

# THE ROD OF MOSES

A DECLARATION OF WAR AGAINST THE PRESENT AGE

Like the wind of morn imbibe the wish to blow,  
For temper free is ever moving to and fro.  
A thousand founts shall spring on path that you have trod,  
Go deep in self and cleave the sea with Moses' Rod.

DEDICATION TO  
NAWAB SIR  
HAMIDULLAH KHAN  
THE RULER OF BHOPAL

What Time has done or shall do with the East,  
None save a prince, like you, can know the  
least.

You own insight and what lies in my  
mind,

Is not too hard for you to ken and find.

Accept from me this treasure of Spring  
tide,

Whose roses in your hand shall fresh  
abide.

TO READERS

Your glass can never match the stony rock,  
Unless of facts with care you take the stock.

Give proof of strength and strike a  
dreadful blow,

When war is waging strains of harp  
forego.

The wealth of life is due to blood in veins,  
O man remiss! love pain, shun melodious  
strains.

## THE PROLOGUE

(1)

In fane and shrine the self in slumber deep is  
sunk,  
It seems that soul of East an opiate strong has  
drunk.

    If freaks of Fate with smile on lips you  
    can not face,  
    The secrets hid in firmament n're claim  
    to trace.

Your anguish sharp for Death you can not  
keep at bay,  
Because you deem that self is merely made of  
clay.

    Time can conceal mishaps at all from  
    you,  
    Alas! your heart and soul are foul and  
    are not true.

The straws and thorns of East to me have  
been assigned,  
For flame that burns in me is rash and  
unconfined.

(2)

Iqbal, you sin because the throngs you tingle,  
Though keep aloof and seldom with them  
mingle.

    Men wont to quaff extract from  
    poppies drawn,  
    Have courage gained for deeds  
    requiring brawn.

The birds, who spite of pinions rent were  
glad,

In nests, for azure sky now feel so sad.

    You ought to be deprived of songs of  
    morn,

    Deserve to miss delight and feel forlorn.

## ISLAM AND MUSSULMAN

DAWN

The morn that shifts so soon tomorrow new,  
Whence it comes is only known to few:

    The dark abode of being is shook by  
    morn,  
    Which by Muslim's call to prayer is  
    born.

NO GOD BUT HE

The secret of the self is hid,  
In words "No god but He alone."  
The self is just a dull-edged sword,  
"No god but He," the grinding stone.

    An Abraham by the age is sought  
    To break the idols of this Hall:  
    The avowal of God's Oneness can  
    Make all these idols headlong fall.

A bargain you have struck for goods  
Of life, a step, that smacks conceit,  
All save the call "No god but He,"  
Is merely fraught with fraud and deceit.

    The worldly wealth and riches too,  
    Ties of blood and friends a dream  
    The idols wrought by doubts untrue,  
    All save God's Oneness empty seem.

The mind has worn the holy thread  
Of Time and Space like pagans all  
Though Time and Space both illusive  
"No god but He" is true withal.

    These melodious songs are not  
    confined

    To Time when rose and tulip bloom  
    Whatever the season of year be

    "No god but He" must ring till doom.

Many idols are still concealed  
In their sleeves by the Faithful Fold,  
I am ordained by Mighty God  
To raise the call and be much bold.

SUBMISSION TO FATE

The Quranic teaching that did bring  
The Moon and Pleiades within human  
Is now explained in manner strange,  
'Twixt man and world to cause a breach.

Their mode of work has changed  
 entire,  
 Before the freaks of Fate they bow:  
 They had a say in what God decreed,  
 But Muslims have now fallen low.  
 What was so evil has by steps  
 Put on the shape of good and fine:  
 In state of bondage, as is known,  
 The shift of conscience is quite sure.

#### ASCENSION

A mote endowed with strong desire for flight  
 Can reach the Sun and Moon with effort  
 slight.  
 If chest of partridge fire and zeal emit,  
 My friends, in fight with hawk it can acquit.  
 Ascension means to gauge a Muslim's  
 heart,  
 The Pleiades are the target of his dart.  
 No wonder, meanings of *Najm* from  
 you hide,  
 On Moon depends your ocean's ebb  
 and tide.

#### ADMONITION TO A PHILOSOPHY STRICKEN SAYYID

If your self had not been debased and lost,  
 Bergson, his spell on you would not have cast.  
 Hegel's shell is quite devoid of gem  
 that gleams,  
 His talisman merely web of fancy  
 seems.  
 Man's need is how this earthly life to brace,  
 He yearns that self may last 'yond Time and  
 Space.  
 To have a life steadfast is his desire,  
 He seeks some rules to guide his life  
 entire.  
 The source, that gloom dispels, spreads light  
 around,  
 Is worship call at morn with clarion sound.  
 I am by breed a pure and trite Somnati,  
 Ancestors mine were both Lati and  
 Manati.  
 You hail from Hashemite Prophet's race,  
 My origin from Brahmans I have to trace.  
 Philosophy is my body's essential part,

It is rooted deep in fibres of my heart.  
 Iqbal devoid of skill and craft though be,  
 Through every vein of thought can fully see.  
 The frenzy in your breast is shorn of  
 glow,  
 This heart illuming point you ought to  
 know.  
 Intellect leads a man from God astray,  
 Philosophy from grasping facts keeps away.  
 Dumb strains produced by calm and  
 serious thought  
 Slay zeal for active life and achieve not  
 aught.  
 True faith and creed give strength to earthly  
 life,  
 Abraham and Prophets' Seal guide to face its  
 strife.  
 Ali's son, you are deceived by  
 Avicenna's thought,  
 Give ears to what the Holy Prophet  
 taught.  
 You can not see the path you have to  
 tread,  
 So choose a guide from tribe of Quraysh  
 instead.

#### THE EARTH AND THE SKY

Perhaps the part of year that Spring you  
 deem,  
 In others' view destructive Autumn it may  
 seem!  
 The worldly affairs one pattern don't  
 retain,  
 So pilgrim wise, think not of loss and  
 gain!  
 The thing you take for sky of earthly tract,  
 Perhaps is soil of some other world in fact!

#### THE DECLINE OF THE MUSLIMS

Though wealth and gold provide  
 The worldly needs of man  
 But what *faqr* can bestow  
 No wealth or gold e'er can.  
 If youth of nation mine  
 Were jealous of their creed,  
 My qalandar's state won't mind  
 Alexander's might indeed.

With ease you can divine  
To some thing else is due:  
Penury can not cause  
Decline of Muslims True.  
Wealth has played no part  
To bring my worth to light  
My *faqr* this spell has cast,  
The share of wealth is slight.

[Translated by Syed Akbar Ali Shah]

#### KNOWLEDGE AND LOVE

Knowledge said to me, Love is madness;  
Love said to me, Knowledge is calculation—  
O slave of calculation, do not be a bookworm!  
Love is Presence entire, Knowledge nothing  
but a Veil.

The universe is moved by the warmth of Love;  
Knowledge deals with the Attributes, Love is  
a vision of the Essence;

Love is peace and permanence, Love is Life  
and Death:

Knowledge is the rising question, Love is the  
hidden answer.

Kingdom, faith and *faqr* are all miracles of Love;  
The crowned kings and lords are base slaves  
of Love;

Love is the Space and the Creation, Love is  
Time and Earth!

Love is conviction entire, and conviction is the  
key!

The luxury of destination is forbidden in the  
religion of Love;

Fighting the storms is permitted, but the  
comfort of the shore is forbidden;

Lightning is permitted to Love, Harvest is  
forbidden.

Knowledge is the child of the Book, Love is  
the mother of the Book.

[Translated by the Editors]

#### IJTEHAD

There is no place in Ind wherefrom to learn  
The tenets that the Muslim Faith concern.

They are devoid of zeal for godly acts,  
And are not wont to seek its basic facts.

The mystics, who were keen their faith to  
spread,  
Are silent now and thought for them a dread.

Alas! the state of bondage deprives of  
zest,

Slaves tread the beaten path and  
relinquish quest.

The jurists are helpless to such extent  
Can't change themselves but would change  
Quran's content.

How sad, the jurists can't shift their  
outlook,  
But would prefer to change the Holy  
Book!

These abject slaves opine and cling to creed  
That Holy Book is full of flaws indeed.

They think it incomplete for this fact  
Because it fails to teach the slavish tact.

#### THANKS CUM COMPLAINT

Though unwise, thanks to God I must express  
For bonds with celestial world that I possess.

My songs fresh zeal to hearts of men  
impart,  
Their charm extends to lands that lie  
apart.

In Autumn my breath makes birds that chirp  
in morn,

Imbibe much joy and feel no more forlorn.

O God, to such a land I have been sent,  
Where men in abject bondage feel content.

[Translated by Syed Akbar Ali Shah]

#### DHIKR AND FIKR

These are all a wayfarer's search posts  
about whom the Quran says: *He taught all the  
names.*

The achievements of Rumi and 'Attar are  
stations of *dhikr*;

the computations of Bu 'Ali Sina pertain to  
the station of *fikr*.

To measure time and space is the station of  
*fikr*,

to recite: *Exalted be my Lord, Most High* is the  
station of *dhikr*.

[Translated by BASHIR AHMAD Dar]

MULLAH OF THE MOSQUE

I do not wonder if  
 To God you find approach:  
 You know not rank of man  
 For which you need reproach.  
     Your worship is devoid  
     Of grandeur, charm and grace:  
     Your Call to Prayer at morn  
     Leaves cold and does not brace

DESTINY

Oft men who don't deserve get might and  
 main,  
 Anon a Person's gifts ungraced remain.  
     Perhaps some rules of Logic are  
     concealed,  
     Mishaps that lie in wait are not  
     revealed.  
 There is a fact that all of us can know,  
 World annals much light on this matter throw.  
     Fate keeps its eye on what the nations do,  
     Like two-edged sword can riddle through  
     and through.

[Translated by Syed Akbar Ali Shah]

ONENESS OF GOD

*Tauhid* has been a living force in the days  
 bygone; what is it these days? Merely a topic  
 of theology.  
 If its glory doesn't make the darkness of  
 character radiant,  
 Muslim cannot judge his elevated position.  
 Chief of warriors, I have witnessed your  
 array; their sheaths are devoid of the sword  
 of *Say: He is Allah*.  
 Ah! Neither mullah nor *faqih* envisages the  
 fact that unity of thought without unity of  
 action is imperfect.  
 What is a nation, or how to lead it?—What  
 clue these leaders of prayers could have of  
 that!

[Translated by Dr. Mohammad Riaz]<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The last couplet, "What is a nation, ... could have of that!" has been translated by the present editors, since it did not occur in Dr. Riaz's translation.

KNOWLEDGE AND RELIGION

Learning whom God has made  
 The mate of heart and sight,  
 Like Friend of God can break  
 With ease all idols bright.  
     Cosmos and life are one,  
     The world is one and same  
     The tale of old and new  
     Is merely false and lame.

A blossom can not thrive  
 In meadow full of trees,  
 Unless some drops of dew  
 Ally with pleasant breeze.  
     That ken is vision dim,  
     In which the wise man's lore  
     And sight that Moses viewed  
     Keep apart and merge no more.

INDIAN MUSLIM

Brahmans dub him as foe to native land,  
 The English call him beggar on the other  
 hand.  
     The code of prophet born in Punjab  
     says,  
     "This ancient Muslim owns many  
     pagan ways."  
 When and whence the call to truth shall  
 rise,  
 "My humble heart is feeling much  
 surprise?"<sup>2</sup>

WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF THE  
 BRITISH GOVERNMENT'S PERMISSION TO  
 KEEP SWORD

O Muslim, did you ever think or feel  
 What is meant by piercing sword of steel?  
     It is the first hemistich of this verse  
     That God's Oneness shows in form so  
     terse.  
 My anxiety for the second half is greater  
 though,  
 May God the sword of *faqr* on you bestow  
     If Muslim true can get this sword in hold

<sup>2</sup> The quotation is from a Persian source.

He is Ali the Lion of God, or Khalid bold.

[Translated by Syed Akbar Ali Shah]

### JIHAD

This is an age, our canonist's new dictum  
Assures us, of the pen: in our world now  
The sword has no more virtue. — Has it not  
reached  
Our pious oracle's ear, that in the Mosque  
Such sermonizing nowadays has grown  
Rhymeless and reasonless? Where, in a  
Muslim's hand,  
Will he find dagger or rifle? And if there  
were,  
Our hearts have lost all memory of delight  
In death. To one whose nerves falter at even  
An infidel cut down, who would exclaim  
'Die like a Muslim!' Preach relinquishment  
Of such crusades to him whose bloody fist  
Menaces earth! Europe, swathed cap-a-pie  
In mail, mounts guard over her glittering  
reign  
Of falsehood; we enquire of our divine,  
So tender of Christendom: if for the East  
War is unhallowed, is not war unhallowed  
For Western arms? And if your goal be truth,  
Is this the right road — Europe's faults all  
glossed,  
And all Islam's held to so strict an audit?

