Gesū-e tābdār ko (ghazal)
by Muḥammad Iqbal (1877-1938); from Bāl-e Jibrīl (1935); Kulliyāt, p. 299

Meter: =. . /=. . /=. . /=. . /=. . /

gesū  EK
ringlet, curl of hair (m.)
tābdār  twisting, burning, inflaming
hosh  understanding, judgment (m.)
khirād  intellect, wisdom (f.)
shikār  prey (m.)
qalb  heart (m.)

‘ishq  DO
passionate love (m.)
ḥijāb  veil (m.)
ḥusn  beauty (m.)
āshkār  revealed

muḥīḥ  TIN
ocean (m.)
beKirān  fathomless
āb-jū  rivulet, brook (f.)
ham-  sharing-
kinār  =kinārū, shore (m.)

ṣadaf  CHĀR
mother-of-pearl, oyster shell (f.)
guhar  =gauhar (m.), pearl
ābrū  honor (f.)
khazaf  clay pot, fragment of broken pottery (m.)
shāhvār  royal

našmah  PĀNCH
melody, song (m.)
nau-bahār  fresh spring
naṣīb  fortune, destiny (m.)
dam  breath (m.)
nīm-soz  half-burnt
ṯārīk  diminutive of tārī, bird (m.)

bāgh  CHHIH
garden (m.)
bihisht  paradise (m.)
1
gesū-e tābdār ko aur bhī tābdār kar
hosh o khirad shikār kar, qalb o nazar shikār kar

2
‘ishq bhī ho hijāb meī ḥusn bhī ho hijāb meī
yā to khud āshkār ho yā mujhe āshkār kar

3
tū hai muḫū-e bekirānī maīn huṇ ārā-sī āb-jū
yā mujhe ham-kinār kar yā mujhe be-kinār kar

4
maīn huṇ šadaf to tere hāth mere guhar kī ābrū
maīn huṇ kḥazaf to tū mujhe gauhar-e shāhvār kar

5
nāḡmāh-e nau-bahār agar mere naṣīb meī nah ho
is dam-e nīm-soz ko ḫāʾrāk-e bahār kar

6
bāgh-e bihisht se mujhe ḥukm-e safar diyā thā kyūnī
kār-e jahān darāz hai, ab merā intīzār kar

7
roz-e hisāb jab mira pesh ho daftar-e ‘amal
āp bhī sharmsār ho mujh ko bhī sharmsār kar.
GHAZAL

by Muhammad Iqbal

Make your radiant twining curls
more radiant, more twining!
Hunt down mind and thought,
hunt down heart and sight!

Passion too might be behind the veil,
beauty too might be behind the veil.
Reveal yourself,
or else reveal—my self!

You are a fathomless ocean
I am a small stream.
Share your shore with me,
or make me shoreless!

If I am an oyster shell,
in your hands is the radiance of my pearl.
If I am a potsherd—
make me a royal pearl!

If a song of the new spring forms
no part of my lot,
Make this half-scorched breath
a small spring bird.

From the Garden of Paradise why did you send
the order for me to set out?
The work of the world is long—
wait for me, for now!

On Judgment Day
when my ledger is opened,
you too might feel ashamed—
make me feel ashamed, too!