

THE CALL OF THE CARAVAN BELL

PREFACE

By

*Sir `Abd Al-Qadir, Barrister At Law,
Editor Makhzan*

No one knew that after the late Ghalib, someone would rise in India who would again inspire Urdu poetry with a new spirit and through whom the matchless imagination and the rare imagery of Ghalib would be created anew and would lead to the glorification of the Urdu literature. However, Urdu was fortunate in getting a poet of Iqbal's calibre, the superiority of whose literary elegance has impressed the Urdu knowing people of the whole of India and whose reputation has spread to Iran, Asia Minor and even to Europe.

Ghalib and Iqbal share many common characteristics. If I were a believer in the transmigration of soul I would have certainly said that the love which Mirza Asadullah Khan Ghalib had for Urdu and Persian poetry did not allow his soul to rest in peace even in the Elysium and compelled him to re-appear in another material form to render service to poetry, and was re-born in a corner of Punjab, called Sialkot and was called Muhammad Iqbal.

The respected father and the affectionate mother of Sheikh Muhammad Iqbal must have proposed his name at a very auspicious time, as the name given by them proved to be appropriate in all its connotations, and their successful son proceeded to England after completing his education in India. On achieving his educational goals at Cambridge he went to Germany and returned home, equipped

with the highest intellectual achievements. Sheikh Muhammad Iqbal studied many Persian books during his stay in Europe and published the results of his studies in the form of a research publication, which should be considered a short history of the Persian philosophy. The Germans conferred upon Sheikh Muhammad Iqbal the degree of PhD on the basis of this book. The British Government, which does not have adequate direct access to the oriental languages and learning, took a long time to realize the universal appreciation of Iqbal's poetry, but eventually patronized him by conferring the exalted honour of knighthood. Though he is now known as Dr. Sir Muhammad Iqbal which has the fortunate quality of being the real as well the pen name, is better known and liked than his doctorate and knighthood.

There is a college in Sialkot where a renowned scholar, Maulvi Saiyyid Mir Hasan, who is memorable heir to and a follower of the oriental scholars of former times, teaches oriental learning. Recently he has been honoured by the Government with the title of Shams al 'Ulema. The characteristic quality of his teaching is creation of the right taste for Persian and Arabic in the personality of his pupils. Iqbal was also fortunate in getting a teacher like Saiyyid Mir Hasan in his youth. Iqbal's temperament had a natural inclination for literature. Learning Persian and Arabic from such a teacher added to its elegance. He started writing poetry as early as his school age. By then Urdu had become so popular in Punjab that the language and its poetry had spread to more or less every city. During the student days of Sheikh Muhammad Iqbal a small *musha'irah* used to be convened in Sialkot for which Iqbal began writing *ghazals* occasionally. Nawab

Mirza Khan Sahib Dagh of Delhi had gained much renown as an Urdu poet in those days, and this increased considerably when he became the tutor of the Nizam of Deccan. Those who could not go to him would establish tutorial relationship from afar by mail. *Ghazals* were sent to him by mail and he returned them the same way after correction. In the olden days when such a mailing service did not exist a poet could not get so many pupils. With this facility hundreds of people had established discipleship with him *in absentia* and he had to maintain a department with staff for this purpose. Sheikh Muhammad Iqbal also established communication with him and sent some *ghazals* for correction. In this way Iqbal established a relationship in Urdu with a littérateur who, in his days, was considered unique in the art of linguistic excellence in the field of *ghazal*. Though Iqbal's *ghazals* of that early period did not have the attributes which made his later works very famous, Dagh discerned the beginning of an extra-ordinary writer in this student from a remote Punjab district. Very soon he pronounced his verdict that Iqbal did not need any further coaching in the art of poetry. Hence this tutorial relationship did not last long but its memories remained on both sides. Dagh's name is so prominent in Urdu poetry that Iqbal has respect even for this short period and *in absentia* relationship; and Iqbal had attained that high approbation even in the life-time of Dagh that the latter was proud of considering Iqbal among the people whose poetry he had corrected. I had the good fortune of meeting Dagh in Deccan and I am a witness to such expressions of pride by him.

As the Sialkot College was up to the F.A. Sheikh Muhammad Iqbal had to move to Lahore for his B.A. He wanted to study philosophy and he got a very affectionate professor among those at Lahore, who discerned Iqbal's inclination towards philosophy and started taking special interest in his education. Professor Arnold who is now (1924) Sir Thomas Arnold and is in England, is a man of extraordinary capabilities, is a proficient writer and is well-versed in the new methods of academic investigation and research. He wanted to impart his perceptions and procedures to his pupil and he succeeded in this to a very large extent. Earlier, he had been able to create maturity in the intellectual

perceptions of his friend, the late Maulana Shibli during the period of his professorship at the Aligarh College. Now he discovered another gem to convert which into a shining star became his heart-felt desire. The mutual friendship and affection created in the heart of the teacher and his pupil in the very beginning ultimately resulted in the latter proceeding to England in the wake of his teacher. This relationship was further strengthened there and has endured till the present day. Arnold is happy at the fruition of his labor and at his pupil being a source of pride and fame for him in the intellectual world. Iqbal acknowledges that the perceptions created by Saiyyid Mir Hasan, and advanced in the interim by the *in absentia* mutual acquaintance with Dagh, attained their climax with the affectionate guidance of Arnold.

Iqbal got very good guides in passing through his intellectual journey, and became acquainted with several renowned scholars. Distinguished among these are Drs. McTaggart, Brown, Nicholson and Sorley of the University of Cambridge. Professor Nicholson deserves our special gratitude for his efforts at introducing Iqbal to Europe and America by translating his famous Persian book, *Asrar-i-Khudi* (The Secrets of the Self) into English and for providing a preface and commentary to the same.¹ In the same way Iqbal maintained liaison through correspondence and personal contact with all the shining stars of India's intellectual horizon at that time, such as Maulana Shibli, Maulana Hali and Akbar. They continued influencing Iqbal's writings and Iqbal continued influencing their thought. Maulana Shibli, in his many letters, and the revered Akbar, in his letters as well as in poems have acknowledged Iqbal's accomplishments. Similarly, Iqbal has eulogized these eminent personalities in his works.

Discounting the period of early practice Iqbal's Urdu poetry starts a little before the commencement of the twentieth century. I saw him first in a *musha'irah* in Lahore two or three years before 1901. He had been prevailed upon by some of his class-mates to participate in this *musha'irah* and recite a *ghazal*. People of Lahore had not known

¹ Nicholson's translation is included in the present volume.

Iqbal till then. The *ghazal* was a short one with simple words and thought but had humour and spontaneity due to which it was much appreciated. He participated in this *musha'irah* two or three times again and people discerned in him the makings of a promising poet. However, this fame at first remained confined to the students of the colleges of Lahore and those engaged in educational pursuits. Meanwhile a literary association had been established which was attended by celebrities, and created a demand for prose as well as poetry. Sheikh Muhammad Iqbal recited his poem addressing the Himalayas, called 'Himala' in one of its meetings. This poem combined the English thought with the Persian elegance of style, and had the added beauty of the flavour of nationalism. As it conformed with the tastes and the needs of the times it was widely appreciated, and requests for its publication started pouring in. But Sheikh Iqbal took it away with him with the excuse of the need for review, and it could not be published then. Shortly after this I planned to start the magazine *Makhzan* for the advancement of Urdu literature. By this time I had developed friendly relations with Sheikh Muhammad Iqbal. I obtained his promise to contribute his new style poems for publication in the poetry section of this magazine. About the time of the appearance of the magazine's first issue I went to ask him for a poem. He said that he did not have any poem ready at that time. I asked him to give me the poem titled 'Himala' and to write another poem for the next month. He was reluctant to give that poem because he considered it to be in need of improvement. As I had noticed its extreme popularity I prevailed upon him to give it to me and I published it in *Makhzan*, Volume 1, No. 1, which appeared in April 1901. This was, as it were, the beginning of the public appearance of Iqbal's Urdu poetry, and this continued till his departure for England in 1905. During this period he wrote a poem for every issue of *Makhzan*. As the news of his poetry spread far and wide requests started coming in from diverse magazines and newspapers. Associations and conferences also started requesting him to benefit the audiences of their annual meetings with his poetry.

The Sheikh having completed his education, had become a professor at the Government College,

Lahore. He spent his time continuously in intellectual company and academic pursuits. With a surging intellect and extreme inspiration, when inclined towards versification, he could produce innumerable verses in a single sitting. Absorbed in his thoughts he would pour out verses, and his friends and some students who might be nearby, would write them down with paper and pencil. In those days I never saw him with pen and paper in linguistic pursuits. Writing poetry looked like a surging river or a bubbling spring of appropriate words with a unique condition of ecstatic softness engulfing him. He would himself recite his verses melodiously, would become ecstatic himself as well as would turn others ecstatic. He is remarkably singular in having such a memory that all the verses constituting a continuous poem would be safe in his memory in the same order at another time and on another day although he had not written them down in the interim. I have been fortunate enough to avail of the opportunity of the companionship of many poets and though I have heard and seen some of them producing poetry I have not seen this style in any of them. Iqbal has the other peculiarity of being unable to produce 'made to order' poetry in spite of all this poetic disposition. When poetically inclined he can produce as many verses as he likes but it is almost impossible for him to produce anything 'to order' on any occasion. For this reason, on being famous and on becoming flooded with requests, he had to deny most of them. Similarly, he would usually pass requests for participation in associations and assemblies. Only the Anjuman-i-Himayat-i-Islam of Lahore, for several reasons, had the privilege of Iqbal's continued participation for several years and recitation of poems written for that very meeting after prior thought.

In the early days the poems presented in public meetings were recited without melody, which had its own charm. However, in one public meeting some friends insisted that Sheikh Muhammad Iqbal read his poem melodiously. His voice is loud and pleasing by nature and he is fully conversant with the style of melody. It threw the audience in spell-bound silence and ecstasy. This produced two results. One was that it made it difficult for him to recite without melody, and when he recites people insist on melodious recital. The other is that,

whereas formerly only the select understood and appreciated his poetry, this magnet attracted the general populace also. In the meetings of the Anjuman-i-Himayat-Islam at Lahore tens of thousands of people assemble when Iqbal's poem is recited and they are spell-bound during the entire recital. Those who understand him and those who do not are equally absorbed.

The second period of his poetry extended from 1905 to 1908 which he spent in Europe. Though he got comparatively little time there for poetry, and only a few poems were written during that stay, they exhibit a special style, based on his observations there. Two major changes occurred in his thinking at that time. For two of these three years I was also living there and had the opportunity of meeting him frequently. One day Sheikh Muhammad Iqbal told me that he had firmly decided to abandon poetry, to avow never to write verse, and use the time he would spend on poetry on some other productive pursuit. I told him that his poetry was not such as should be abandoned. On the other hand his poetry had the potential of curing the malady of our backward nation and unfortunate country. Hence it would be inappropriate to waste such a useful divinely bestowed capability. Sheikh had only half consented, and it was agreed to leave the final decision to Mr. Arnold's opinion. The Sheikh was to change his opinion if Mr. Arnold would agree with me and the reverse would be the case if he agreed with Sheikh. I consider it the good fortune of the intellectual world that Mr. Arnold agreed with me. So it was decided that abandoning poetry was not proper for Iqbal, and that any time spent on this work would be equally useful to him and to his country and nation. The first change which had occurred in our poet ended like this. The second change started with a small beginning and led to an important end, i.e. Persian replaced Urdu as the vehicle for propagation of Iqbal's message.

Iqbal's inclination towards Persian must have been motivated by several factors, but I think his literature study while writing his monograph on Sufism² must have been an important one of these.

Beside this, as his studies stepped into the deep recesses of philosophy, leading to desire for the expression of subtle thoughts, he appreciated the paucity of the Urdu vocabulary compared with that of Persian; and in fact readymade phraseology existed in Persian the equivalent of which would not be easy in Urdu. So he changed to Persian. However, outwardly, the small incident which led him to Persian language is that once he was invited to a friend's house where he was asked whether he wrote Persian verse and was requested to recite his Persian poetry. He had to admit that he had never tried to write in Persian except an odd verse. But this was such an occasion, and this request so moved him, that on return from the party perhaps he passed the rest of the night lying in bed and framing Persian verse. Getting up next morning when he met me he had two Persian *ghazals* ready, which he recited to me orally from memory. His potential for writing in Persian dawned upon him through these *ghazals*, the like of which he had not tried before. Later, on his return from England, his inclination turned towards Persian, though he continued to write Urdu poetry also occasionally. This is the third stage of his poetry, which has continued since 1908. Though many famous Urdu poems have been produced during this period the really important work to which he applied himself was his famous Persian *mathnavi* titled *Asrar-i-Khudi* (The Secrets of the Self) (1915). Its thoughts revolved in his mind for a long time till, at last, they started being transferred from his mind to paper, and ultimately appeared as a book which made Iqbal famous even outside India.

