

Mehrafroz o Dilbar

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Rough translation of a *sarāpā* - C. Ryan Perkins

Her name is Dilbar (heart-ravishing) and yet not only her name is Dilbar but every one of her limbs is dilbar. Her hair is such that blackness cannot even compare. The oiliness in her hair is such that when the lover's heart catches fire, it is from that oiliness. And the youthful beauty in her is such that it seems as if the young beauties living in the world are just a reflection of her. Her darting glances are such that when one sees them it is as if sticks strike the eyes. And a stick hits you when it strikes you and these hit you just by looking. And her face is like the moon and her hair is the gathering of the monsoon clouds that has surrounded the moon or it is a female cobra that has come to drink the moon's nectar (of immortality). And these coils, which are the braiding of her plait, are not really coils, rather they are a cobra which looks at her mongoose-like heels and is fearless. And her forehead, which is brighter than the sun, wherever the radiance of her forehead falls no one there will remember the sun for the rest of their life. And should the sun rise in that place it will be ashamed. And the forehead ornament that she has put on and the pearls that are in it, even though they are unique in their luster, luster itself appears as nothing in front of the color of these pearls. And this forehead ornament, made out of diamonds is like the sun. And her face which is like the moon, I would suppose this to be a conjunction of two auspicious planets for the sake of saving the lover. And in the parting of her hair where there is a string of pearls, one would think that it is a line of geese that are moving in her hair that is like monsoon clouds. And her eyebrows are such that one could compare them to a bow, but this is not possible because when a bow is drawn only then does an arrow fly, but these remain always drawn. And when its arrow is released, then it hits the mark, but her arrow strikes one

without even being shot. There is guard from a bow's arrow, but there is no guard from her arrow. The sky resolved to compete with her eyebrows, but its response was only one eyebrow in the form of the moon of the second night of the month and it couldn't match the second eyebrow. And no one looks at the moon of the second night apart from looking at it because it bears some resemblance to her eyebrow. And if one compares her eyes to the narcissus, the narcissus only has an astonished eye, but her eyes are full of juice. And if one were to compare her eyes to the wagtail in their liveliness, then the wagtail does not appear lively at all. They are in agony that somebody should dare compare her eyes to anything else. And their nimbleness is that of fencing and stick fighting and with the crookedness of the rising of the sword of her side-glance she kills others and stays safe herself, because when they effect others they stay safe (?). And if you were to compare them in color and form to the wagtail, then when the spotted wagtail couldn't match the color of her eyes then its whiteness became pale and its blackness a stain. The eyes that can be compared to an almond, when an almond didn't match up to her image then it got holes in its chest. If you were to compare her eyes to the shine and whiteness of a diamond, then when the diamond tried to equal her eyes, it grew red and fell in such a manner that it became grief-stricken. Because when someone tries to be equal with one's superiors they can only fall. If you were to compare the blackness of her pupils with a sapphire, then when the sapphire couldn't match the blackness of her pupils it was stained with indigo and was called a blue gem. If you were to compare them to lotuses, then where does a lotus have glances like this? And if you were to compare them to the eyes of a gazelle, then from where did the gazelle obtain such whiteness and blackness, such a red flush and state of intoxication? The eyes of the gazelle are sad, but hers are rose-colored. And this is why the gazelle took the life of a forest dweller. The red lines in her eyes are not threads, but they are like a red silken net to catch the wagtail-like

mind of the lover. And her flower earrings are not actually earrings, they are like lotus flowers which had to come to match her ears which are like flowers, but when they couldn't match her delicacy and color then they were tied up and hung so that no one would dare such a thing again. If you were to compare her ears to an oyster shell, then where is such softness in an oyster shell? And even though it has one sort of color how can it attain her color? And what can I tell you about the overshadowing of passion (?)? And her nose is such that it is like a mine of gold because it is the mine of her elephant-like eyes. And if one were to compare x to y, then it does not have such a color that it can attain its match. And if you were to compare her cheeks to red roses, then even if the roses were to attain that same sweet smell and softness where would it find such polish as that found in her cheeks? They are like mirrors. And her cheeks in which are balls of redness. Well these are not really balls. They are a whirlpool where the mind of the lover falls and cannot escape. And this is not a mole on her cheek. But since the beloved's face is like a mirror the lover's heart has been branded and its reflection has fallen on it. And as regards her lips, if you compare them to the *binbha* fruit then from where did the *bhinba* fruit find such beauty, purity and tenderness? And if you were to compare her lips to coral, then coral is but stone and can not compare to her. And if you compared her teeth to the seeds of the pomegranate, then how can they measure up to the nicety and slenderness of her teeth that are simply round. And the *missī* powder that she has applied to her teeth and the *pān* which she has chewed and her laughing, one would think the *missī* is the gathering of the dark monsoon clouds. And the sparkle of her teeth, one would think it is lightening flashing amidst the dark clouds. And one would think that the lines of *missī* on her lips and the deep red upon her lips is like (missing line) and that dissolved redness is on her lips. Her splendor has checkmated the rainbow and if you compare her chin to an apple then where is such loveliness and beauty of form in the apple?

