5. A SCENE

On gate and roof a crushing load of silence—
From heaven a flowing tide of desolation—
The moon's pale beams, whispered regrets, lying
In pools ebbing away on dusty highroads—
In the abodes of sleep a half-formed darkness—
From Nature's harp a dying strain of music
On muted strings faintly, faintly lamenting.

A SCENE

1. Roof and door crushed by a weight of silence,
   From the skies a river of pain flowing,
The moon's grief-filled story of light
   Wallowing in the dust of highways;
5. In bedrooms a half-darkness,
   Exhausted melody of the rebeck of existence
   Sounding a lament on faint, faint notes.

EK MANZAR

1. Bām-o-dar khāmushi ke bojh se chūr,
   Āsmānoī se jū-e-dard rawān,
   Chānd kā dukh-bhara fasāna-e-nūr
   Shāhrāhoī ki khāk men ghaltān,
5. Khwabgāhoī men nim tārīkī,
   Musmahil lai rabāb-e-hasti ki
   Halke halke surōn men nauha-kunān!