[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]

### AUTHORITY AND FAITH

Autocrats like Alexander and Genghis,  
Have trampled men beneath their feet,  
Not once but hundred times so far,  
They brought man down from honoured seat.  
The annals right from history's dawn  
The message eternal bear as such,  
"O man, with insight great endowed,  
The wine of might is dangerous much."  
Before this quickly flowing flood  
That spreads to all the tracts with speed:  
Art, insight, intellect and science,  
Are carried along like straw and reed.  
Divorced from faith, a poison strong,  
When propped by faith and true belief,

'Gainst poison works with speed,  
And proves a source of much relief.

### FAQR AND MONARCHY

*Faqr* goes to War unequipped, unarmed with  
glee,  
It deals dire blows, if heart of sins is free.  
Its defiance and unrest, ever on  
increase  
Give tale of Moses and Pharoah fresh  
release.  
O zealous *faqr*, you will get your grandeur old,  
The Frankish soul is stained with greed of  
wealth and gold.  
Ecstatic Love forbids control of heart  
Without breeze the petals do not part.

### ISLAM

The fire and light of ego both  
The soul of Muslims together bind;  
The fire of self is light for life:  
God's existence brings before the mind.  
It fortifies the things of life,  
It is the cause of all display:  
Though Nature always hides this soul  
From eyes of mankind far away.  
If Muslim Faith offends the West,  
Let West in its own anger burn:  
This faith is known by other name,  
To 'Jealous *Faqr*' now we must turn.

[Translated by Syed Akbar Ali Shah]

### ETERNAL LIFE

Life is a like a shell and ego like a drop of  
April shower —  
It is unbecoming a shell if it cannot turn the  
drop into a pearl.  
If the ego is self-preserving, self-creating and  
self-sustaining,  
Then it is possible that even death may not  
make you die.

[Translated by M. Munawwar Mirza]

### KINGSHIP

The lofty states of *faqr* are known to few,  
The *faqr* that brings the soul of Quran to view.

When selfhood sees its sway and upper  
hand,  
This exalted state the folk as kingship  
brand.  
This rank gives verdict of a Muslim's worth,  
And makes him vicegerent of God on earth.  
You have got bondage as a fit reward,  
For you have failed to keep on *faqr* a  
guard.  
Prostration made like moon his forehead  
shine,  
Alas! the Franks have snatched that essence  
fine.  
Your stars have lost their pristine glow  
and sheen  
That made them rivals of Sun and  
Moon so keen.

#### THE MYSTIC

Your eyes are fixed on miracles that amaze,  
But world of events strange attracts my gaze.  
No doubt, the world of thought is  
strange and queer,  
But worlds of Life and Death more odd  
appear.  
A call to you is sent by World of Chance,  
Perhaps you may transmute it with your  
glance.

[Translated by Syed Akbar Ali Shah]

#### DAZZLED BY EUROPE

1

Your light is only Europe's light reflected:  
You are four walls her architects have built,  
A shell of dry mud with no tenant soul,  
An empty scabbard chased with flowery guilt.

2

To your mind God's existence seems  
unproved:  
Your own existence seems not proved to  
mine.  
He whose self shines like a gem, alone exists;  
Take heed of it! I do not see yours shine.

[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]

#### MYSTICISM

If angelic art and celestial lore  
The ills of Muslims can not cure,  
Worthless they are and of no use,  
Of fact so true you must be sure.  
Your reveries deep and rapture sweet,  
Your worship at the midst of night,  
If fail to keep a watch on self,  
Are useless quite and have value slight.  
The intellect can cast its noose  
On the Pleiades and the Moon;  
If heart is b'reft of love for God,  
It is not a worthy gift and boon.  
If wit incites a man to say  
"No God but He" it brings no gain:  
It has no worth at all I think,  
Unless affirmed by heart and brain.  
No wonder great that my discourse  
With distraction unbound is fraught:  
If it won't spread like rays of morn,  
It means such talk has value naught!

[Translated by Syed Akbar Ali Shah]

#### ISLAM IN INDIA

Only identity of thought  
Keeps the Faith thriving—  
Doctrine by whose means schism is brought  
Is impious striving;  
And only the strong hand is fit  
To guard the creed:  
Let no-one trust man's native wit  
To serve such need.  
But that strength, preacher, we shall not  
Find in *your* hand muster;  
Go, and recite in some cool grot  
Your paternoster—  
And there concoct some new Islam,  
Whose mystic kernel  
Shall be a tame submissive calm,  
Despair eternal!  
—In India, if bare leave be deigned  
His prayer-prostration,  
Our dull priest thinks Islam has gained  
Emancipation.

[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]

GHAZAL

A heart devoid of love is dead,  
    Infuse fresh life in it again:  
It is the only cure for folk  
    Who suffer from some chronic pain.  
Your sea is full of calm and rest  
    Is it repose or magic art?  
No sharks and storms disturb your sea,  
    Intact its coast in every part!  
You are not intimate with laws  
    That rule the spheres that spin around:  
The twinkling stars do not disturb  
    The calm which in your heart is found!  
The dormant spark that buried lay  
    In my extinguished clay since long  
Has set afire your bed of reeds,  
    Assuming form of morning song!  
That man can only see in full  
    The world of future and the past,  
Who has the luck to be endowed with  
    With my glance so pert and fast!

THE WORLD

The diverse hues of world I can descry,  
Here stone and gem, there moon and starry  
    sky.  
My insight also gives this verdict clear,  
These are hills, river, earth and sphere.  
Of facts so true, I strive to hide not aught:  
You are, all else a trick that eyes have  
    wrought!

PRAYER

In different garbs and various masks  
The idols reappear in every age:  
They e'er retain their youth and gloss  
Though man has grown old on this stage.  
    Prostration 'fore God you presume  
    As irksome, tedious, burden great;  
    But mind, this homage sets you free  
    From bonds of men, of might who  
    prate!

REVELATION

Poor intellect can't be fit  
To be your guide in life:  
If led by guess and doubt  
Disruption may get rife.  
    Your zeal infirm and weak,  
    Unlit your thoughts by light:  
    It is too hard to illumine  
    Your life's dark dismal night.  
'Twixt actions good and bad  
It's hard to draw a line,  
Unless life undertakes  
Such subtle points to define.

DEFEATISM

The mystics of the present age  
Are devoid of warrior's rage:  
The claim that they are rapt with wine  
Of *'Last* and turn from Code Divine!  
    The jurist has such bent of mind  
    That makes to monkish mode inclined,  
    In Holy Wars take rock-like stand,  
    They are just combats hand to hand.  
Man's flight from conflicts of life,  
Or escape from its heat and strife:  
If these not be abject defeat,  
What else is then a mean retreat?

HEART AND INTELLECT

Clay-made man and angelic hosts  
All are swayed by wit and mind:  
Naught lies beyond the reach of wit,  
Bestowed by God benign and kind.  
    Its lasting grandeur holds the world  
    In perpetual chains that do not break:  
    The heart alone some courage shows  
    And full of rage at wit can shake.

FERVOUR FOR ACTION

The mystic mode has naught except  
The inner changes of the heart;  
The talk of Mullah on his creed  
Is merely piece of fiery art.  
    The poet's song of zeal bereft,  
    Is dead and struck with frost!  
    To outward eyes he seems awake,  
    Though in thoughts completely lost!



Alas! my eyes do not behold  
The holy knight whose fervour high  
May cause his blood to seethe and boil  
In veins that lend such might to thigh.

#### THE GRAVE

A dervish feels no rest at all  
Beneath the mound of clods and dust:  
Though abysmal dark the grave,  
Its rigours yet bear he must.  
    In dark and dismal depths of grave  
    Silence of skies a man can sense,  
    But there he can never find  
    Environs free and space immense.

#### THE RECOGNITION OF A QALANDAR

A Dervish bold proclaims with main and  
    might  
My guidance take, tread path quite straight  
and right!  
    Beyond your might and nerves my  
    tumults lie,  
    With caution great by qalandar's  
    dwelling hie!  
The help of skiff and guide I do not need,  
If you are swollen brook, come down with  
speed!  
    Has not my *takbir* broke your charm?  
    Revoke, if show of courage does not  
    harm!  
A dervish holds the reins of time like  
    steed,  
He brings sun, stars and moon to book  
with speed!

#### PHILOSOPHY

The thoughts of young both masked and plain  
From qalandar's eyes can't hid remain.  
    I know your states for I too crost,  
    These tracts in times which now are  
    past.  
The wise 'bout words do not quarrel,  
He heeds not shell who seeks the pearl.  
    Men crazed with love of God possess,  
    Wit that from spark the flame can  
    guess.  
An import complex confirmed by heart,

Is precious more than gems in mart.  
    As good as dead is science and art,  
    Which took not birth from bleeding heart!

#### GOD'S MEN

That man alone is brave and free,  
Whose stroke is full of main and might;  
That man is coward through and through  
Who leans on guile and tricks in fight.  
    From creation's Immemorial Dawn  
    Free born men own a bent of mind,  
    Qalandar's traits donning cloak and  
    crown,  
    Such distinctive marks in them we find.  
The spark lies hid within their clay,  
Which the world to itself takes;  
Transforms it as if by a smell  
And world—illuming sun it makes.  
    This life is free from ugly taint  
    That makes men round the fane to tread:  
    O God! the faithful and pagan all  
    Have worn on shoulders sacred thread.

#### THE INFIDEL AND BELIEVER

Thus Khizr to me did speak  
Last day on river banks.  
"Are you in search of cure  
For venom spread by Franks"?  
    I know a subtle point  
    Which like the sword is keen:  
    Is cutting, burnished, bright  
    And owns a peculiar sheen.  
A heathen gets distinct  
By getting lost in life  
Whereas a Muslim true  
Keeps 'bove its brawl and strife.

#### THE TRUE GUIDE

The sedent nations of the East,  
Or active dwellers of the West;  
Are inmates of such dungeons that  
Were built by them with zeal and zest!  
    The priests who guide the Christian  
    church,  
    And elders who maintain the Shrine,  
    Lack newness of discourse and speech,  
    Bereft are they of actions fine.

Experts in statecraft practise still  
The same antique guile and wily tricks  
No flights of fancy the bard can claim  
To ideals low and mean he sticks!

It is time that the expected Guide  
May soon appear on worldly stage;  
His piercing glance in realm of thought  
Would cause a violent storm to rage.

BELIEVER

IN THE WORLD

A man whose faith is firm and strong  
Is soft as silk in friendly throng:  
In skirmish between wrong and right  
Like sword of steel, he stands to fight!  
The skies are his inveterate foes  
His war with them e'er onward goes:  
Though Muslim true of clay is born  
From earthly bonds still he is torn.  
To hunt the sparrow and the dove  
He does not like and does not love:  
He much aspires his noose to cast  
On angels great and hold it fast.

IN PARADISE

The angels of this thing are sure  
That a Muslim can allure;  
But Maids of Eden do complain,  
From society he does oft refrain.

MUHAMMAD ALI BAB

Before assembled Muslim priests,  
Bab made a speech with apt remarks;  
That fellow could not read aright  
'Samawats' with its syntactic marks.  
The scholars smiled with contempt  
At stupid error that he made.  
He said with courage and aplomb,  
They knew not his spiritual grade:  
The verses of the Holy Book  
By desinential marks were bound;  
They were ransomed and set free  
For sake of guidance true and sound.

*[Translated by Syed Akbar Ali Shah]*

FATE  
(SATAN AND GOD)

SATAN

Oh God, Creator! I did not hate your  
Adam,  
That captive of Far-and-Near and Swift-  
and-Slow;  
And what presumption could refuse to  
You  
Obedience? If I would not kneel to him,  
The cause was Your own fore-ordaining  
will.

GOD

When did that mystery dawn on you?  
Before,  
Or after your sedition?

SATAN

After, oh brightness  
Whence all the glory of all being flows.

GOD (TO HIS ANGELS)

See what a groveling nature taught him  
this  
Fine theorem! His not kneeling, he  
pretends,  
Belonged to My fore-ordinance; gives his  
freedom  
Necessity's base title;—wretch! His own  
Consuming fire he calls a wreath of smoke.

*[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]*

INVOCATION TO THE SOUL OF  
MUHAMMAD (PEACE BE UPON HIM)

The bonds that in past, like bundle knit  
The Faithful Fold, have now been split!  
O God sent Guide, let Muslims know,  
What to do and where to go?  
The Arabian Sea is quite bereft  
Of stir, there rise no waves and crest;  
The tempest that in me is hid  
Has no place to spread and skid!  
Caravan has left the tramp alone,  
But mount or food he does not own:  
Where can the singing cameleer go,

Who rides on hill and waste to and fro!  
 O Soul, whom God for message chose!  
 This secret hid to me disclose:  
 Some light on this problem throw,  
 Where may the guard of God's portents  
 go?

