did zephyr do?"

EVOLUTION

Struggle has continued from eternity till the  
present day  
Between the lamp of Mustafa and the spark of  
Bu Lahab  
Life is flame-tempered, high-minded and  
fervent  
It's nature is resolving difficulty, bearing  
cruelty

From the evening's quietude till the  
 morning's song  
 There are many a stage of the midnight  
 wailing!  
 Struggle exists between the heat and cold,  
 throbbing and shaping  
 From the dark dust to the polished glass of  
 Halab  
 The phenomena of making and breaking,  
 squeezing, heating and distilling  
 Exist between the drop of spring rain and the  
 heat of the grape wine!  
 Nations live by this continuous struggle alone  
 This alone is the secret of the Arab nation's  
 struggle  
 "The tavern-keepers making wine from the  
 grape  
 Break the stars and construct the sun"

*[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]*

#### ABU BAKR THE TRUTHFUL

One day the Holy Prophet said to his  
 Companions,  
 'The rich among you should give in the way  
 of God'.  
 On hearing that command, an overjoyed  
 'Umar stood up;  
 That day he had thousands of *dirhams*.  
 Today, for sure, he said in his heart,  
 My horse will take the lead from Abu Bakr's.  
 So he brought his wealth to the Trustworthy  
 Prophet—  
 Sacrifice is needed to start a project off.  
 'Umar', asked the Prophet, the Sovereign of  
 the world,  
 'A passion for truth is the sole comfort of your  
 heart.  
 Did you keep anything back for your  
 family?—  
 For a Muslim must honour the duty he bears  
 to his relations.'  
 'Half', he said, 'belongs to wife and children,  
 The rest I offer to the Community of Light.'  
 In the meantime that Companion of the  
 Prophet arrived  
 Who gives strength to the edifice of love and  
 devotion.

No man more loyal, he brought with him  
 Everything with value in the eyes of the  
 world:  
 Slaves, money, goods and chattels.  
 He brought his horses, their hooves shining  
 like the moon,  
 And his camels, mules and asses.  
 The Prophet said, 'It is necessary to think of  
 one's family too!'  
 That man, who knew the secrets of love, said,  
 'You are the one from whom the moon and  
 stars  
 Receive the brightness of their eyes;  
 And you are the one for whose sake  
 The universe was brought into being:  
 The lamp is enough for the moth,  
 The flower is enough for the nightingale—  
 For Abu Bakr the Prophet of God is enough'.

*[Translated by Mustansir Mir]*

#### THE PRESENT CIVILIZATION

*(Based on a Verse of Faizi)*

Extremely excessive is the heat of current  
 civilization's wine  
 The clay body of the Muslim has exploded  
 into flames  
 It made the speck into fire-fly by giving it  
 borrowed light  
 Just look at what the trickery of the splendid  
 sun is  
 The nature of the young generation has found  
 new ways  
 This beauty, this alertness, this freedom, this  
 fearlessness  
 Such a change has come about in planning  
 and thought  
 Bursting of the garden's flower-buds in Love  
 is considered trivial  
 The newly flying birds have lost their nests  
 but  
 A pretty sight has been shown by magician's  
 cunningness  
 The new life brought with it ever changing  
 pleasures  
 Rivalry, selling conscience, impatience, greed  
 Muslim's assembly is glittering with the new  
 candle's light

But my old time wisdom is saying this to the  
moths  
"O moth! You have derived this warmth from  
the assembly's candle  
Burn in your own fire like me if you have the  
warmth of the heart.

*[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]*

#### IN MEMORY OF MY LATE MOTHER

Every atom of creation is a prisoner of fate;  
Contrivance is the veil of constraint and  
helplessness.  
The sky is compelled; the sun and the moon  
are compelled;  
The fleet-footed stars are compelled in their  
course.  
The cup of the bud in the garden is destined  
to be smashed;  
Verdure and flowers are also compelled to  
grow in the garden.  
Be it the song of the nightingale or the silent  
voice of the innermost spirit,  
Everything is a captive of this world-  
encompassing chain.  
When this secret of constraint is clear to the  
eye,  
The flowing stream of tears grows dry in the  
heart.  
The dance of pleasure and grief no longer  
remains in the human breast;  
The song remains, but the joy of high and low  
does not.  
Knowledge and wisdom are the highway-  
robbers of the goods of tears and sighs;  
The aware heart is a fragment of a diamond.  
Although in my garden, there is not the  
freshness of the dew  
And my eye is not the possessor of the dark  
red tear,  
I know, alas! the secret of human tribulations;  
The instrument of my nature is empty of the  
melody of complaint.  
The tale of the changing colours of time is not  
on my lips;  
My heart is not amazed, not laughing, not  
weeping;

But your picture is the messenger of eternal  
grieving—  
Alas! it cancels out my powerful wisdom.  
By drunken lamentation, the foundation of  
life is made firm;  
By the knowledge of pain, stony hearted  
intelligence is put to shame.  
By the wave of the smoke of the sigh, my  
mirror is bright;  
My breast is filled from the watery treasury.  
I am amazed at the spell your portrait casts,  
Which has changed the direction of the flight  
of time.  
It seems that it has stood past and present  
side by side;  
It has once more made me aware of the time  
of my childhood,  
When that helpless life was nurtured in your  
lap,  
Whose tongue was not properly familiar with  
words.  
And now he is famous for the charm of his  
speech;  
His eyes, which shed jewels, are priceless  
pearls.  
The serious discourse of wisdom, the  
awareness of old-age,  
The grandeur of worldly honours, the pride of  
youth—  
We come down from the pinnacles of life's  
towers  
And in the company of our mother remain a  
simple child.  
We observe no formality, we laugh, we are  
free from care:  
Once more we abide in this paradise which  
we had lost.  
Now, who will wait for me, alas!, in my  
homeland?  
Who will be anxious when my letter does not  
arrive?  
I shall come to the dust of your grave,  
bringing this lament:  
Now who will remember me in midnight  
prayers?

Because you brought me up, I shared the fate  
of the stars;  
The house of my forefathers was accorded  
honour.  
In the scroll of existence your life was a  
golden page.  
Your life was from beginning to end a lesson  
in faith and the world.  
Throughout my life, your love was my  
servant,  
And when I was able to serve you, you  
departed this world.  
That young man who in stature is like the  
lofty cypress and who was more blessed by  
your service than I,  
He stood shoulder to shoulder with me in the  
business of life;  
He, a portrait of your love; he, my right arm.  
Now he mourns you like a helpless baby,  
And weeps for you morning and evening,  
knowing no self-control.  
The seed, which you sowed in the field of our  
life,  
As we share our grief—that love has become  
even stronger.  
Ah, this world, this house of mourning for  
young and old;  
To what spell of yesterday and tomorrow is  
mankind captive!  
How hard life is! How easy is death!  
In the garden of existence, death is as cheap as  
the morning breeze.  
There are earthquakes, lightning, famines,  
tribulations—  
All daughters of the mother of the days!  
Death comes to the poor man's hovel; death  
comes to the rich man's palace.  
Death is present in deserts and towns, in  
cities, in garden, in the wilderness.  
Death even creates its tumults in the silent  
sea,  
And boats sink in the embrace of the wave.  
There is no room for complaint, nor power of  
speech;  
What is life? A noose that squeezes the throat.  
In the caravan, there is nothing but the lament  
of the bell;

Nothing but the capital of a tearful eye.  
But the age of testing will also end;  
Behind the nine veils of the firmament even  
now there are other ages.  
If in this garden the breasts of the tulip and  
the rose are torn, so what?  
If nightingales are forced to cry and lament,  
so what?  
The bushes, which keep the sigh of the  
autumn imprisoned in their cage—  
The wind of eternal spring will make them  
green.  
If our vital spark sleeps in the trampled earth,  
so what?  
If our pinch of dust travels in this transitory  
litter, so what?  
The finality of the fire of life is not a bed of  
ashes.  
It is not the pearl whose destiny is to be  
broken.  
In the eye of existence, life is so beloved:  
In the nature of everything there is the desire  
to preserve life.  
If the trace of life could have been erased by  
the hands of death,  
The order of the universe would not have  
made it so common.  
If it is so cheap, then think that death is  
worthless,  
In the same way as sleeping does not stop one  
living.  
Alas, my ignorant one! The hidden secret of  
death is quite different.  
From the instability of its impression,  
something else is visible.  
The impression of the wind on the water is a  
vision of paradise;  
Breaking the agitated wave, it creates bubbles.  
And then it hides them in the bosom of the  
wave.  
How cruelly it rubs out its own trace.  
But if the wind could not create anew the  
bubbles it had made,  
The wind would not be so careless as to  
smash them.  
But what effect does this behaviour have  
upon the actual form of creation?

