TO A POLITICAL LEADER

Long years those hands, unfriend and unfree,
Have clawed into night’s dark unyielding breast
As straws might dash themselves against a sea,
Or butterflies assail a mountain-crest:

Till now that dark and flint-hard breast of night
Has felt so many gashes that all round,
Look where you will, is woven a web of light,
And from far off the morning’s heartbeats sound.

TO A POLITICAL LEADER

1 Year by year these unprotected, bound hands
   Have remained fixed in the hard, black bosom of night,
   As a straw may be ardent in strife with the sea,
   As a butterfly may make an attack on a mountain;

5 And now in the stony and black bosom of night
   There are so many wounds, that whichever way the eye goes
   Everywhere light has woven a sort of web,
   From afar the sound of the throbbing of dawn comes.

SIYĀSĪ LEADER KE NĀM

1 Sāl-hā-sāl ye be-āsrā, jakrē hū’ē hāt
   Rāt ke sākht o siya śine meṅ paiwast rahe,
   Jis īrāb tinkā samundar se ho sargarm-e-satez,
   Jis īrāb tītrī kuhsār pe yaighār kare;

5 Aur ab rāt ke saṅgin o siya śine meṅ
   Itrē ghā’o hai, kē jis sīnt nazār jātī hai
   Jā-ba-jā nūr-ne ēk jāl-sā bun-rakhā hai,
   Dūr se ṣubh kē chārkan kī šadā aṭī hai.
The people's hands have been your coat of mail,
Your wealth: what else has lent you strength, but they?
You do not wish this darkness to prevail,
Yet wish those hands lopped off, and the new day,

Now throbbing in its eastern ambush, doomed
Under night's iron corpse to lie entombed.

Your wealth, your hope, are these same hands—
Have you anything else—it is these same hands.
You do not desire the victory of darkness, but
You desire that these hands be cut off,
And that day, throbbing in the ambuscade of the east,
Sink under the iron corpse of night!

Terë sarmāya, tēri ās yēhi hāt to haiin!
Aur kuchh hai bhū tēre pās? Yēhi hāt to haiin.
Tujhko manzūr nahi ghalba-e-zulmat, lekin
Tujhko manzūr hai ye hāth qalam ho-jā'ēn,
Aur mashriq ki kamūn-gahe mēn dhaṛakātā hū'ā din
Rāt kī ūhanī maiyat ke tale dab-jā'ē!