

ملاقات مری

ساری دیوار سیہ ہو گئی تا حلقہ بام
 راستے بجھ گئے رخصت ہوئے رہ گیر تمام
 اپنی تنہائی سے گویا ہوئی پھر رات مری
 ہونہ ہو آج پھر آئی ہے ملاقات مری؛
 اک ہتھیلی پہ حنا، ایک ہتھیلی پہ لہو
 اک نظر زہر لیے، ایک نظر میں دارو

46. MY VISITOR

The whole wall has grown dim, to the circling roof;
 All roads are blotted out, each wayfarer
 Has taken his departure. Once again
 My night and its own loneliness converse;
 Once more my visitor I think has come,
 This palm with henna stained, that palm with blood,
 One glance all bane, the next all healing balm.

MY 'INTERVIEW'

- 1 All the wall has become black, up to the circle of the roof,
 Roads have been extinguished, all travellers have taken leave;
 My night has again begun talking with its solitude;
 It seems that today my 'interview' has come again,
- 5 On one palm henna, on one palm blood,
 One eye full of poison, in one eye medicine.

MULĀQĀT MĒRĪ

- 1 Sārī dīwār siya ho-ga'ī tā ḥalqa-e-bām,
 Rāste bujh-ga'e, rukḥṣat hū'e rah-gīr tamām;
 Apnī tanhā'ī se goyā hū'ī phir rāt mērī;
 Ho na ho āj phir ā'ī hai mulāqāt mērī,
- 5 Ēk hathelī pē ḥinā, ek hathelī pē lahū,
 Ēk naẓar zahr liye, ek naẓar meḥ dārū.

دیر سے منزلِ دل میں کوئی آیا نہ گیا
 فُرقتِ درد میں بے آب ہوا تختہِ داغ
 کس سے کہیے کہ بھرے رنگ سے زخموں کے ایانغ؛
 اور پھر خود ہی چلی آئی ملاقاتِ مری
 آشنا موت جو دشمن بھی ہے غم خوار بھی ہے
 وہ جو ہم لوگوں کی قاتل بھی ہے دلدار بھی ہے

In my heart's lodging no-one now for long
 Has come or gone; grey solitude has left
 The garden of pain unwatered; who is there
 To fill its chalices of wounds with crimson?

Once more indeed my visitor has come,
 Of her own will, my old acquaintance Death,
 She who is adversary and comforter both,
 To such as us the murderess and the sweetheart.

Since long no-one has come or gone in the halting-place of the heart;

In the isolation of pain the flowerbed of the scar has been unwatered—

Whom to tell that he should fill the cups of its wounds with colour?

10 *And again of her own accord my 'interview' has come,
 Familiar death, who is both enemy and grief-soother,
 Who for us people is both murderess and sweetheart.*

Der se manzil-e-dil meñ ko'i āyā na gayā,
 Furqat-e-dard meñ be-āb hū'ā takhta-e-dāgh:
 Kis-se kahiye kē bhare rañg se zakhmoñ ke ayāgh?

10 *Aur phir khwud-hī chali ā'ī mulāqāt mēri,
 Āshnā maut jo dushman bhī hai, ghamkhwār bhī hai,
 Vo jo ham logoñ kī qātil bhī hai, dildār bhī hai.*