It is proof that the wind has the power to  
create.  
Could it be that the nature of existence will  
not ever be a martyr to desire?  
Could it be that it will not seek to make a  
better form?

Ah! Restless quicksilver, stars that light in the  
heavens!  
These lively sparks, whose shining is indebted  
to the darkness of the night.  
Knowledge bows in humility to the length of  
their life.  
One hour of theirs is the life-story of  
mankind.  
But then a man it is who casts his sight to the  
heavens,  
And in his purpose he is purer than even the  
angels.  
Like a shining candle, he stands in the  
assembly of nature,  
And in the vastness of his nature the sky is  
just a point.  
His lack of knowledge is anxious for truth.  
His finger-nail is the plectrum of the  
instrument of existence.  
Is this flame then less bright than the sparks  
of the firmament?  
Is this sun cheaper than the stars?

The eye of the seed of the flower is awake  
even under the soil.  
How anxious it is to grow to maturity!  
The flame of life which is hidden in this seed  
is compelled to show itself, to increase itself  
in growth.  
It cannot be dispirited even in the coldness of  
the grave.  
Even pressed into the soil, it cannot lose its  
passion.  
It becomes a flower and rises from its coffin,  
As if it acquires the clothes of life from death.  
It is the grave that binds together this  
distracted power,  
And casts its noose around the neck of the  
firmament.  
Death is the name of the renewal of the taste  
for life.

In the veil of sleep, it is a message of  
awakening.  
Those who are accustomed to flying have no  
fear of flying.  
In this garden, death means nothing more  
than the poisoning of wings.

People of the world say that the pain of death  
is incurable;  
The wound of separation is healed by the  
balm of time.  
But the heart which is filled by grief for the  
death  
Is freed from the links of the chain of morning  
and evening.  
The lamentation of mourning is not stopped  
by the spell of time;  
Time is no balm for the wound of the sword  
of separation.  
When a disaster suddenly befalls a man,  
Tears continually flow from his eyes.  
There comes about a connection between the  
heart and lament and complaint;  
The blood of the heart flows in the tears  
which fill the eyes.  
Although man is bereft of the strength of  
patience,  
In his nature there is an undefinable sense.  
Man's spirit does not know annihilation;  
It may disappear from sight, but is not  
obliterated.  
The apparel of existence is turned to ashes by  
the flames of grief;  
This fire is put out by the water of that  
pleasant feeling.  
Ah! The suppression of lamentation is not the  
silence of indifference.  
It is awareness that brings consolation, not  
forgetfulness.

As soon as the morning appears in its  
brightness from the veil of the east,  
The morning washes the strain of the night  
from the garment of the skies.  
It clothes the fading tulip in a fiery cloak,  
And it stirs the silent birds to ecstatic song.  
The melody is freed from the prison of the  
nightingale's breast.

The early morning breeze is full of a hundred tunes.

The sleepers of the garden of tulips, the flank of the mountain and the rivers are at last by the side of life's bride.

If this is the law of existence that every evening turns into morning,  
Why should not the end of the night of man's tomb not be morning?

The net of my swift imagination captures the heavens;

By it I have captured your memory.  
My heart which knows pain is full of your memory,

As in the Ka'ba, the air is filled with prayers.  
That chain of duties, whose name is life—  
Its places of manifestation are thousands of unstable worlds.

Every stage of existence has different ways and customs;

The world to come is also a coursing-field.  
There the tilled field of death produces no crop;

The climate is appropriate for the seed of action.

The light of nature is not the prisoner of the darkness of the body;

The scope of human thought is not so narrow.  
Life was made brighter by your moonlight.  
Your journey was also made better by the morning star.

Like the halls of the dawn, may your grave be radiant!

May your dusty sleeping chamber be filled with light!

May the sky shed its dew upon your grave!  
May the freshly grown verdure watch over your home!

*[Translated by D.J. Matthews]*

### THE SUN'S RAY

At the dawn when my eye was enjoying the panorama

I saw that a ray of the sun was wandering about

I asked the ray, "O head to foot restlessness!

What kind of restlessness your impatient life has!

Are you a small little lightning, which the sky  
Is nurturing to fall on the harvest of nations  
Is this a flash, or your eternal nature, what is it?

Is it a dance? wandering? seeking what is it?"  
"A sea of tumults is asleep in my silent life  
My existence has been nurtured by the morning's breeze

My destiny keeps me constantly restless  
Taste for enlightenment keeps me busy in seeking

I am not fire-brand lightning, though by nature fire I am

Message of awakening from the world-illuminating sun I am!

Becoming collyrium I shall enter the human eye

Whatever night had hidden I shall show to the eye

Among your ecstasies is there any seeker of prudence also?

Among the sleeping people is anyone with taste of awakening also?"

### 'URFI

The imagination of 'Urfi has created a mansion

Which has become the envy of Sina and Farabi

On the subject of Love he wrote such music

By which red tears are still available to eyes  
One day my heart made this complaint at his grave

"Tunes of restlessness no longer come from world's assembly

The disposition of the world's people has changed so much

That such condition of restlessness has gone from the world

The midnight wailing of the poet is offensive to the ear

When assembly's eye be unaware of pleasure of sleeplessness

How can somebody's flame of lament remove  
darkness?  
When the morning's light is unwelcome for  
nightly worshipers"  
Call came from grave "Reduce complaint  
against world's people  
'Strike the tune harder if the taste for music  
has become low  
Sing the *hudi* faster if the camel's litter has  
became heavy'

#### IN RESPONSE TO A LETTER

Even if I have greed I do not have the strength  
for exertion  
Acquiring position is connected with the taste  
for search  
A thousand thanks to God that my nature is  
contentment  
A thousand thanks to God that my mind is  
not mischievous  
Cultivations of human hearts flourish with  
my writings  
In the world I am creative like the ocean  
feeding cloud  
Congratulations to you on these secrets of  
politics  
As my finger nail by Love's grace is breast-  
excoriating  
Desire for audience with kings is a sign of  
lifelessness  
This secret has been exposed by Hafiz of  
elegant poetry  
"If you desire that you elevated to Khidar be  
Hidden from Sikandar's eye as immortality's  
water be."

[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]

#### NANAK

The nation could not care less about  
Gautama's message—  
It did not know the price of its unique pearl!  
Poor wretches! They never heard the voice of  
truth:  
A tree does not know how sweet its fruit is.  
What he revealed was the secret of existence,  
But India was proud of its fancies;

It was not an assembly-hall to be lit up by the  
lamp of truth;  
The rain of mercy fell, but the land was  
barren.  
Alas, for the *shudra* India is a house of sorrow,  
This land is blind to the sufferings of man.  
The Brahmin is still drunk with the wine of  
pride,  
In the assembly-halls of foreigners burns  
Gautama's lamp.  
But, ages later, the house of idols was lit up  
again—  
Azar's house was lit up by Abraham!  
Again from the Punjab the call of  
monotheism arose:  
A perfect man roused India from  
slumber.

