8. SOLITUDE

Someone has come at last, sad heart!—No, no-one is there;
A traveller must be going by, bound some other way.
The starry maze is wavering, night sinks to its decline,
About the halls the nodding lamps gutter and go out;
Each highroad slumbers, tired with long listening for steps,
An alien dust has buried deep every trace of feet.
Put out those candles, take away wine and flask and cup,
Close your high doors that know no sleep, fasten bolt and bar;
No-one, no-one will come here now, no-one any more.

SOLITUDE

1 Again someone has come, sad heart! No, nobody;
   It will be a traveller, he will be going somewhere else.
   Night has declined, the cloud of stars has begun to scatter;
   In the halls the sleepy lamps have begun to waver.
   Every road after long expectancy has gone to sleep;
   Alien dust has made indistinct the traces of footsteps.
   Put out the candles, remove wine and flagon and cup,
   Lock up your sleepless portals.
   Now no-one, no-one will come here!

TANHĀ'ī

1 Phir ko't ayā, dil-e-zār! nahīn, ko'ti nahīn;
   Rāh-rau hūgā, kahin′i aur chālā-jā′egā.
   Dhal-chuki rāt, bikharne-lagā tāroñ kā ghubār,
   Larkharāne-lage aiwāno men khwābīda charāgī,
   So-ga′i rāsta tak-takke har-ek rāh-guzār;
   Ajnabī khāk-ne dūndā-dīye qadmon ke surāgī.
   Gul karo sham′īn, baṛhā-do mai o mīnā o ayāgī,
   Apne be-khwāb kivāroñ ko muqaffal kar-lo;
   Ab yahān ko′i nahīn, ko′i nahīn ā′egā!