To date (1924) Iqbal has produced three books in Persian, viz. *Asrar-i-Khudi* (The Secret of Self) (1915), *Rumuz-i-Bekhudi* (The Mysteries of Selflessness) (1915) and *Payam-i-Mashriq* (A Message from the East) (1923), all of which are superb. The language is progressively simpler and easier from the first through the second to the third. Lovers of Iqbal's Urdu poetry may have been disappointed by the appearance of these Persian books, but they must remember that Persian accomplished what Urdu could not. Iqbal's works have reached the entire Muslim world where Persian is more or less current, and they contain the depth of thought which needed much wide-spread propagation. It also constituted

² Sir Abdul Qadir is referring to Iqbal's doctoral thesis *The Development of Metaphysics in Persia* (1908).

the means of acquainting the Europeans and Americans with our worthy author. In *Payam-i-Mashriq* the author has written a reply to the *West-Oestlicher Divan* by the eminent European poet Goethe and beautifully expressed highly philosophical thoughts. Its verses have solved some intricate enigmas which had never been explained in such easy terms before. Since a long time some magazines and newspapers are referring to Dr. Muhammad Iqbal with the title of '*Tarjuman-i-Haqiqat*' (The Interpreter of the Truth). The appropriate verses of this book establish his right to be known by this title, and whoever ascribed this title to him first committed no exaggeration.

Iqbal's Persian writings have influenced his Urdu poetry in the manner that the Urdu poems of the third period have even more Persian form and elegance of style than the earlier ones and have sometimes been based upon Persian verses. It appears as if Persian thought is being assiduously goaded into Urdu.

Many people have been calling for the publication of Iqbal's Urdu poetry which has appeared periodically in magazines and newspapers since 1901. His friends were constantly demanding publication of his Urdu poetry, but this publication had been delayed for several reasons. Thank God for the fulfilment of this long-standing wish of the lovers of Urdu poetry, which has led to the publication of this collection of Iqbal's Urdu poems, comprising 336 pages, divided into three parts. Part One includes poems up to 1905, Part Two those of the period 1905 to 1908 and Part Three has the Urdu poetry since 1908. It can be claimed that up till now there is no book of Urdu poetry with such an abundance of thought and such a combination of research and intrinsic qualities. This is—as was to be expected—because the book is the essence of a quarter century of study, research and observation, and the experience from world-wide travelling. Single verses and hemistich of some poems contain material requiring the space of a dissertation for explaining the thought. This short preface does not have the capacity of a critique of any poem or comparison between poems of different periods. I shall look for some other opportunity for this work. At present I want to congratulate the litterateur on the availability of the Urdu works of Iqbal in the

form of a beautiful book instead of being spread over the pages of magazines and anthologies. It is hoped that those who were anxious to see this literary collection would view it with fondness and cordial appreciation.

In closing, on behalf of Urdu poetry, I would request the learned author to endow Urdu with the share from his intellect, which it needs and deserves. He has himself painted the correct picture of the state of Urdu in a verse of eulogy to Ghalib as follows:

The lock of Urdu's hair still some combing craves:
This candle still for the heart-burning of a moth
craves.

After reciting this verse we request him to pay attention again to adorning the hair of Urdu with the same ardour with which he produced the above verse, and afford us the opportunity of regarding this present collection of Urdu of belated appearance to be the prelude to another Urdu collection.

[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]

PART ONE

BEFORE 1905

THE HIMALAYAS

O Himalah! O rampart of the realm of India!
Bowing down, the sky kisses your forehead
Your condition does not show any signs of
old age
You are young in the midst of day and night's
alternation
The Kaleem of Tur Sina witnessed but one
Effulgence
For the discerning eye you are an
embodiment of Effulgence.
To the outward eye you are a mere mountain
range
In reality you are our sentinel, you are India's
rampart
You are the *divan* whose opening verse is the
sky

You lead Man to the solitudes of his heart's
retreat

Snow has endowed you with the turban of
honour

Which scoffs at the crown of the
world-illuminating sun.

Antiquity is but a moment of your bygone age
Dark clouds are encamped in your valleys
Your peaks are matching with the Pleiades in
elegance

Though you are standing on earth your abode
is sky's expanse

The stream in your flank is a fast flowing
mirror

For which the breeze is working like a
kerchief.

The mountain top's lightning has given a
whip

In the hands of cloud for the ambling horse
O Himalah! Are you like a theatre stage
Which nature's hand has made for its
elements?

Ah! How the cloud is swaying in excessive joy
The cloud like an unchained elephant is
speeding.

Gentle movement of the morning zephyr is
acting like a cradle

Every flower bud is swinging with
intoxication of existence

The flower bud's silence with the petal's
tongue is saying

"I have never experienced the jerk of the
florist's hand

Silence itself is relating the tale of mine
The corner of nature's solitude is the abode of
mine"

The brook is melodiously descending from
the high land

Putting the waves of Kawthar and Tasnim to
embarrassment

As if showing the mirror to Nature's beauty

Now evading now rowing against the rock in
its way

Play in passing this orchestra of beautiful
music

O wayfarer! The heart comprehends your
music

When the night's Layla unfurls her long hair
The sound of water-falls allures the heart

That silence of the night whose beauty
surpasses speech

That state of silent meditation overshadowing
the trees

That dusk's beauty which shivers along the
mountain range

Very beautiful looks this rouge on your
cheeks.

O Himalah! Do relate to us some stories of the
time

When your valleys became abode of Man's
ancestors

Relate something of the life without
sophistication

Which had not been stained by the rouge of
sophistication

O Imagination! Bring back that period

O Vicissitudes of Time speed backwards

THE COLOURFUL ROSE

You are not familiar with the hardships of
solving enigmas

O Beautiful Rose! Perhaps you do not have
sublime feelings in your heart

Though you adorn the assembly yet do not
participate in its struggles

In life's assembly I am not endowed with this
comfort

In this garden I am the complete orchestra of
Longing

And your life is devoid of the warmth of that
Longing

To pluck you from the branch is not my
custom

This sight is not different from the sight of the
eye which can only see the appearances

Ah! O colourful rose this hand is not one of a
tormentor

How can I explain to you that I am not a
flower picker

I am not concerned with intricacies of the
philosophic eye

Like a lover I see you through the
 nightingale's eye
In spite of innumerable tongues you have
 chosen silence
What is the secret which is concealed in your
 bosom?
Like me you are also a leaf from the garden of
 Tur
Far from the garden I am, far from the garden
 you are
You are content but scattered like fragrance I
 am
Wounded by the sword of love for search I
 am
This perturbation of mine a means for
 fulfillment could be
This torment a source of my intellectual
 illumination could be
This very frailty of mine the means of strength
 could be
This mirror of mine envy of the cup of Jam
 could be
This constant search is a world-illuminating
 candle
And teaches to the steed of human intellect its
 gait

THE AGE OF INFANCY

The earth and sky were unknown worlds to
 me
Only the expanse of mother's bosom was a
 world to me
Every movement was a symbol of life's
 pleasure to me
My own speech was like a meaningless word
 to me
During infancy's pain if somebody made me
 cry
The noise of the door chain would comfort me
Oh! How I stared at the moon for long hours
Staring at its silent journey among broken
 clouds
I would ask repeatedly about its mountains
 and plains
And how surprised would I be at that
 prudent lie

My eye was devoted to seeing, my lip was
 prone to speak
My heart was no less than inquisitiveness
 personified

MIRZA GHALIB

Through you the secret was revealed to the
 human intellect
That innumerable enigmas are solved by
 human intellect
You were the complete soul, literary assembly
 was your body
You adorned as well as remained veiled from
 the assembly
Your eye is longing to witness that veiled
 Beauty
Which is veiled in everything as the pathos of
 life
The assemblage of existence is rich with your
 harp
As mountain's silence by the brook's
 melodious harp
The garden of your imagination bestows
 glory on the universe
From the field of your thought worlds grow
 like meadows
Life is concealed in the humour of your verse
Picture's lips move with your command of
 language
Speech is very proud of the elegance of your
 miraculous lips
Thurayyah is astonished at your style's
 elegance
Beloved of literature itself loves your style
Delhi's bud is mocking at the rose of Shiraz
Ah! You are resting in the midst of Delhi's
 ruins
Your counterpart is resting in the Weimar's
 garden
Matching you in literary elegance is not
 possible
Till maturity of thought and imagination are
 combined
Ah! What has befallen the land of India!
Ah! The inspirer of the super-critical eye!
The lock of Urdu's hair still craves for
 combing

This candle still craves for moth's heart-felt
 pathos
 O Jahanabad! O cradle of learning and art
 Your entire super-structure is a silent lament
 The sun and the moon are asleep in every
 speck of your dust
 Though innumerable other gems are also
 hidden in your dust
 Does another world-famous person like him
 also lie buried in you?
 Does another gem like him also lie concealed
 in you?

THE CLOUD ON THE MOUNTAIN

Elevation bestows the sky's nearness to my
 abode
 I am the mountain's cloud, my skirt sprinkles
 roses
 Now the wilderness, now the rose garden is
 my abode
 City and wilderness are mine, ocean is mine,
 forest is mine
 If I want to return to some valley for the night
 The mountain's verdure is my carpet of velvet
 Nature has taught me to be a pearl spreader
 To chant the camel song for the camel of the
 Beloved of Mercy
 To be the comforter of the dispirited farmer's
 heart
 To be the elegance of the assembly of the
 garden's trees
 I spread out over the face of the earth like the
 locks
 I get arranged and adorned by the breeze's
 I tantalize the expecting eye from a distance
 As I pass silently over some habitation
 As I approach strolling towards a brook's
 bank
 I endow the brook with ear rings of
 whirlpools
 I am the hope of the freshly grown field's
 verdure
 I am the ocean's offspring, I am nourished by
 the sun
 I gave ocean's tumult to the mountain spring
 I charmed the birds into thrilling chants

I pronounced "Rise" standing by the
 verdure's head
 I conferred the taste for smile to the rose-bud
 By my benevolence farmers' huts on the
 mountain side
 Are converted into bed chambers of the
 opulent

A SPIDER AND A FLY

(Adopted for Children)

One day a spider said to a fly
 "Though you pass this way daily
 My hut has never been honoured by you
 By making a chance visit inside by you
 Though depriving strangers of a visit does not
 matter
 Evading the near and dear ones does not look
 good
 My house will be honoured by a visit by you
 A ladder is before you if you decide to step in
 Hearing this the fly said to the spider,
 "Sire, you should entice some simpleton thus
 This fly would never be pulled into your net
 Whoever climbed your net could never step
 down"
 The spider said, "How strange, you consider
 me a cheat
 I have never seen a simpleton like you in the
 world
 I only wanted to entertain you
 I had no personal gain in view
 You have come flying from some unknown
 distant place
 Resting for a while in my house would not
 harm you
 Many things in this house are worth your
 seeing
 Though apparently a humble hut you are
 seeing
 Dainty drapes are hanging from the doors
 And I have decorated the walls with mirrors
 Beddings are available for guests' comforts
 Not to everyone's lot do fall these comforts."
 The fly said, "All this may very well be
 But do not expect me to enter your house
 "May God protect me from these soft beds

Once asleep in them getting up again is
impossible"
The spider spoke to itself on hearing this talk
"How to trap it? This wretched fellow is
clever
Many desires are fulfilled with flattery in the
world
All in the world are enslaved with flattery"
Thinking this the spider spoke to the fly thus!
"Madam, God has bestowed great honours on
you!
Everyone loves your beautiful face
Even if someone sees you for the first time
Your eyes look like clusters of glittering
diamonds
God has adorned your beautiful head with a
plume
This beauty, this dress, this elegance, this
neatness!
And all this is very much enhanced by
singing in flight".
The fly was touched by this flattery
And spoke, "I do not fear you any more
I hate the habit of declining requests
Disappointing somebody is bad indeed"
Saying this it flew from its place
When it got close the spider snapped it
The spider had been starving for many days
The fly provided a good leisurely meal

A MOUNTAIN AND A SQUIRREL

*(Adopted for Children from Ralph Waldo
Emerson)*

A mountain was saying this to a squirrel
"Commit suicide if you have self-respect
You are insignificant, still so arrogant, how
strange!
You are neither wise, nor intelligent! not even
shrewd!
It is strange when the insignificant pose as
important!
When the stupid ones like you pose as
intelligent!
You are no match in comparison with my
splendour
Even the earth is low compared with my
splendour

The grandeur of mine does not fall to your lot
The poor animal cannot equal the great
mountain!"
On hearing this the squirrel said, "Hold your
tongue!
These are immature thoughts, expel them
from your heart!
I do not care if I am not large like you!
You are not a pretty little thing like me
Everything shows the Omnipotence of God
Some large, some small, is the wisdom of God
He has created you large in the world
And He has taught me climbing large trees
You are unable to walk a single step
Only large size! What other greatness have
you?
If you are large show me some of the skills I
have
Show me how you break this beetle nut as I
can
Nothing is useless in this world
Nothing is bad in God's creation

A COW AND A GOAT

(Adopted for Children)

There was a verdant pasture somewhere
Whose land was the very picture of beauty
How can the beauty of that elegance be
described
Brooks of sparkling water were running on
every side
Many were the pomegranate trees
And so were the shady pipal trees
Cool breeze flowed everywhere
Birds were singing everywhere
A goat arrived at a brook's bank from
somewhere
It came browsing from somewhere in the
nearby land
As she stopped and looked around
She noticed a cow standing by
The goat first presented her compliments to
the cow
Then respectfully started this conversation
"How are you! Madam Cow"?
The cow replied, "Not too well
"My life is a mere existence

My life is a complete agony
 My life is in danger, what can I say?
 My luck is bad, what can I say?
 I am surprised at the state of affairs
 I am cursing the evil people
 The poor ones like us are powerless
 Misfortunes surround the ones like us
 None should nicely deal with Man
 May God protect us from Man!
 He murmurs if my milk declines
 He sells me if my weight declines
 He subdues us with cleverness!
 Alluring, he always subjugates us!
 I nurse his children with milk
 I give them new life with milk
 My goodness is repaid with evil
 My prayer to God is for mercy!"

