22. HER FINGERS

The softness of her fingers is in this dawn-wind's hand;
And as it stirs, the fancy comes today to my mind
That her soft hands are searching through the ranks of our friends,
To find what are their heartaches, to feel where are their wounds.

STANZA

In the hand of the morning breeze is the softness of her hands;
While it lingers, this idea comes to my mind today—
Those hands are seeking in the place of the gathering
For where the scars of the heart are, where the seat of pain.

QITA‘

Sabā ke hāth men narmi hai unke hāthon ki;
Thahar-thaharke ye hota hai āj dil ko gumān
Voh hāth dhund-rahe haiṁ bīsāţ-e-maḥfil men
Kē dil ke dāgh kahān haiṁ, nishast-e-dard kahān.