28. AMONG TWILIGHT EMBERS

In the sky, while evening's star burns out among twilight embers,
Long tresses float of the night of lovers kept apart.

Will no-one sound the march!—an age almost has passed
Since heaven allowed the caravan of day-and-night to start.

No moon come now by night, cool cloud by day, to make
Old memories of friends and boon-companions smart!

Once more the breeze comes tapping at my prison door,
Whispering—Dawn is near; teach patience to your heart.

GHAZAL

1 In the ashes of twilight the star of evening has burned away,
The tresses of the night of separation have waved in the sky.
Cry out, someone, for a lifetime has nearly passed
That heaven has kept the caravan of day and night standing still.

5 This is the preventative of memories of wine-measuring intimates,
That the moon should not come out at night nor the cloud by day.
The morning-breeze has come again and knocked on the prison door:
'Daybreak is near, tell your heart not to be agitated.'

GHAZAL

1 Shafaq ki râkh men jal-bujh-gayâ sitâra-e-shâm,
Shab-e-firâq ke gesû fazâ men lahâ’e.
Ko’i pukâro kë ëk ‘umr hone â’i hai
Falak ko qâﬁla-e-roz-o-shâm ûhârâ’e.

5 Ye zid hai yâd-e-ëharfân-e-bâda-paimâ kî
Kë shab ko châhôd na nikale, na din ko abr ã’e.
Şâbâ-ne phir dar-e-zîdâyân pê âke di dastak:
Sa’hâr qarib hai, dil se kaho na ghâbrâ’e.