[Translated by Mustansir Mir]

#### INFIDELITY AND ISLAM

(Includes a Verse of Mir Razi Danish)

One day Iqbal questioned the Kaleem of Tur  
"O You whose foot-prints converted the  
Valley of Sinai into a garden!  
The fire of Nimrod is still ablaze in the world  
Why your Love's old fire has been hidden  
from the eye"?"  
The reply of Sinai's Master was "If you are a  
Muslim  
Leaving the Invisible do not become the lover  
of the visible  
If you have taste for the visible you need the  
Faith of Khalil  
Otherwise ashes are the adornments of your  
life  
If you are Lover of the Invisible do not care at  
all  
Set your lamp in the Valley of Faran and  
remain waiting  
The visible's glory is temporary, the  
Invisible's Majesty is permanent  
This Truth has the body-and-soul connection  
with Love  
What if the flame of Namrud is alight in the  
world  
'The candle melts itself in the midst of the  
assembly

My light like the stone's spark is better if  
concealed"

### BILAL

A righteous Western writer has written  
Who was highly respected among the  
literateur  
"Asia was the marshaling place of Sikandar of  
Rome  
His status was More elegant than even the sky  
History attests that in combat with the  
Romans  
The claims of Porus and Dara were vain  
At this emperor with the myriad-man army  
The blue sky was looking with amazement  
Today nobody knows him in Asia  
Even the historian does not recognize him  
But Bilal, that humble person with Negroid  
origin  
Whose nature had been brightened by the  
Prophethood's Light  
The call whose custodian the breast of Bilal  
since eternity became  
Subservient to which call emperors as well as  
the indigent became!  
Which brings amity between the black and  
the red  
By which the poor and the rich are placed  
together  
That heart-melting song is fresh till the  
present age  
Which the old sky's ear has been hearing for  
centuries"  
Iqbal! This general blessing is due to whose  
love?  
The Roman has perished, the Negro is  
immortal!

### THE MUSLIMS AND MODERN EDUCATION

*(Includes a Verse of Malik Qumi*

The preceptor's teaching was, "O foolish  
Muslim!  
"Necessary preparations are incumbent on  
the traveler  
The world's ways have changed, such  
changes have come that

Those who were invaluable once are not even  
saleable now  
That bright flame of yours from which  
darkness escaped  
Now is reduced to a spark, less bright than  
stars  
Cease to be the Invisible's Lover, be the  
visible's lover  
Now influence of the visible God is  
triumphant over nations  
In this garden success for your efforts is not  
possible  
Your snare is worn out and the fast-flying  
bird is clever  
In this age education is the cure for nations'  
maladies  
Education is like a lancet for the diseased  
blood"  
By the leader's suggestions love of education  
developed in me  
Obeying the command of Khidar is  
incumbent on the wanderer of the  
wilderness  
But the discerning eye should see my  
misfortune  
"Went to pull thorn from foot, the litter  
disappeared from the sight  
I was negligent for a moment it moved by a  
hundered years"

### THE PRINCESS OF FLOWERS

One day the dew in the garden was saying to  
the flower bud  
"I lived for a long time among the flower  
buds of Paradise  
The condition of your garden is so elegant  
The Paradise's sight is concealed in my  
bewildered eye  
I have heard that some princess is the ruler of  
this garden  
With whose foot-prints the wilderness would  
produce flowers  
Some day take me with you up to her palace  
Take me concealed in your skirt like  
fragrance"  
The flower bud said "On the throne is that  
princess of ours



By whose kick even stones become  
resplendent jewels  
But your nature is bright and princess' rank is  
elegant  
It is not possible that you reach her in  
company with me  
However you can reach up to our princess  
By becoming the hot tear of some afflicted  
person  
Her glance is the message of 'Eid to the  
Muharram's people  
Turns the continuous tears of afflicted people  
into pearls.

BASED ON A VERSE OF SA'IB

O Iqbal! In what a place you have constructed  
your nest  
In this garden song is the prelude to  
nightingale's disgrace!  
Though you are planting the sparks of the  
Valley of Aiman  
Sprouting of seed of Sinai is not possible in  
this soil  
The bud cannot be a flower even with the  
force of breath  
Where everything is devoid of the exigency of  
self-development  
Outrageous that the nature of garden's  
denizens is asleep  
Neither old age's heart is awake nor the youth  
is courageous  
When the intelligent hearts fall asleep in  
breasts  
For the singer sweet music is changed to  
poison  
Fly away from this garden if music's restraint  
is impossible  
As better than this assembly is the seclusion  
of some wilderness  
"Manifestation of Lailah is much better in  
wilderness  
City's strait is unable to contain wilderness'  
beauty"

A CONVERSATION IN PARADISE

Hatif said to me that in Paradise one day  
Sa'di of Shiraz addressed Hali in this way

"O with the pearl of whose poetry's sky-  
illuminating light  
The falcon became companion of moon and  
stars' light!  
Relate to me what the story of the Indian  
Muslim is  
Is he lagging at the halt or busy in exertion is?  
Is some warmth of din left in his veins?  
The heat of whose call was once burning the  
sky"  
Hali was moved by the talk of the Shaikh  
He started weeping and saying, "O man of  
miracles!  
When the sky turned over the leaf of time  
The call came that respect was possible only  
with education!  
But this has produced wavering in  
fundamental beliefs  
Secular benefits were obtained, but din had  
been undermined  
Goals also become exalted if the din is  
preserved  
The youth's nature is paralyzed and very low  
keyed  
Concordance among individuals is kept only  
with din  
Din is the plectrum if national congregation is  
the musical instrument  
If the foundation of the garden's wall is  
shaken  
It is clearly the beginning of the garden's end  
As the water of Zamzam was not available to  
it  
Some manner of atheism is appearing in the  
new progeny  
Do not talk of this in the audience of the Lord  
of Yathrib  
Lest Muslims of India consider that this is my  
back-biting"  
Dates cannot be obtained from the weeds we  
have sown  
Brocade cannot be obtained from the wool we  
have spun"

--Sa'di

RELIGION

*(Includes a verse by Mirza Bedil)*

The teaching of the sage of Western  
philosophy is  
"Those seeking the Invisible Existence are  
ignorant  
If the form is unfamiliar to sight  
Would the Sheikh also be an idol-maker like  
Brahmin?  
The foundation of modern knowledge is on  
the tangible  
In this age the wine-bottle of Faith is shattered  
What is known as din is an immature frenzy  
Which is repulsive to human imagination"  
But the philosophy of life is saying something  
else  
This secret has been divulged to me by the  
Perfect Preceptor  
"With every perfection a little distress is  
welcome  
However, perfect the Intellect, it is not good  
without Love."

AN INCIDENT OF THE BATTLE OF  
YARMUK

The armed Arab youth were arrayed for battle  
The bride of Syria's land was waiting for  
myrtle  
A young man who was restless like mercury  
Approaching the army's general started  
saying  
"O Abu 'Ubaidah grant me permission to  
fight  
The cup of my patience and calm is full  
I am becoming impatient in the Holy  
Prophet's separation  
In his Love even a moment's life has become  
hard  
As I am going to the Holy Prophet's audience  
I shall gladly convey if there is any message"  
The general's eye, whose sight was like an un-  
sheathed sword,  
Noticing this zeal and fervor was moist with  
tears

The army's general exclaimed., "You are that  
young man  
The respect for whose Love is binding on the  
elders  
May the God of Muhammad fulfill your wish  
How elegant is the stage of your Love!  
When you arrive in the audience of the Holy  
Prophet  
Present this petition with my sincere  
compliments  
"The Exalted God has shown His Mercy to us  
Have been fulfilled all the promises you had  
made to us."

RELIGION

Judge not your nation on the criteria of  
Western nations  
Special in composition is the Hashimi  
Prophet's nation  
Based on country and race is their  
organization  
The force of din stabilizes your organization  
If the din's skirt is lost, disappears the  
organization  
And if organization departs also disappears  
the nation!

REMAIN ATTACHED TO THE TREE KEEP  
SPRING'S EXPECTATION

The branch of the tree which got separated in  
autumn  
Is not possible to green up with the cloud of  
spring  
The autumn season for this branch is ever-  
lasting  
It has no connection with flourishing in the  
spring  
Autumn season prevails in your rose garden  
also  
The pocket of the rose is devoid of good cash  
The birds which were singing in the seclusion  
of leaves  
Have departed from your shady tree's leaves  
You should learn a lesson from the separated  
branch  
As you are unacquainted with the customs of  
the world

Keep very strong communication with the  
nation  
Remain attached to the tree and have spring's  
expectation!