Having heard the cow's story like this
 The goat replied, "This complaint is unjust
 Though truth is always bitter
 I shall speak what is fair
 This pasture, and this cool breeze
 This green grass and this shade
 Such comforts, were beyond our lot!
 They were a far cry for us speechless poor!
 We owe these pleasures to Man
 We owe all our happiness to Man
 We derive all our prosperity from him
 What is better for us, freedom or bondage to him?
 Hundreds of dangers lurk in the wilderness
 May God protect us from the wilderness!
 We are heavily indebted to him
 Unjust is our complaint against him
 If you appreciate the life's comforts
 You would never complain against Man"
 Hearing all this the cow felt embarrassed
 She was sorry for complaining against Man
 She mused over the good and the bad
 And thoughtfully she said this
 "Small though is the body of the goat
 Convincing is the advice of the goat!"

THE CHILD'S INVOCATION

(Adopted For Children)

My longing comes to my lips as supplication
 of mine
 O God! May like the candle be the life of
 mine!
 May the world's darkness disappear through
 the life of mine!
 May every place light up with the sparkling
 light of mine!
 May my homeland through me attain
 elegance
 As the garden through flowers attains
 elegance
 May my life like that of the moth be, O Lord!
 May I love the lamp of knowledge, O Lord!
 May supportive of the poor my life's way be
 May loving the old, the suffering my way be
 O God! Protect me from the evil ways
 Show me the path leading to the good ways

SYMPATHY

(Adapted for Children from William Cowper)

Perched on the branch of a tree
 Was a nightingale sad and lonely
 "The night has drawn near", He was thinking
 "I passed the day in flying around and
 feeding
 How can I reach up to the nest
 Darkness has enveloped everything"?
 Hearing the nightingale wailing thus
 A glow-worm lurking nearby spoke thus
 "With my heart and soul ready to help I am
 Though only an insignificant insect I am
 Never mind if the night is dark
 I shall shed light if the way is dark
 God has bestowed a torch on me
 He has given a shining lamp to me
 The good in the world only those are
 Ready to be useful to others who are

A MOTHER'S DREAM

(Adopted For Children From William Cowper)

As I slept one night I saw this dream
 Which further increased my vexation

I dreamt I was going somewhere on the way
Dark it was and impossible to find the way
Trembling all over with fear I was
Difficult to take even a step with fear was
With some courage as I forward moved
I saw some boys as lined in nice array
Dressed in emerald-like raiment they were
Carrying lighted lamps in their hands they
were
They were going quietly behind each other
No one knew where they were to go
Involved in this thought was I
When in this troupe my son saw I
He was walking at the back, and was not
walking fast
The lamp he had in his hand was not lighted
Recognizing him I said "O My dear!
Where have you come leaving me there?
Restless due to separation I am
Weeping every day for ever I am
You did not care even a little for me
What loyalty you showed, you left me"!
As the child saw the distress in me
He replied thus, turning around to me
"The separation from me makes you cry
Not least little good does this to me"
He remained quiet for a while after talking
Showing me the lamp then he started talking
"Do you understand what happened to this?
Your tears have extinguished this"!

THE BIRD'S COMPLAINT

(For Children)

I am constantly reminded of the bygone times
Those garden's springs, those chorus of
chimes
Gone are the freedoms of our own nests
Where we could come and go at our own
pleasure
My heart aches the moment I think
Of the buds' smile at the dew's tears
That beautiful figure, that Kamini's form
Which source of happiness in my nest did
form
I do not hear those lovely sounds in my cage
now

May it happen that my freedom be in my own
hands now!
How unfortunate I am, tantalized for my
abode I am
My companions are in the home-land, in the
prison I am
Spring has arrived, the flower buds are
laughing
On my misfortune in this dark house I am
wailing
O God, To whom should I relate my tale of
woe?
I fear lest I die in this cage with this woe!
Since separation from the garden the
condition of my heart is such
My heart is waxing the grief, my grief is
waxing the heart
O Listeners, considering this music do not be
happy
This call is the wailing of my wounded heart
O the one who confined me make me free
A silent prisoner I am, earn my blessings free

THE INTERROGATION OF THE DEAD

The bright sun is hidden, the night shows its
face
The night's hair is spread on shoulders of the
earth
This black dress is preparation for some one's
mourning
Perhaps the Nature's assemblage for the sun
is mourning
The sky is casting a spell over the talking lip
The night's magician is watching the
awakened eye
The wind current is submerged in the river of
silence
However, the tolling bell's sound comes from
the distance
Heart which in love's turmoil is evading the
world
Has dragged me here far from the maddening
crowd
I am the spectator of the spectacle of
disappointments
I am the associate of those sleeping in
solitude's corner

O My restlessness! Wait and let me rest
 awhile
 And let me shed a few tears at this habitation
 O those steeped in a swoon, "Where are you?
 Tell me something of the land where you live
 Is that world also one of prevarication?
 Is that world also one of denizens' struggle?
 Is Man engulfed by sorrow in that land also?
 Is Man's heart suppressed and helpless in that
 land also?
 Does the moth burn itself in candle's love in
 that land also?
 Does the tale of flower and nightingale exist
 in that garden also?
 In this world a single hemistich perturbs the
 heart
 Does there also the warmth of verse soften the
 heart?
 This world's relations and alliances life's woes
 are
 Are similar sharp thorns present in that
 garden also?
 The daily bread and a million calamities this
 world has
 Does the soul freedom from anxieties in that
 world has?
 Are the thunder, the farmer, the harvest there
 also?
 Are the caravan and the robber's fear there
 also?
 Do birds collect bits of straw for nests there
 also?
 Is the search for bricks and clay for house
 there also?
 Are the humans unaware of their reality there
 also?
 Are they after nations' and customs'
 discrimination there also
 Does garden not cry at the nightingale's wail
 there also?
 Like this world is there no sympathy in that
 world also?
 Does the Paradise a garden or a restful
 mansion constitute?
 Or does the Eternal Beauty's Unveiled Face it
 constitute?
 Does hell a method of burning away sins
 constitute?

Or it in flames of fire a way of discipline
 constitute?
 Has walking given way to speedy flying in
 that world?
 What is the secret of what is called death by
 denizens of this world?
 Life eases the heart's restlessness in this world
 Is human knowledge also restricted in that
 world?
 Does the separated heart get satisfaction by
 sight there also?
 Are "Lan Tarani" saying the Turs of that land
 also
 Does the soul get solace in longing there also?
 Is man a victim of desire to learn there also?
 Ah! Is that land also filled with darkness?
 Or with Love's light is completely
 illuminated?
 Tell us what the secret under this rotating
 dome is
 Death a pricking sharp thorn in the human
 breast is.

[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]

MOTH AND CANDLE

Why is the moth your lover, O flame,
 Giving life in a yielding move?
 You make its ways the quicksilver's ways.
 You taught it, what rites of love?
 The creature circles around your flare.
 How burnt in your flash of sight!
 Does it know life's peace in the throes of
 death?
 Life endures in your ardour bright?
 Had your lustre not been in the world's house
 of woe
 The tree of hot love had not been green.
 Moth sinks before you making its prayer,
 Frail heart to feel scorching keen.
 It must throb like one loving the beauty of
 old:
 Small prophet! small mountain of fire!
 The moth with its urge to envisage the flame!
 Poor worm, with its light's desire!

[Translated by H.T. Sorley]

REASON AND HEART

One day reason said to the heart:
'I am a guide for those who are lost.
I live on earth, but I roam the skies—
just see the vastness of my reach.
My task in the world is to guide and lead,
I am like Khizr of blessed steps.
I interpret the book of life,
And through me Divine Glory shines forth.
You are no more than a drop of blood,
While I am the envy of the priceless pearl!
The heart listened, and then said:
'This is all true,
But now look at me,
And see what I am.
You penetrate the secret of existence,
But I see it with my eyes.
You deal With the outward aspect of things,
I know what lies within.
Knowledge comes from you, gnosis from me;
You seek God, I reveal Him.
Attaining the ultimate in knowledge only
makes one restless—
I am the cure for that malady.
You are the candle of the Assembly of Truth;
I am the lamp of the Assembly of Beauty.
You are hobbled by space and time,
While I am the bird in the Lotus Tree.
My status is so high—
I am the throne of the God of Majesty!

[Translated by Mustansir Mir]

THE PAINFUL WAIL

Consumed with grief I am, I get relief in no
way
O circumambient waters of the Ganges drown
me
Our land foment excessive mutual enmity
What unity! Our closeness harbors separation
Enmity instead of sincerity is outrageous
Enmity among the same barn's grains is
outrageous
If the brotherly breeze has not entered in a
garden
No pleasure can be derived from songs in that
garden

Though I exceedingly love the real closeness
I am upset by the mixing of waves and the
shore
The miraculous poet is like the grain from the
barn
The grain has no existence if there is no barn
How can beauty unveil itself if no one is
anxious for sight
Lighting of the candle is meaningless if there
is no assembly
Why does the taste for speech not change to
silence
Why does this brilliance not appear out from
my mirror
Alas! My tongue poured its speech down
When war's fire had burnt the garden down

THE SUN

(Translated from Gautier)

O Sun! The world's essence and motivator
you are
The organizer of the book of the world you
are
The splendor of existence has been created by
you
The verdure of the garden of existence
depends on you
The spectacle of elements is maintained by
you
The exigency of life in all is maintained by
you
Your appearance confers stability on
everything
Your illumination and concord is completion
of life
You are the sun which establishes light in the
world
Which establishes heart, intellect, essence and
wisdom
O Sun! Bestow on us the light of wisdom
Bestow your luster's light on the intellect's
eye
You are the decorator of necessities of
existence' assemblage
You are the Yazdan of the denizens of the
high and the low

Your excellence is reflected from every living
thing
The mountain range also shows your elegance
You are the sustainer of the life of all
You are the king of the light's children
There is no beginning and no end of yours
Free of limits of time is the light of yours

THE CANDLE

O Candle! I am also an afflicted person in the
world assembly
Constant complaint is my lot in the manner of
the rue
Love gave the warmth of internal pathos to
you
It made me the florist selling blood-mixed
tears
Whether you be the candle of a celebrating
assembly or one at the grave
In every condition associated with the tears of
sorrow you remain
Your eye views all with equity like the
Secret's Lovers
My eye is the pride of the tumult of
discrimination
Your illumination is alike in the Ka'bah and
the temple
I am entangled in the temple and the Haram's
discrimination
Your black smoke contains the sigh's elegance
Is some heart hidden in the place of your
manifestation?
You burn with pathos due to distance from
Tajalli's Light
Your pathos the callous ones consider your
light
Though you are burning you are unaware of
it all
You see but do not encompass the internal
pathos
I quiver like mercury with the excitement of
vexation
As well I am aware of vexations of the restless
heart
This was also the elegance of some Beloved
Which gave me perception of my own pathos
This cognition of mine keeps me restless

Innumerable fire temples are asleep in this
spark
Discrimination between high and low is
created by this alone!
Fragrance in flower, ecstasy in wine is created
by this alone!
Garden, nightingale, flower, fragrance this
Cognition is
Root of the struggle of 'I and you' this
Cognition is
At creation's dawn as Beauty became the
abode of Love
The sound of "Kun" taught warmth to the
spirit of Love
The command came Beauty of Kun's garden
to witness
With one eye a thousand dreadful dreams to
witness
Do not ask me of the nature of the veil of
being
The eve of separation was the dawn of my
being
Gone are the days when unaware of
imprisonment I was
That my abode the adornment of the tree of
Tur was
I am a prisoner but consider the cage to be a
garden
This exile's hovel of sorrow I consider the
homeland
Memories of the homeland a needless
melancholy became
Now the desire for sight, now Longing for
search became
O Candle! Look at the excessive illusion of
thought
Look at the end of the one worshipped by
celestial denizens
Theme of separation I am, the exalted one I
am
Design of the Will of the Universe's Lord I am
He desired my display as He designed me
When at the head of Existence' *Divan* He
wrote me
The pearl likes living in a handful of dust
Style may be dull the subject is excellent
Not seeing it rightly is the fault of short-
sighted perception

The universe is the show of effulgence of taste
for Cognizance
This network of time and space is the scaling
ladder of the Universe
It is the necklace of the neck of Eternal Beauty
I have lost the way, Longing for the goal I am
O Candle! Captive of perception's illusion I
am
I am the hunter as well as the circle of
tyranny's net!
I am the Haram's roof as well as the bird on
Haram's roof
Am I the Beauty or head to foot the melting
love am I?
It is not clear whether the beloved or the
Lover am I?
I am afraid the old secret may come up to my
lips again
Lest story of suffering on the Cross may come
up again.