[Translated by Syed Akbar Ali Shah]

#### THE WAY OF ISLAM

What, shall I tell you then, is a Muslim's life?  
 Ecstasy's summit joined with profoundest  
 thought!  
 Even its setting flames like a rising sun;  
 Single its hue, yet manifold age by age;  
 Neither with those times sharing their scorn  
 of virtue.  
 Nor with times past their bondage to myth  
 and magic,  
 Firm on eternal verity's bedrock standing—  
 Here is true life, no airy conceit of Plato!  
 Love, that the Spirit harbors, of loveliness  
 Mingles amid its elements with Iran's  
 Beauty of mind, Arabia's inward fire.

[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]

#### GUIDANCE

What Guidance signifies you wish to know,  
 Insight, like me, may God on you bestow!  
 He is true guide and teacher of your  
 age,  
 Who can with present fill your mind  
 with rage.  
 By showing the face of Friend in looking  
 glass,  
 May make your life more onerous and crass.  
 He may make your blood seethe with  
 sense of harm  
 And on *faqir's* whetstone may to sword  
 transform.  
 Such guidance means revolt 'against  
 Lustrous Creed  
 That makes the Muslims bow to kingly  
 breed.

#### FAQR AND MONKERY

Perhaps your faith is so much quaint and  
 queer,  
 For *faqir* and monkery same to you appear.  
*Faqir* has a loathing great for monkish  
 ease;  
 Its boat is ever tossed by stormy seas.  
 He yearns to put to test his frame and soul,  
 Display of self is his main aim and goal.  
 Its life like touchstone acts for Cosmos  
 vast:  
 It knows what will perish and what  
 will last.  
 Ask it if things on which your eyes are bent,  
 Are real or merely riot of hue and scent!  
 Since Muslim true of *faqir* has been bereft,  
 No Salman's Faith or Solomon's awe are  
 left.

#### GHAZAL

A restless aching heart that throbs with Love  
 Is my life's only stock and hoard.  
 Your joys of life consist of wealth and gold  
 That worldly Science and Arts to you  
 afford.  
 The marvel wrought by thinkers wise and  
 sage  
 Consists of problems stiff that thought  
 provoke:  
 Mount Sinai, Pharoah's rout and Moses' Staff  
 Are miracles worked by those who God  
 invoke.  
 I have conferred a Muslim's name on you  
 For sake of courtesy, custom and routine:  
 Though your breath is quite bereft of heat  
 Of Reckoning Day that shall emit blazing  
 sheen.  
 My vest is torn to shreds and pieces since long  
 And this is due to my mind's frenzy great:  
 Your mind is still intact and sound,  
 Wherefore impute the blame to me and  
 slate?  
 You ought to keep your words within control,  
 If you seek the bounteous glance of guide:  
 When you talk with those who insight own,

Be courteous much, by conduct nice abide.

That nation cannot come to shame at all,  
Nor shall e'er come across or face disgrace,  
Whose youth are blessed with pluck and  
courage great,  
And guard with zeal the prestige of their  
race.

#### RESIGNATION

The twigs and boughs this subtle point  
explain  
That sense of surrounding wide to plants is  
plain.  
The seed is not content with dwelling  
dark,  
It has a craze to spire from earth like  
spark.  
Don't bar the path to deeds for Nature's  
claims,  
Submission to Will of God has different aims.  
If there is pluck for growth, the suburbs  
suffice;  
O man, the world is wide, if you are wise.

#### UNITY OF GOD

The subtle point in God's Oneness hid  
With ease in words we can explain;  
But what about your mind unsound  
That brims with myths and idols vain?  
The Elder of the Shrine has traits  
That smack of jurist's faith and creed:  
Much thirst for view 'No god but He,'  
Among his fellows cannot breed.  
None can appraise the glee one gets,  
When war is on 'twixt good and bad:  
He who can't inflict deadly blows  
And strokes in war is never glad.  
Observations made by free born men  
In world with marvels so replete;  
To those who own the glance of thralls  
None can such wonders 'fore them  
repeat.  
A dervish holds a loftier rank  
Than a monarch who wears a crown;  
There is no cure for such a man,  
Who, like paupers, has sunk down.

#### REVELATION AND FREEDOM

With zeal and fervour man is fired:  
By looks of man by God inspired!  
The intense heat his breath imparts,  
A blaze in park and orchard starts!  
The mode of hawks the thrush displays,  
The birds that chirp change mode and ways!  
Such man rapt with God's Love can  
raise,  
Low-born to rank of Jam and Parwiz!  
God save from revelations of a thrall,  
Like Genghis, he leads to nations' fall!

#### SOUL AND BODY

Since times antique the mind of man  
In complex problems is involved:  
What is the source of clay-born man  
And how the soul has been evolved?  
Pain, anguish, glee and rapture sweet  
Are spiritual states that man must face:  
What is of much worth, cup or wine,  
Is knotty point you wish to trace?  
What binds the words and their import,  
What links the body and the soul?  
It wears the cloak of its own ash  
Just like the burnt refuse of coal.

#### LAHORE AND KARACHI

For Muslim true, death has no dread  
To realm of souls, he straight is led.  
Don't ask the rulers of this land  
To grant blood price for martyred  
band.  
Their blood is precious and divine  
Like precincts of the Holy Shrine.  
Alas! the Muslim has forgot  
The lesson that to him was taught.  
He was ordained to cry to none  
Save to God Unique and One.

#### PROPHETHOOD

A gnostic, revivalist, jurist or  
Expert in Prophet's maxims I do not claim:  
As such a prophet's rank and state  
In terms precise I can't proclaim.  
Despite these things I always keep  
On Muslim lands my watchful eye:

To me are known the secrets hid  
In depths of this azure sky.  
In present age, so full of dusk  
I have beheld this fact so stark  
That peeps like bright and full grown moon  
From sky that wears the mantle dark.  
The seer, inspired by God, who fails  
To prompt to deeds of might and main,  
Is just akin to leaf of hemp  
That makes oblivious to loss or gain.

#### ADAM

The talisman wrought from mud and clay,  
Whom we give the name of man,  
Is mystery known to God alone,  
Its essence true we can not scan.  
Since Creation's Early Morn began  
Time is engaged in constant flight,  
Has tried to leave its trace on man,  
But has not met success e'en slight.  
If you do not get much disturbed,  
To you this truth I may unroll  
That man, God's image, on the earth  
Is neither frame of clay nor soul.

*[Translated by Syed Akbar Ali Shah]*

#### MAKKAH AND GENEVA

Contemporary era witnessed tremendous  
contacts among the nations;  
The unity of mankind, however, remained  
concealed.  
Western polity advocates division among the  
nations;  
Islam pleads but for unification of humanity.  
Holy Makkah has sent a message to Geneva:  
Ought there be unity of mankind or unity  
among the nations?

*[Translated by Mohammad Riaz]*

#### TO ELDER OF THE SHRINE

O Shaykh, who tend the Holy Shrine,  
Discard these monkish modes of thine:  
Grasp what morning songs denote,  
What aim or end I would promote.  
May God preserve the youth you  
guide,

And may they all by Faith abide!  
Restraint and order you must teach  
To shun conceit you ought to preach.  
Those who blow on glass in West,  
Have taught the youth repose and rest:  
Let them imbibe to bear the shocks,  
And cut the stones and hew the rocks.  
The foreign Yoke that ran for periods  
long,  
Has drained the blood of heart, so  
strong;  
Think of some cure, panacea or aught  
To bring to end their sight distraught.  
In fits of frenzy strong and great  
Of mysteries, God I start to prate:  
Bestow on my distracted brain  
Some recompense for this pain.

#### THE GUIDE

A nation's life gets much prolonged  
By lofty aims and ideals high:  
If dwellers here some zeal possess,  
They can explore the heights of sky.  
The Frankish Sage by guile and skill  
New lease of life to nation gave:  
The path for birth of Superman  
By valour great he strove to pave.  
To Guide's concept you seem averse,  
Too fed up with this thought appear:  
This view for Muslims has the weight  
That for Cathay has musk of deer.  
If man alive puts on the shroud,  
Must we take that ass for dead:  
Or tear to pieces small and shreds  
His shroud and cast away the threads?

#### A MUSLIM

A Muslim true gets grandeur new  
With moment's change and every hour:  
By words and deeds he gives a proof  
Of Mighty God, His reach and power.  
To rout the foes, to grant them reprieve,  
Do pious deeds and show great might:  
Are four ingredients that make  
A Muslim Devout who shuns not fight.  
With Gabriel trusted and steadfast  
This clay-born man has kinship close:

A dwelling in some land or clime  
For himself Muslim never chose.  
    This secret yet none has grasped  
    That Muslim Scripture reads so sweet:  
    Practising rules by it prescribed,  
    Becomes its pattern quite complete.  
The Faithful acts on aims and ends  
That Nature keeps before its sight:  
In world he sifts the good and bad,  
In future shall judge wrong and right.  
    While dealing with friends and mates,  
    He is dew that thirst of tulip slakes:  
    When engaged with his foes in fight,  
    Like torrent strong makes rivers shake.  
The charm of Nature's eternal song  
In Muslim's life, no doubt is found:  
Like chapter *Rahman* of the Quran,  
Is full of sweet melodious sound.

    Such thoughts that shine like lustrous stars  
    My brain, like workshop, can provide:  
    You can select the star you like,  
    So that your Fate this star may guide!

#### PUNJABI MUSLIM

A newborn faith invokes his taste,  
Adopts with zeal but leaves with haste.  
    In search for truth he takes no part,  
    As disciple stakes both head and heart.  
If comments' snare some hunter set,  
From nest on bough would drop in net.

#### FREEDOM

The right of thinking free, a Muslim owns,  
Is gift of God which can't be checked by  
frowns.  
    He can transform the Shrine to Magian  
    fane,  
    Can deck the Shrine with Frankish  
    idols vain.  
Can make the Holy Book the sport of boys,  
And can with ease devise new faiths like toys.  
In India queer and odd the farce you see,  
The Faith is captive, but the Muslims free.

[Translated by Syed Akbar Ali Shah]

#### PREACHING OF ISLAM IN THE WEST

Through all the Western politeia  
Religion withers to the roots;  
For the white man, ties of blood and race  
Are all he knows of brotherhood—  
A Brahmin, in Britannia's sight,  
Ascends no higher in life's scale  
Because the creed of the Messiah  
Has numbered him with its recruits;  
All Britain one day might embrace  
Muhammad's doctrine, if she would,  
And yet the Mohammedan, luckless wight,  
Be left as now beyond the pale.

[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]

#### NEGATION AND AFFIRMATION

It could have never borne fruit and foliage in  
the space lit up with light,  
If from the dark recesses the seed had not  
moved on:<sup>3</sup>  
In life we begin with *no* and end with *yes*;  
When *no* is divorced from *yes* it becomes  
destructive.  
A nation which does not pass from *no* to *yes*  
Is undoubtedly on the brink of death.

[Translated by BASHIR AHMAD Dar]

#### TO THE AMIRS OF ARABIA

If Amirs of Arabian lands  
Don't take it for a slur or slight:  
This Muslim from the land of Ind  
May speak with vigour great and might.  
    Who were the people whom at first  
    God's apostle preached kinship close?  
    Division amongst them was infused  
    By men like Bu Lahab and such foes.  
Their existence does not rest at all:  
On borders long and deserts vast  
Arabian lands subsist because  
Of blessings of Arabia's Prophet Last.

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<sup>3</sup> Two lines, "It could never...not moved on" have been provided by the editors since the translator had left these out.

### DECREES OF GOD

This problem is not hard to solve  
O man, endowed with insight great:  
Wh'r to obey dictates of God,  
Or submit to decrees of Fate.  
    The Wheel of Fate spins hundred times  
    Within the twinkling of the eye;  
    He, who follows freaks of Fate,  
    Anon is down and anon is high.  
Herbs, vegetables and minerals alike  
Adhere to what Fate pre-ordains:  
But Muslim true obeys laws of God,  
All else abhors and much disdains.

### DEATH

If self of man perfection gains  
Devoid of rest his heart remains:  
Even in the niche of grave  
Presence and Absence he must brave.  
    The Moon and stars shine like a spark,  
    For moments few and then the dark:  
    The rapture caused by ego's wine  
    Is as eternal as things divine.  
If your ego is ripe and mature,  
Your life from Death becomes secure:  
Death's angel may earthly frame contact,  
But can not harm your soul, in fact.

### BY GRACE OF GOD, RISE!

Though change so great has swept the world,  
There is no need to grieve or smart:  
The same the earth and same the skies,  
By Grace of God, rise! Play your part!  
    The same hot blood runs in your veins  
    That raised the cry "The self is True"  
    By Grace of God, rise! Play your part!  
    And go in quest of ventures new.  
Don't mourn or weep for scattered brain,  
It is a spell that Franks have cast:  
This charm with case you can remove,  
Act, act, anew and leave the past!