And if you want to describe her locks of hair, they are not tresses, but chains to tie the heart of the lover who has become an intoxicated elephant due to her beauty. Or these are bees that come to settle on her face that is like the lotus. But where in chains and bees youthful beauty, fragrance and loveliness of her locks? And if you were to compare her neck to a conch shell then a conch shell is just one bone (and misshapen at that). And if you were to compare her neck to a water ewer, then it has been fashioned and how can things made measure up to the original? And if you were to compare her arms to the roots of a lotus flower and the branches of a tree then they are simply uncarved wood and where can they match the beauty, delicacy and loveliness of her arms? And if you were to compare her hand to a lotus, then when the lotus couldn't measure up to its beauty its heart became yellow. And if you were to compare her arm to a (snake) then people fear being stung by it, but they would love to be stung by her arms. (The next lines are missing) And there is an antidote for its sting, but there is none to counter her sting. And if you were to compare her fingers to pods of peas, then pea pods are uniform and are conical and where can they match the exquisiteness of her fingers? And if you were to compare her fingernails to the moon then the moon of the second night of the month that all can see, it still cannot compare to even the tip of one of her fingernails. And her breasts which are so exquisite, and alluring subdue you. They captivate in such a way that no one can escape. And they are erect, firm and golden colored. They do not move and are round and fair. If you were to compare her breasts to a gold cupola, or a gold kettledrum, or a ball, or two bowls, or bubbles, or Mt. Sumeru, then those things that are in her breasts, where can they be found in these things? Whoever should say that both of these are lords of the parasol with their (armies) (lines are missing). And the necklace of pearls is like the sleeping Ganges that cannot be filled up from them (missing line). The army of the love god comes to kill the lover (some lines are missing). Her

breast is like a polo field on which the nipples are the flags of desire. These are invincible standards. And her armpits are such that once the ball falls into them it cannot come out. If you were to compare her waist to that of a lioness, then the waist of a lioness is fat, and misshapen but her waist is slender, even more so than a hair. When you consider it using analogy, only then is it apparent. If you were to compare her feet to lotuses, then how can the lotuses measure up to the fineness of her feet? The lotus used to want to reach her (Dilbar's) feet's' level of exquisiteness so she (lotus) opened her face to the sun so that some of its brilliance might fall on her and she might measure up to Dilbar's feet. But when she didn't attain Dilbar's feet's' level of loveliness then she became ashamed hiding her face at night and drooped her neck. And her belled anklets of rubies aren't really belled anklets rather they are a constellation of stars. And her ring of diamonds on her toe is not really a ring, for the sun putting its (line missing) and when it faces the effulgence of her feet it falls at them along with the constellation of stars. Every one of her limbs is so expansive and excellent that on whichever limb a glance is cast its perambulation can not advance beyond the sight of her limbs and the net of their beauty. Those handmaids who live with her cannot even look at her from toenail to the crest of her head. And such was the shine of her set of green embroidered clothes, and such was the radiance of her red brocaded pajamas and just such was the spring of the redness of her henna. There is such redness in her hands that if she had a beautifully colored ruby in them one would not even notice it and even if you were able to notice it would appear pale in the presence of her hands. And such was the brilliance of her magnolia bud necklace and her double stranded necklace and her sexy pendant and her pearl rosary and her crossed chains of flowers which functions in the very manner of its name. And her armllet and wide bracelet and jeweled encrusted bangle and thumb ring and smaller ring. And her body which is fine shaped and delicate is just like it was flesh alone and her bones are as

if they are thinner than wires. And such is the brilliance of her color that in this very way seeing the beauty of this garden and the sporting of the handmaidens she became happy and with the zest appropriate to her age, she at once flashingly stepped off her throne and from the flexible bending of her waist and from the lifting up of her nipples and on the fall of her feet and from the trembling of her jewels and from the spreading of their luster the moment became such that it was as if she was lightning that had fallen on the heart of the lover. Or she was a falcon that went on the hunt for the heart of her lover that was like a goose.