A LONGING

O Lord! I have become weary of human
assemblages!
When the heart is sad no pleasure in
assemblages can be
I seek escape from tumult, my heart desires
The silence which speech may ardently love!
I vehemently desire silence, I strongly long
that
A small hut in the mountain's side may there
be
Freed from worry I may live in retirement
Freed from the cares of the world I may be
Birds' chirping may give the pleasure of the
lyre
In the spring's noise may the orchestra's
melody be
The flower bud bursting may give God's
message to me
Showing the whole world to me this small
wine-cup may be
My arm may be my pillow, and the green
grass my bed be
Putting the congregation to shame my
solitude's quality be

The nightingale be so familiar with my face
that
Her little heart harboring no fear from me
may be
Avenues of green trees standing on both sides
be
The spring's clear water providing a beautiful
picture be
The view of the mountain range may be so
beautiful
To see it the waves of water again and again
rising be
The verdure may be asleep in the lap of the
earth
Water running through the bushes may
glistening be
Again and again the flowered boughs
touching the water be
As if some beauty looking at itself in mirror
be
When the sun apply myrtle to the evening's
bride
The tunic of every flower may pinkish golden
be
When night's travelers falter behind with
fatigue
Their only hope my broken earthenware lamp
may be
May the lightning lead them to my hut
When clouds hovering over the whole sky be.
The early dawn's cuckoo, that morning's
mu'adhdhin
May my confidante be, and may his
confidante I be
May I not be obligated to the temple or to the
mosque
May the hut's hole alone herald of morning's
arrival be
When the dew may come to perform the
flowers' ablution
May wailing my supplication, weeping my
ablution be
In this silence may my heart's wailing rise so
high
That for stars' caravan the clarion's call my
wailing be
May every compassionate heart weeping with
me be

Perhaps it may awaken those who may
unconscious be

THE MORNING SUN

Far from the ignoble strife of Man's tavern
you are
The wine-cup adorning the sky's assemblage
you are
The jewel which should be the pearl of the
morning's bride's ear you are
The ornament which would be the pride of
horizon's forehead you are
The blot of night's ink from time's page has
been removed!
The star from sky like a spurious picture has
been removed!
When from the roof of the sky your beauty
appears
Effect of sleep's wine suddenly from eyes
disappears
Perception's expanse gets filled with light
Though opens only the material eye your
light
The spectacle which the eyes seek is desired
The effulgence which would open the insight
is desired
The desires for freedom were not fulfilled in
this life
We remained imprisoned in chains of
dependence all life
The high and the low are alike for your eye
I too have longing for such a discerning eye
May my eye shedding tears in sympathy for
others' woes be!
May my heart free from the prejudice of
nation and customs be!
May my tongue be not bound with
discrimination of color
May mankind be my nation, the whole world
my country be
May secret of Nature's organization clear to
my insight be
May smoke of my imagination's candle rising
to the sky be
May search for secrets of opposites not make
me restless!

May the Love-creating Beauty in everything
appear to me!
If the rose petals get damaged by the breeze
May its pain dropping from my eye as a tear
be
May the heart contain that little spark of
Love's fire
The light of which may contain the secret of
the Truth
May my heart not mine but the Beloved's
mirror be!
May no thought in my mind except human
sympathy be!
If you cannot endure the hardships of the
tumultuous world
O the Great Luminary that is not the mark of
greatness!
As you are not aware of your
world-decorating beauty
You cannot be equal to a speck of dust at the
Man's door!
The light of Man eager for the Spectacle ever
remained
And you obligated to the tomorrow's
morning ever remained
Longing for the Light of the Truth is only in
our hearts
Abode of Lailah of desire for search is only in
this litter
Opening of the difficult knot, Oh what a
pleasure it is!
The pleasure of universal gain in our endless
effort is!
Your bosom is unacquainted with the pain of
investigation
You are not familiar with searching of the
secrets of Nature

PATHOS OF LOVE

O Pathos of Love! You are a glossy pearl
Beware, you should not appear among
strangers
The theatre of your display is concealed
under the veil
The modern audience' eye accepts only the
visible display

New breeze has arrived in the Existence'
garden
O Pathos of Love! Now there is no pleasure in
display
Beware! You should not be striving for
ostentation!
You should not be obligated to the
nightingale's lament!
The tulip's wine-cup should be devoid of
wine
The dew's tear should be a mere drop of
water
Your secret should be hidden in the bosom
somewhere
Your heart -melting tear should not be your
betrayal
The flowery-styled poet's tongue should not
be talking
Separation's complaint should not be
concealed in flute's music
This age is a critic, go and somewhere conceal
yourself
In the heart in which you are residing conceal
yourself
The learning's surprise is neglecting you,
beware!
Your immature eye is not the seeker of Truth,
beware
Let the elegant thought remain in search of
Truth
Let your wisdom-loving eye remain in
astonishment
This is not the garden whose spring you may
be
This is not the audience worthy of your
appearance
This audience is the lover of the material
sights
The purpose of your sight is the closet of
secrecy
Every heart is intoxicated with the wine of
thinking
Something different is the Tur of the Kalims
of this age

[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]

A WITHERED ROSE

How shall I call you now a flower—
Tell me, oh withered rose!
How call you that beloved for whom
The nightingale's heart glows?
The winds' soft ripples cradled you
And rocked your bygone hours,
And your name once was Laughing Rose
In the country of flowers;
With the dawn breezes that received
Your favours you once played,
Like a perfumer's vase your breath
Sweetened the garden glade.

These eyes are full, and drops like dew
Fall thick on you again;
This desolate heart finds dimly its
Own image in your pain,
A record drawn in miniature
Of all its sorry gleaming;
My life was all a life of dreams,
And you—you are its meaning.
I tell my stories as the reed
Plucked from its native wild
Murmurs; oh Rose, listen! I tell
The grief of hearts exiled.

[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]

THE TOMBSTONE OF SAYYID

O you whose life is confined in the material
world
O you whose soul is imprisoned in the cage
Look at the freedom of this garden's warblers
Look at the prosperity of those once desolate
This is the congregation with which I was
concerned
This is the reward of patience and
perseverance
My tomb-stone is ardently desirous of speech,
look!
At this tomb-stone's inscription with insight
look!
If your aim in the world is din's education
Never teach your nation world's abdication
Do not use your tongue for sectarianism
Resurrection Day's tumult for booty is
stalking

Your writings should pave the way for unity
 Beware! No heart should be hurt by your
 speech
 In the new congregation do not start old tales
 Do not start again what are now unacceptable
 tales
 Listen to my advice if you are any statesman
 Courage is your support if you are a leader of
 men
 Hesitation in expressing your purpose does
 not behoove you
 If your intentions are good you should not
 fear anything
 The Mu'min's heart is clear of fear and
 hypocrisy
 The Mu'min's heart is fearless against the
 ruler's power
 If your hands do hold the miraculous pen
 If your heart's cup is clear like the cup of Jam
 You are a Divine pupil! Keep your tongue
 immaculate!
 Beware, Lest your prayer's call remains
 unanswered!
 With the miracle of your verse awaken those
 sleeping
 Burn down falsehood's produce with the
 flame of your call.

[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]

THE NEW MOON

The day's bright launch has floundered in the
 whirlpool of the Nile,
 On the river's face one fragment floats
 eddingly awhile;
 Into the bowl of heaven the twilight's crimson
 blood-drops run—
 Has Nature with her lancet pricked the hot
 veins of the sun?
 —Is that an earring, that the sky has thieved
 from Evening's bride,
 or through the water does some silvery fish,
 quivering, glide?
 Your caravan holds on its way, though no
 trumpet be blown;
 Your voice still murmurs, though no mortal
 ear may catch its tone.

All shapes of life that wanes and grows before
 us you display:
 Where is your native land? towards what
 country lies your way?
 You who still wander yet still keep your path,
 take me with you,
 Take me now while these throbbing thorns of
 torment pierce me through!
 I grope for light, I anguish in this earth-abode,
 a child
 In the schoolroom of existence, like pale
 mercury quick and wild.

MAN AND NATURE

Watching at daybreak the bright sun come
 forth
 I asked the assembled host of heaven and
 earth—
 Your radiant looks are kindled by that
 glowing orb's warm beams
 That turns to rippling silver your flowing
 streams;
 That sun it is that clothes you in these
 ornaments of light,
 And whose torch burns to keep your
 concourse bright.
 Your roses and rose-gardens are pictures of
 Paradise
 Where the Scripture of *The Sun* paints its
 device;
 Scarlet the mantle of the flower, and emerald
 of the tree,
 Green and red sylphs of your consistory;
 Your tall pavilion, the blue sky. Is fringed
 with tasselled gold
 When round the horizons ruddy clouds
 are rolled,
 And when into evening's goblet your rose-
 tinted nectar flows
 How lovely the twilight's soft vermilion
 glows!
 Your station is exalted, and your splendour:
 over all
 Your creatures light lies thick, a dazzling
 pall;
 To your magnificence the dawn is one high
 hymn of praise,

No rag of night lurks on it in that sun's
blaze.
And I—I too inhabit this abode of light; but
why
Is the star burned out that rules *my*
destiny?
Why chained in the dark, past reach of any
ray,
Ill-faring and ill-fated and ill-doing must I
stay?

Speaking, I heard a voice from somewhere
sound,
From heaven's balcony or near the
ground—
You are creation's gardener, flowers live only
in your seeing,
By your light hangs my being or not-being;
All beauty is in you: I am the tapestry of your
soul;
I am its key, but you are Love's own scroll.
The load that would not leave me you have
lifted from my shoulder,
You are all my chaotic work's re-moulder.
If I exist, it is only as a pensioner of the sun,
Needing no aid from whom your spark
burns on;
My garden would turn wilderness if the sun
should fail,
This sojourn of delight a prison's pale.
Oh you entangled in the snare of longing and
unrest,
Still ignorant of a thing so manifest—
Dullard, who should be proud, and still by
self-contempt enslaved
Bear in your brain illusion deep
engraved—
If you would weigh your worth at its true
rate,
No longer would ill-faring or ill-doing be
your fate!

[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]

THE MESSAGE OF DAWN

(Adapted from Henry Wadsworth Longfellow)

When the sparkling of the night's forehead's
decoration disappeared
The zephyr of life with the news of the happy
morning appeared
It awakened the nightingale of flowery song
in its nest
It shook the shoulder of the farmer on the
field's edge
It broke the spell of darkness of night's
talisman with *Surah al-Nur*
It robbed the golden crown of bed-chamber's
candle in the dark
It chanted the magic of awakening on those
sleeping in the temple
It gave the Brahman the tidings of the bright
sun
Arriving at the mosque's roof it said to the
Mu'adhdhin
"Do you not fear appearance of the
resplendent sun?"
Climbing the garden's wall it cried this to the
rose-bud
"Burst! You are the Mu'adhdhin of the
morning O rose-bud"
It gave the command in the wilderness "Move
O Caravan!"
"Every dust speck will shine like fire-fly in
the wilderness"
When it reached the cemetery from the
living's habitation
Witnessing the spectacle of the cemetery it
spoke thus
"Remain lying in comfort still, come again
shall I
Make the whole world sleep, wake you up
shall I

LOVE AND DEATH

(Adapted From Lord Alfred Tennyson)

The hour of the Universe' appearance was
charming
The flower-bud of life was showering smiles
Here the golden crown, the sun was getting
There the moon its moon-light was getting

The dark gown to the night was being given
 Training of brightness to stars was being
 given
 The Existence's branch was getting leaves
 here
 The bud of life was bursting out there
 The angels were teaching weeping to the dew
 For the first time the rose was laughing
 They were conferring pathos on the poet's
 heart
 Khudi for the wine of *bekhudi* was pining
 For the first time dark black clouds were
 appearing
 As if some Hourī of Paradise with open hair
 was standing
 The earth was claiming elegance of the sky
 The space was claiming to be boundless
 In short so beautiful the sight was
 That seeing it in itself a panorama was
 The angels their flying powers were testing
 Eternal lights from their foreheads were
 appearing
 An angel called Love there was
 Whose guidance everyone's hope was
 The angel who the embodiment of
 restlessness was
 Angel among angels and restless like mercury
 he was
 He was going towards the Paradise for a stroll
 He met death on its way by the destiny's roll
 He asked death, "What is the name and work
 of yours?"
 I do not want to encounter the face of yours"
 Hearing this said the angel of death
 "My work is clear, I am the angel of death
 I shatter the chattels of existence
 I extinguish the spark of life
 The magic of annihilation is in my eyes
 The message of destruction is its symbol
 But there is one entity in the Universe
 It is fire, I am only mercury before it
 It lives in the human heart as a spark
 It is the darling of the Divine Light
 It constantly drips as tears from the eyes
 The tears whose bitterness is tolerable"
 When Love heard this from the death's lips,
 Laughter started appearing from its lips

The thunder of such smile descended on
 death
 How can darkness stay in front of such light?
 On seeing eternity to death it fell
 Death it was, to death it fell

[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]

VIRTUE AND VICE

A Mullah (I tell you his tale not a bit
 With any ambition of airing my wit)
 By ascetic deportment had won high repute,
 In his praise neither gentle nor simple were
 mute.
 God's will, he would say, just as meaning is
 latent
 In words, through pure doctrine alone
 becomes patent.
 His heart a full bowl: wine of piety worked
 there,
 Though some dregs of conceit of omniscience
 lurked there—
 He was wont to recount his own miracles,
 knowing
 How this kept his tally of followers growing.
 He had long been residing not far from my
 street,
 So sinner and saint were accustomed to meet:
 'This Iqbal,' he once asked an acquaintance of
 mine,
 'Is dove of the tree in the literary line,
 but how do religion's stern monishments
 seem
 To agree with this man who at verse beats
 Kalim?
 He thinks a Hindu not a heathen, I'm told,
 A most casuistical notion to hold,
 And some taints of the Shias' heresy sully
 His mind—I have heard him extolling their
 Ali;
 He finds room in our worship for music—
 which must
 Be intended to level true faith with the dust!
 As with poets so often, no scruple of duty
 Deters him from meeting the vendors-of-
 beauty;
 In the morning, devotions—at evening, the
 fiddle—

I have never been able to fathom this riddle.
Yet dawn, my disciples assure me, is not
More unsoiled than that youth is by blemish
or spot;
No Iqbal, but a heterogeneous creature,
His mind crammed with learning, with
impulse his nature,
In divinity, doubtless, as deep as Mansur;
What the fellow is really, I cannot make out—
Is it founding some brand-new Islam he's
about?'
—Thus the great man protracted his chatter,
and in short made a very long tale of the
matter.
In our town, all the world hears of every
transaction:
I soon got reports from my own little faction,
And when I fell in with His Worship one day
In our talk the same topic came up by the
way.
'If,' said he, 'I found fault, pure good-will was
the cause,
And my duty to point out religion's strict
laws.'
—'Not at all,' I responded, 'I make no
complaint,
As a neighbour of mine you need feel no
constraint;
In your presence I am, as my bent head
declares,
Metamorphosed at once from gay youth to
grey hairs,
And if my true nature eludes your analysis,
Your claim to omniscience need fear no
paralysis;
For me also my nature remains still
enravelled,
The sea of my thoughts is too deep and
untravelling:
I too long to know the Iqbal of reality,
And often shed tears at this wall of duality.
To Iqbal of Iqbal little knowledge is given;
I say this not jesting—not jesting, by Heaven!