*[Translated by Syed Akbar Ali Shah]*

## EDUCATION AND UPBRINGING

### GOAL

SPINOZA

On life is fixed the gaze of persons bright,  
What is life? Presence, being, joy and light!

PLATO

A wise man knows that 'fore death he  
    must bow,  
In pitch dark night, life, like spark, soon  
    loses glow.

Both life and death deserve not any heed,  
The self of man is ego's goal and need.

*[Translated by Syed Akbar Ali Shah]*

### MODERN MAN

*Love fled, Mind stung him like a snake; he could  
not  
Force it to vision's will.  
He tracked the orbits of the stars, yet could  
not  
Travel his own thoughts' world;  
Entangled in the labyrinth of his science  
Lost count of good and ill;  
Took captive the sun's rays, and yet no  
sunrise  
On life's thick night unfurled.*

### EASTERN NATIONS

Reality grows blurred to eyes whose vision  
Servility and parrot-ways abridge.  
Can Persia or Arabia suck new life  
From Europe's culture, itself at the grave's  
edge?

*[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]*

### AWARENESS

He, who predicts the Fate of man,  
And keeps his gaze e'er fixed on sky:  
Such man is unaware of fact  
That rank of self is very high.

Those who perceive this fact so clear  
That dome of sky that spins around,  
Has not the height as self of man.  
'Bout world have formed an opinion  
sound.

They are aware of all those things  
That charm and repel the human sight:  
To them alone this fact is known  
What blackens heart, what renders bright.

#### REFORMERS OF THE EAST

Your vinteners have despaired me much,  
Like Samri, they can cast a spell:  
With empty bowls to East have come,  
What they would do is hard to tell.  
No lighting new can ever flash  
In lap of clouds that float in sky:  
Of lightning old, their sleeves are void,  
How can they gain a status high?

*[Translated by Syed Akbar Ali Shah]*

#### WESTERN CULTURE

The Western culture depraves both heart and  
vision,  
Because the soul of that culture is no longer  
chaste.  
With a corrupted soul one cannot expect  
To have a clean conscience, high thinking and  
refined tastes.

*[Translated by Munawwar Mirza]*

#### OPEN SECRETS

A nation whose youth are endowed  
With self as strong and hard as steel:  
No need of piercing swords in war  
Such people brave can ever feel.  
The world of Pleiades and the Moon  
By natural laws is chained and bound;  
Whereas the world in which you dwell  
Owns insight, will and mind much  
sound.  
What do the quivering waves imply,  
Save enormous zeal and zest for quest?  
What lies concealed in mother shell  
Is gift of God Who knows it best.  
The hawk is never tired of flight,

Does not drop gasping on the ground:  
If unwearied it remains on wings,  
From hunters' dread is safe and sound.

#### THE TESTAMENT OF TIPU SULTAN

If you traverse the road of love,  
Don't yearn to seek repose or rest:  
If Layla be your companion close  
That litter shun with great contempt.  
O streamlet, onward flow and get  
Transformed to torrent strong and  
deep:  
If bank is e'er on you bestowed,  
Abstain, flow on with mighty sweep.  
Don't lose your bearings in this world  
Because with idols it is full:  
The assemblage here can cast a spell,  
Disdain, or strings of heart shall pull.  
Gabriel on Creation's Early Morn,  
A piece of useful counsel gave:  
He bade me not accept a heart  
Enchained by mind of man like slave.  
Untruth conceals in various masks  
But Truth and God are both unique:  
There can't be pool 'twixt good and bad—  
This fact is known from times antique.

#### GHAZAL

I don't belong to Faris or Hind,  
To Iraq or Hijaz don't trace my breed:  
The self to me this much has taught  
Spurn both the worlds and pay no heed.  
You are a heathen in my view  
The same to you may seem my creed  
To count the breath, your faith and goal,  
While melting breath my job and deed.  
Your change, no doubt, is good and well,  
And so your change of Muslim creed:  
This Faith is meant for men, like hawks,  
It suits not pheasants' quivering breed.  
Such passionate Love of God and craze,  
In wilds and wastes has not caught my  
sight,  
Whose magic force and rapture great,  
The faults of reason may set right.



A poet must ne'er keep aloof  
 From noisy fretful stream of life  
 The bard, who shuns the facts and truths,  
 Can't make the nation face its strife.

*[Translated by Syed Akbar Ali Shah]*

#### AWAKENING

The Truth-seeking man whose self has  
 awakened  
 Is like a sword which is cutting and brilliant.  
 To his keen eye is visible  
 The power to show what is latent in every atom.  
 To him you cannot be compared:  
 You are the slave of the heavens while he is  
 their master.  
 You have not yet developed even a desire for  
 the shore;  
 He has grasped the secrets of the deep  
 through the purity of his soul.<sup>4</sup>

*[Translated by Sir Abdul Qadir]*

#### UPBRINGING OF SELFHOOD

If self is bred with perfect care,  
 Such force and strength it can acquire  
 That handful dust of man with ease  
 Can set untruths and wrongs afire.  
 This is the mystery we ascribe  
 To Moses in every age and clime:  
 He tended the sheep in wilds and learnt  
 From Shoaib to toil and mode sublime.

#### FREEDOM OF THOUGHT

Free thinking can bring 'bout the ruin  
 Of those whose thoughts are low and mean:  
 They don't possess the mode and style  
 Of though that may be chaste and clean.  
 If thoughts are raw and immature  
 No good accrues to man in least:  
 The utmost that such thoughts can do  
 Is change of wan to state of beast.

*[Translated by Syed Akbar Ali Shah]*

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<sup>4</sup> "To him you cannot be compared," and the last two lines "You have not even...of his soul" have been provided by the editors since they were not translated by Sir Abdul Qadir.

#### THE LIFE OF SELFHOOD

If the self is alive, even poverty is kingship:  
 The prestige of the penniless is not inferior to  
 that of Sanjar and Tughral.  
 If the self is alive, the endless ocean is  
 fordable;  
 To a live self the stones of a mountain are soft  
 like silken cloth.  
 A live crocodile is free when encircled by  
 water,  
 While a lifeless crocodile is enchained even by  
 the wave in a mirage.

*[Translated by Sir Abdul Qadir]*

#### GOVERNMENT

My talk makes Shaykh and Mullah show  
 wrath undue,  
 Though disciples can put up with what is  
 true.  
 That race is soon deprived of glorious  
 deeds,  
 For talk on Being and Attributes hatred  
 breeds.  
 This cosmos old is wrought in such a cast  
 That tavern, saki and flask don't for e'er last.  
 That nation has the right to luck in life  
 Whose youth for honey take worldly  
 blows and strife.

#### INDIAN SCHOOL

About the self here have no talk, O bard,  
 Because with schools such sermons don't  
 accord.  
 Much good that birds that chirp may  
 not descry,  
 The modes of hawk, its state and rank  
 so high!  
 A free man's breath can match a subject year,  
 How slowly moves the time of serfs, is clear!  
 The free perform such deeds in span of  
 breath,  
 But slaves are every instant prone to  
 sudden death.

The thoughts of persons free with truth are lit,  
 But thoughts of slaves do not own sense a bit.

A slave has craze for marvels wrought  
by guides  
Himself a wonder 'live, his memory  
fresh abides.  
This is the training that befits them well,  
Painting, music and science of plants as  
well.

#### UPBRINGING

Existence and knowledge both are poles  
apart,  
Life burns the soul, whereas lore makes it  
smart.  
Joy, wealth and power all, to lore are  
due,  
How irksome that to self it yields no  
clue!  
No dearth of lettered men, ah few! provide  
The bowl with wine of gnosis like true guide.  
The ways of teachers don't expand the  
heart,  
Matchstick can't light to electric lamp  
impart.

#### FOUL AND FAIR

Just like the stars that shine in azure sky,  
Thoughts have short span of life and soon  
they die.  
The realm of self has its ups and  
downs,  
Even here, the Fair and Foul exchange  
their frowns.  
If self has reached the height, its acts are  
fine,  
Debased, its deeds as good one can't  
define.

#### DEATH OF THE EGO

Devoid the West of inner light,  
Her soul is struck with deadly blight  
The loss of self has made the East  
A leper, for germs befitting feast.  
The Arabs have lost their former zeal,  
Their souls are shrunk, they can not  
feel;  
Iraq and Persia are bereft  
Of bones and veins and naught is left!

The self of Indians is extinct,  
By pinions cleft is made distinct  
For they are pleased with prison life,  
To break the bars they wage no strife!  
Demise of self has made divine,  
Who keeps a watch on Holy Shrine,  
To sell the robes that pilgrims don,  
On sale proceeds he lives upon.

#### HONOURED GUEST

The minds of those who go to school,  
In thoughts quite fresh and new are clad:  
Alas! there are such people few  
Who draw a line 'twixt good and bad.  
Perhaps some luminous thought may flash  
Across the inmost part of heart  
For such inspiring thoughts one must  
Set some recess in heart apart.

#### MODERN AGE

Wherefrom a man can find  
Ripe thoughts in present age?  
The weather of this park  
No ripeness can presage.  
The seats of learning give  
The mind of pupils scope:  
But leave the thoughts of youth  
Unlinked by thread or rope.  
The love of God is dead  
By unbelief 'mong Franks:  
Through lack of link in thoughts,  
East shackles wears on shanks.

*[Translated by Syed Akbar Ali Shah]*

#### A STUDENT

God bring you acquainted with some storm!  
No billow in your sea break in foam,  
And never from books can you be weaned  
Which you declaim, not comprehend.

*[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]*

#### EXAMINATION

Thus mountain stream to pebble spake,  
"This lowly state for height you take.  
You are tread upon and suffer deal,  
How nice! my need the rivers feel.

You never clashed against a wall,  
Don't know, a stone or glass to call."

[Translated by Syed Akbar Ali Shah]

### THE SCHOOLS

This age that's with us is your angel of death,  
Its bread and butter cares catch your soul's  
breath.

Your heart recoils from shock of combat; life  
Is death, that deadens in men the joy of strife.  
Learning estranged you from such exaltation  
As would not let man's mind desert its  
station;

A falcon's eyes were yours by Nature's right,  
Slavishness left them only a poor wren's sight,  
And the schools hid from them those  
mysteries

That yield to hill's and deserts still assize.

[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]

### NIETZSCHE

The subtle point that God is one,  
The German sage could not perceive:  
Clear sight and mind are both a must,  
So that this point one may conceive.

The flights of fancy, like a dart,  
Can hit the dome of azure sky:  
He casts his noose on moon and sun  
That seem so far above and high.

Although his natural bent of mind  
From stains and blemish is quite free;  
His soul this dormant fact betrays,  
He yearns for life replete with spree.

### TEACHERS

If you desire to breed such ruby which is red,  
Don't beg light of sun that from course has  
fled.

The world is trapped by traditions old  
and hoar,  
Preceptors helpless quite, can do no  
more.

Those who deserved to lead the modern  
age,  
Have worn out brains and others hold the  
stage.

### GHAZAL

That man alone in life shall find  
To aim and end a certain sign:  
Whose eyes in pitch dark night can see,  
And like the eyes of panther shine.

The slaves can get repose and rest  
In world confined by Time and Space;  
But men of high and noble birth  
Haven't leisure in worldly race.

The progress great that West has mad  
Has bedazzled your eyes a deal:  
May Prophet guard your precious sight,  
To vouch him God did *Najm* reveal!

These revels do not last for long,  
Like guests they stay for a breath or so;  
The bowls of wine that glint like stars,  
Are soon deprived of gloss and glow.

The books have marred your taste and zest  
To such a great and vast extent,  
That breeze of morn has also failed  
To give you clue of rose and scent!

### RELIGION AND EDUCATION

I know the modes of those who guide the  
creed,  
Though lacking truth, of vision boast indeed.  
The teaching that the English have  
devised  
'Gainst faith and ties has great intrigue  
contrived.

That race is doomed to bondage and much  
pain,  
Which justice for its ego can't attain.  
The faults of one man Nature can reprieve,  
But groups for crimes no pardon can  
receive.

### TO JAVID

(1)

The present age destroys the faith and creed,  
Like pagans has a bent of mind indeed.  
The threshold of a saint is higher far  
Than court of worldly king or mighty  
Czar.

It is a period full of magic art,  
With spell so strong all play their part.  
    The fount and source of life is parched  
    and dry,  
    No more the wine of gnosis can supply.  
The shrines are empty of such saintly folk,  
Whose glance good manners taught with  
single stroke.  
    The house, your presence illumines like a  
    lamp,  
    Has mystic trend in veins and bears its  
    stamp.  
If essence of God's Oneness be in heart,  
The lore of Franks can cause no harm or  
smart.  
    On rose twigs chirp, for long there do  
    not rest,  
    In selfhood you must seek your home  
    and nest.  
A man is ocean that is vast and free,  
Its every drop is like the boundless sea.  
    If peasant is not charmed with life of  
    ease,  
    A seed can yield a thousand-fold  
    increase.  
I don't sit like sluggards and indulge in  
play,  
It is time for your craft and skill's display.

