47. THE HAIL OF STONES

Suddenly pierced today by the sharp lance of my gaze
Moon and sun broke at once into fragments in the sky.

Now there will be no light nor darkness anywhere;
Now I am gone the pilgrim way lies hushed as my heart:
What will become of that band vowed to love's martyrdom?

THE RAIN OF STONES HAS ENDED

1 Suddenly today cut by the string of my glance
Sun and moon broke into pieces in the firmament.
Now there will not be darkness or brightness in any direction;
After me the way of fidelity has been extinguished like a heart;
5 Friends! what will become now of the caravan of pain (anguished love)?

KHMAT HÚ' I BARISH-E-SANG

1 Nágahán áj mère tár-e-nazar se katkar
'Tukre 'tukre hú'e áfáq pë khwurchód o qamar.
Ab kí siír andherá na ujála hogá;
Bujh-ga'í díl kí tárah ráh-e-wáfá mere ba'd;
5 Dosto! qáfala-e-dard ká ab kyá hogá?
Some other now must tend the garden of sacrifice;
The dew these eyes of mine have shed, friends, is used up,
The passionate faith is stilled, the hail of stones is over.

Dust underfoot today is the hue of the loved one's lips,
In her dear street is unfurled the pennant of my blood.
To whom, whom will the summons come, now I am gone—
Who dares the challenge now of the deadly wine of love?
Again and again, now I am gone, this cry on the lips of her
who pours.

Now let someone else do the nourishing of the garden of suffering.
Friends! the dew of the wet eye is finished;
The tumult of rapture (madness) has ceased, the rain of stones has ended.
The dust of the road today bears the colour of the darling's lip,
In the sweethearts' street the pennant of my blood has spread out.
See to whom, to whom, they give the call after me—
'Who is the challenger of the man-overthrowing wine of love?
Repeatedly the cry is on the lips of the Saqi after me.'

Ab ko't aur kare parwarish-e-gulshan-e-gham.
Dostol khatm hü'ı dida-e-tar kí siābnam;
Tham-gayã shor-e-jünûn, khatm hü'í bárish-e-saãñg.
Khák-e-rah aj liye hai lab-e-díldár kí raãng,
Kü-e-jánãn men khulã mere laãh kí parcham:
Dekhiye dete haín kis kís-ko šadá mere ba'ãd—
'Kaun hotã hai ḥarîf-e-mai-e-mard-āfãn-e-'ishq?
Hai mukarrar lab-e-sâqî pê šalã mere ba'ãd.'