THE NIGHT OF THE CELESTIAL  
ASCENSION OF THE PROPHET

This call of the evening star is coming from  
the sky  
"This is the night before which the dawn  
prostrates  
"For courage the 'Arsh-i-Barin is only a pace  
away"  
The Mi'raj's night is saying this to the Muslim

THE FLOWER

O flower! Why do you care for the  
nightingale's wounded heart  
First you should darn the slits of your own  
shirt!  
If you long for respect in the rose garden of  
existence  
You should get accustomed to living  
entangled in thorns!  
The juniper in the garden is free as well as  
chained to the soil  
You should acquire freedom within these  
constraints!  
With contentment give message of  
embarrassment to miserliness  
Do not remain obliged to dew, you should  
empty the cup and the bottle!  
It does not befit self respect that being picked  
from the garden  
You should be put in some turban or pinned  
to some collar!  
The dew disappeared from garden saying to  
the flower bud  
If you love gardener's oppression, you should  
create beauty  
If you want to remain unacquainted with  
autumn  
First you should abandon the desire for the  
beauty's world  
Look, in this alone is concealed your life's  
perfection!

If you should be the decoration of some  
beauty's robe!

[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]

SHAKESPEARE

The flowing river mirrors the red glow of  
dawn,  
The quiet of the evening mirrors the evening  
song,  
The rose-leaf mirrors spring's beautiful cheek;  
The chamber of the cup mirrors the beauty of  
the wine;  
Beauty mirrors Truth, the heart mirrors  
Beauty;  
The beauty of your speech mirrors the heart  
of man.  
Life finds perfection in your sky-soaring  
thought.  
Was your luminous nature the goal of  
existence?

When the eye wished to see you, and looked,  
It saw the sun hidden in its own brilliance.  
You were hidden from the eyes of the world,  
But with your own eyes you saw the world  
exposed and bare.  
Nature guards its secrets so jealously—  
It will never again create one who knows so  
many secrets.

[Translated by Mustansir Mir]

I AND YOU

In me no mind of Moses, in you no virtue  
Of Abraham: idolatrous foes like theirs,  
New Samris, Azars, have with eldritch arts  
Destroyed us; I am a song burned out in the  
throat,  
And you a shrivelled colour, a frightened  
scent;  
I, memory of the pain of longing—you,  
Echo of a lament for love. My joys  
Are gall, my honey venom, my soul twin-  
brother  
To blank oblivion: your heart's temple  
pawned  
To Persia's strange gods, your religion  
bartered

To infidels. Life's every breath is numbered—  
 To count them, terror: to wail at life's brief  
 span,  
 Poison; do not bewail that terror, do not  
 Swallow the poison of that wailing; take  
 The road by which the saints came to their  
 crown,  
 And have no thought, if one spark burns in  
 your dust,  
 Of wealth or penury; for here on earth  
 Black peasant bread breeds Hyder's strength.  
 Oh lamp  
 Of the shrine! teach me, your circling moth, a  
 way  
 Of worship to renew in me that nature  
 Which like the salamander feeds on flame.  
 Against the guardians of the shrine, the shrine  
 Brings accusation of such villainy  
 Decked out as loyal zeal, that let me once  
 Proclaim it in the very idol-house,  
 The senseless monsters<sup>10</sup> would cry out 'Oh  
 Vishnu,  
 Vishnu!' Not new to-day the world's arena,  
 Not new the antagonists, face to face, hands  
 clenched;  
 Unchanged of purpose stands the Lion of  
 God,  
 Unchanged the opposing champions. Aid us,  
 Prophet,  
 Lord of Arabia and the alien lands!  
 Awaiting here thy bounty are those beggars  
 Whom thou has given the pride of Alexander.

[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]

<sup>10</sup> "the senseless monsters" is a gross misrepresentation of Iqbal's *sanam*, which simply means an idol (with the poetic connotations of fondness). Iqbal actually means to say that the idols too would join him if he were to complain against the worshippers who bring bad name to their faith, since the phenomenon is common to all religions—self-righteous but ill-guided followers lose sight of the higher ideals.

## IMPRISONMENT

Imprisonment enhances confidence if the  
 nature is elegant  
 The spring drop becomes blessed inside the  
 shell's prison  
 The excellent musk is nothing but a drop of  
 blood  
 Which becomes musk when it is enclosed in  
 the deer's navel  
 However, not everyone gets trained by nature  
 Only an odd bird is prosperous in  
 imprisonment  
 "Strength of crow's and kite's wing is not in  
 cage and prey  
 This grace is reserved for the falcon and the  
 eagle"

## BEGGING FOR THE CALIPHATE

If the territory is being lost let it be lost  
 You should not be disloyal to God's  
 commands  
 Do you not have knowledge of history?  
 You have started begging for the Khilafah!  
 If we do not purchase with our own blood  
 Such sovereignty is a disgrace to the Muslim!  
 "I do not feel as much ashamed of being  
 broken down  
 As in asking others for *mumiya'i* for my  
 treatment."

## LATE SHAH DIN HUMAYUN

O Humayun! your life was full of warmth  
 Your spark was an assembly-enlightening  
 lamp  
 Though your earthly body was slim and weak  
 Your elegant disposition was bright like a star  
 How fearless a heart in this frail body was  
 A universal flame in this handful of dust was!  
 But the intelligent heart was not at all afraid  
 of death  
 In night's silence there is nothing except  
 morrow's affairs!  
 The imprudent ones consider death is the end  
 of life

This apparent evening of life is the morning of  
perpetual life!

[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]

### KHIZR THE GUIDE

#### THE POET

By the river's brink I stood one evening, lost  
in the scene,  
Yet hiding a world of fretting thoughts in my  
heart's cell.  
Night deepened silence: calm the air, languid  
the current,  
River or painted water the eye could scarcely  
tell.  
As the sucking infant laid in the cradle falls  
asleep  
The restless wave lay slumberously in its  
deep well,  
The birds held captive by night's gramarye in  
their nests,  
And the faint-gleaming stars fast bound by  
the bright moon's spell.  
There that would-measuring courier I had  
sight of—Khizr,  
That ancient in whom youth's colours fresh as  
the daybreak dwell.  
'Seeker,' said he, 'of eternal secrets! when the  
heart  
sees clear vision, the fates that rule earth wear  
no veil.'  
At these words in my soul doomed to long  
search awoke  
A tumult as of Judgment Day; and thus I  
spoke.  
'To your world-ranging eye is visible the  
storm  
Whose fury yet lies in tranquil sleep under the  
sea:  
That innocent life, that poor man's boat, that  
wall of the orphan,  
Taught Moses' wisdom to stand before yours  
wonderingly!  
You shun abodes, for desert-roaming, for  
ways that know  
No day or night, from yesterdays and to-  
morrow's free.

—What is the riddle of life? What thing is the  
State? or why  
Must labour and capital so bloodily disagree?  
Asia's time-honoured cloak grows ragged and  
wears out,  
From upstart lands her young men borrow  
their finery;  
Though Alexander could never find the elixir  
of life,  
His robber spirit still revels here in drunken  
glee;  
The lord of Makkah barter the honour of  
Makkah's faith  
That the stubborn Turk, late convert, guards  
through war's agony.  
Tyrants and flames once more on Abraham's  
race have glared:  
For whom this new ordeal, or by whose hand  
prepared?

KHIZR'S REPLY

*Desert-roaming*

What is it to make you wonder, if I roam the  
desert waste?  
Witness of enduring life is this unending toil  
and haste!  
You, shut in by walls, have never known that  
moment when shrill  
Bugle-call that sounds the march goes echoing  
over wood and hill,  
Never known the wild deer's careless walk  
across its sandy plain,  
Never halt unroofed, uncumbered, on the trail  
no milestones chain,  
Never fleeting vision of that star that crowns  
the daybreak hour,  
Never Gabriel's radiant brow effulgent from  
heaven's topmost tower,  
Nor the going-down of suns in stillness of  
desert ways,  
Twilight splendour such as brightened  
Abraham's world-beholding gaze,  
Nor those springs of running water where the  
caravans take rest  
As in heaven bright spirits cluster round the  
Fountain of the Blest!