(2)

If heart with love of God is not replete,  
The life of man remains quite incomplete.  
    If quarry is wise acute and bold,  
    It can not be trapped by hunters old.  
The Fount of Life in wordly life is found,  
Provided you have a thirst quite true and  
sound.  
    Your envy for Faith is mystic course  
    indeed,  
    For growth of *faqr* a lot of zeal you  
    need.  
My darling son, I see no chance at all  
That hawk will like to turn a pheasant's thrall.  
    There is no dearth of goods, called  
    verse or rhyme,  
    There are hundreds of poets much  
    sublime.  
My reach and might in world is this alone

That 'neath the roof I cry, complain and  
groan.  
    In speaking truth I am much bold and  
    frank,  
    In eyes of men I hold a lofty rank.  
A son can not acquire his sire's renown,  
Unless His grace by Mighty Lord is shown.  
    Nizami, the poet great of Persian  
    tongue,  
    Gave counsel wise to son who still was  
    young:  
"On occasions where your greatness must  
prevail  
Your lineage there won't be of much  
avail."

(3)

The days and nights a Muslim's toils enhance:  
Both creed and rule are like a game of chance.  
    Men drunk with zeal for deeds  
    nowhere are found,  
    The rest are fond of talk with idle  
    sound.  
If you have courage great and ample force,  
Seek such *faqr* which in Hijaz has its source.  
    This brand of *faqr* such virtues great  
    can grant  
    That make man, like God, free from  
    every want.  
His hawk-like status can spread general death  
Of sparrows, pigeons all in single breath.  
    The glance of mind by its means burns  
    and blazes  
    Without collyrium begged from  
    Avicenna and Rhazes.  
If temper of Ayaz is free from every slavish  
trend,  
Like Mahmud can win grandeur which hasn't  
end.  
    Your world's Sarafil has neither taste  
    nor zeal,  
    He can't blow trumpet nor can skill  
    reveal.  
Its glance a world-wide tumult can inspire,  
In obscure mode sets right the things entire.  
    A warrior who can this Jealous *Faqr*  
    attain,

Without sword and lance great  
conquests he can gain.  
It sets the faithful free from need and  
want,  
Beg God that such *faqr* to you He may  
grant.

*[Translated by Syed Akbar Ali Shah]*

## WOMAN

### THE FRANKISH MAN

To solve this riddle thinkers have much tried,  
Their efforts all so far it has defied.  
No doubt, to woman's faith and  
conduct clear,  
The Pleiades and moon do witness  
bear.  
This vice in Frankish way of life we find,  
Men fools and blind, can't read a woman's  
mind.

*[Translated by Syed Akbar Ali Shah]*

### A QUESTION

Ask the wise men of Europe, who have hung  
Their ring in the nose of Greece and  
Hindostan:  
Is this their civilization's highest rung—  
A childless woman and a jobless man?

*[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]*

### VEIL

Great change the lofty spheres have met,  
O God! the world has not budged as yet.  
In man and wife is no contrast,  
They like seclusion and hold it fast.  
The sons of Adam still wear the mask,  
But self hasn't peeped out of the casque.

### SOLITUDE

Much greed for show and fame  
Has put this age to shame:  
The glance is bright and clear,

Heart's mirror, but is blear.  
When zeal and zest for sight  
exceed their greatest height,  
Thoughts soar to highest point  
And soon are out of joint.  
That vernal drop of rain  
The state of pearl can't gain  
If destined not to dwell,  
In lap of mother shell.  
Retreat is blessed state  
'Bout self gives knowledge great:  
Alas! this state divine,  
Isn't found in fane or shrine.

### WOMAN

The picture that this world presents  
From woman gets its tints and scents:  
She is the lyre that can impart  
Pathos and warmth to human heart.  
Her handful clay is superior far  
To Pleiades that so higher are  
For every man with knowledge vast,  
Like gem out of her cask is cast.  
Like Plato can not hold discourse,  
Nor can with thunderous voice declaim:  
But Plato was a spark that broke  
From her fire that blazed like flame.

### EMANCIPATION OF WOMEN

I know quite well that one despoils,  
While other is like candy sweet:  
I can not give a verdict true  
Which needs of Quest can fully meet.  
I like to make no more remark  
And earn the wrath of present age:  
Already the sons of modern cult  
'Gainst me are full of ire and rage.  
The insight owned by woman can  
This subtle point with ease reveal:  
Constrained and helpless, wise and sage,  
With knotty point they can not deal.  
It is an uphill task to judge  
What is more precious, lends much  
grace:  
Emancipation for fair sex or aught,  
Or emerald-wrought superb neck-lace?

### PROTECTION OF THE WEAKER VESSEL

A fact alive is in my breast concealed,  
He can behold whose blood is not congealed.  
To wear a veil and learn new lore or  
old,  
Can't guard fair sex except a person  
bold.  
A nation which can't see this truth divine,  
Pale grows its son and soon begins decline.

### EDUCATION AND WOMEN

If Frankish culture blights the motherly urge,  
For human race it means a funeral dirge.  
The lore that makes a woman lose her  
rank  
Is naught but death in eyes of wise and  
frank.  
If schools for girls no lore impart on creed,  
Then lore and crafts for Love are death  
indeed.

*[Translated by Syed Akbar Ali Shah]*

### WOMAN

The spirit of man can display its self without  
obligation to another,  
But the spirit of woman cannot fully reveal its  
self without another's help.  
Her desire is the secret of her fever of sorrow:  
Her existence is full of fire with the wish to  
create.  
Here is the fire which opens the secrets of life;  
That is the heat which sustains the struggle  
between *to be* and *not to be*.  
I too feel sad about the oppression of women,  
But this knotty problem cannot be resolved.

*[Translated by the Editors]<sup>5</sup>*

## LITERATURE AND FINE ARTS

### RELIGION AND CRAFTS

Music, religion, politics, knowledge, art  
Have all in their possession matchless pearls.  
They emanate from the mind of a creature  
made of dust,  
But higher than the stars is their abode.  
If they protect the ego, they are life itself;  
If they cannot, they are mere magic and false  
tales.  
People have come to grief under the sky  
Whenever their religion and their literature  
Have been divorced from ego-hood.

*[Translated by M. Hadi Husain]*

### CREATION

New worlds derive their pomp  
From thoughts quite fresh and new  
From stones and bricks a world  
Was neither built nor grew.  
The firm resolve of those,  
Who depths of self explore,  
Transforms this stream to sea  
That has no marge or shore.  
The fellow same is lord  
Of freaks of fate and strife,  
Who with e'ery breath he draws  
Creates an eternal life.  
The death of self has made  
The lands of East effete:  
Men who God's secrets share  
In these realms are deplete.  
The air of waste gives out  
The smell of friendship deep  
Perhaps there may be some  
Who may my company keep.

### MADNESS

Poets and priestly class denote and show  
The shops of those who blow the glass.  
What pity! the mad frequents the wilds and  
lanes

<sup>5</sup> Based on a translation by Sir Abdul Qadir.

To smash these shops, this way he does not pass.

Few know that madness can with ease display  
A myriad crafts, accomplishments and skill,  
Provided one can completely wean it of  
The wastes and deserts, from gorge and hill.

The concourse as well as the air of school  
Accord with it and tickle its sense of joy:  
As lonely site and haunt for him aren't must,  
At school he never feels cast down or coy.

*[Translated by Syed Akbar Ali Shah]*

#### TO MY POEM

I must complain of your self-flaunting airs—  
My secrets, when you go unveiled, lie bare.  
Instead of floating like a truant spark,  
Seek out the fastness of some glowing heart!

*[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]*

#### LITERATURE

Now Love from mind must take the lead,  
By God bestowed on human race:  
To dear one's lane it must not go  
And bring with haste on head disgrace.  
Love must infuse new soul in old  
Poetic moulds and change their course,  
Or break the chains of antique soul,  
Set it free from mimetic force.

*[Translated by Syed Akbar Ali Shah]*

#### PARIS MOSQUE

What should my eyes, but an architect's  
Nimbleness, see in this shrine  
Of the West? It knows nothing of God.  
Mosque?—the Frankish illusionists  
Have smuggled into the carcass  
Of a shrine, an idol-hall's soul!  
And who built this palace of idols?  
The same robbers whose hands have turned  
Damascus into a desert.

*[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]*

#### VISION

The Spring has come with tulips wild,  
They seem like carvans on the move:  
The youth, their charm and ecstatic joy  
Of colossal worth and value prove.

The sea that has no bound or marge,  
And azure sky that seems so high,  
When pitch dark night has upper hand,  
They gleam and glint like stars in sky.

How nice the bride-like moon appears,  
While touring sky in van of night!  
At morn, the sun presents a scene  
Much grand in sky so blue and bright.

One must have eyes to see these sights  
Which vie with each in bloom and grace:  
For Nature is not wont to sell  
The charm appearing on her face.

#### MIGHT OF ISLAM MOSQUE

Now naught remains in Muslim's breast,  
His heart devoid of glint and glow:  
He avowed with zeal 'No God but He,'  
But dead and cold the zeal for show.

The Muslim's state has so declined  
That Nature fails to know at sight,  
Because the slavish acts of Ayaz  
Have put Mahmud's high rank in  
plight.

You have withstood the ruin of Time  
And kept your ground as firm as rock.  
Constraint has turned the Muslims weak,  
You put them all to shame and shock.

The worship of such Muslims suits  
Your structure immense and so vast,  
Who with one breath that God is Great  
Find truth and lies away cast.

The Muslim's breast is quite bereft  
Of previous heat and ardour strong:  
His blessings, worship are devoid  
Of innate heat and fret since long.

His call to prayer is devoid  
Of lofty tones and grandeur great;  
O God, let this be known to him,  
Will you let him 'fore you prostrate?

THEATRE

Your being's sanctum gets  
From self its inner light:  
Save zeal and firm resolve  
Naught can make life e'er bright.  
    Its rank is higher than  
    The Pleiades and the moon:  
    Your essence and its gifts  
    Are ego's greatest boon.  
God save that alien self  
Seek shelter in your shrine!  
The creed of idols shun,  
Don't desecrate house divine.  
    Forgetfulness of self  
    Imports the height of art,  
    But with the loss of self  
    Both joy and warmth depart.

RAY OF HOPE

The sun conveyed this message to its rays  
"What wonder great, the change of nights and  
days!  
    You have been rambling since aeons in  
    space,  
    But hate among men is increasing pace.  
To shine on sand affords no pleasure sound,  
Nor peace, like breeze in making flower's  
round.  
    Be lost in fount of light that gave you  
    birth,  
    Forsake the park, the waste, the roof  
    and earth".

(2)

The rays rise from every nook of space,  
Make haste to take the sun in fond embrace.  
    Loud roar persists, there can't be light  
    in West,  
    For smoke makes West enrobed in able  
    vest.  
Though East is not bereft of inner light,  
Yet quiet of tomb prevails like Celestial  
Height.  
    O sun that light the world keep us in  
    mind,  
    Hide us in breast so bright and kind.

(3)

A shameless ray as proud as houri's glance  
Bereft of rest, like mercury e'er at dance,  
    Implored the sun to let it spread its  
    light  
    Till every mote of East grows lustrous  
    bright.  
The dark surroundings of Hind it won't forsall  
Till natives sunk in slumber do not wake.  
    The hopes of Orient on this region  
    hinge,  
    The tears that Iqbal sheds on it  
    impinge.  
The moon and Pleiades get light from this  
land,  
Its stones are costlier than gems of purest  
brand.  
    It has produced men who hid sense can  
    see,  
    With utmost ease can cross the swollen  
    sea.  
The harp whose music warmth to gathering  
lent  
The plectrum alien is with force quite spent.  
    The Brahman guards the fane and  
    sleeps at gate,  
    The Muslim in mosque's niche bewails  
    his fate.  
Don't shun the East, nor look on West with  
scorn,  
Since Nature yearns for change of night to  
morn.

HOPE

With courage great a war I wage  
'Gainst evils of the present age:  
I do not bear a fighter's name,  
To chieftainship I lay no claim.  
    I am not conscious 'bout this fact  
    If it is verse or other tact:  
    God has bestowed on me since long  
    His praise, reflection, charm and song.  
The flood of light that makes its show  
On true and faithful Muslim's brow:  
With grandeur same is quite replete  
That fills being's soul and makes complete.  
    You do not call it unbelief,



No less it is than disbelief:  
 That truthful man may get content  
 I With today, for change show no intent.  
 Don't grieve, for millenniums and aeons  
 more  
 Still lie ahead for man in store:  
 The ever spinning heaven blue  
 Is not devoid of planets new.

