

# منظر

رہ گزر، سائے، شجر، منزل و در، حلقہ بام،  
 بام پر سینہ مہتاب کھلا آہستہ  
 جس طرح کھولے کوئی بندِ قبا آہستہ۔  
 حلقہ بام تلے، سایوں کا ٹھہرا ہوا نیل،  
 نیل کی جھیل؛  
 جھیل میں چھپکے سے تیرا کسی پتے کا حباب  
 ایک پل تیرا، چلا، پھوٹ گیا آہستہ

## 50. AN IDYLL

Shadows and road—trees, dwellings, doors—rim of the roof;  
 High on the roof softly the moon baring her breast,  
 Like a clasped gown softly unloosed;  
 Under the eaves motionless blue  
 Shades, a blue pool:  
 Noiseless, a leaf, soft as a brief bubble that bursts,  
 Drifting across.

### A SCENE

- 1 Road, shadows, trees, houses and doors, edge of the roof—  
 Over the roof the bosom of the moon was opened softly  
 As if someone were undoing the fastening of a dress softly;  
 Below the edge of the roof, a stagnant blue of shadows,
- 5 A lake of blue;  
 In the lake silently floated some leaf, like a bubble,  
 One moment floated, moved, burst (vanished) softly.

### MANZAR

- 1 Rahguzar, sā'e, shajar, manzil-o-dar, ḥalqa-e-bām—  
 Bām par sina-e-mahtāb khulā āhista,  
 Jis ṭaraḥ khole ko'ī bañd-e-qabā āhista;  
 Ḥalqa-e-bām tale sāyon kā ṭahrā hū'ā nil,
- 5 Nīl kī jhīl;  
 Jhīl meñ chupke-se tairā kisī patte kā ḥabāb,  
 Ek pal tairā, chalā, phūṭ-gayā āhista.

بہت آہستہ، بہت ہلکا، ٹنک رنگ شراب  
 میرے شیشے میں ڈھلا آہستہ؛  
 شیشہ و جام، صراحی، ترے ہاتھوں کے گلاب  
 جس طرح دُور کسی خواب کا نقش  
 آپ ہی آپ بنا، اور مٹا آہستہ

دل نے دُہرایا کوئی حرفِ وفا آہستہ  
 تم نے کہا "آہستہ!"  
 چاند نے جھک کے کہا:  
 "اور ذرا آہستہ!"

Pale, very pale, slow, very slow, cool-coloured wine  
 Softly was poured into my glass;  
 Flagon and glass, rose of your hands,  
 Formed like a dream image far off,  
 Formed of themselves, softly dissolved.  
 Softly my heart once and again murmured some pledge;  
 'Softly', you said—  
 'Softer!' the moon, leaning down, breathed.

*Very softly, very pale, a cool colour that was wine  
 Was poured out into my glass softly;  
 10 Glass and bowl, flagon, the rose of your hands,  
 Like the image of some distant dream,  
 Took shape of itself, and faded softly.*

*My heart repeated some word of fidelity, softly—  
 You said 'Softly!'  
 15 The moon, bending, said:  
 'A little more softly even!'*

Bahut āhista, bahut halkā, khunak raṅg-e-sharāb  
 Mere shīshe meñ ḡhalā āhista;  
 10 Shīsha o jāṃ, ṣurāhī, tēre hāthoñ ke gulāb  
 Jis ṭarah dūr kisī khwāb kā naqsh  
 Āp hī āp banā, aur miṭā āhista.

Dil-ne duhrāyā ko'ī ḡarf-e-wafā āhista—  
 Tum-ne kahā 'Āhista!'  
 15 Chāñd-ne jhukke kahā:  
 'Aur zarā āhista!'