[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]

THE POET

A nation is like a body,
And the individuals in it the body's limbs:
Those who walk the road of industry
Are its hands and feet,
The office of government is its beautiful face,
And the poet of tuneful melodies is its seeing
eye.
If just one limb should suffer pain,
Tears will drop from the eye—
How anxious the eye is for the whole body!

[Translated by Mustansir Mir]

THE HEART

Tales of gallows and crucifixion are mere
child's play for the Heart
The request of *Arini* is only the title of the
story of the Heart
O Lord! How powerful the full cup of that
wine would be?
The Way to eternity is each single line on the
measuring cup of the Heart
O Lord! Was it the cloud of mercy or the
thunderbolt of Love
When the life's crop got burned down,
sprouted the seed of the Heart
You would have got the Beauty's bountiful
treasure
O Farhad! You never dug into the ruins of the
Heart
Now it looks like the 'Arsh', now like the
Ka'bah
O God! Whose lodging is the abode of my
Heart
It has its own *junun* and I have my own *sawda*
The Heart loves someone else and I love the
Heart
You do not comprehend this, O simple
hearted ascetic!
Envy of a thousand prostrations is one slip of
the Heart
It changes the heap of earth into elixir
Such is the power of the ashes of the Heart
It gains freedom after being caught in the net
of Love

On being thunder-struck greens up the tree of
the Heart.

[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]

THE WAVE OF RIVER

My restless heart doth never keep me still:
This inner core of me is mercury.
They call me wave. The ocean is my goal.
No chain of whirling eddy holdeth me.
My steed like air upon the water rides.
My garment's hem on thorn of fish e'er tore,
When moon is full sometimes I leap all fey;
Sometimes all mad I dash my head on shore.
I am the pilgrim loving journey's stage.
Why am I restless? If my heart make quest.
I flee from the cramped torment of the stream,
Away from the sea's wide spaces, all
distressed.

[Translated by H.T. Sorley]

FAREWELL O WORLD'S CONGREGATION!

(Adapted from Ralph Waldo Emerson)

Farewell O worldly companions! I am going
to my homeland
I am feeling unhappy in this well-populated
wilderness
I am very much dejected, unsuitable for
assemblies I am
Neither you are suitable for me nor suitable
for you I am
The king's audience and the minister's bed-
chamber each is a prison
The golden chain's prisoner will break
himself free from this prison
Though much pleasure is in embellishing
your assembly
But some kind of strangeness is in your
acquaintance
I remained long in company of your
self-centered people
I remain restless for long like the waves of the
ocean
I remained long in your luxury gatherings
I remained long searching for light in the
darkness

I searched long for the rose' sight among
thorns
Ah! I have not found that Yusuf in your
market place
The perplexed eye for another scene is
searching
As storm-stricken my eye for coast is
searching
Leaving your garden like fragrance I am
going
Farewell! O worldly company I am going to
the homeland
I have made my home in the quietness of the
mountain side
Ah! I do not get this pleasure in
conversation's music!
Associate of *Nargis-i-Shahlah*, and rose's
companion I am
The garden is my homeland, nightingale's
associate I am
The sound of the spring's music lulls me to
sleep
The morning cuckoo from the green carpet
wakes me up
Everyone in the world assemblage social life
likes
The poet's heart but the solitude's corner likes
I am verged on lunacy by being perturbed in
habitations
For whom I am searching, roaming in the
mountain valleys?
Whose love makes me roam in the meadows?
And makes me sleep on the spring's banks?
You taunt me that fond of the corner of
retirement I am
Look O imprudent one! Messenger of
Nature's assembly I am
Compatriot of the elms, turtle-dove's
confidante I am!
In this garden's silence in the state of anxiety I
am!
If I do hear something it is only to tell others
If I do see something it is only to show others
My heart is a lover of retirement, proud of my
home I am
Scoffing at the thrones of Dara and Sikandar I
am

How enchanting is the act of lying under the
trees
As now and then my sight falls at the evening
star
Where in the strange house of learning can
this be seen!
The secret of universe can only in the
rose-petal be seen.

[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]

YOUNG BABY

I took a knife away from you and you shriek.
I am kind, but you thought I was being
unkind.
Then you will lie there and cry, you who have
just arrived in this world of sorrow.
Make sure it does not prick you! The tip of the
pen is so slender.
Ah! Why are you so fond of a thing which
will give you pain?
Play with this piece of paper—that is
harmless.
Where is your ball? Where is your china cat?
That little animal with the broken head?
Your mirror was free from the dust of desire.
As soon as your eyes opened, the spark of
desire shone out.
It is hidden in the movement of your hands,
in the way you see.
Like you, your desire is also new-born.
Your life is free of the prison of discretion.
Perhaps the secret of nature is manifest to
your eyes.
When you are angry with me about
something, you shriek.
What a sight! You are made happy with a
piece of waste-paper!
In this habit, I am in harmony with you.
You are capricious; I am also capricious.
I am given to the joys of momentary pleasure;
I shriek as well.
I am quickly moved to anger; I am quickly
consoled.
My eyes are enchanted with all the beauty
they see before them.
My foolishness is no less than yours.

Like you, I sometimes weep; and sometimes I
laugh.
I appear to be a foolish adolescent, but I am
also a baby!

[Translated by D.J. Matthews]

THE PORTRAIT OF ANGUISH

My story is not indebted to the patience of
being heard
My silence is my talk, my speechlessness is
my speech
Why does this custom of silencing exist in
your assembly?
My tongue is tantalized to talk in this
assembly
Some leaves were picked up by the tulip,
some by the narcissus, some by the rose
My story is scattered around everywhere in
the garden
The turtle-doves, parrots, and nightingales
pilfered away
The garden's denizens jointly robbed away
my plaintive way
O Candle! Drip like tears from the eye of the
moth
Head to foot pathos I am, full of longing is my
story
O God! What is the pleasure of living so in
this world?
Neither the eternal life, nor the sudden death
is mine
This is not only my wailing, but is that of the
entire garden
I am a rose, to me every rose' autumn is my
autumn
"In this grief-stricken land, in life-long spell of
the caravan's bell I am
From the palpitating heart's bounties the
silent clamor I have"
In the world's garden unaware of pleasant
company I am
Whom happiness still mourns, that hapless
person I am
Speech itself sheds tears at my ill luck
Silent word, longing for an eager ear I am
I am a mere handful of scattered dust but I do
not know

Whether Alexander or a mirror or just dust
 and scum I am
 Despite all this my existence is the Divine
 Purpose
 Embodiment of light is whose reality, that
 darkness I am
 I am a treasure, concealed in the wilderness
 dust
 No one knows where I am, or whose wealth I
 am?
 My insight is not obligated to the stroll of
 existence
 That small world I am whose sovereign
 myself I am
 Neither wine, nor cup-bearer, nor ecstasy, nor
 goblet I am
 But the truth of everything in the existence'
 tavern I am
 My heart's mirror shows me both world's
 secrets
 I relate exactly what I witness before my eyes
 I am bestowed with such speech among the
 elegant speakers
 That the birds of the 'Arsh's roof are
 concordant with me
 This also is an effect of my tumultuous love
 That my heart's mirrors are Destiny's
 confidante
 Your spectacle makes me shed tears, O India!
 Your tales are admonitory among all the tales
 Conferring the wailing on me is like
 conferring everything
 Since eternity Destiny's pen has put me where
 all your mourners are
 O gardener do not leave even the rose-petals'
 trace in this garden!
 By your misfortune war preparations are
 afoot among the gardeners
 The sky has kept thunderbolts concealed up
 its sleeve
 Garden's nightingales should not slumber in
 their nests
 Listen to my call, O imprudent one! This is
 something which
 The birds in gardens are reciting like the daily
 prayers
 Think of the homeland, O ignorant one! Hard
 times are coming

Conspiracies for your destruction are afoot in
 the heavens
 Pay attention to what is happening and what
 is going to happen
 What good there is in repeating the tales of
 the old glories?
 How long will you remain silent? Create taste
 for complaint!
 You should be on the earth, so your cries be in
 the heavens!
 You will be annihilated if you do not
 understand, O people of India!
 Even your tales will disappear from the
 world's chronicles
 This is the law of Nature, this is the order of
 Nature
 Those who tread dynamism's path, are the
 darlings of Nature
 I will surely exhibit all my hidden wounds
 today
 I will surely change assembly to a garden
 with blood-mixed tears
 I have to light every heart's candle with
 hidden pathos
 I will surely create bright illumination in your
 darkness
 So that love-cognizant hearts be created like
 rose-buds
 I will surely scatter around my handful of
 dust in the garden
 If stringing these scattered pearls in a single
 rosary
 Is difficult, I will surely make this difficult
 task easy
 O Companion! Leave me alone in the soul-
 searching effort
 As I will surely exhibit this mark of the ardent
 Love
 I will show the world what my eyes have seen
 I will surely make you also bewildered like a
 mirror
 The discerning eye sees every thing covered
 in veils
 It does see the exigencies of the nature of
 times
 You have not acquainted your heart with
 pleasure of dignity

You have passed your entire life in humility
like foot-prints
You always remained entangled inside the
assembly, but
Have not acquainted yourself with the world
outside the assembly
You have continued loving the charm of
material beauties
But you have never seen your own elegance
in this mirror
Give up prejudice O imprudent one! In the
world's glass house
They are your own pictures which you have
taken as evil ones
Become embodiment of the wail of tyranny of
life's pathos!
You have concealed sound in your pocket like
the rue seed
Clarity of heart has nothing to do with
external decorations
O imprudent one! You have applied myrtle to
mirror's palm
Not only the earth even the sky is bewailing
your imprudence
It is outrageous that you have twisted the
Qur'an's lines!
To what purpose is your claim to
monotheism!
You have made the idol of self conceit your
deity
What did you see even if you saw Yusuf in
the well?
O imprudent one! You have made the
Absolute confined
You are greedy of flowery style even at the
pulpit
Your advice also is a form of story telling
Show that universally illuminating Beauty to
your weeping eye
Which renders the moth highly agitated,
which makes the dew weep like eye
Mere seeing is not its purpose! O greedy one
Some One has made the human eye with
some purpose
Even if he viewed the whole world, what did
he see?
Jam could not see his own reality in the wine
cup

Sectarianism is the tree, prejudice is its fruit
This fruit caused expulsion of S Adam from
Paradise
Not even a single rose-petal could rise by
sun's attraction
It is the longing for elegance which raises the
dew
Those wounded by Love do not wander in
search of cure
These wounded ones themselves create their
own cure
The heart gets complete illumination by the
spark of Love
The Tur's flower bed is raised from the Love's
small seed
Every malady's cure is to remain wounded
with Longing's sword
Wound's remedy is to remain free from
obligation to stitching
With the Bekhudi's wine up to the celestial
world is my flight
From disappearance of color I have learnt to
remain fragrance
How can the weeping eye refrain from
homeland's lamentation?
The 'ibadah for the poet's eye is to remain
constantly with ablution
To what purpose should we make our nest in
the rose-branch
Ah! How can we live with constant disgrace
in the garden
If you understand, independence is veiled in
Love
Slavery is to remain imprisoned in the net of
schism
Contentment is what keeps the cup
submerged in water
You should also remain like the bubble in the
stream
It is best for you not to remain indifferent to
yours own
O apathetic person! If you want to remain
alive in the world
Soul-invigorating wine is the Love of the
human race
It has taught me to remain ecstatic without
the wine cup and the pitcher

Sick nations have been cured only through
 Love
 Nations have warded off their adversity
 through Love
 The expanse of Love is at once foreign land
 and homeland
 This wilderness is the cage, the nest, as well as
 the garden
 Love is the only stage which is the stage as
 well as the wilderness
 It is the bell, the caravan, the leader as well as
 the robber
 Everybody calls it an illness, but it is such an
 illness
 In which the cure for all ills and misfortunes
 is concealed
 The heart's pathos in a way is to become
 embodiment of Light
 If this moth burns it is also the assembly's
 candle
 The Beauty is just one but appears in
 everything
 It is Shirin, the sky, as well as the mountain
 digger
 Distinction of sects and governments has
 destroyed nations
 Is there any concern for the homeland in my
 compatriot's hearts?
 Prolonging the tale of my woes calls for
 silence, otherwise
 The tongue in my mouth as well as the ability
 to speak is
 "Take not this meaningful tale as related by
 me is
 The story was endless, but related with
 silence is."