EAGER GLANCE

Contents of soul this world can not conceal,  
 For every mote has longing to reveal:  
 The course of life somewhat distinct appears,  
 If eager looks and sight become corn-peers.  
 The members of a subject race  
 By dint of glance, its gloss and grace,  
 Have acquired the right and claim  
 To rule and get renown and fame.  
 The glance has might to cause defeat,  
 It has the strength, its foes to beat:  
 We see through glance great charm and grace,  
 It brings the lovers face to face.  
 Through self-same glance my craze  
 imparts  
 To motes and their most inner parts,  
 The wont and mode of wandering  
 tramps,  
 Who pay no heed to need of camps.  
 If fervent glance and vision keen  
 You have not met or ever seen;  
 Your being is a source of shame  
 On heart, and sight can bring a blame.

[Translated by Syed Akbar Ali Shah]

TO THE ARTISTS

Sun, moon and Jupiter shine their hour;  
 Your self burns on, fed by Love's power.  
 Your creed knows nothing of race or hue:  
 No credit in white or black, or blue!  
 Where selfhood droops, doubts fight ding-dong;  
 Where it blooms—a world of verse and song!  
 If your soul rot under slavery's blight,  
 Your art an idolater's soulless rite;  
 If sense of your own greatness sway you,  
 Legions of men and Jinn obey you!

[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]

GHAZAL

O fearless wave, at bed  
 Of river gems are found.  
 What are the gifts of coast?  
 There dust and thorns abound.  
 The temper of lightning flash  
 That darts, my spark contains,  
 But still your bed of reeds  
 Is moist and sap retains.  
 The age in which you live  
 Is influenced by you:  
 To spheres that ever spin,  
 It can no way be due.  
 I have come 'cross in life  
 Men with such craze and pluck;  
 They could darn with much ease  
 The rents produced by Luck.  
 That man is toper fine,  
 Who owes, no debt to wine:  
 Such men are very few,  
 They raise no cry or hue.  
 The East has taverns still  
 Where you can find such wine,  
 Which makes perception dull  
 With grandeur gleam and shine.  
 Men with vision bright  
 For West have hope so slight:  
 The hearts of West aren't chaste  
 For actions good haven't taste.

BEING

O man, your stay and show beneath the sky,  
 Is short and brief, like spark, that parts from  
 flame:  
 Who can make man detect this fact so clear  
 That being of man enjoys high rank and  
 name?  
 If craftsmanship of man is quite devoid  
 Of gift and tact the self to form and  
 frame,  
 Alas! such art and music of the flute  
 Are naught but source of much  
 disgrace and shame.  
 Schools and taverns can no morals teach

Save the fact that you do not exist:  
Learn 'to be' for you too are a fact,  
Besides, your ego thus shall long subsist.

### MELODY

Whence does the zest of liquor come  
In mournful tune of hollow reed:  
Is its main-spring the player's heart,  
Or does it from the pipe proceed?  
    What is the source of heart's great might,  
    Wherefore to rapture it is prone:  
    How does it topple with a glance  
    The firm and mighty Achamenian  
    throne?  
Why does the heart bestow fresh life  
On nations on verge of decline:  
Why do its states have constant change,  
Are points that no one can divine?  
    Why is it that in eyes of man  
    On whom God has bestowed a heart,  
    The realms of Syria, Rome and Rayy  
    Are fake effects in the mart?  
The day the minstrel grasps this point  
Which is hid in depths of heart,  
Take it for granted, you have traversed  
All the stages required by art.

### BREEZE AND DEW

#### BREEZE

I could not find access to tracts  
Where stars like pendent lamps do shine:  
Tearing vest of tulips and the rose  
Was main and foremost duty mine.  
I feel an inner urge so great  
To bid farewell to home and depart:  
For joyful songs of nightingale,  
No zeal or zest to me impart.  
O dew, God's will has made you know  
Full well, both park and heavens high:  
What is more precious in your eyes,  
The dust of park or dome of sky?

#### DEW

If thorns and straws of worldly mead  
To cause a tension in you fail,  
Then bear in mind, this lonely park,  
For heaven's dome is like a veil.

### THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT

The quiet environs of this waste  
Whose intense heat scalds the heart:  
In forming only dunes of sand  
Nature has displayed its Art.  
    The grandeur of these pyramids  
    Puts lofty heavens to disgrace  
    What hand did build, design and  
    frame,  
    They seem attired in lasting grace?  
Set your craftsmanship quite free  
From Nature's chains that bind it tight  
For men endowed with gift of craft  
Aren't prey, of hunters need no fright.

### CREATIONS OF ART

The craftsmen by their tact have built  
Such works that Eden jealous make:  
The eyes endowed with sight can see  
States hid that stir the heart and rake.  
    There is no self nor usual change  
    Of morn and night at all is found  
    The Muslims have got rid entire  
    Of combats and shun such a round.  
Ali! the infidel poor still  
Pays homage to his idols old  
Though their broken state he knows,  
Yet on him they retain their hold.  
    You are a corpse and your art  
    The leader of your funeral rite  
    In pitch dark bed-room of the grave,  
    Of life the fellow catches sight.

### IQBAL

In Eden Sinai to Rumi told  
That people living in the East,  
Still eat their bread and beans from begging  
cups  
They have not made progress least.  
    Hallaj relates that thus at last  
    A man in India has appeared,  
    Who with efforts firm and strong,  
    The webs that hid the self has cleared.

*[Translated by Syed Akbar Ali Shah]*

FINE ARTS

O people with observing eyes,  
 A taste for observation is a good things, but  
 What good is observation if it does not see  
 The inwardness of things?  
 The aim of art should be to generate  
 A vital flame that never dies.  
 What use is a mere momentary spark?  
 What good, O rain-drop, if you do not agitate  
 The bosom of the sea,  
 And are content to be  
 A pearl lodged in a mother-of-pearl's womb?  
 What good a breath of morning breeze,  
 Whether as poet's verse or singer's air,  
 If it can only make the garden wilt?  
 O never without miracles do people rise;  
 What good is art that does not have  
 The impact of the rod of Moses?

[Translated by M. Hadi Husain]

DAWN IN THE GARDEN

FLOWER

Perhaps you fancied  
 My land is far off, sky-herald!  
 No, it is not far.

DEW

But only laboring wings  
 Prove earth not far from heaven!

DAWN

Softly as morning,  
 Not trampling its dewdrop pearls,  
 Enter this garden.  
 Clasp hill and desert, yet still  
 Catch in your hands the sky's robe.

[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]

KHAQANI

Khaqani, the author of *Tuhfatularaqain*,  
 Is dear to those who truths can scan.  
 His wisdom is so sharp and keen,  
 From truths he can remove the screen.  
 With world of meanings he is free:  
 They dare not say "you can not see".  
 Ask him what does this world imply,

Where does the cause or tumults lie?  
 He knows the world of requital well,  
 His maxims with much wisdom swell,  
 "Opinion 'bout world you can derive,  
 Adam dead, Satan still alive!"

RUMI

Your half-shut eyes still fail to see  
 What subtle fact this life may be.  
 Too meek to have a fondling will,  
 Devoid of *qiam* your worship still.  
 For songs of Rumi you haven't ears sharp,  
 Snapped the strings of your self's harp.

NEWNESS

If you behold the world with gaze much  
 bright,  
 Of you the sky may beg morning light.  
 The sun may beg light from gleam of  
 your spark  
 Your Luck may shine, from moon's  
 brow, mark!  
 The sea may swell with lustrous waves of  
 gems,  
 Put world to shame with art that from you  
 stems.  
 You beg and borrow thoughts of others'  
 brains,  
 Find approach to self, don't take much  
 pains!

MIRZA BEDIL

Is it a fact or delusion mere  
 Which has been caused by erring eye:  
 Do earth, hills, deserts vast exist,  
 And is there any azure sky?  
 Some aver that they do exist,  
 Whereas some call their being untrue;  
 O God, it is very hard to find  
 To truth or falsehood certain clue.  
 Bedil resolved this tangled knot  
 With so much skill and manner nice,  
 Though sages and wise men of the past  
 To undo this skein had no device.  
 "If heart of man were vast enough,  
 This mead would have retained no  
 trace

Some wine has overflowed the brim,  
Because the flask had narrow space."

GRANDEUR AND GRACE

With Hyder's might and brawn  
I feel myself content  
I wish you joy of wit,  
To you by Plato lent.

This is the charm and grace  
In view of mine and sight  
That heavens too prostrate  
Before much main and might.

Without great majestic height  
Grace is not of much use:  
Song is mere puff of breath,  
If rapture can't produce.

I would not go to hell  
Whose fire is dull and tame:  
To suffer for my sins  
I like a rearing flame.

THE PAINTER

The death of fancy is so widely spread  
That men of Pers and Ind by Franks are led.  
I feel sad that Behzads of modern time  
Have lost East's rapture sweet and joy  
sublime.

O artist, of your talents I can tell,  
You know the ancient crafts and new so well.  
You have portrayed many a natural sight,  
Display your self in Nature's mirror bright.

LAWFUL MUSIC

The bass and treble of minstrel's song  
Much joy to human heart imparts:  
What is the use of pleasure that  
Is e'er on wings and soon departs?  
That melodious song is still unborn  
And is concealed in heaven's breast,  
Whose intense heat may transform  
The solid stars to liquid form.

A song that may have such results  
Which set men free from grief and pain,  
And makes Ayaz break slavish oAnd learn  
like kings to rule and reign.  
Perplexing maze of moon and stars  
May flop down, leave their course:

O God, you shall last and the cry  
"God is Great," uttered with much force.

The song that jurists of the self  
Deem lawful in their mystic creed,  
Has been expecting since a long  
A bard, who can acquit indeed.

UNLAWFUL MUSIC

My remembrance lacks the warmth  
And zeal that mystics oft attain:  
My thought is not a scale at all  
For deeds deserving need or pain.

I wish that jurist of the town,  
Who knows the rules that Prophet  
taught  
And is adept at Book revealed,  
To my own point of view be brought.

If in the music or its strains  
The message of decease is hid  
Such music of harp, reed and lute  
In view of mine is quite forbid.

FOUNTAIN

To own the flow of brook  
And meander on the earth  
In gaze of mine hasn't charm  
And can't endow with mirth.  
O dear young man, divert  
A bit aside your eye:  
The water of the fount  
By innate force surges high.

THE POET

In lands of East, the bed of reeds  
For pipe, the breath of minstrel needs;  
O poet, let me this much know,  
"If you have breath in breast, or no?  
If nation's self grows too much weak  
By chains of bondage and much meek,  
It need not hear the Persian strains,  
For these will only add to pains.  
If flask of glass shines like the day,  
Or is a pitcher made from clay:  
Like sharpness of a sword of steel  
To palate must its relish feel.  
There is no land or home on earth  
Beneath this spinning azure dome,

Where one without great stress and  
strain  
The thrones of Jam and Kai may gain.  
On Love's way numerous Mounts Sinai  
appear  
God manifests Himself so clear,  
May stage of Love for ever last  
And may not come to end too fast!

*[Translated by Syed Akbar Ali Shah]*

#### PERSIAN POETRY

The Persian Muse is mirthsome and heart-  
easing,  
No whetstone for the sword-edge of the self.  
Better the song-bird of the dawn be still,  
Than by her notes lull flowerland into  
languor.  
What use the patient axe that hews through  
mountains  
Yet leaves Parvez and his proud throne  
unscathed?  
This is an age, Iqbal, for craving flint:  
*From all glass-wares they show you, turn away.*

#### INDIA'S ARTISTS

Their opinions bury love and enthusiasm,  
In their dark ideas is the tomb of nations.  
In their temples they carve symbols of death,  
The art of such Brahmins is disgusted with  
life.  
They conceal high goals from view;  
They put the spirit to slumber and awaken the  
body.  
The senses of the poor Indian poets, painters  
And literary writers are obsessed by woman.

*[Translated by Jan Marek]*

#### THE GREAT MAN

His contempt has no bound  
His Love's depth none can sound:  
His wrath on men of God  
Is tempered in manner odd.  
Nurtured in mimicry's gloom,  
To tread like sheep his doom;  
But he is much inclined  
To creative bent of mind.

In midst of surging throng,  
He keeps aloof for long:  
Like lamp, he lights the hall,  
But has not mate at all.  
*Faqr* can like sun of morn  
With light the mead adorn:  
Its speech is frank and free,  
Though meanings tenuous be.  
Its views vary with the rest,  
It deems them right and best;  
Its innate slates unknown  
To mystics with renown.

#### NEW WORLD

Decrees of Fate are not concealed  
From man whose heart throbbing seems:  
He sees the image of new World  
In slumberous state, during dreams.  
When prayer call at early morn  
Transports him to Morpheus' domain,  
He tries to build the world beheld  
With utmost might and utmost main.  
The body of the dreamt of world  
Is made from his handful clay:  
"God is Great!" his slogan shrill that can  
The role of soul for new world play.

