29. TWO LOVES

Fresh yet in memory,
Saqi, rose-sister,
Those days whose bright mirror
Reflects her face still;
Those moments like opening
Blossoms, of sight of her,
Moments like fluttering
Heartbeats, of hope for her—

Hope of fulfilment
Come to end heartache,
Hope of love’s night of thirst
Ending at last;
Sinking, those sleepless
Stars that rained sorrow,
Dawning, that destined
Joy so long waited—

TWO LOVES

1 Fresh are still in memory, oh rose-like Saqi,
Those days shining by the reflection of the face of the beloved,
That moment of meeting, like a flower opening,
That time of hope, like a heart palpitating—

5 Hope that, lo! the good-fortune of the sad heart has awakened,
Lo, love’s night of longing is over at last,
Lo, the sleepless stars of pain have sunk,
Now the destined-prize of impatient looks will shine:

DO ‘ISHQ

1 Taza hain abhi yad men, ai saqi-e-gul-fam,
Vo ‘aks-e-rukh-e-yar se lahke hua aiyam,
Vo phul-e khili hui di dhar kii sa’at,
Vo dil-sa dharakti hua ummed kii hangam—

5 Ummed kii lo jagaa gham-e-dil kii nasib, Lo shauq kii tarsi hua shab ho-ga’i aabir, Lo dhab-ga’i dard ke be-khyab sitare,
Ab chamkega be-sabr nigahaon kii muqaddar:
Oh, this rooftop the sun
Of your beauty will gild,
From that corner its rays
Red as henna will break,
From this doorway your steps
Like quicksilver gliding,
By that pathway your skirt,
A twilit sky, flowing!

Fevered days too
I have known, separation's
Pangs, when lament was
Smothered in anguish,
Each night's dark burden
Crushing the breast,
Each daybreak's arrow
Piercing the soul.

From this roof the sun of your beauty will emerge,
From that corner will break the henna-coloured ray,
From this door will flow the quicksilver of your walk,
On that path will flower the twilight of your dress.

Again, I have seen also those feverish days of separation
When lament was forgotten in anxiety of heart and soul,
Every night such a black load that the heart sank,
Every morning's flame entered my breast like an arrow.

Is bām se niklegā tere ḫusn kā khwurshīd,
Us kunj se phūṭegī kirn rāṅg-e-hinā kī,
Is dar se bahegā tērī raftār kā simāb,
Us rāh pē phūlegī shafāq teri qabā kī.

Phir ākhe hain vo hijr ke tapte ḥū'ē din bhī
Jāb fīkr-e-dīl-o-jān mēn fūhān bhūl-gā'ī hai,
Har shab vo siya bojh ke dil baṭh-gāyā hai,
Har sūbh kī lau tīr-sī sīne mēn laqī hai.
Lonely, how many
Ways I remembered you—
Wretched, how many
Refuges caught at,
Pressing the wind's cool
Hand on hot eyelids,
Round the moon's cold neck
Throwing these arms!

So I have loved that
Mistress, my country,
Heart no less ardent
Beating for her:
This love too a pilgrim,
Seeking its haven
Now in a curving cheek,
Now a curled lock.

In solitude what remembrances of you did I not have,
What refuges did the sad heart not search for;
Sometimes I laid on my eyes the hand of the morning-breeze,
Sometimes I put my arms round the neck of the moon.

In the same fashion I have loved my darling country,
In the same manner my heart has throbbed with devotion to her,
In the same way my passion has sought for the easement of a
resting-place
In the curve of her cheek, sometimes in the curl of her ringlet;

Tanhā'ī men kyā kyā na tujhe yād kiyā hai,
Kyā kyā na dil-e-zār-ne dhūndi haiñ panāheñ;
Ānkhoñ se lagāyā hai kabhi dast-e-şabā ko,
20 Ḍāli haiñ kabhi gardan-e-mahtāb meñ bāheñ.

Chāhā hai isī raṅg meñ lailā-o-waţān ko,
Tarpā hai isī taur se dil uski lagan meñ,
Ḍhūndī hai yûn-hī shauq-ne āsā ish-e-manzil
Rulhār ke kham meñ, kabhi kākul kī shikān meñ;
To that sweetheart too
Soul and flesh, every fibre,
Have called out with laughter,
Cried out with tears;
No longing of hers,
No summons unanswered,
Her griefs all transmuted,
Her sufferings made light;

Never devotion's
Prompting unheeded,
Never the trumpet
Left to ring hollowly—
Ease and indulgence,
Worldly distinction,
All the shrewd huckster's
Counsels forgotten.

25 In the same way to that sweetheart of the world my heart and eyes
Laughingly called, sometimes weepingly cried out.
All the demands of her words of longing I fulfilled,
I made bright each pain, assuaged every grief;
No bidding of ecstasy was ever rejected,
30 Never did the sound of the bell return alone;
Welfare in life, comfort of body, correctness of costume (respectability),
All the advice of the people of ambition, were forgotten.

25 Us jān-e-jahān ko bhi yūn-lī qalb-o-nazar-ne
Haṁs-haṁske ṣaadā dī, kabhi ro-roke pukārā.
Pūre kī'ē sab ṭar-f-e-tamānā ke taqāze,
Har dard ko uj∀āl, harēk gham ko sañwārā;
Wāpas nahīn pherā ko'ī fīrmān junūn kā,
30 Tanhā nahīn lauṭī kabhi āwāz jaras kī;
What others on that road
Meet, I have met with:
Prison-cell solitude,
Marketplace calumny,
Priestly anathemas
Thundered from pulpits,
Threats and revilings
From places of power,

No barbed dart of insult
By strangers omitted,
No mode of upbraiding
By near and dear spared.
—My heart neither this love
Nor that love repents;
My heart that bears every
Scar, but of shame.

What befalls everyone on that road befall me,
Solitary within the prison, sometimes dishonoured in the market-
place;

35 The divines thundered a great deal from the pulpit corner,
The men of authority roared a great deal in the audience-chamber,
Strangers spared no arrow of calumny,
No manner of reproach was left out by my own folk.
But my heart feels shame neither for this love nor for that love:

40 There is every scar on this heart except the scar of shame.

Is rāh mēn jo sab pē guzarī hai vo guzrī,
Tanhā pas-e-zindānī, kabhī ruswā sar-e-bāzār;
35 Garje hain bahut shāhī sar-e-gosha-e-miṅbar,
Karke hain bahut ahl-e-hukm bar sar-e-darbār.
Chhorā nahīn ghairon-ne koī nāvak-e-dushnām,
Chhūți nahīn apnoī se koī ūtar-e-malāmāt.
Is 'ishq na us 'ishq pē nādim hai magar dīl;
40 Har dāğh hai is dil mēn bajuz dāgh-e-nadāmāt.