50. AN IDYLL

Shadows and road—trees, dwellings, doors—rim of the roof;
High on the roof softly the moon baring her breast,
Like a clasped gown softly unloosed;
Under the eaves motionless blue
Shades, a blue pool:
Noiseless, a leaf, soft as a brief bubble that bursts,
Drifting across.

A SCENE

1 Road, shadows, trees, houses and doors, edge of the roof—
Over the roof the bosom of the moon was opened softly
As if someone were undoing the fastening of a dress softly;
Below the edge of the roof, a stagnant blue of shadows,

5 A lake of blue;
In the lake silently floated some leaf, like a bubble,
One moment floated, moved, burst (vanished) softly.

MANZAR

1 Rahguzar, sā‘e, shajar, manzil-o-dar, ḫalqa-e-bām—
Bām par sina-e-mahtāb khulā āhista,
Jis ṭaraḥ khule ko‘i baṅd-e-qabā āhista;
Ḵalqa-e-bām tale sāyoṅ kā ḥabrā ḥū‘ā nil,

5 Nil kī jhīl;
Jhīl men chupke-se tairā kisī patte kā ḥabāb,
Ek pal tairā, chalā, phūt-gayā āhista.
Pale, very pale, slow, very slow, cool-coloured wine
Softly was poured into my glass;
Flagon and glass, rose of your hands,
Formed like a dream image far off,
Formed of themselves, softly dissolved.
Softly my heart once and again murmured some pledge;
'Softly', you said—
'Softer!' the moon, leaning down, breathed.

Very softly, very pale, a cool colour that was wine
Was poured out into my glass softly;

Glass and bowl, flagon, the rose of your hands,
Like the image of some distant dream,
Took shape of itself, and faded softly.

My heart repeated some word of fidelity, softly—
You said 'Softly!'

The moon, bending, said:
'A little more softly even!'

Bahut āhista, bahut halkā, khunak raṅg-e-sharāb
Mere shīshē mēn ḍhalā āhista;

Shīshā o jām, surāhī, tēre hāthon ke gulāb
Jis tāraḥ dūr kisī khwāb kā naqsh
Āp āp āp banā, aur miṭā āhista.

Dil-ne duhrāyā ko'i ḍharf-e-wafā āhista—
Tum-ne kahā 'Āhistā!'

Chāṅd-ne jhukke kahā:
'Aur zārā Āhistā'