LAMENT OF SEPARATION

(In Memory of Arnold)

O house! Your resident is now residing in the
 West
 Ah! The land of the East was not liked by him
 Today my heart is convinced of this truth
 The light of the separation's day is darker
 than night
 "As from his departure's breast the scar is
 picked up

Sight is asleep in my eyes like the
 extinguished candle."
 I am fond of seclusion, I hate the habitation
 I run away from the city in excruciation of
 love
 I make the heart restless from the olden days'
 memory
 For satisfaction I come ardently running
 towards you
 Though the eye is familiar with your nook
 and corner
 Still some strangeness is apparent from my
 speed
 My heart's speck was just to be acquainted
 with the sun
 The broken mirror was just to expand into the
 universe
 The tree of my longings was just going to
 green up
 Ah! what does any one know what I was
 going to be!
 Mercy's cloud gathered up its skirt from my
 garden and departed
 Rained a little over the flower buds of my
 desires and departed
 Where are you! O Kalim of the pinnacle Sina
 of learning!
 Your breath was the breeze promoting the joy
 of learning
 Gone is that zeal for walking in the vast
 expanse of learning!
 In my intellect also you were the inspirer of
 love of learning
 "Where is Layla's fervor, so as to decorate
 Love again
 May make the dust of Majnun mixed with
 wilderness again
 The wilderness of solitude will open the fate's
 knot
 I shall reach you after breaking the chains of
 the Punjab
 The bewildered eye looks upon your picture
 But how can one searching for speech be
 happy?
 "No power to speak the picture's mouth has
 Silence is the speech which the picture has"

[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]

THE MOON

My desert from your native land how many a
league divides!
Yet by your power the waters of my heart
feels these rough tides.
To what far gathering are you bound, what
far gathering come?
Your face is blanched, as if from journeyings
long and wearisome.
You in this universe all light, and I all
darkness, share
One destiny together in our valley of despair;
I burn in a flame of longing, ah! burn for the
gift of sight,
And you, all seared with fires of longing, bed
the sun for light;
And if your footsteps cannot stray from one
fixed circle's bound,
I too move in one circle as a compass-hand
moves round.
You roam forlorn life's path to whose dull
griefs I too am doomed,
You shining through creation's throng, I in
my flame consumed;
A long road lies before me and a long road
waits for you;
The silence of your thronging skies is here in
my heart too.
My nature is like yours, you who were born
to seek, to rove,
Though yours are silver rays—the light that
guides my feet is love.
I too dwell among many: if you go
companionless
Amid the company of heaven, I know your
loneliness;
And when for you the blaze of dawn
proclaims extinction, I
Drown with you in the crystal glory of
eternity.
And yet, yet, radiant moon! we are not of one
race; it is
No heart like your heart that can feel and tell
its miseries.
Though you are of light, and I of darkness
made, you are

Still far from thirst of consciousness, a
thousand journeys far;
Before my soul the path lies clear in view that
it must trace—
No gleam of knowledge such as mine will
ever light your face.

[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]

BILAL

As the star of your destiny ascended to shine
It lifted and brought you from Abyssinia to
Hijaz
This alone made inhabited your desolate
house
Better than a thousand freedoms is your
slavery
That threshold not even for a moment you
could leave
In some one's Love all torments you bore
cheerfully
The oppression befalling in Love is not
oppression
If there is no torment, there is no pleasure in
Love
Full of Intellection like Salman was your
insight
The wine of sight used to increase your thirst
Like Kaleem you were in search of the Sight
Uwais was tantalized for the power of Sight
Madinah was the light for your eyes so to say
For you this wilderness was the Tur so to say
Your longing for Sight continued even after
witnessing the Sight
The cold heart warmed up but its breath did
not rest even for a moment
Such a lightning struck your impatient soul
That your darkness was scoffing at the Musa's
palm
"They captured warmth from the flame and
struck it on your heart
What a lightning of Effulgence they struck on
motes of your efforts!"
The charm of your longing for the Sight was
the embodiment of supplication
The continuous sighting of someone was your
prayer

Since eternity the *adhan* was the anthem of
your Love
Prayer was the subtle pretext for the Sight
Happy was the age when Yathrib was his
abode!
How happy was the time when common was
his Sight

[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]

THE STORY OF ADAM

What a story I have to tell, to anyone who will
listen,
Of how I travelled in foreign lands!
I forgot the story of the First Covenant.
In the garden of heaven,
When I drank the fiery cup of awareness I felt
uneasy.
I have always searched for the truth about the
world,
Showing the celestial heights of my thought.
Such was my fickle temperament
That in no place under the sky could I settle
for good.
At times I cleared the Ka'ba of stone idols,
But at times put statues in the same sanctuary;
At times, to savour talk, I went to Mount
Sinai
And hid the eternal light in the folds of my
sleeve;
By my own people I was hung on the cross;
I travelled to the skies, leaving earth behind.
For years I hid in the Cave of Hira,
I served the world its last cup of wine;
Arriving in India, I sang the Divine Song;
I took a fancy to the land of Greece;
When India did not heed my call,
I went to live in China and Japan;
I saw the world composed of atoms,
Contrary to what the men of faith taught.
By stirring up the conflict between reason and
faith,
I soaked in blood hundreds of lands.
When I failed to probe the reality of the stars,
I spent nights on end wrapped in thought.
The sword of the Church could not frighten
me;

I taught the proposition of the revolving
earth.

I donned the lens of far-seeing reason,
and told the world the secret of gravity.
I captured rays and the restless lightning,
Making this earth the envy of paradise.
But although my reason held the world
captive to my ring,
Yet I remained ignorant of the secret of
existence.

When at last my eyes, worshippers of
appearance, were opened,
I found it already lodged in the mansion of
my heart!

[Translated by Mustansir Mir]

THE INDIAN ANTHEM

The best land in the world is our India;
We are its nightingales; this is our garden.
If we are in exile, our heart resides in our
homeland.
Understand that *we* are also where our heart
is.
That is the highest mountain, the neighbour
of the sky;
It is our sentry; it is our watchman.
In its lap play thousands of streams,
And the gardens that flourish because of them
are the envy of Paradise.
Oh, waters of the river Ganges! Do you
remember those days?
Those days when our caravan halted on your
bank?
Religion does not teach us to be enemies with
each other:
We are Indians, our homeland is our India.
Greece, Egypt and Byzantium have all been
erased from the world.
But our fame and banner still remain.
It is something to be proud of that our
existence is never erased,
Though the passing of time for centuries has
always been our enemy.
Iqbal! No-one in this world has ever known
your secret.
Does anyone know the pain I feel inside me?

[Translated by D.J. Matthews]

FIREFLY

Is the firefly aglow in the garden's abode?
Or blazes a lamp in the throng of the flowers?
Has a star fluttered down that high aloft
rode?
Has a ray of the moon won some life-
throbbing powers?
Has the envoy of day come to realms of the
night?
Come humbly, a gleam to its own land
unknown?
Has there fallen a whorl that moon's cloak
once bedight?
From the robe of the sun has a sequin been
shown?
Here is hidden the sheen of Old Beauty and
bright
That Nature uncovers for men of our day.
In this little moon are both darkness and light,
As eclipse may advance, or eclipse pass away.
The moth and the firefly through air both take
wing.
One seeks for light: one in light's all arrayed:

On earth nature grants all some soul-
gladd'ning thing.
For the moth was heat, for the firefly light
made.
On birds that were tongueless it dowered
melody:
Gave a tongue to the rose but withheld from it
song.
For sunset it fashioned sheer half-light to see;
Set fairy a-glitter but her life made not long:
The morning made brilliant like sweet bird of
love:
Clad down in red robes—with dew's mirror
dawn plays.
It brought the tree shadiness, caused air to
move,
Set motion to water, taught waves' restless
ways.

Yet this is a puzzle that troubles our mind.
The day of the firefly for us is the night.
In everything luster of beauty we find;
In man there is speech: opening buds smile
delight.

This moon of the sky is as heat of the bard.
There shines the bright moon: here is anguish
of pain.
There must be some trick in the ways of the
word:
Else the bird would be fragrance, the flower
sing refrain.
The riddle of union's in beauty rich hid.
The glitter of firefly is fragrance of flower.
Then why comes perversely this discord
unbid
When all things at heart hide this silence of
power?

[Translated by H.T. Sorley]

MORNING STAR

Enough of this sun-and-moon neighbouring
glory—
Enough of this office of heralding dawn!
Worthless to me the abodes of the planets,
Lowly earth-dwelling is more than these
heights
I inhabit, to heaven but a realm of extinction,
Dawn's skirt of the hundred-fold rent for my
shroud:
To live, to die daily my fate, to be poured
The morning-draught first by the cupbearer
Death.
Thankless this duty, this station, this
dignity—
Better the dark then to shine for one hour!

No star would I be, if it lay in my will,
But a gleaming white pearl in the cavernous
sea,
And then, if too fearful the strife of the waves,
Leave ocean, and hang in some necklace—
what joy
It would be there to glitter as beauty's bright
pendent,
A gem in the crown of an emperor's consort!
What fragment of stone, if its destiny smiled,
Might not flash in the ring on the finger of
Solomon?
But glory of all such in this world must
vanish,
The rich gem must vanish at last. That alone

Lives, that need have no acquaintance with death:
 Can that be called life, that hears death's importunity?
 If, making earth lovely, our end must be thus,
 Let me rather be changed to a flower-falling dewdrop,
 A speck in the gold-dust that paints a bride's forehead,
 A spark in the sigh that a wounded heart breathes—
 Or why not the glistening tear-drop that rolls
 Down the long lashes fringing the eyes of a lady
 Whose lord, in chain armour enmeshed, must set forth
 To the battlefield, hurried by love of his country,
 —A woman whose face like a picture shows hope
 and despair side by side, and whose silence shames speech:
 her patient thoughts built on her husband's firm soul,
 Her looks from their modesty borrowing eloquence,
 That hour of farewell when the rosy cheek pales
 And the sorrow of parting makes beauty more beautiful!
 There, though she locked up her heart, I would gleam,
 One waterdrop split from her eye's brimming cup,
 To find in the dust an immortal new life,
 And teach to the world the long passion of love.

[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM FOR THE INDIAN CHILDREN

The land in which Chishti delivered the message of God
 The garden in which Nanak sang the song of Tawhid of God
 The land which the Tatars adopted as their homeland

For which people of Hijaz abandoned the Arabian wilderness
 That same is my homeland, that same is my homeland
 Whose wisdom had left the Greeks bewildered
 Which gave knowledge and skill to the entire world
 Whose soil had been endowed by God with the elixir's effect
 Which had filled the pocket of the Turks with diamonds
 That same is my homeland, that same is my homeland
 Which illuminated and established in the milky way again
 The stars which had fallen from the sky of Persia
 The House from which the world had heard *Tawhid's* tune
 From where the Holy Prophet had felt cool breeze
 That same is my homeland, that same is my homeland
 Whose denizens are Kaleems, whose mountains the Sinais are
 Where the Prophet Nuh's boat and its occupants had landed
 The land whose elegance is the stairway to the sky
 Living in whose environment is like living in Paradise
 That same is my homeland, that same is my homeland

[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]

A NEW ALTAR

I'll tell you truth, oh Brahmin, if I may make so bold!
 These idols in your temples—these idols have grown old,
 To hate your fellow-mortals is all they teach you, while
 Our God too sets his preachers to scold and to revile;
 Sickened, from both your temple and our shrines I have run,

Alike our preachers' sermons and your fond
myths I shun.

—In every graven image you fancied God: I
see
in each speck of my country's poor dust,
divinity.

Come, let us lift suspicion's thick curtains
once again,
Unite once more the sundered, wipe clean
division's stain.
Too long has lain deserted the heart's warm
habitation—
Come, build here in our homeland an altar's
new foundation,
And rise a spire more lofty than any of this
globe,
With high pinnacle touching the hem of
heaven's robe!
And there at every sunrise let our sweet
chanting move
The hearts of all who worship, pouring them
wine of love:
Firm strength, calm peace, shall blend in the
hymns the votary sings—
For from love comes salvation to all earth's
living things.

[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]

DAGH

The fame of Ghalib has long been buried in
the ground.
Mahdi Majruh dwells in the city of the silent.
In exile, Death broke the win-jar of Amir,
But in the eyes of the assembly still resides the
intoxication of the wine of Amir.
But today, my fellow singers, the whole
garden is in mourning.
The bright candle has been extinguished. The
company of poetry is lamenting.
The nightingale of Delhi made its nest in that
garden,
Where its nightingale fellow-singers are in the
garden of existence.
Dagh is dead. Alas! His corpse brings
adornment to our shoulders.
The last poet of Shajahanabad is silent.

Where is that elegant rakishness now? The
coquettish style?
The fire of youth was ever hidden in the
camphor of his old age.
The desire that Dagh's words expressed are in
everyone's heart.
The Layla of meaning with him was unveiled;
with us she is hidden in the drapes of the
camel-litter.
Now, who will ask of the morning breeze the
secret of the peace of the rose?
Who will understand the mystery of the
nightingale's lament in the garden?
He never neglected reality when his thoughts
took flight.
The bird kept its eye on the nest as it flew.
There will be others to show us the delicacies
of a subject—
The way that the finer points of their thought
soar to the sky!
There will be those who paint pictures of the
bitterness of time to make us weep or show
us a new world engendered by their
imagination.
In this garden more nightingales of Shiraz
will be born.
There will come forth myriad magicians,
those who possess the art of spells.
From the temples of verse will arise
thousands like Azar
And new wine-pourers will give us wine to
drink from new measures.
Many commentaries will be written on the
book of the heart.
There will be, oh dream of youth, many an
interpretation of you.
But who will draw exactly the picture of love?
The archer has been taken away, who will fire
the arrow at the heart?
I sow the seeds of tears in the soil of poetry.
You also weep, oh earth of Delhi! I weep for
Dagh.
Oh Jahanabad! Oh wealth of the assembly of
verse!
Your garden has once more today been
trampled by autumn.

