Since all the lamps went out
I have been groping in the dust, not knowing
Where are my eyes.
You that know, tell me what I am!
It feels as though some deadly flood of poison
Has poured, surge upon surge, through every vein,
Sweeping with it my memories of you, love, my longings;
How can I tell in what wave my heart is engulfed?
Be patient awhile, until from some world beyond
A lightning-flash approaches with dazzling hand.

52. 'BLACK-OUT'

Jab se be-nūr hūī haṁ shām'ēn
Khāk men dhūndtā phirtā hūī, nu jāne kis jā,
Kho-ga'i haṁ mērī donōn ānkhēn;
Tum jo wāqīf ho batāo ko'ī pahchān mērī.
5
Is īrāh hai kē harēk rag men utar-āyā hai
Mauj dar mauj kisī zahr kā qātīl dārī,
Terā armān tērī yād liye, jān mērī;
Jāne kis mauj men ḍhatān hai kahān dil mērā?
Ek pal ḍhāiro kē us-pār kisī dunyā se
10
Barq ā'ē mērī jānīb yad-e-bezā lekar,

BLACK-OUT'

1 Since the lamps have been without light,
I am seeking, moving about, in the dust: I do not know where
Both my eyes have been lost;
You who are familiar with me, tell me some identification of
myself.
5 It is as if into every vein has descended,
Wave on wave, the murderous river of some poison,
Carrying longing for you, memory of you, my love;
How to know where, in what wave, my heart is swallowed?
Wait one moment, till from some world beyond
10 Lightning comes towards me with bright hand.

BLACK-OUT

1 Jab se be-nūr hūī haṁ shām'ēn
Khāk men dhūndtā phirtā hūī, nu jāne kis jā,
Kho-ga'i haṁ mērī donōn ānkhēn;
Tum jo wāqīf ho batāo ko'ī pahchān mērī.
5
Is īrāh hai kē harēk rag men utar-āyā hai
Mauj dar mauj kisī zahr kā qātīl dārī,
Terā armān tērī yād liye, jān mērī;
Jāne kis mauj men ḍhatān hai kahān dil mērā?
Ek pal ḍhāiro kē us-pār kisī dunyā se
10 Barq ā'ē mērī jānīb yad-e-bezā lekar,
And for the lost gems of my eyes
Brings new ones, shining, drunk
With shadows from the cup of night.
Be patient awhile till the torrent finds its banks,
And my heart renewed after knowing annihilation,
Washed pure with poison, finds some landing-place;
Then let me come with tribute of new heart-vision,
Speak beauty's praise, and write the meaning of love.

And the lost pearls of my eyes,
As luminous pearls of new eyes drunk with the cup of darkness,
Restores.
Wait one moment till somewhere the breast of the river is found,
And, renewed, my heart,
Having been washed in poison, having been annihilated, finds
some landing-place;
Then let me come bringing, by way of offering, new sight and heart,
Let me make the praise of beauty, let me write of the theme of love.

Aur mēri ānhōn ke gum-gashta guhar,
Jām-e-zulmat se siyamast na’ī ānhōn ke shabitāb guhar,
Laufa-de.
Ek pal ṭhairo ke daryā kā kahīn pāṭ lage.

15

Aur nayā dīl mērā
Zahr mēn āshikā, fānā hoke, kisī ghāṭ lage;
Phir pā’e nazr na’e dida o dīl leke chalūn,
Huṣn kī madī karūn, shauq kā mażmūn likhūn.