53. HEART-ATTACK

There was such pain that night my maddened spirit
Was on fire to wrestle with every living fibre,
Gush out through every pore.
It seemed as if far off in your green bower
The leaves all dripping with my agonized blood
Were sickening of the moon's beauty—
As if this body were a desert,
All these racked nerves its tent-ropes,
One after one slackening, warning
Of life’s caravan making ready for departure.

'HEART-ATTACK'

1  The pain was such that that night my wild heart
Wanted to wrestle with every vein of life,
Wanted to drip away through every hair's root;
And somewhere far off (it was) as if in your garden courtyard.

5  Every leaf, washed in my miserable blood,
Began to look weary of the moon's beauty;
As if in the desert of my body
The tent-ropes of all my aching nerves had loosened
And begun one after the other to give notice

10  Of preparation for the departure of the caravan of zest-of-living;

HEART-ATTACK

1  Dard itnā thā kē us rāt dīl-e-vahshī-ne
Har rag-e-jān se ulajhnā chāhā,
Har bun-e-mū se 'tapaknā chāhā;
Aur kahēn dūr, tēre saṁn-e-chaman men āgyā

5  Pattā pattā mēre aṣurda lahū men 'dhulkār
'Hasn-e-mhaftāb se āzurda naqār āne-lagā;
Mere virāna-e-tan men āgyā
Sārē dukhte hū'ī reshōn ki ṭanābeñh khulkan
Silsila-wār patā dene-lagīn

10  Rukhsat-e-qāfīla-e-shauq kī taisyarī kā;
Somewhere in memory's dying candle-light
A momentary vision, last glimpse of your tenderness;
But even that, there was so much pain, I wanted to be done with
—Or I wanted to stay, but my spirit would not.

And when in memory's expiring candles came in view somewhere
For one instant the final moment of your loving-kindness,
The pain was such that one wanted to pass by even it—
I indeed wished, but my heart did not wish, to stay.

Aur jab yād kī bujhtī hū'ī shām'ōn mēn nazar āyā kahiū
Ek pal, āghirī lāmha tērī dildārī kā,
Dard itnā thā kī us-se bhi guzarnā chāhā—
Ham-ne chāhā bhi, magar dīl na ṭhāhrnā chāhā.