That colourful flower of yours has departed
like perfume.
Ah! The dwelling-place of Urdu is bereft of
Dagh.
Perhaps there was no great attraction in the
dust of his native-land.
That full-moon was hidden in the soil of the
Deccan.
The wine-pourers who were there have been
taken from us and the tavern is empty.
As a monument to the assembly of Delhi only
Hali remains.

The injustice of death makes desire weep tears
of blood.
The hunter of death fires his arrow in
darkness.
But my tongue can utter no complaint.
The colour of the autumn is also the cause of
the garden's permanence.
These are all the effects of the one universal
law:
The perfume leaves the garden; the rose-
pluckers bid farewell to the world.

[Translated by D.J. Matthews]

CLOUD

Today again from the east that thick black
nimbus fares
And Surban's mountain-crest a dark-hued
covering ears.
When the face of the sun was hid in the skirt
of its misty course,
A chill wind raced on the cloud as a horseman
speeds his horse.
There is no rumble of thunder: the silence is
thick as a pall:
In the strange wine-shop of the heavens a
quiet lies over all.
It has ordered a scheme for the garden of joy
that will always bless
And has come to fasten a gem on the hem of
the flower's long dress.
The bloom that once had nodded in the heat
of the sun's fierce ray
To fall in earth's lap, it rouses from sleep to a
lifting day.

With the wind's wild blast the nimbus grew
to mounting and soaring mass,
And towering still higher it showered the rain
out over the grass.
It has made for the mountain saplings their
own miraculous tent.
Here let them rest, the wanderers, who from
journey in vale are spent.

[Translated by H.T. Sorley]

FIREFLY AND BIRD

Early one Evening the sweet voice was heard,
As it sat on a twig, of a carolling bird.
When it spied something glittering there on
the ground
It flew to the place and a firefly it found.
The firefly said: "Bird of the musical charm,
Take your sharp beak away: do a poor one no
harm,
Allah granted you song and gave the flower
scent:
That same Allah to me did my lustre present.
My being is hidden in garments of light,
The zenith of creatures that flutter in flight.
If your dulcet note has of Heaven the ear,
The eye of that Heaven sees my gleaming
clear.
While Nature with sparkle did cover my wing
It gave you the song that charms hearts when
you sing.
It instructed yours beak in all musical grace
And made me the torch of the garden's space.
Flashing it gave you: to me it gave voice.
My portion is radiance: in song you rejoice.
Radiance and song in this world are not foes;
They cling to each other in harmony close.
Creation's firm frame is compact of the two:
All heights and all depths are to both alike
due.
They mingle together to make every thing;
In this garden from both comes the beauty of
spring."

[Translated by H.T. Sorley]

THE CHILD AND THE CANDLE

O Child with moth-like nature, "How strange
that
You keep gazing at the flame of the candle for
hours
What is this movement, when you are in my
lap?
Are you intending to embrace the light?
Though your tiny heart is surprised at this
spectacle
But this is recognition of some object already
seen!
The candle is but a flame, you are the Light
embodied
Ah! In this assembly that is manifest, you are
concealed
It is not known why the Nature's hand made
it manifest!
And concealed you in the dark soil's mantle
Your light has been concealed under the veil
of Intellect!
The veil of Cognition is a mere mist to the
wise eye!
What is called life really a mirage it is
A dream, a swoon, an ecstasy, oblivion it is
The Nature's assembly is the Beauty's
boundless ocean
For the discerning eye every drop is the
Beauty's storm
Beauty is in the frightening silence of the
mountain
In shedding of sun's light, and in night's
darkness
It is in the morning sky's mirror-like glitter
In the night's darkness and in the twilight's
floridity
It is in the disappearing relics of the old
magnificence
In the small child's effort to commence
speaking
It is in the harmony of the denizens of the
rose-garden
In the nest-building efforts of the tiny little
birds
In the mountain stream, in the ocean's
freedom is Beauty

In the city, the forest, the wilderness, the
habitation is Beauty
The soul but longing for some lost object is
Or else why is it lamenting in wilderness like
a bell?
It is restless even in this general splendor of
Beauty
Its life is like a fish out of water.

[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]

ON THE BANK OF THE RAVI

Raft in its music, in evening's hush, the Ravi;
But how it is with this heart, do not ask—
Hearing in these soft cadences a prayer-call,
Seeing all earth God's precinct, here beside
The margins of the onward-flowing waters
Standing I scarcely know where I am
standing.
With palsied hand the taverner of heaven
Has brought the cup: red wine stains
evening's skirt;
Day's heading caravan has made haste
towards
Extinction: twilight smoulders like hot ash
Of the sun's funeral pyre. In solitude
Far off, magnificent, those towers stand,
where
The flower of Mughal chivalry lies asleep;
A legend of Time's tyranny is that palace;
A book, the register of days gone by;
No mansion, but a melody of silence—
No trees, but an unspeaking parliament.
Swiftly across the river's bosom glides
A boat, the oarsman wrestling with the
waves,
A skiff light-motioned as a darting glance,
Soon far beyond the eye's carved boundary.
So glides the bark of mortal life, in the ocean
Of eternity so born, so vanishing,
Yet never knowing what is death; for it
May disappear from sight, but cannot perish.

[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]

THE TRAVELLER'S REQUEST

(At The Tomb Of Hazrat Mahbub Ilahi Of Delhi)

What angels recite is your exalted name
 Your threshold is exalted, your munificence is
 general
 The stars are stable by the attraction of your
 Love
 Your system is like the system of the sun
 The pilgrimage to your tomb is life for the
 heart
 Your status is higher than those of Masih and
 Khidar
 The Beloved's Nature is veiled in your Love
 High is your dignity, exalted is your
 veneration
 If my heart has a stain the stain is of your love
 But if cheerful I am, I am the rose of your
 spring
 Leaving the garden I have come out like the
 rose of your fragrance
 I am determined to go through the test of
 perseverance
 I have started with zeal from the homeland's
 tavern
 The pleasure of the wine of knowledge is
 speeding me up
 I am gazing at the mercy's cloud, I am the
 wilderness tree
 With the Mercy of God I am not in need of the
 gardener
 May I be living elegantly in the world like the
 sun
 May I be bestowed with that ladder by your
 blessings
 May I be so far ahead of the fellow travelers
 That I may be regarded as the destination by
 the caravan
 May my pen not hurt anybody's feelings
 May I have complaint against none under the
 sun
 Whose effect may penetrate the hearts like a
 comb
 May I receive such a clamor from your
 threshold
 The nest I had made by picking up bits and
 pieces

May I see the same nest in the garden again
 May I come back to put my forehead at my
 parents' feet
 Whose efforts made me the confidante of love
 That candle of the audience of the Holy
 Prophet's descendants
 Whose threshold I will always consider like
 the *Harem*
 Whose breath opened the flower bud of my
 longing
 By whose benevolence I became sagacious
 Pray to the terrestrial and the celestial world's
 Lord
 That I may again become happy with paying
 homage to him
 That second Yusuf to me, that candle of
 Love's assembly
 Whose brotherly love has given soul's
 tranquillity to me
 Who in his love, destroying the book of "you
 and I"
 Has brought me up to my youth in the
 environment of happiness
 May he remain happy in the world like rose
 Whom I have always held dearer than my life
 Blooming, my heart's bud may become a
 flower!
 May this traveler's request be accepted!

[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]

GHAZALS

Do not look at the garden of existence like a
 stranger
 It is a thing worth looking at, look at it
 repeatedly
 You have come into the world like a spark,
 beware
 Lest your ephemeral life may end suddenly,
 beware
 Granted that I am not worthy of your Sight
 You should look at my zeal, and look at my
 perseverance
 If your eyes have been opened by the longing
 for Sight
 Look for the foot prints of the Beloved in
 every lane

*

If you had not come I would have had no
occasion for contention
But what reluctance in making the promise
was?
Your messenger disclosed every secret
O Lord! What fault of Man in this was?
You recognized Your Lover in the full
assembly
How alert Your eye in the middle of the
ecstasy was!
True! Reluctant he was to come, O messenger
But tell me what the manner of denial was
Musa was effortlessly attracted to Tur
How strong, O Zeal your attraction was!
Your fame continues somewhere, O Iqbal!
Some magic, not your speech it was

*

O Lord! Strange is the piety of the preacher
He has animosity towards the whole world
Nobody has so far understood that Man
Where he is going, and from where he has
come?
From the same source has the night obtained
darkness
From where the star has obtained brightness
The tale of our compassion is
Always related by our sympathizer
Very subtle are the ways of the preacher
He trembles on hearing the sound of adhan!

*

I should procure such straws for my nest from
somewhere
For burning which the lightning may be
restless
Alas! O despair! The sky broke it down
intently
Whichever branch I selected for my nest
You are contending with the seventy two
nations
One goblet of yours suits the whole world
best
I should create some such longing in my heart

So the sky may turn around to annihilate me
best
Collect your harvest first by picking it grain
by grain
Some thunderbolt will surely come out to
annihilate it
I had regard for the failure of the hunter, O
friend
Otherwise, why could I come over flying for
one grain?
The heart should not sing freedom's song in
this garden
Ah! This garden is not suitable for such odes.

*

What can I say how I got separated from my
garden
And how I got imprisoned in the net of greed
It is strange that the whole world being
against me
How the recipient of honor of respectability I
have been
Some demand of showing and seeing was on
the Tur
What do you know, O heart! How it was
decided?
The desire to be without any desire is also a
desire
How the heart's bird freed from the net of
greed was
Those desirous of seeing You, see You here
also
Then how the Last Day's promise a test of
patience was
The Perfect Beauty itself may be the cause of
this unveiling
How became self-apparent what concealed in
curtains was
Death as a recipe still remains, O separation's
pathos!
The physician is insane, how I deemed
incurable was
O admonishing eye! Have you ever seen, how
the rose
Having been born out of dust became colorful
The purpose of interrogation for deeds was to
disgrace me

Otherwise all as to how and why it happened
obvious was
My destruction was something worth
witnessing
What can I say how I facing Him was

*

Unusual in state, distinct from the whole
world they are
O Lord! Inhabitants of which habitation these
Lovers are?
Even during pathos's cure I desperately love
pathos
Blisters' thorns have been extracted with
needle's point
O Lord, the garden of my hopes may remain
prosperous
I have raised these plants watering them with
my blood
The stars' silence at night makes me weep
Strange my Love is, strange my Laments are
Do not ask me of the pleasure of remaining
destitute
Hundreds of nests have been made and
destroyed by me
Being a stranger to the journey's companion is
not good
O spark! Wait, after all we are also going to
disappear
Expectation for the houri has taught
everything to the preacher
Only in appearance simple and straight
forward these people are
Why should not my verses be dear to me, O
Iqbal
These the painful laments of my heart are

*

One should not see the Spectacle with the
material eye
If one wants to see Him he should open the
insight's eye
His talking lip was death's message to
Mansur
How can anybody dare to claim Someone's
Love now
Close your eyes if you want taste for the Sight

The real Seeing is that one should not try to
see Him
I am the extreme Love, Thou art the extreme
Beauty
One should see me or witness Thy Spectacle
The Beloved's Beauty is the creator of excuse
for Love's crime
One need not create a new excuse on the Day
of Judgment
O Companion! It is not possible to close this
zealous eye!
In what other manner should one try to
witness Him
With what thought did Kaleem become
insistent on the Tur?
One should request for the Sight if he has the
power for the Sight
Even the eyebrow's movement is unwelcome
to the Sight
With the eye of the narcissus should one see
Thee
The pleasures of the Longings of Love will be
manifest
If one has Longing like me for a few days

*

What should I say how much Longing for
dejection I have
The elegance of my market is only up to the
ardent desire for losing
I am the sot who himself becomes garden by
the Wine's Light
Rose's love is only up to the departure of the
unkind cup bearer
Hunter's enhancement of garden's beauty is
till start of my melodies
As for the thunderbolts' restlessness, it is up
to my nest
I am that handful of dust, which is changed to
wilderness by distress' grace
Do not ask me of my span, it is from the earth
to the sky
I am the bell, complaint is asleep in my whole
nature
The silence of mine only is up to the caravan's
departure
With a tranquil heart create means of
attaining your aims

Because the whirlpool's knot is only up to the
water's flow
Silence is death in the garden of Love, O
nightingale
This life is only up to observance of the
wailing's custom
In youth, there is Sight's zeal as well as
Longing's pleasure
The happiness of our house is only up to the
guest's presence
Disgraced though I am in the whole world
but, O ignorance
I understand that my Love is known only to
my confidante

