11. SPEAK

Speak, for your two lips are free;
Speak, your tongue is still your own;
This straight body still is yours—
Speak, your life is still your own.

See how in the blacksmith's forge
Flames leap high and steel glows red,
Padlocks opening wide their jaws,
Every chain's embrace outspread!

SPEAK

1 Speak, for your lips are free;
   Speak, your tongue is still yours,
   Your upright body is yours—
   Speak, your life is still yours.
5 See how in the blacksmith's shop
   The flames are hot, the iron is red,
   Mouths of locks have begun to open,
   Each chain's shirt has spread wide.

BOL

1 Bol, kē lab āzād haiṁ tere:
   Bol, zabāṁ ab tak teri hai,
   Terā sutwān jism hai terā—
   Bol, kē jāṁ ab tak teri hai.
5 Dekh kē āhangar kī dukāṁ men
   Tuṁd haiṁ shu'le, surkh hai āhan,
   Khulne-lage quflōn ke dahāne,
   Phailā harēk zanjīr kā dāman.
Time enough is this brief hour
Until body and tongue lie dead;
Speak, for truth is living yet—
Speak whatever must be said.

Speak, this little time is plenty
Before the death of body and tongue:
Speak, for truth is still alive—
Speak, say whatever is to be said.

Bol, ye thorā waqt bahut hai,
Jism o zabān kī maun se pahle:
Bol, kē sach ziinda hai ab tak—
Bol, jo kuchh kahnā hai kah-le!