13. OUR KIND

In the mind’s hall, holding each his dead lamp,
Turning with trembling nausea from the sun’s light,
Huddled in our own darkness, hugging it tight
As if in an endless dream of a sweet face;
—Riddle of good and ill and beginning and end,
The old futile inquisition, profitless chase;

WE

1 In the hall of the heart, bearing a row of extinguished candles,
Timorous of the sun’s light, desponding,—
As if it were the flowing fantasy of a beloved beauty
Hugging, clinging to our own darkness;
5 Purpose of profit and loss, appearance of beginning and end,
The same profitless enquiry, the same useless question;

HAM LOG

1 Dil ke aiwān mēn liye gul-shuda sham’on kī qaṭār,
Nūr-e-khwurshid se sahme hu’e, ukta’e hu’e,
Huṣn-e-mahbūb kī saiyāl tashawwur kī ṭaraḥ,
Apnī tārikh ko bhīnche hu’e, liptā’e hu’e;
5 Ghāyat-e-sūd-o-ziyān, sūrat-e-āghāz-o-m’āl,
Vuhī be-sūd ta’assus, vuhī be-kār sawāl,
Tedium of today's colourless minutes,
Goad of remembrance, chill of tomorrow's fears;
Starved thoughts that come to no comfort, blistering tears
That find no way to the eye, a numb misery
Not melting into any song or escaping
From the heart's shadowed crevices;—and a quest,
Visionary, bemused, for remedy;
A thirst for desert and dungeon, for the rent garment.

Exhausted by the colourlessness of today's moment,
Saddened by remembrance of the past, paralysed by fear of tomorrow;
Thirsty thoughts that find no relief,
Burning tears that do not come into the eyes,
One hard pain that does not take the mould of song,
Does not issue from the dark crannies of the heart;
And a tangled, confused search for a remedy,
A longing for desert and prison, a search for the rent garment.

Muļmabīl sā'at-e-imroz kī be-raṅgī se,
Yād-e-māzī se ghamīnī, dahshat-e-fardā se niżhāl;
Tishna afkār jo taskīn nahīn pāte haiṅ,
10 Sokhta ashk jo āṅkhoṅ meṅ nahīn āte haiṅ,
Ek karā dard kī jo git men dhalīṅ ḥī nahīn,
Dil ke tārīk shigāṅtī se nikaltā ḥī nahīn;
Aur ek uljhī hū'ī mauhūm-sī darmāṅ kī talāsh,
Dasht o zindāṅ kī havas, chāṅ-e-gīrbāṅ kī talāsh.