#### INVENTION OF NEW MEANINGS

It is a gift by God bestowed  
To coin fresh words with meanings new;  
Yet skilful artist must work hard,  
As inborn trend is owned by few.  
It is the heat in mason's blood  
Who builds structures of various forms:  
It may be Behzad's picture hall,  
Or house of wine where Hafiz charms.  
Without resort to incessant strife  
No skill or art completion gains:  
If Farhad does not hew the rocks,  
No sparks flash, dark his house remains!

#### MUSIC

A song that fails to make your face  
Glimmer and glow with joy and glee,  
Shows that minstrel's blood is cold,  
His heart of heat and warmth is free.  
That player on the flute who has

A conscience much defiled, impure,  
With puff of breath can make a tune  
Replete with poison which hasn't cure.  
I have visited the meads in East  
And West, where tulips parks adorn;  
But I have not beheld a park  
Where tulips have their collars torn.

#### ZEST FOR SIGHT

How lofty was that Chinese's self  
Who for crime was condemned to death.  
On eve of his beheading, he  
Asked headsman, "Stop for a span of breath!"  
He asked for stoppage many times,  
For it was very pleasant scene:  
He wished to see for moments few  
The sword's great-glimmer, glow and  
sheen.

*[Translated by Syed Akbar Ali Shah]*

#### VERSE

I do not know the mysteries of poetry.  
This point, however, is clear from the nation's  
history.  
That poetry which is a message of eternal life  
Is Gabriel's song or Israfil's trumpet-call.

*[Translated by M. Hadi Husain]*

#### DANCE AND MUSIC

The souls of Satan and Gabriel too  
From verse derive effulgence strong,  
For dance and music both provide  
Pathos and rapture for the throng.  
A Chinese sage has thus disclosed  
The secrets implied in this art:  
"As if verse is music's soul  
And dance performs body's part."

#### DISCIPLINE

It is the mode of worldly men  
Against the world to whine and groan;  
It does not suit a dervish true,  
By Fate-inflicted wounds to moan.  
The wise old man explained to me,  
This subtle point in closet alone:  
That control on self daring shows,

Whereas complaints breed more guile and  
groan.

*[Translated by Syed Akbar Ali Shah]*

#### DANCING

To Europe leave the dance of serpent limb:  
The prophet's power is born of the spirit's  
dance.  
That breeds the craving flesh, the sweating  
palm,  
This breed the race of pilgrim and prince.

*[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]*

## POLITICS OF THE EAST AND THE WEST

#### COMMUNISM

From wont and ways of nations all  
These facts so clear with ease I learn,  
The Russians seem to be in haste  
To gain the goal for which they yearn.  
The world is red tip with the modes  
That aren't in vogue and are outworn;  
My intellect, that was tame and mild  
Much pert and insolent has grown.  
These mysteries which the greed of man  
Had kept in veils of stuff so coarse  
Are step by step emerging now  
And coming forth by dint of force.  
O Muslim, dive deep in the Book,  
Which was revealed to Prophets' Seal;  
May God, by grace on you bestow  
Politeness, for good deeds much zeal!  
The fact concealed in words so far,  
"Spend what is surplus and is spare,"  
May come to light in modern age  
And make the meanings clear and bare.

*[Translated by Syed Akbar Ali Shah]*

THE VOICE OF KARL MARX

Your chessmatch of research and erudition—  
 Your comedy of debate and disputation!—  
 The world has no more patience left to watch  
 This comedy of threadbare speculation.  
 What after all, sapient economists,  
 Is to be found in your biblification?  
 A comedy of your nicely-flowing curves,  
 A sort of Barmecidal invitation.  
 In the idolatrous shrines of the Occident,  
 Its pulpits and its seats of education,  
 Greed and its murderous crimes are masked  
 under  
 Your knavish comedy of cerebation.

REVOLUTION

Death to man's soul is Europe, death is Asia  
 To man's will; neither feels the vital current.  
 In men's hearts stir a revolution's torrent;  
 Maybe our old world is nearing death.

FLATTERY

The versed in this world's business *I* am not,  
 There are shrewd folk who always know  
 what's what.  
 Swim with the tide, flatter Their Excellencies  
 Of the new dispensation that commences!  
 Would it be more vicarious, or—polite,  
 I wonder, to call an owl 'the falcon of the  
 night'?

GOVERNMENT JOBS

One hermit's eyes grew wet with watching  
 how you fell,  
 Poor Muslim, under England's spell.  
 God give you joy of those high offices, to taste  
 Whose sweets you laid your own soul  
 waste!  
 But there's a thing you cannot, try as you will,  
 disguise  
 From any knowing pair of eyes:  
 No slave is given a partnership in England's  
 reign—  
 She only wants to buy her brain.

EUROPE AND THE JEWS

Unbridled luxury, State pomp and pride,  
 Rich commerce; but to dwell inside  
 That lampless breast all tranquil thoughts  
 refuse.  
 Dark is the white man's country with the  
 grime  
 Of engines, no valley that might see  
 Splendour descending on a burning tree;  
 A civilization sick before its prime,  
 At its least gasp—leaving maybe  
 For caretakers of Christendom, the Jews.

*[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]*

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SLAVES

There are poets, there are scholars, and there  
 are sages—  
 A nation's days of slavery are not uneventful!  
 But every one of them—poor creatures!—has  
 a single goal,  
 Though each is unique in the ideas he  
 expounds:  
 'Better teach the lion to take flight like a deer,  
 So that the legend of the lion's courage is  
 forgotten!'  
 They seek to make the slaves feel at ease with  
 their slavery,  
 Pretending to 'expound and reason things  
 out'.

*[Translated by Mustansir Mir]*

BOLSHEVIK RUSSIA

Unsearchably God's edicts move; who knows  
 What thoughts are stirring up deep in the  
 world-mind!  
 Those are appointed to pull down, who lately  
 Held it salvation to protect, the priests;  
 On godless Russia the command descends:  
 Smite all the Baals and Dagon of the Church!

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

No claim to the future, its joy or sorrow,  
 Has he in whose soul no hot passion burns  
 now;  
 Unworthy the tumult and strife of tomorrow  
 That nation to whole will to-day does not bow.

THE EAST

The poppy heard my song and tore her  
mantle;  
The morning breeze is still in dearch of a  
garden.  
Ill lodged in Ataturk or Reza Shah,  
The soul of the East is still in search of a body.  
This thing I am may merit chastisement;  
Only—the world is still in search of a gibbet.

STATESMANSHIP OF THE FRANKS

Thy rival, God! The Frankish statecraft is,  
Though none but rich and great join in its  
worship.  
One sole Archfiend didst Thou from flame  
make: it  
Has formed from dust two hundred thousand  
fiends.

*[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]*

MASTERSHIP

The present age is really the same old age:  
It is either the men of prayer or the politicians  
who are in charge. Neither the miracles of  
those men of prayer  
Nor the power of government is the reason  
for it  
For centuries the people have been used to  
slavery.  
There is no difficulty about being a master  
When the people are entrenched deep in  
slavery.

ADVICE TO SLAVES

The wisdom of the East and West  
Has taught me something that will prove  
elixir to slaves:  
Whether it is religion or philosophy, poverty  
or kingship –  
All take firm beliefs as their base.  
The words that a nation speaks are dead and  
its actions are futile  
If its heart is bereft of firm beliefs.

*[Translated by Mustansir Mir]*

TO THE EGYPTIANS

None other than the Sphinx, the Dread One,  
lord  
Of the secrets of old times, taught me this:  
Strength  
That in one hour can swerve the fates of  
nations  
Admits no puzzling intellect for rival,  
Though many in each age are its  
manifestations—  
Now Moses' rod, and now Muhammad's  
sword.

ABYSSINIA

*(18<sup>th</sup> August, 1935)*

Those vultures of the West have yet to learn  
What poisons lurk in Abyssinia's corpse,  
That rotting carcass ready to fall in pieces.  
Civilization's zenith, nadir of virtue;  
In our world pillage is the nation's trade,  
Each wolf aprowl for inoffensive lambs.  
Woe to the shining honour of the Church,  
For Rome has shivered it in the market-place!  
Sharp-clawed, oh Holy Father, is the truth.

SATAN TO HIS POLITICAL OFFSPRING

Enmesh in politics the Brahmin—from  
Their ancient altars the twice-born expel!  
The man who famine-racked still fears no  
death—  
Muhammad's spirit from his breast expel!  
With Frankish daydreams fill Arabia's  
brain—  
Islam from Yemen and Hijaz expel!  
The Afghan reveres in religion: take this  
cure—  
His teachers from their mountain-glens expel!  
Iqbal's breath fans the poppy into flame—  
Such minstrels from the flower-garden expel!

AN EASTERN LEAGUE OF NATIONS

Conquered the waters,  
Conquered the air—  
Why should old heaven  
Changed look not wear?



Europe's imperialists  
 Dreamed—but their dream  
 Soothsayers soon may  
 Read a new way!  
 Asia's Geneva  
 Let Tehran be—  
 Earth's book of fate new  
 Statues may see.

#### EVERLASTING MONARCHY

A diver after pearls Nature made me,  
 Though wary of the abysses of the State.  
 Whomever its legerdemain may captivate,  
 She sets a term to every monarchy;  
 Farhad's hill-hewing labour still lives on,  
 Parvez' conquering might is dead and gone.

*[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]*

#### DEMOCRACY

A certain European<sup>6</sup> revealed a secret,  
 Although the wise do not reveal the core of  
 the matter.  
 Democracy is a certain form of government in  
 which  
 Men are counted but not weighed.

*[Translated by Jan Marek]*

#### EUROPE AND SYRIA

This land of Syria gave the West a Prophet  
 Of purity and pity and innocence;  
 And Syria from the West as recompense  
 Gets dice and drink and troops of prostitutes.

#### MUSSOLINI

*(To his rivals east and west)*

What, are crimes like Mussolini's so unheard  
 of in this age?  
 Why should they put Europe's goodies into  
 such a silly rage?  
 Need the pot feel so indigent when the kettle  
 wears a blot?  
 We are Culture's twin utensils—I the kettle,  
 you the pot.

You have watched my lust for conquest and  
 dominion with a frown—  
 But have you not knocked the brittle walls of  
 feeble countries down?  
 To whose empires is that clever piece of  
 trickery so dear,  
 By which royal seats survive but kings and  
 kingdoms disappear.  
 We, the children of the Caesars, strove to  
 water heath and sand—  
 You could never bear to leave untaxed the  
 earth's most barren land!  
 You have plundered tents of nomads of the  
 little wealth they own,  
 You have plundered peasants ploughlands,  
 you have plundered crown and throne—  
 And that looting and that killing—in a  
 civilized way—  
 Yesterday you, you defended! I defend it now  
 to-day.

*[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]*

#### TUTELAGE

It is not hard to find in present age  
 The place which needs culture's angelic sage.  
 Where dice and drink are both by law  
 forbid,  
 And women keep their bodies fully  
 hid.  
 Although my body has a deep restless heart,  
 Yet forbears' wont no disgust can impart.  
 Although deprived of school's  
 beneficial fount,  
 On Bedouin's wit and courage we can  
 count.  
 The wise 'mong Franks this verdict  
 declare,  
 Of culture Arab lands are fully bare.

*[Translated by Syed Akbar Ali Shah]*

#### COMPLAINT

What is poor India's fate -who knows? - for  
 up till now  
 It has been a glittering jewel in some crown!  
 Its peasant is a corpse that some grave has  
 disgorged –

<sup>6</sup> Iqbal's footnote—Stendhal.

The corpse's tattered shroud is still inside the  
ground;  
His soul and his body are in pawn:  
Alas, neither the residence nor the resident  
survives!  
It is you who became the willing slave of  
Europe:  
My complaint is against you, it is not against  
Europe!

*[Translated by Mustansir Mir]*

### SECULAR POLITICS

No truth from me can hide at all its face,  
God gave me heart awake and wise, through  
grace.  
    In my view statesmanship cut off from  
    creed,  
    Is Satan's slave, has no qualms, but low  
    breed.  
By quitting Church, Europe has freedom  
gained:  
This statesmanship is like a giant unchained.  
    When their eyes on some weak domain  
    alight,  
    Their Priests as vanguard act to wage the  
    fight.

*[Translated by Syed Akbar Ali Shah]*

### CIVILIZATION'S CLUTCHES

Iqbal has no doubt of Europe's humaneness:  
she  
Sheds tears for all peoples groaning beneath  
oppression;  
Her reverend churchmen furnish her liberally  
With wiring and bulbs for moral illumination.  
And yet, my heart burns for Syria and  
Palestine,  
And finds for this knotty puzzle no  
explanation—  
Enlarged from the 'savage grasp' of the Turk,  
they pine,  
Poor things, in the clutches now of  
'civilization.'