Wildernesses ever now love's fever seeks and  
 thirsts to roams—  
 You the furrowed field and palm-groves fetter  
 to one poor home;  
 Mellow grows the wine of life when hand to  
 hand the cup goes round  
 Foolish one! In this alone is life's eternal secret  
 found.

*Life*

Life is higher than the calculation of profit  
 and loss;  
 Life is sometimes living and sometimes  
 forfeiting living.  
 Do not measure it by the scale of today and  
 tomorrow;  
 Life is eternal, constantly moving, at every  
 moment youthful.  
 If you are among the living, fashion your own  
 world;  
 Life is the secret of Adam, the essence of the  
 words *Be and it was!*  
 Ask the reality of life from the heart of the  
 mountain-digger;  
 Life is the milky stream, the axe and the hard  
 stone.  
 In servitude the stream diminishes and almost  
 runs dry,  
 And in freedom life is an ocean which knows  
 no bounds.  
 It knows well its power of domination,  
 Although life is hidden in a frame of clay.  
 From the sea of existence you arose like a  
 bubble;  
 In this dwelling of loss, life your test.  
 While you are still immature, you are a heap  
 of dust;  
 When you ripen, you will become an  
 irresistible sword.  
 The heart which is impatient to die for the  
 truth—  
 First of all let it create life in its form of clay.  
 Let it set fire to this earth and this sky, which  
 are borrowed,  
 And from the embers, let it give birth itself to  
 its own world.  
 Make the hidden strength of life manifest,

Until its spark engenders the eternal light.  
 Let it shine over the soil of the East like the sun,  
 Until Badakhshan once more throws up the  
 same priceless ruby.  
 Let it send the ambassador of its night-  
 encompassing lament to the heavens;  
 Let it share its secrets with the stars of the  
 night.  
 This moment is the Day of Judgment; you are  
 in the field of Judgments' Day!  
 My forgetful one, put forward something you  
 have accomplished, if you have anything  
 written on your scroll.

*The State*

What scripture sets forth riddlingly  
 Of Kings, let me impart:  
 In towering empires sovereignty  
 Is all a conjuror's art—  
 If ever subjects from their sleep  
 Half rouse themselves, the sure  
 Enchantments of their rulers steep  
 Their wits in dreams once more;  
 When Mahmood's blandishments begin  
 Ayaz slave-eyes dote,  
 And find a fine love-token in  
 The halter round his throat.  
 But now the blood of Israel  
 Boils up in rage at last,  
 And some new Moses breaks the spell  
 That wizard Samri cast!  
 None with diamond's orb invest  
 But the Most High alone:  
*He* is the sovereign, all the rest  
 Are idols carved from stone;  
 Stain with no slavery you free-souled  
 Estate,—worse pagan than  
 The Brahmin, if your chisel mould  
 A king out of a man.  
 In the West the people rule, they say:  
 And what is this new reign?  
 The same harp still, the same strings play  
 The despots' old refrain;  
 In Demos-dress let tyranny's  
 Old demon-dance be seen,

Your fancy calls up Liberty's  
Blue-mantled fairy queen!

Those Parliaments and their reforms,  
Charters and Bills of Rights—  
The Western pharmacopoeia swarms  
With opiate delights;

That rhetoric of the Senator,  
Flowing in fiery stream—  
God save the mark! the brokers' war  
Of gold is its true theme.

This paint and perfume, this mirage,  
A garden's blooming face  
You thought, simpleton, and your cage  
A downy nesting-place.

*Capital and Labour*

To the workman go, the toiler, and to him this  
message tell:

Words not mine alone, a message that the  
world's four corners swell—  
Oh, the crafty man of capital has devoured  
you flesh and fell:

On the wild deer's horns for ages your  
reward has run astray!

In the hand that forges all wealth he has  
dropped a grudging pay,

As the poor receive in charity what their  
betters throw away.

Like an Old Man of the Mountain he has fed  
you with hashish,

And poor innocent! you took it for the  
sweetest-flavoured dish;

For the bourgeoisie is cunning, and from  
country and from creed,

Colour, culture, caste and kingdom, has  
brewed drugs to serve its need;

For these false gods, witless victim, you have  
rushed upon your doom

And been robbed of life's bright treasure for  
the taste of its mad fume.

Your sharp paymasters have swept the board,  
they cheat and know no shame:

You, forever unsuspecting, have forever lost  
the game.

But now come! for ways are changing in  
assembly of the earth,

And in Orient and in Occident your own age  
comes to birth!

For the lofty soul all ocean is too mean a gift:  
will you,

Like the careless bud, much longer be content  
with drops of dew?

To those drowsy tales of Jamshid and  
Sikander for how long

Will you listen, now men's joy is in  
democracy's new song?

From the womb of this old universe a new red  
sun is born—

For extinguished stars, of heaven, how much  
longer will you mourn?

Now the human mind has made of all its  
chains a broken heap,

For his banishment from Eden how much  
longer must Man weep?

How much longer, of the garden's old  
attendant asks the Spring,

For the red wounds of the rose your idle  
ointments will you bring?

Silly firefly, so long fluttering round the  
candle, now be free!

Where the lamp of your own spirit shines,  
there let your dwelling be.

*The World of Islam*

Why do you tell me the story of the Arab and  
the Turk?

Nothing of the burning and making of the  
Muslims is hidden from me.

The sons of the Trinity have taken away the  
heritage of Khalil;

The sand of Hijaz has been made into the  
foundation stone of the Church!

The red-capped one has been dishonoured in  
the world;

Those who were pride from head to foot,  
today are compelled to submission.

Persia is buying from the vintners of the West  
that heady wine

Whose heat is enough to melt the jar.

By the wisdom of the West the state of the  
Community has become thus:

As scissors cut gold into tiny pieces.

The blood of the Muslim has become cheap as water;  
 And you are fretting because your heart does not know the secret.  
 Said Rumi: *Before they can repopulate any ancient ruin, do you not know that first of all they must destroy the foundation?*  
*The country slipped from its hands, and the eyes of the community were opened;*  
 God has blessed you with sight; look forward, my negligent one!  
 Defeat is better than begging for balm;  
 Wingless ant! Do not bring your request before Solomon.  
 The cohesion of the Radiant Community is the salvation of the East,  
 But the people of Asia are so far ignorant of this principle.  
 Again abandon politics and enter the ramparts of the faith;  
 Polity and dominion are only a fruit of the protection of the Shrine.  
 May the Muslims unite in watching over the Shrine,  
 From the banks of the Nile to the deserts of Kashghar.  
 Whoever practises discrimination of colour and blood will be erased,  
 Whether he be a tent-dwelling Turk or an Arab of noble family!  
 If race takes precedence over the religion of the Muslim,  
 You have flown from the world like the dust of the highway.  
 So that the foundation of the Caliphate may be once again firm in the world,  
 Search for and bring from somewhere the heart and spirit of your ancestors.  
 Ah you who cannot distinguish the hidden from the revealed, become aware!  
 You, caught up in Abu Bakr and Ali, become aware!  
 Lamentation was necessary, but now that is over.  
 Now control your heart a little and see the effect of the lament.

You have seen the heights of the power of the river's current;  
 Now see how the agitated wave forms a chain.  
 The dream which Islam saw of general freedom—  
 Oh Muslim, see the interpretation of that dream.  
 Its own bed of ashes is the means of existence for the salamander;  
 See this old world dies and is born again.  
 Open your eyes and look at the mirror of my words;  
 See a hazy picture of the age to come.  
 The sky has another well-tryed plague to bring;  
 See the disgrace of scheming before fate.  
 You are a Muslim; fill your breast with desire;  
 At every time keep before your eyes the words *My promise is never broken.*

[Translated by V.G. Kiernan and D.J. Matthews]<sup>11</sup>

#### THE RISE OF ISLAM

The dimness of the stars is evidence of the bright morning.  
 The sun has risen over the horizon; the time of deep slumber has passed.  
 The blood of life runs in the veins of the dead East:  
 Avicenna and Farabi cannot understand this secret.  
 The storm in the West made Muslims Muslims.  
 Pearls are produced in abundance from the very buffetings of the sea.  
 The true believers are once more to receive from the court of God  
 The glory of the Turkamans, the intellect of the Indians and the eloquence of the Arabs.

