A PRISON DAYBREAK

34. A PRISON DAYBREAK

It was still dark, when standing by my pillow
The moon said to me 'Waken, dawn is here:
The share poured for you of this night's wine of sleep
Has sunk from brim to bottom of the cup.'
—I took farewell of my love's image, and gazed
Out over the dim coverlet of the night's
Slow-ebbing flood, where here and there a dance
Of argent ripples flickered, while the stars,
Like lotus-petals fallen from the moon's hand,
Came sinking, floating, fading, opening out;
Daybreak and night lay long in each other's arms.

A PRISON DAYBREAK

1 There was night still remaining when coming beside my pillow
The moon said to me 'Waken, morning has come;
Waken! the wine of sleep that was your portion this night
Has sunk from the lip of the cup to the bottom of the cup.'
5 Taking leave of the image of my sweetheart I lifted my glance
To the black coverlet of the night's lingering flood:
Here and there whirlpools of silver began to come in a dance;
From the moon's hand lotuses of stars falling, falling,
Sinking, swimming, kept fading, kept opening;
10 Night and dawn for a long time were embracing.

ZINDĀN KI ĖK ŠUBH

1 Rāt bāqi thi abhi jab sar-e-bāliūn ākar
Chāhūd-ne mujh-se kahā 'Jāg! sahar ā'ī hai;
Jāg! is shab jo mai-e-khwāb tērā hiśṣa thi
Jām ke lab se tah-e-jām utar-ā'ī hai.'
5 'aks-e-jānāū ko vida' karke utthi merī nazār
Shab ke ṭhahre hū'ē pānī ki siya chādār par:
Jā-bā-jā raqs mēh āne-lage chāhīdī ke bhānwar;
Chāhīd ke hāth sc tāron ke kañval gir-girkar
Dūbe, tairte, mūrjāhē-rahee, khitte-rahee,
10 Rāt aur sūbh bahut der gale milte-rahee.
Golden in the jail yard my comrades’ features
Slowly emerging, a glow against the darkness,
Washed clean by oblivion’s dews of brooding grief
For loved face lost, or care for native land;—
A far-off drum sounding, a shuffle of feet
Of pallid famished guards starting their rounds,
And arm in arm and on and on with them
The angry din of prisoner and complaint.
Light winds still drunk with dream-delights are stirring;
With them, ghostly, a prison’s bodeful noises:

In the prison yard the golden faces of comrades,
Shining out from the surface of darkness, grew little by little;
The dew of sleep had washed away from those faces
Grief for country, pain of separation from the face of the beloved.

Far off there has been a drum, feeble steps have begun to move about;
Yellow, oppressed with hunger, the sentinels—
With whom the frightful, resounding laments of the people of the prison
Arm in arm keep moving about.
Breezes drunk with the pleasure of sleep have awakened,
The jail’s poison-filled, broken sounds have awakened:

Şahīn-e-zindān mein rafiaqū ke sunahre chēhare
Saţ’h-e-zulmat se damakte hū’e ubhre kam kam;
Nūd kī os-ne un chēhorn se dho-dāla thā

15 Dūr naubat hū’i, phirne-lage bezār qadam,
Zard, fāqū kī satā’ē hū’ē pahre-wāle:
Ahl-e-zindān ke ghazabnāk, kharoshān nāle
Jin-ki bāhoni meh phirā-karte hain bāheñ dāle.
Lazzat-e-khwāb se mahmūr hawā’ēn jāgīn,

20 Jel kī zahr-bhari, chūr, šadā’ēn jāgīn.
A distant door opens, another shuts,
A distant chain scrapes sullenly, scrapes and sobs,
Far off a dagger plunges in some lock’s vitals,
A shutter rattles, rattles, beating its head.

Far away some door has opened, some other has closed,
Far away some chain has grumbled, and after grumbling w
Far away a dagger has sunk into some lock’s liver,
Some window has begun to bang its head again and again;—

As if the enemies of life have roused again from sleep,
Heavy demons cast from stone and steel,
In whose grasp are making lament night and day
The delicate fairies of my useless nights and days; These prisoners are watching for their prince,

In whose quiver are hope’s burning arrows.

Dür darwâza khulâ ko‘i, ko‘i baând hû’â,
Dür machli ko‘i zanjîr, machalke ro‘i,
Dür utarâ kisî tâle ke jigar meh khanjar,
Sar paţakne-lagâ rah-rahke darîcha ko‘i;—

Goyâ phîr khwâb se badâr hû‘e dushman-e-jân,
Sang o faulâd se châle hû‘e jinnât-e-girân,
Jinke chuâgal meh shab-o-roz haîn fARYâd-kunân
Mere be-kâr shab-o-roz kî nûzuk paryân;
Apne shahpûr kî râh dekh-rahî haîn ye asîr

Jiske tarkash meh haîn ummed ke jalte hû‘e tir.