*[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]*

### ADVICE

A Frankish Lord advised his son to seek  
Such aim that is always pleasant, ne'er bleak.  
    If lion's temper is to lamb revealed,  
    It will entirely make its blood  
    congealed.  
Much good if regal point remains in heart:  
In dominating men sword plays no part.  
    Pour the self in culture's acid strong;  
    When it becomes soft, mould it as you  
    long.  
On this elixir's efficacy you can count:  
To heap of dust can change a mighty  
mount!

### A PIRATE AND ALEXANDER

ALEXANDER

Is your retribution shackles or cold steel?  
Your violence on high seas all sailors feel!

PIRATE

Alas! Alexander, you deem it void of  
blame,  
Do men of same craft bear each other  
shame?  
Your craft is blood-shed and my craft the  
same,  
We are both bandits, in diverse fields play  
the game!

*[Translated by Syed Akbar Ali Shah]*

### LEAGUE OF NATIONS

She's been at her last gasp, poor wretch, for  
days  
(May telling ill news not bring ill news to  
me!)—  
Yet though her fate seems sealed, the Church  
still prays  
Her fate may be averted. Well, maybe  
After all the Old Man of Europe's drab will  
rally  
A few days longer, with the devil for ally!

SYRIA AND PALESTINE

Heaven's blessing on those brazen Frenchmen  
shine!

Aleppo's rare glass brims with their red wine.  
— If the Jew claims the soil of Palestine,  
Why not the Arab Spain? Some new design  
Must have inflamed our English potentates;  
This is no story of oranges, honey or dates.

POLITICAL LEADERS

On political leaders what hopes can we fix?  
They are wedded to dust, in the dust play  
their tricks,  
Their gaze always fastened on maggots and  
flies,  
A web like the spider's their ladder to rise.  
That caravan's happy whose chief is endowed  
With thoughts light as angels', and temper as  
proud.

*[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]*

PSYCHOLOGY OF BONDAGE

The causes that make the nations sick  
Are quite obscure, too vague and fine:  
Although some man may try his best,  
Yet cause in full he can't define.

The chiefs and guides of slaves have sunk  
So low that it seems so much odd:  
If mode of lions is presented to them,  
They will see naught save guile and fraud.  
If a Moses forms a secret league  
With the Pharaoh of his time:  
For his nation such *like-Moses*  
Is curse, committing dreadful crime.

*[Translated by Syed Akbar Ali Shah]*

SLAVES' PRAYER

'Why do your priests,' said to me after  
prayers  
A Turkish hero of the faith, 'drag out  
Their genuflexions so?' — He little knew,  
That free-born Muslim, that plain warrior,  
What kind of thing slaves' prayers are! In this  
world  
A thousand tasks lie ready for the free,

In whom the love of high deeds burns and  
forges  
The nations and their laws; but that fire never  
Touches the bondman's limbs, whose nights  
and days  
Stand still under an interdict. If our  
Prostrations are long-drawn, why should you  
wonder?  
— God teach His ministers in India  
A way of worship that shall be to all  
His people an evangel of new life!

*[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]*

TO THE PALESTINIAN ARABS

I know the fire that burns throughout your  
frame,  
The lands of world still fear its scorching  
flame.  
Your cure in Geneva or London you  
can't trace,  
Wind-pipe of Franks is gripped by  
Jewish race.  
I know that subject nations freedom gain,  
If they would nourish self, display its  
main.

*[Translated by Syed Akbar Ali Shah]*

THE EAST AND THE WEST

Slavery, slavishness, the root of our  
Disease; of theirs, that Demon holds all  
power;  
Heart-malady or brain-malady has oppressed  
Man's whole world, sparing neither East nor  
West.

PSYCHOLOGY OF POWER

*(The 'Reforms')*

This pity is the pitiless fowler's mask;  
All the fresh notes I sang — of no avail!  
Now he drops withered flowers in our cage,  
as though  
To reconcile his jailbirds to their jail.

*[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]*

## REFLECTIONS OF MIHRAB GUL AFGHAN

1

My hills and dales! Where can I go, leaving  
everything behind?  
The dust and bones of my ancestors lie  
scattered here and everywhere.  
You had been the rendezvous of hawks and  
falcons since eternity,  
Unaware of the rose and tulip, and songs of  
nightingale.  
My paradise lies in serpentine roads:  
Your soil smells like amber and water shines  
like crystal.  
One accustomed to pigeons and doves can  
hardly be like a hawk.  
For the sake of body, how can I kill my soul?  
O my jealous *faqr!* Which would you prefer:  
Englishman's robes or tattered clothes?

2

Tribes have been ever fighting among  
themselves,  
In Heaven's eyes, none of us is dear.  
Dive deep into the self and don't despair of  
Time,  
Its afflictions tend to strengthen you.  
You alone shall be unique and incompatible  
in the world,  
If you accept whole-heartedly the motto:  
"None is associated with Him."

3

Your destiny can't be changed though  
prayers;  
Maybe you are changed thereby.  
If revolution takes place in your self,  
Possibly this space and time may change.  
The same wine and the same tumult may  
continue,  
The ways of the saki and the cup may change.  
You pray that your desire be fulfilled,  
I pray that your desire be changed.

4

This wily heaven, the moon and the sun  
Are all moving, fatigued and exhausted.  
Like a lightning Alexander struck,  
But met a sudden death!  
Nadir plundered Delhi's wealth:  
Mere sword's display and that's all.  
Afghans remain and so are the mountains:  
Sovereignty and kingdom are only God's.  
Need makes free men into servitors,  
Need changes lions into foxes.  
When *faqr* gains *khudi*,  
You become a king as well as I.  
The destiny of nations depends on a dervish  
Who does not covet the favor of kings.

5

These schools and games, this continuing  
uproar,  
This spectacle of excessive delights hides ever  
new griefs.  
That knowledge is a poison for free people,  
Which ends in winning two handfuls of  
barley.  
O fool, there is nothing in letters and  
philosophy,  
Art and skill demand hard labor from you.  
A man of skill controls the working of Nature,  
His nights are brighter than mornings.  
Through his art, if he so wishes,  
Light can drip from the body of the sun as  
dew.

6

He who creates in this world of Becoming,  
Time revolves around him in all ages.  
Don't spoil your *khudi* through imitation of  
others,  
Protect it, for it is of incomparable worth.  
May the message of modernism be auspicious  
for the people  
Whose mental horizon does not go beyond  
nightly revelries.  
But I fear this cry for modernism  
Becomes a cover for Frankish imitation.

7

People of Rome and Syria have changed and  
so have those of India;  
You, the son of mountains! Learn to know  
your *khudi*.

Learn to know your *khudi*,  
O careless Afghan!

Weather is favourable, water plenty and soil  
fertile,  
He is no true farmer if he does not work in the  
fields.

Learn to know your *khudi*,  
O careless Afghan!

If its waves don't fret and fume, it isn't river;  
If the winds are not violent, it isn't storm.  
Learn to know your *khudi*,  
O careless Afghan!

He who discovers himself in soul after a hard  
labour,  
Is far better than kings and monarchs.  
Learn to know your *khudi*,  
O careless Afghan!

Your lack of knowledge has saved the honour  
of all ignorant people;  
The learned are bertering away their faith.  
Learn to know your *khudi*,  
O careless Afghan!

8

The crow cavils that your wings are ill-  
looking,  
The bat calls you blind and skill-less.  
But O falcon! These pariahs among the birds  
of the desert  
Are unaware of the nooks and corners of the  
blue heaven.  
What they know of the experiences of a bird  
Whose soul, while in flight, is all sight!

9

Love is not by nature ignoble like lust;  
You can't expect flight of a fly from falcon's  
wings.  
The way of the garden can be changed thus:  
The nightingales should grow sick of their  
nests like a cage.

Those waiting for the bugle-call are not ready  
for the journey,  
The pupil in schools looks alive; nay, he is  
dead;  
He had borrowed his breath from the Franks.  
If you wish to nourish your heart  
You need only the stray look of a man of faith.

10

That young man is the light of the eye of the  
tribe,  
Whose youth is without blemish, and blow is  
deadly.  
In battles he is fiercer than wild lions,  
In peace, he is like a beautiful Tartar gazelle.  
Nothing strange if his ecstasy is contagious,  
A single spark is enough for a garden.  
God has given him kingly pomp  
For his *faqr* has impetuosity and valour like  
Ali's.  
Don't look down upon his poverty:  
This poor man has pride of place among us  
all.

11

The lamp that once lighted your nights  
Can again come to life and illumine your  
days.  
The man lacking in spirit alone complains of  
the times,  
Fate's lancet is an antidote for the free man.  
That young man is not fit for life's struggle  
Who is lulled to sleep by bird's songs.  
I am afraid of your childish nature;  
The sweet-sellers of Europe are too clever!

12

Secularism and Latin script! What a  
meaningless controversy!  
The panacea for the weak is: *Naught is  
powerful except God.*  
Those interested in spirit are despaired of  
Europe;  
The atmosphere there is pleasant but its deer  
is without musk.  
*Khudi* hardly becomes strong without  
morning tears:

This arrow-shaped tulip can well grow by the  
riverside.

This old tavern, the world of smell and  
colour,

Is the hunter of the unbeliever but the prey of  
the believer.

O Shaykh, get these rich people out of the  
mosque!

The niche is sour-faced at their prayers!

13

To me this world appears topsy-turvy;  
I don't know what you feel about it.

Every heart is experiencing a Resurrection,  
Nothing strange if the young are feeling  
confused.

Old man of the harem, your morning prayers  
Can hardly bring the dead to life without bold  
exploits.

These monasteries can't help in the  
development of the *khudi*,

No spark can fall from half-choked flames.  
Without the boldness of an outspoken man,

Love is deceit and fraud;

Love that enjoys power is the hand of God.  
A wayfarer for whom the difficulties of the  
path

Are like traveling provisions, is scarce these  
days.

O man of the plains! Don't be surprised;  
Solitude of the mountains produces sense of  
self-awareness.

This world is mere story, that world is often  
sung about,

True kingdom is to set aside both the worlds.

15

The story of man is a witness to the truth:  
O wayfarer! The way of *faqr* is not difficult.

Steel that develops the character of silk  
Ceases to be suitable for the sword.

When *faqr* is not self-reliant, it becomes God's  
wrath,

When it is self-reliant, it is forerunner of  
kingship.

The Franks have made you forgetful of  
yourself,

Otherwise, O believer, you are a warner and  
bearer of tidings.

16

It is death for the nations to be cut off from  
the Centre;

When *khudi* maintains this connection,  
becomes powerful as God.

*Faqr* that complains of straitened  
circumstances,

Savours of begging-profession.

Even today the man of God can show the  
miracle

That can change a mountain into a mote!

O true believer! Where art thou?

Without your ecstasy, there is no joy in the  
struggle.

O Sun! Come out from behind the curtain of  
the East,

Adorn my hills with your purple-coloured  
rays.

17

One man of certitude among millions  
Can set afire all old and young.

Seldom is born a man in this world  
Whose *faqr* can transmute earth into gold.

Write your destiny with your own hand;  
God's pen has written nothing in your book  
of fate.

This bluish heaven which people call sky,  
Is nothing if you are daring enough.

It is sky if it is above your head;

If it is under your wings, it becomes earth.

18

Sher Shah Suri has so well said:

The distinction of tribes is the cause of all  
ruin.

Waziris and Mahsuds are names dearest to  
heart;

Alas! They feel no pride in being Afghans.  
The Muslims of the mountains are divided

into thousand tribes,

And every tribe has its own idol.

The same sanctuary is filled with Lat and  
Manat;

May God grant you power to break them all.

True sight is not that distinguishes between  
 red and purple,  
 True sight is not dependent upon the sun and  
 the moon.  
 The destination of the believer is beyond the  
 Frankish horizon;  
 Take courage, it is not the end of your  
 journey.  
 The taverns of the West are open for all:  
 The ecstasy of the new learning is not a sin.  
 The exhilaration will lead you death  
 If you do not have the burning of *la ilah*.  
 Will the great Sirdar listen to my feeble voice?  
 I am only a dervish lacking in worldly  
 honour.

The man of the desert of the mountains  
 Alone can further the purposes of Nature.  
 He is the critic of the culture that casts spell  
 all around,  
 His *faqr* is the first step to kingship.  
 Why this beauty and charm, why that power  
 and majesty?  
 The nightingale of the garden and the hawk  
 of the desert!  
 O Shaykh! The atmosphere in the school is so  
 pleasant,  
 But only in deserts are people like Faruq and  
 Salman born.  
 The rapturous wine of a Muslim is as keen as  
 a sword,  
 Its rival is hardly born after centuries.

*[Translated by Bashir Ahmad Dar]*