<sup>11</sup> In 'Khizr the Guide' the section 'The Poet' and the sub-sections 'The State' and 'Capital and Labour' were translated by V.G. Kiernan. The remaining sub-sections, 'Life' and 'The World of Islam' have been taken from the translation of D.J. Matthews.



If there is still some trace of sleep left in the  
buds, my nightingale,  
*Then make your songs more plaintive, for you  
found their desire to hear your melody too  
little.*<sup>12</sup>

Whether your agitation be in the courtyard of  
the garden, in the nest, in the leafy  
branches—  
This quicksilver-destiny cannot be separated  
from mercury.  
Why should that pure-seeing eye look at the  
glitter of armour on the horse  
When it sees the valour of the holy warrior?  
Make the lamp of desire bright in the heart of  
the tulip!  
Make every particle of the garden a martyr to  
search!

The effect of the spring-rain is born in the  
tears of the Muslims.  
Pearls will be born again in the sea of the  
Friend of God.  
This book of the Radiant Community is  
receiving a new binding;  
The Hashimite branch is once more ready to  
bring forth new leaves and fruit.  
The Turk of Shiraz has ravished the heart of  
Tabriz and Kabul;  
The morning breeze makes the scent of the  
rose its companion on the road.  
If a mountain of grief collapsed upon the  
Ottomans, then why lament?  
For the dawn arises from the blood of a  
hundred thousand stars.  
More difficult than the conquest of the world  
is the task of seeing the world;  
When the heart is reduced to blood, only then  
does the eye of the heart receive its sight.  
For a thousand years the narcissus has been  
lamenting its blindness;  
With great difficulty the one with true vision  
is born in the garden.  
Burst into song, oh nightingale! so that from  
your melody

The spirit of the royal falcon may arise in the  
delicate body of the dove!  
The secret of life is hidden in your breast—  
then tell it;  
Tell the Muslims the account of the burning  
and re-making of life.

You are the ever-powerful hand and the  
tongue of the eternal God;  
Give birth to certainty, of negligent one, for  
you are laid low by doubt.  
The goal of the Muslim lies beyond the blue  
sky;  
You are the caravan, which the stars follow as  
dust on the road.  
Space is transient; its inhabitants are  
transitory, but the beginning of time is  
yours; its end is yours.  
You are the final message of God; you are  
eternal.  
The blood of your heart is the henna which  
decorates the tulip-bride.  
You belong to Abraham; you are the builder  
of the world.  
Your nature is the trustee of all the  
possibilities of life;  
You are like the touchstone of the hidden  
essence of the world.  
The One who left this world of water and clay  
for eternal life—  
The one whom the prophethood took with  
it—you are that gift.  
This principle rises from the story of the  
Radiant Community—  
You are the guardian of the nations of the  
land of Asia.  
Read again the lesson of truth, of justice and  
valour!  
You will be asked to do the work of taking on  
responsibility for the world.

This is the destiny of nature; this is the secret  
of Islam—  
World-wide brotherhood, an abundance of  
love!  
Break the idols of colour and blood and  
become lost in the community.  
Let neither Turanians, Iranians nor Afghan  
remain.

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<sup>12</sup> The italicized line is translated from the poet Urfi Shirazi. Iqbal also used it in his poem 'Urfi'.

How long will you keep company in the  
 branches with the birds of the garden;  
 In your arms is the flight of the royal hawk of  
 Quhistan.  
 In the abode of doubts of existence is the  
 certainty of the Muslim hero;  
 In the darkness of the desert night is the  
 candle of the monks.  
 What was it that erased the tyranny of Caesar  
 and Cyrus?  
 The power of Hyder, the asceticism of Bu  
 Dharr, the truth of Salman!  
 How magnificently the heroes of the  
 community have blazed the trail,  
 And those who have been prisoners for  
 centuries peer at them through a crack in the  
 door.  
 The stability of life in the world comes from  
 the strength of faith,  
 For the Turanians have emerged firmer than  
 even the Germans.  
 When certainty is born in these embers of  
 ashes,  
 Then it gives birth to the wings of Gabriel.  
 In slavery, neither swords or plans are  
 effective,  
 But when the taste for certainty is created,  
 then the chains are cut.  
 Can anyone even guess at the strength of his  
 arm?  
 By the glance of the man who is a true  
 believer even destiny is changed.  
 Empire, sainthood, the knowledge of things  
 which holds the world in its sway—  
 What are they all? Only commentaries on one  
 small point of faith.  
 But it is difficult to create the insight of  
 Abraham;  
 Desire insidiously paints pictures in our  
 breasts.  
 The distinction of servant and lord has put  
 mankind into turmoil;  
 Beware, oh powerful ones; the penalties of  
 nature are harsh.  
 There is one reality for everything, be it of  
 earth or fire;

The blood of the sun will drip, of we split the  
 heart of an atom.  
 Firm certainty, eternal action, the love that  
 conquers the world—  
 These are the swords of men in the holy war  
 of life.  
 What else does man need but a lofty spirit  
 and pure character,  
 A warm heart, a pure-sighted eye and a  
 restless soul?  
 Those who rushed forward with the  
 splendour of the eagle emerged plucked of  
 their wings and plumage;  
 The stars of evening sank in the blood of the  
 sunset but rose again.  
 Those who swam under the sea were buried  
 by the ocean,  
 But those who suffered the buffeting of the  
 wave arose, and became pearls.  
 Those who prided themselves on their  
 alchemy are the dust of the wayside;  
 Those who kept their forehead upon the dust  
 emerged as the makers of elixir.  
 Our slow-running messenger brought the  
 tidings of life;  
 Those to whom the lightning gave news  
 emerged unknowing.  
 The Shrine was disgraced by the lack of  
 foresight of the old keeper of the shrine;  
 But how our Tartar heroes emerged as young  
 men of vision!  
 Those who soar aloft and light the sky say this  
 to the earth,  
 'These earth-bound creatures emerged more  
 lively, more stable and more shining.'  
 In the world, the people of faith live like the  
 sun;  
 Here they sink, there they arise, there they  
 sink, here they arise!  
 The certainty of individuals is the capital for  
 building the community;  
 This is the power which draws the portrait of  
 the fate of the community.  
 You are the secret of creation, see yourself in  
 your eyes;  
 Share the secret of your own self, become the  
 spokesman of God.

Greed has split mankind into little pieces;  
Become the statement of brotherhood, become  
the language of love.  
Here are Indians, there people of Khurasan,  
here Afghans, there Turanians—  
You, who despise the shore, rise up and make  
yourself boundless.  
Your wings and your plumage are soiled with  
the dust of colour and race;  
You, my bird of the holy shrine, shake your  
wings before you start to fly.  
Immerse yourself in your self, my forgetful  
one, this is the secret of life;  
Come out from the fetters of evening and  
morning, become immortal.  
On the battle-field of life adopt the nature of  
steel;  
In the bed-chamber of love become as soft as  
silk and painted brocade.  
Pass like a river in full spate through the  
mountains and the deserts;  
If the garden should come your way, then  
become a melodiously singing stream.  
There is no limit to your knowledge and love;  
In the instrument of nature there is no sweeter  
song than you.

