20. TABLET AND PEN

I shall not cease to feed this pen, but still
Keep record of what things pass through the soul,
Still gather means for love to work its will,
Keep green this age round which blank deserts roll.

Though these days' bitterness must grow sharper yet,
And tyrants not renounce their tyranny,
I taste their bitter wrongs without regret,  
But while breath lasts will nurse each malady—

While yet the tavern stands, with its red wine  
Crimson the temple's high cold walls; and while  
My heartblood feeds my tears and lets them shine,  
Paint with each drop the loved one's rosy smile.

Let others live for calm indifferent peace;  
I listen to earth's pangs, and will not cease.

>This bitterness is accepted, this tyranny is endurable to me,  
While there is breath I will go on with the healing of pain.  
While the wineshop is safe, with the red of wine  
I will go on adorning the door and roof of the shrine;  
While there is blood left in my heart, from each tear  
I will go on creating colour for the lip and cheek of my idol.  
There is a fashion of indifference: they are welcome to it—  
There is an appeal of love's-demand, and this I will go on presenting.

Manzūr ye talkhī, ye sitam hamko gavārā,  
Dam hai to mudāvā-e-alam karte-rahe īnge.  
Majhāna salāmat hai to ham surkhī-e-mai se  
Tazā'īn-e-dar-o-bām-e-ḥaram karte-rahe īnge,  
Bāqī hai lahū dil meh to har askh se paiddā  
Rāng-e-lab-o-ruhāsār-e-ṣanam karte-rahe īnge;  
Ek ṭarz-e-taghāfūl hai so vo unko mubārak,  
Ek ʿarz-e-tamannā hai so ham karte-rahe īnge.