36. THE WINDOW

In my barred window is hung many a cross,
Each coloured with the blood of its own Christ,
Each craving to hug tight a divine form.

On one the heaven's spring cloud is sacrificed,
On one the radiant moon is crucified,
On one is torn asunder the trance-filled grove,
And on another the delicate breeze has died.

THE WINDOW

1 In my window how many crosses are fixed,
Each with the colour of the blood of its Messiah,
Each with the hope of union with its Lord.
On one they make sacrifice of the spring cloud,

5 On one they murder the bright moon,
On one the rapt park is cut in two,
On one they put to death the morning breeze.

DARĪCHA

1 Gaṛṭī haiñ kitnī salībeñ mēre darīche men,
Harek apne masīḥā ke khūn kā raṅg liye,
Harek vaṣl-e-khudāwānd ki umāṅg liye.
Kisi pē karte haiñ abr-e-bahār ko qurbān,

5 Kisi pē qatl mah-e-tābnāk karte haiñ,
Kisi pē hoṭī hai sarmast shākhsār do nīm,
Kisi pē bād-e-ṣabā ko halāk karte haiñ.
Daily these kind and beautiful godlike things
Come weltering in their blood to my bitter cell;
And day by day before my watching eyes
Their martyred bodies are raised up and made well.

Each day that comes these deities of kindness and beauty
Drowned in blood come into my house of grief,
10 And daily before my eyes their
Martyr-bodies are lifted up, healed.

Har a’e din ye khudāwāndgān-e-mehr-o-jamāl
Lahū mēn gharq mēre gham-kade mēn āte hain,
10 Aur a’e din mērī nazron ke sāmne unke
Shahīd jism salāmat uthā’e-jāte hain.