Even now, mankind if the miserable prey to  
imperialism;  
How distressing that man is hunted by man!  
The glitter of modern civilization dazzles the  
sight;  
But this clever craftsmanship is a mosaic of  
false jewels.  
That science, in which the scholars of the West  
took pride,  
Is the sword of warfare held in the bloody  
grip of greed.  
That civilization of the world, which is  
founded on capitalism,  
Can never be become strong by spellbinding  
schemes.  
By action life may become both paradise and  
hell;  
This creature of dust in its nature is neither of  
light nor of fire.  
Teach the nightingale to send forth its  
clamour;

Open the knot of the bud, for you are the  
spring breeze for this garden.  
Once more the spark of love has arisen from  
the heart of Asia;  
The earth is the coursing-ground for the stain-  
cloaked Tartars.  
Arise! A buyer has come to our hapless life;  
*After an age, the time has come for our caravan's  
departure.*

Come, Saki! The song of the bird of the  
garden has come from the branches;  
The spring has come; the beloved has come;  
the beloved has come; peace has come!  
The spring cloud has pitched its tent in the  
valley and the desert;  
The sound of the waterfall has come from the  
summit of the mountains.  
I implore you; renew the law of the past!  
For the army of singers has come drove upon  
drove.  
Turn away from the ascetics and fearlessly  
drink wine from the jar;  
After an age the song of the nightingale has  
rung out from this old branch.  
Bring the account of the Master of Badr and  
Hunain to those who yearn;  
Its hidden mystic powers have been revealed  
to the eye.  
Again the branch of Khalil has been watered  
by the sap of our blood;  
In the marketplace of love our cash has  
proved to be perfect.  
I scatter the pearls of tulips upon the dust of  
the martyrs,  
For their blood has proved to be effective for  
the saplings of the community.  
Come, so that we may strew roses and pour a  
measure of wine in the cup!  
Let us split open the roof of the heavens and  
think upon new ways.

*[Translated by D.J. Matthews]*

#### GHAZALS

O zephyr! Convey my message to the one  
wrapped in blanket  
The poor Ummah has lost both din and  
material resources

The river bank gave this message to the  
restless wave  
"Union with ocean is still far and you have  
already lost patience in the river"  
O Qais! Love's honor is made durable with  
litter's curtain  
If litter is lost, glory, honor as well as Lailah is  
lost!  
Though the drop got pearl's dignity by  
abandoning struggle  
It lost taste for wandering and struggle in the  
river  
Though this voice has emerged from Iqbal's  
lips its source is unknown  
The assembly got hope's message as well as  
became restless for activism

\*

These songs of turtle doves and nightingales  
are merely ear's illusion  
Behind this uproar the world of the garden is  
silent  
O Western wine the effect of your goblets is  
only this  
That cup-bearer is laughing and the entire  
assembly is unconscious  
In the world's sorrowful house you are not  
traceable  
Was creation also a crime so Your nature is  
concealed?  
Ah! What the world considers heart is not  
heart  
In the human breast this is a silent tumult  
Walk on the path of life but walk carefully  
Understand that some glass work is on your  
shoulders  
Through whom Delhi and Lahore were  
drawn together  
Ah! Iqbal that nightingale is silent now.

\*

O dejected nightingale your lament is  
immature still  
You should hold it in your breast for a little  
while still  
If Intellect is prudent it is considered mature  
If Love is prudent it is considered immature  
still

Love fearlessly jumped into the fire of  
Namrud  
Intellect is absorbed in the spectacle from  
roof-top still  
Love moves fast in action under the  
messenger's precept  
Intellect has not even understood the Love's  
message still  
The way of Love is freedom and world  
revolution  
You are imprisoned in day and night's temple  
still  
On the plea of temperance the cup-bearer says  
rudely  
In your heart is the same anxiety for the end  
still  
Constant struggle is the measure for life's  
Kamm and Kaif  
Your measure is the counting of days and  
nights still  
O spring rain! How long this miserliness?  
The tulips of my hillside are thirsty still  
They are accustomed to `Ajam's wine I have  
the `Arab wine  
My cup makes wine-drinkers startled still  
Zepheyr has brought news about Iqbal from  
the garden  
The newly seized is writhing under the net  
still.

\*

Lift the veil from thy Face and be manifest in  
the assembly  
Make the eyes of the sun, moon and stars thy  
spectators  
If thou art the lightning how long this secret  
winking?  
Make acquaintance with my heart without a  
veil.  
The warm breath's effect is the miracle of life  
If it is on thy breast perform life-giving  
miracles  
How long should begging be on the Tur like  
Kaleem!  
Make the flame of Sinai manifest with thy  
existence  
Let the Harem be built with every speck of  
thy dust

Make the heart alien to the ways of the Church  
It is not good to exceed limits in this garden  
If thou showeth elegance make its show with  
grace  
First become self-respecting like Alexander.  
Then make the show of desire of Dara's  
grandeur  
You will reach the destination of Layla one  
day, O Iqbal  
For some more days continue wandering in  
the wilderness

\*

The spring breeze is flowing again start singing,  
O Iqbal  
If you are a bud be the flower, if a flower the  
garden become  
You are a handful of dust, with the warmth of  
the components  
Wander around, scatter about and wilderness  
in extent become  
You belong to the essence of Love, you are  
invaluable  
The purchasers are indigent, low priced in  
this country become  
Why should your tunes be veiled in the  
guitar's frets?  
You are an ornamented song, evident to every  
ear become  
O wise traveler! If in your path you encounter  
The garden become dew, if wilderness the  
storm become  
Indulgence is concealed in the love of  
opulence  
If you aim at the destination, destroyer of  
opulence become

[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]

\*

For once, O awaited Reality, reveal Thyself in  
a form material,  
For a thousand prostrations are quivering  
eagerly in my submissive brow.  
Know the pleasure of tumult: thou art a tune  
consort with the ear!  
What is that melody worth, which hides itself  
in the silent chords of the harp.

My dark misdeeds found no refuge in the  
wide world –

The only refuge they found was in Thy  
beginning forgiveness.

Even as I laid down my head in prostration a  
cry arose from the ground:

Thy heart is enamoured of the idol, what shalt  
thou gain by prayer?

[Anonymous translation]<sup>13</sup>

\*

No wonder if the garden birds remained fond  
of poetry even under the net

The lament fluttering in hearts as silent song  
remained

Thy Effulgence could not satisfy the restless  
heart at all

The same dawn's lament remained, the same  
midnight sighs remained

Neither God, nor idols nor the rivals of  
temple and the Harem remained

Neither 'Ali's prowess nor Abu Lahab's  
infidelity remained

Though my orchestra remained oppressed by  
'Ajam's plectrum

I am that martyr in fidelity's cause whose  
song ever Arabic remained!

\*

Though you are bound by cause and effect  
Keep your heart a little independent  
Intellect is not free from criticism  
Establish the foundation of your deeds on  
Love

O Muslim always in your mind

Keep the verse *La Yukhlif ul mi 'ad*

This is the message of the Voice of Time

Always deep in heart *Inna wa`d-Allah i Haqqun*

[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]

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<sup>13</sup> This translation appears as a page-filler in *Iqbal Review* April 1967 but the translator could be Lt.-Col. K.A. Rashid since he is credited for another filler on p.22 of the same issue.

