46. MY VISITOR

The whole wall has grown dim, to the circling roof;
All roads are blotted out, each wayfarer
Has taken his departure. Once again
My night and its own loneliness converse;
Once more my visitor I think has come,
This palm with henna stained, that palm with blood,
One glance all bane, the next all healing balm.

MY ‘INTERVIEW’

1 All the wall has become black, up to the circle of the roof,
Roads have been extinguished, all travellers have taken leave;
My night has again begun talking with its solitude;
It seems that today my ‘interview’ has come again,
5 On one palm henna, on one palm blood,
One eye full of poison, in one eye medicine.

MULĀQĀT MĒRĪ

1 Sārī diwār siya ho-ga’l tā halqa-e-bām,
Rāste bujh-ga’e, ruḍāsat hū’e rah-gīr tamām;
Apnī tanhā’ī se goyā hū’ī phir rāt mērī;
Ho na ho āj phir ā’ī hai mulāqāt mērī,
5 Ek hatheli pē hinā, ek hatheli pē lahū,
Ek nazār zahr liye, ek nazār meh dārū.
In my heart's lodging no-one now for long
Has come or gone; grey solitude has left
The garden of pain unwatered; who is there
To fill its chalices of wounds with crimson?

Once more indeed my visitor has come,
Of her own will, my old acquaintance Death,
She who is adversary and comforter both,
To such as us the murderess and the sweetheart.

Since long no-one has come or gone in the halting-place of the heart;
In the isolation of pain the flowerbed of the scar has been unwatered—
Whom to tell that he should fill the cups of its wounds with colour?

And again of her own accord my 'interview' has come,
Familiar death, who is both enemy and grief-soother,
Who for us people is both murderess and sweetheart.

Der se manzil-e-dil men ko'i āyā na gayā,
Furqat-e-dard men be-āb hū'ā takhta-e-dāgh:
Kis-se kahiye kē bhare rāng se zalāhmoṁ ke āyāgh?

Aur phir khvud-hī chali ā'ī mulāqāt mērī,
Āshnā maut jo dushman bhi hai, ghamkhwār bhi hai,
Vo jo ham logoṁ kī qātil bhi hai, dildār bhi hai.