

## **The Washerman's Riverbank**

**1941**

The person whose garments are destined to  
Receive the heat of sunbeams,  
I envy  
That person.

Is seclusion but an untouched,  
Unknown, unusual,  
Dream?  
Why is imagination  
My only distraction and succor?

Why does the morning breeze, which comes after the night of pleasure,  
Caress me,  
Becoming  
The nameless tormentor of my cheek?  
Why is the cloak of the magical dream not torn?  
Why are the tangled, swaying locks  
Not damp  
From the tears of the bloodied heart?  
Why does the passionate longing for touch  
Not give me  
Unshackled freedom?

The heat of sunbeams on the garment  
Ensnares the sight.

On the morning after the night of pleasure, the breeze from fragrant locks  
Never becomes  
Pledged to the dawn.

Why shouldn't he wash the stains of the sullied garment  
Intoxicated with happiness?  
Why shouldn't the heat of sunbeams  
Become an unbound reflection of the colors of the night of pleasure?

O you, bound to such a torment!  
Accept that the spectacle of this reflection  
Gives you the relish of a winecup that has been tasted,  
Why are you considering:  
Has this cup been drunk from?  
Have you ever witnessed  
A virgin happiness in this age?

The heat of sunbeams on the fanned out garments  
Is the fervor of the locks of life,  
The world only grants this person a living  
From his washing of sullied garments  
Consider this!

Mīrajī kī Nazmeiñ