

○
 صبا کے ہاتھ میں نرمی ہے اُن کے ہاتھوں کی
 ٹھہر ٹھہر کے یہ ہوتا ہے آج دل کو گماں
 وہ ہاتھ ڈھونڈ رہے ہیں بساطِ مخفل میں
 کہ دل کے داغ کہاں ہیں، نیشستِ درد کہاں

22. HER FINGERS

The softness of her fingers is in this dawn-wind's hand;
 And as it stirs, the fancy comes today to my mind
 That her soft hands are searching through the ranks of our
 friends,
 To find what are their heartaches, to feel where are their
 wounds.

STANZA

- 1 *In the hand of the morning breeze is the softness of her hands;
 While it lingers, this idea comes to my mind today—
 Those hands are seeking in the place of the gathering
 For where the scars of the heart are, where the seat of pain.*

QIṬĀ'

- 1 *Ṣabā ke hāth meñ narmī hai unke hāthoñ kī;
 Ṭahar-ṭaharke ye hotā hai āj dil ko gumāñ
 Vo hāth dhūñd-rahe haiñ bisāṭ-e-maḥfil meñ
 Kē dil ke dāgh kahāñ haiñ, nishast-e-dard kahāñ.*