15. OH RESTLESS HEART

Darkness an ever-deepening flood,
Night's blood gushing from every vein;
Creation's pulse flutters as though
An ecstasy of the two worlds were waning.

Let night's warm blood stream on: its shade
Is powder for the cheeks of dawn.
Daybreak is near; oh restless heart, be still.

OH RESTLESS HEART, WAIT

1 It is a darkness that goes on swelling,
As if blood were spouting from night's every vein;
The pulse of existence is going somewhat in this fashion
As if an intoxication of both worlds were failing.

5 Let night's warm blood go on flowing;
This darkness is the powder of the face of dawn:
It is just about to be morning—oh restless heart, wait.

AI DIL-E-BE-TĀB, THAHAR

1 Tiragī hai kē umaṇḍati-hī chalī-jaṭī hai
Shāb kē rāg rāg se lahū phūṭ-rahā ho jaise;
Chal-rahī hai kuchh īś andāz se nabī-ē-hastī
Donō ālām kē nashā ṭūṭ-rahā ho jaise.

5 Rāt kē garm lahū aur bhī bah-jaṇe-dō;
Yēh tārīkī to hai ghāzā-e-rukhsār-e-sāhār:
Ṣubḥ hone hī ko hai; ai dil-e-be-tāb, thahar.
Through music's veil the clanking chain,
Omnipotent yet fate's web close-drawn,
Tears into life's pure winecup running,
Feet drunk with ardour clogged by custom's bane.

But let true heaven-born madness fill
Our madmen, wine our wineshops—soon
Fate's empire shall be overthrown
And tyranny of custom fade,
Let the linked chain clank now, clank as it will.

Still a chain clanks behind the curtain of music,
Of absolute power still is the scheme of cause-and-effect,
Into the unmixed goblet tears too go rolling,
On the unsteadiness of the foot there is still the tether of custom.
Let your madmen become truly mad,
Let your wineshops become truly wineshops,
Quickly this domination of things-as-they-are shall be removed,
This oppressiveness of custom shall be removed—
Though the chain go on rattling and rattling!

Abhî zanjîr chhanaktî hai pas-e-parda-e-sâz,
Muṭlq ul-ḥukm hai shîrāza-e-āsbâb abhî,
10 Sâghar-e-nâb mîn ānsu bîh chhalak-jâte ha'n,
Laghīz-e-pâ mîn hai pâband-e-ādâb abhî.
Apne diwānî ko diwâna to ban-lene-do,
Apne maikhâna ko maikâna to ban-lene-do,
Jald ye saţwat-e-āsbâb bîh uth-jâ'egî,
15 Ye girānbâri-e-ādâb bîh uth-jâ'egî,
Khwâh zanjîr chhanaktî-hi, chhanaktî-hî rahe.