SATIRICAL

In the East principles are changed to religion  
 But in the West they are changed into  
 machines  
 We do not retain even one of them  
 There one is changed into three

\*

The girls are learning English  
 The nation prosperity's way has found  
 The ways of the West are in view  
 Eastern ways sinful are found  
 What scenes will this drama produce?  
 On curtain's rising this will be found

\*

The Sheikh also is not a supporter of women's  
 seclusion  
 The college boys unnecessarily suspicious of  
 him became  
 He clearly stated in the sermon yesterday  
 "From whom would women be secluded if  
 men women became"

\*

O wise man! This is a matter of a few days  
 only  
 Neither you will be modest nor woman will  
 seclusion want  
 That time is approaching when instead of  
 children  
 Votes for the council's membership will she  
 want

\*

Western education is very encouraging  
 Its first lesson is to brag sitting in the college  
 As only the purchasers inhabit India  
 Afghans also bring assafoetida from their  
 country  
 My condition is that I lick the toe of the boot  
 She says "Beware do not be crawling on my  
 carpet"  
 The camel is said to be a somewhat clumsy  
 animal  
 The cow is good as she has slender horns

\*

It does not matter if the preacher is poor  
 He should bend to the new civilization  
 Much has been written on cancellation of  
 jihad  
 He should write a tract on cancellation of hajj

\*

The patient of civilization will not be cured by  
 the goli  
 For curing of the malady you should present  
 him with pill  
 There was a time when in exchange for the  
 teacher's services  
 One wanted that the gift of the heart he  
 should present!  
 Times have changed so much that the pupil  
 after the lesson  
 Says to the teacher "You should present the  
 bill"

\*

Will there be an end to this, how long should  
 we buy  
 Umbrellas, handkerchiefs, mufflers, shirts  
 from Japan  
 If this condition of our complacency continues  
 Washers of the dead will come from Kabul,  
 shrouds from Japan

\*

We poor Easterners have been entangled in  
 the West  
 All crystal decanters are there, only an old  
 earthen jar is here  
 All will be annihilated in this age except the  
 one  
 Who established in his ways and firm in his  
 thought is  
 O Shaikh and Brahman do you listen to what  
 people with insight say?  
 Heaven from great heights has thrown down  
 those nations  
 Who formerly had assemblies of affection  
 with firm love  
 Now under discussion is Urdu and Hindi or  
 Dhibh and Jhatka

\*

"The search, the witness and the thing  
witnessed are the same"  
If this saying of Ghalib is true there is no  
strangeness  
O Shaikh! Have you heard something?  
What the temple's people's say to the  
Ka`bah's people!  
"We ask the Muslim with the disposition of a  
lover  
If you love the idols why is enmity with the  
Brahman?"

\*

We have lost all material resources  
The thought of Judgment Day has gone also  
The Shaikh was fighting for Endowment Acts  
Ask him if there is any property left for  
endowment also?

\*

As I tried to commit suicide the Miss  
exclaimed  
"O lover! If you are civilized do not transgress  
the limits  
Without courage or dagger suicide's intention  
is strange  
Even granting your pain of failure has  
exceeded the limits"  
I said, "O dear, give me some cash  
I shall hire some Afghan from the Frontier  
Province"

\*

So naive were they not to appreciate the  
Arabs' worth  
What they got was that assault and battery  
they escaped not  
In the West camel is called ship of the desert  
The Turks made use of this fleet not

\*

In India councils are a part of the government  
This is the start of our political perfection  
We were always beggars, begging was our  
way  
The rich should now acquire the skill of  
"begging"

\*

Membership of the Imperial council is not at  
all difficult  
Votes will be available; Will we be paid  
money also?  
May God bless Mirza Ghalib, who has rightly  
said  
"We are prepared to live in Delhi, how shall  
we subsist?"  
16  
What will be a better proof of affection and  
fidelity  
With no love for you how intolerable will this  
cruelty be  
Insistence is that in the ward committee I  
should also speak  
But I shall speak after guessing if the Collector  
agreeable with me will be  
Obtain the testimonial, it will be of use for  
sons  
He is favorable now, later he may or may not  
be  
Indians cannot find a place on the earth  
But the oceans' bottom available may be  
Like the insensitive boat we are subservient to  
orders  
We are bound to the bank or float as your  
desire may be

\*

The Sheikh was giving a sermon on the mode  
of operation  
"The infidels of India are very hard working  
in business  
Polytheists are those having trade relations  
with polytheists  
But our nation's people are lacking in  
intelligence and sense  
Unclean is the article touched by the infidel  
Should listen if Muslim's ears are amenable to  
truth!  
A drunkard was also present in the sermon's  
assembly  
To whom such talks as those of the preacher  
were irksome  
He said, "It is atrocious that in such  
restrictions

Are imprisoned the dealings in articles of  
eating and drink"  
I said, "There is no difficulty for you  
As in India Muslims also are liquor sellers!"

\*

Let us see how long this business of the East  
lasts  
People are buying cups and jars instead of  
din's goblets  
The cure of Love is the new education's lancet  
My surgeon is drawing blood from the  
Millat's vein

\*

The cow one day started saying to the camel  
Nothing in the world rests in one condition  
I am ignominious by breaking my rope  
I hear you have also broken your nose string  
Though you are important in India for  
political reasons  
But due to railway the Arabian desert finds  
no use for you  
Till yesterday you were avoiding the cow's  
companionship  
The voice of 'never' on your hanging lips was  
persistent  
What is the matter that you are so favorable to  
me today  
That old displeasure does not exist in your  
heart today  
Hearing this speech the camel bashfully said  
I am also to be counted among your lovers  
The envy of hundreds of camel's ogle is your  
one frisk  
Since long I am the lover of such a frisk  
The effects of your tumults have spread in the  
forest such  
That speech has produced its taste even  
among the speechless  
I am living only in one desert since a long  
time  
As I have nothing I am fed on borrowed  
money  
If goat, camel, cow, leopard and the lame  
donkey  
All exist in the same condition we shall have  
prestige

If the gardener learns the lesson of uniformity  
Why should not the gardens' birds live in  
harmony  
Give me also the same cup as only this  
appears proper  
You should be intoxicated, your companions  
should also be intoxicated  
"The patched garment of Hafiz is worthless,  
color him with wine  
Then bring him to the market, lost and  
intoxicated

\*

Last night the mosquito related to me  
The whole story of his failures  
"They give me only one drop of blood  
In return for the whole night's labor  
And this land owner without any effort  
Sucked all the blood of the cultivator"

\*

This new 'verse' was revealed to me from the  
jail  
That the Quran is in the Gita and the Gita is in  
the Quran  
How well friendship developed between  
Sheikh and Brahmin  
In this battle after all neither this nor that was  
winning  
"Badri" was already disgusted with the temple  
"Masita" does not step out of the mosque, he  
is stubborn.

\*

Life may be lost but truth should not be lost  
This one principle is the core of all religions  
They are the birds of the same feather,  
Banking, landlordship, monarchy

\*

Capital and labor are in confrontation with  
each other  
Let us see how many people's expectations  
are destroyed  
With cleverness and prudence this mischief  
cannot be delayed  
Because "Wa qad kuntum bihi tasta'jilun"  
Gog and Magog all have been released



The Muslim eye will see the meaning of  
Yansilun

\*

That eternal rind has departed from the  
border of Sham  
Shelving away all the rules and etiquette of  
the tavern  
If so, how much is this the occasion for  
admonition  
The blue sky changes its colors in a moment  
Cursor certainly would be concerned with  
remedial measures  
In the belly of obedience has started  
unequaled convulsion  
Sir Agha Khan is demanding the delegation  
from India  
Is this the digestive for devouring Iraq and  
Palestine

\*

One day a dispute arose between the farmer  
and the owner  
Each of them was saying that the land  
belonged to him  
The farmer said that the field belonged to the  
cultivator  
The owner said that the farmer had become  
demented  
I asked the land as to whose property it was  
It replied that it was believing only this:  
Whether it be the owner or the wretched  
farmer  
Whatever is under the sky is property of the  
land

\*

Throw them out in the alley  
The new civilization's eggs are rotten  
Election, membership, council, presidency  
The nooses of independence are very strange

The carpenter has also been pared  
The Europe's planes are very sharp

\*

The owner of the factory is a useless man  
He is very pleasure loving, hard work does  
not suit him  
God's command is "Laisa lil Insani Illa Ma  
Sa'a"  
Fruit of laborer's work should not be usurped  
by the capitalist

\*

I have heard this was the talk in the factory  
yesterday  
"The artisans only in old huts have their  
abode  
But what a good council hall the government  
has made  
In this city the capitalists did not have any  
abode"

\*

Though the mosque was built overnight by  
the believers  
Our heart being old sinner for years devout  
could not be  
What a beautiful message did Sanusi give to  
King Faisal  
By descent you Hijazi are, but in heart Hijazi  
could no be  
Though eyes become wet there is no pleasure  
is in this weeping  
If by mixture of affliction's blood tears pink  
could not be  
Iqbal is a good advisor, fascinates the heart in  
moments  
He did become hero in talk, but one in deeds  
he could not be.

[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]