6. LOVE, DO NOT ASK

Love, do not ask me for that love again.
Once I thought life, because you lived, a prize—
The time's pain nothing, you alone were pain;
Your beauty kept earth's springtimes from decay,
My universe held only your bright eyes—
If I won you, fate would be at my feet.

It was not true, all this, but only wishing;
Our world knows other torments than of love,
And other happiness than a fond embrace.
Dark curse of countless ages, savagery

DO NOT ASK FROM ME, MY BELOVED,
LOVE LIKE THAT FORMER ONE

1 Do not ask from me, my beloved, love like that former one.
I had believed that you are, therefore life is shining;
There is anguish over you, so what wrangle is there over the sorrow of the age?
From your aspect springtimes on earth have permanence;

5 What does the world hold except your eyes?
If you were to become mine, fate would be humbled.
—It was not so, I had only wished that it should be so.
There are other sufferings of the time (world) besides love,
There are other pleasures besides the pleasures of union.

10 The dark beastly spell of countless centuries.

MUJH-SE PAHLÍ-SÍ MAHABBAT, MÉRÍ MAHBÚB, NA MÁNG

1 Mujh-se pahlí-sí mahabbat, méri mahbub, na māng.
Main-ne samajhá thá kē tū hai, to darakhsháin hai háyyáit;
Terá ghum hai to ghám-e-dahr ká jhagrá kyá hai?
Terí āsráat se hai 'ālam men bahrán ko sábáit,

5 Terí ānkhoñ ke siwá dunyá men rakhkhá kyá hai?
Tú jo mil-já'e to taqdir nigún ho-já'ee.
Yün na thá, main-ne faqát cháhá thá yün ho-já'ee;
Aur bhai dukh hain zamánce men mahabbat ke siwá,
Rāhateñ aur bhai hain vaši kē rāhát ke siwá.

10 An-gınat šadyoń ke tārik bahemána Ŧiśism
Inwoven with silk and satin and gold lace,
Men’s bodies sold in street and marketplace,
Bodies that caked grime fouls and thick blood smears,
Flesh issuing from the cauldrons of disease
With festered sores dripping corruption—these
Sights haunt me too, and will not be shut out;
Not be shut out, though your looks ravish still.

This world knows other torments than of love,
And other happiness than a fond embrace;
Love, do not ask for my old love again.

Woven into silk and satin and brocade,—
Bodies sold everywhere in alley and market,
Smeared with dust, washed in blood,
Bodies that have emerged from the ovens of diseases,

15 Pus flowing from rotten ulcers—
My glance comes back that way too: what is to be done?
Your beauty is still charming, but what is to be done?
There are other sufferings of the time (world) besides love,
There are other pleasures besides the pleasures of union;

20 Do not ask from me, my beloved, love like that former one.

Resham o aṭlas o kamkabh men bunwā’e hu‘e, 15 15
Jā-ba-jā bīkte hū‘e kūcha o bāzār men jism,
Khāk men līthāre hū‘e, khūn men nahlā‘e hū‘e;
Jism nikale hū‘e amrāg ke tanūroī se,

Pip bahtī hū‘i galte hū‘e nāsūroī se—
Lauj-jātī hai udhar ko bhi nazar, kyā kije?
Ab bhi dilkash hai tērā āhsn, magar kyā kije?
Aur bhi dukh hai zamāne men maḥabbat ke siwā,
Rāḥatei aur bhi haiν vaśī ki rāḥat ke siwā;

20 Mujh-se pahīlī maḥabbat, mēri maḥbūb, na māṅ.