*

The one I was searching for on the earth and
in heaven
Appeared residing in the recesses of my own
heart
When the reality of the self became evident to
my eyes
The house appeared among residents of my
own heart
If it were somewhat familiar with taste of
rubbing foreheads
The stone of Ka'ba's threshold would have
joined the foreheads
O Majnun! Have you ever glanced at yourself
That like Layla you are also sitting in the litter
The months of the union continue flying like
moments
But the moments of separation linger for
months!
O seaman, how will you protect me from
being drowned
As those destined to drowning get drowned
in the boats also
The one who concealed His Beauty from
Kalim Allah
The same Beloved is manifest among
beloveds
The breath of Lovers can light up the
extinguished candle
O God! What is kept concealed in the breast of
the Lovers?
Serve the fakirs if you have the longing for
Love

This pearl is not available in the treasures of
kings
Do not ask of these Devotees, if you have
faith, you should look at them
They have the illuminated palm up their
sleeves
The insightful eye for whose spectacle is
tantalized
That elegance of congregation is in these very
recluses
Burn the produce of your heart with some
such spark
That the Last Day's sun may also be among
your gleaners
For Love search for some heart which would
become mortified
This is the wine which is not kept in delicate
wine glasses
The Beauty itself becomes the Lover of whose
Beauty
O Heart! Does someone among the beautiful
has that beauty?
Someone became highly excited at your grace
of *Ma'arafa*
Your rank remained among the most elegant
of all the Lovers
Manifest Thyself and show them Thy Beauty
some time
Talks have continued among the sagacious
since long time
Silent, O Heart! Crying in the full assembly is
not good
Decorum is the most important etiquette
among the ways of Love
It is not possible for me to deem my critics
bad
Because Iqbal, I am myself among my critics

*

Completion of your Love is what I desire
Look at my sincerity what little I desire
It may be oppression or the promise of
unveiling
Something testing my perseverance I desire
May the pious be happy with this Paradise
Only to see your Countenance I desire
Though I am but a tiny little heart I am so
bold

To hear the same *Lan tarani* I desire
 O assembly's companions! I am existing only
 for a few moments
 I am the dawn's candle, I am about to be
 extinguished
 I have divulged the secret in the full assembly
 I am very insolent, punishment I desire

*

When that *Beniaz* opens His Graceful Hand
 Why should the *niazmand* be not proud of his
 humility
 You have confined Him to the 'Arsh, O
 preacher!
 What kind of God would keep away from His
 people?
 In my view he is not a rind at all, O
 cup-bearer
 Who would distinguish between ecstasy and
 lack of it
 Always remain very attentive to the heart,
 this orchestra is such
 If broken, it would produce the music of the
 Secret
 Somebody should ask how it hurts the
 preacher
 If God shows His Grace even to the sinner
 O God! From where does poetry acquire its
 heat?
 This is a thing with which even stone would
 soften
 Nightingale's lament comes from
 discrimination between tulip and rose
 No one in the world should open the
 discriminating eye
 The arrogance of piety has taught the
 preacher
 To use abusive language to the people of God
 Such wind should blow from India, O Iqbal
 Which would blow me as dust to Hijaz

*

I bear hardships on myself, I am unconcerned
 with others
 Alas! How strange, I am the oppressor, I am
 the ignorant
 I existed only till the time Thy Splendor
 appeared

I am the falsehood which is annihilated by the
 Truth
 From the knowledge's sea divers came out
 with pearls in hand
 Alas, O deprivation! A mere pebble collector
 on the sea shore I am
 My disgrace itself is the demonstration of my
 nobility
 I am the negligence which the angels ardently
 desire
 O the existence' assemblage! Be not proud of
 your beauty
 You are a mere picture of the assemblage, I
 am the assemblage
 O Iqbal! I am in constant search for myself
 I am the traveler as well as the destination

*

Majnun abandoned habitation, you should
 abandon wilderness also
 If there be ambition for Sight, you should
 abandon Layla also
 O preacher! Perfection of abandonment
 attains the objective
 As you have abandoned the world, abandon
 the Hereafter also
 Suicide is better than the way of *taqlid*
 Seek your own path, abandon the love of
 Khizr also
 Like the pen the un-Islamic message is on
 your tongue
 Abandon unjustified pride in the un-Islamic
 objects also
 Theology is no pleasure if heart does not have
 Love's pathos
 If you are not the Wounded, you should
 abandon fluttering also
 Weep like the dew on flowers and leave the
 garden
 Abandon the desire of staying in this garden
 also
 The custom of Love is abandonment of all
 Abandon temple, mosque, and church also
 This is not business, this is 'ibadat of God!
 O ignorant one, abandon the longing for
 reward also
 It is good to guard Intuition with Intellect
 But sometimes you should let it go alone also

What life is that which is dependent on
others?
Abandon dependence on the life of fame also
Repeated request is a kind of boldness! O
Kaleem
The condition for approbation is to abandon
urging also
As the preacher brought proof in support of
wine
Iqbal insists that he should abandon drinking
also.

[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]

PART TWO

1905—8

LOVE

As yet the tresses of the bride of night were
not familiar with their graceful curls;
And the stars of heaven had tasted not the
bliss of whistling motion through the depths
of space.
The moon in her new robes looked rather
strange
And knew not revolution's ceaseless law.
From the dark house of possibilities the world
had just emerged to spin along,
No joy of life had throbbed as yet within the
furthest limits of immensity.
The order of existence scarcely had begun
unfolding to perfectionment;
It seems as if the world, like a ring whose
socket waiteth for its precious stone, longed
to evolve the archetypes to come.
They say there was an alchemist on high,
Dust of whose footsteps sparkled even more
than Jamshid's crystal cup.³
And on the pedestal of heaven there was
engraved Elixir's wondrous recipe,

³ "Wherein the king beheld the marvels of a universe," adds Umrao Singh in paranthesis.

Which angels always guarded from the ken of
Adam's soul destined by it to live.
The alchemist was ever on the watch
Knowing this recipe more precious than the
Great Name itself.
Till seemingly saying his orisons, he nearer
drew
And gained the strictly guarded pedestal, his
constant effort yielding in the end the fruit
of his desire for which he burned.
And having learnt it, he went forth to seek
through the vast field of possibilities for its
ingredients and collected them;
Yea! what is there that can be hid from those
who know the halls where truth for ever
dwells.
From stars he took their brightness; from the
moon the marks of burnt-out passions of the
past;
And from night's floating and dishevelled
tresses a little darkness;
From the lightning he received its
restlessness; and purity from houris;
And the gentle warmth that runs rippling
from healing breath of Mary's son.
Then from the quality of Providence he took
that splendour which dependeth not on
aught else than itself,
And from the dew and angels took he their
humility.
Then in the waters of the spring of life he
made them to dissolve;
And from the Throne of Most High they
called this essence "Love."
That alchemist sprinkled this liquid on the
new sprouting being,
And its magic touch released the spell-bound
process of the worlds.
Motion appeared in atoms; forthwith they
abandoned their repose,
And roused themselves embracing their
affinities again.
The suns and stars rolled in majestic curves,
The buds received fresh tints, and poppy
flowers were branded with the burning
marks of Love.

[Translated by Umrao Singh Sher Gil]

BEAUTY'S ESSENCE

Beauty asked God one day
This question: 'Why
Didst Thou not make me, in Thy world,
undying?'
And God replying—
'A picture-show is this world: all this world
A tale out of the long night of not-being;
And in it, seeing
Its nature works through mutability,
That only is lovely whose essence knows
decay.'

The moon stood near and heard this colloquy,
The words took wing about the sky
And reached the morning-star;
Dawn learned them from its star, and told the
dew—
It told the heavens' whisper to
Earth's poor familiar;
And at the dew's report the flower's eye filled,
With pain the new bud's tiny heartbeat thrilled;
Springtime fled from the garden, weeping;
Youth, that had come to wander there, went
creeping
Sadly away.

[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]

THE MESSAGE

Love made you acquainted with the taste of
affliction
Like assembly's candle give affliction's gift to
the assembly
The illuminating Love depends on God's
Benevolence
To whomever He may give without
restriction of temple or Harem
Like the candle the mantle of light he does not
get
Whom God does not give effective wail in the
world
He is in the star, the moon, the dawn's theatre
of display
You need not apply discrimination's
collyrium to the Sightful eye
Love is exalted above the customs and usages
of prayers

If Beauty has ecstasy of elegance you too give
elegant reply
O Tavern-keeper! Pleasure is the only effect of
West's wine
It does not have pleasure of affliction, give me
the home-made wine
Do you not know? The old congregation has
changed
For God's sake do not give them
materialism's wine.

SWAMI RAM TIRATH

O Impatient drop! You are in the bosom of the
sea
You were a pearl earlier, now you are an
invaluable pearl
Ah! How gracefully you opened the secrets of
life
I am still a prisoner of the discriminations of
life
The life's clamor on destruction became the
Last Day's tumult
The spark on being extinguished became
Azar's fire temple
The denial of Existence is the Love's gesture
of the informed heart
In the river of La is concealed the pearl of
Illallah
The meaning of the end is hidden from the
unsightful eye
Mercury is only raw silver, when its
restlessness stops,
The Ibrahim of Love is the destroyer of the
idol of existence
The ecstasy of Tasnim of Love is the cure of
awareness.

ADDRESSED TO THE STUDENTS OF ALIGARH COLLEGE

The message of others is different, my
message is different
The style of address of the one afflicted with
Love is different
You have heard the laments of the bird under
the net
Also listen to the laments of the bird on the
roof tops which are different

Call was coming from the mount, "Life's
secret is peace"
The frail ant was saying "The pleasure of
struggle is different"
The glory of Hijaz' assemblage is based on
Haram's Love
The station of this is different, the system of
that is different!
Eternal luxury is death if there is no Longing
for Search
Man's revolving is different, wine-cup's
revolving is different
The dawn's candle left the message that
burning is life's secret
In the life's sorrowful abode the condition for
eternity is different
The wine is still half-mature, Love is
unsuccessful still
Leave the church's brick on the pitcher's
mouth still.

THE MORNING STAR

The dawn's star was weeping and saying this
"I got the eye but not the leisure for Sight
Everything has come to life through the sun's
energy
Only I did not get protection under the
morning's skirt
After all what is the capacity of the dawn's
star
It is like bubble's breath, like the spark's
brightness"
I said "O beautiful jewel of the dawn's
forehead
Do you have fear of death? Come down from
the sky
Drop down from the sky's height with the
dew
My poetry's field will be invigorating to you
I am the gardener, Love is its bloom
Its foundation is firm like eternity

THE BEAUTY AND THE LOVE

Just as the moon's silver boat is drowned
In the storm of sun's light at the break of
dawn
Just as the moon-like lotus disappears

Behind the veil of light in the moon-lit night
Just like the Kaleem's radiant palm in the
Tur's effulgence
And the flower bud's fragrance in the wave of
garden's breeze
Similar is my heart in the flood of Thy Love
If Thou art the assembly, I am the assembly's
splendour
If Thou art the Beauty's thunder, I am the
produce of Love
If Thou art the dawn, my tears are Thy dew
If I am traveller's night, Thou art my twilight
My heart harbours Thy dishevelled hair locks
My bewilderment is created by Thy picture
Thy Beauty is Perfect, my Love is perfect
Thou art the spring's breeze for my poetry's
garden
Thou gave tranquillity to my restless
imagination
Since Thy Love took residence in my breast
New lights have been added to my mirror
Love's nature gets stimulation for Perfection
from Beauty
My hope's trees flourished through Thy
favour
My caravan has reached its destination.

ON SEEING A CAT IN THE LAP OF SOMEONE

Who has taught you this glancing with
shyness?
Who has taught you the riddle of Love's
initiation?
Love comes out of each grace of yours
Wit is dripping from the blue eyes of yours
You see him sometimes, you shy away
sometimes
Rise up sometimes, lie down and sleep
sometimes
Is your eye bewildered like the mirror?
Are you recognized by the glow of
knowledge?
You strike him with wrists, this is a strange
playfulness!
Is it aversion or anger? Or a way of Love it is?
You will be removed from the lap if you will
be naughty

You will be beaten if the flower on the breast
will fall

What are you longing for? What are you
seeking?

Ah! Are you also in Love with the same
thing?

The feeling for Beauty is not special to Man
Like the heart it is present in everything
In the flask of time Love is like the pure wine
Love is the sun's spirit, and the blood in
moon's veins

Its pain is concealed in every speck's core
This is the light which is reflected in
everything

It causes happiness somewhere, and sorrow
somewhere

It is pearl somewhere, tear somewhere, dew
somewhere.

[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]

THE BUD

When the bud shows itself in the morning's
fresh beauty

It reveals at that moment its bosom of gold:
It quaffs sparkling wine from the tavern of
dawning

And draws from sun's goblet the life it can
hold.

It rends the sun's heart, its own head
extending:

And oh: what delight it has of that rending.

At times, o sun of mine, you too raise your
veil:

As the glamour of my gaze spins all restless
apace.

Let the heat of thy radiance in me find abode
And that vision's reflection fill all mirror's
space.

Let your gleaming become at the life of my
heart

And my soul in your light as in cradle-bed
swing.

And little by little bring again flowing joy
In my grief shining clear as the jewel in a ring.
The vision of you let me put far away
And just like a bud live in your lap of light.

Let me bare to its nakedness my hidden
thought;

Make plain all the truth of being's sad plight.

[Translated by H.T. Sorley]

MOON AND STARS

Trembling at the chill breath of dawn

The fearful stars said to the moon:

'About us lies heaven's changeless scene

Where wearied we must shine, still shine,

Tasked to move on, on, morn and eve—

To move, to move, for ever move!

No creature of this world knows rest,

Nowhere can fabled peace exist,

All things condemned by tyrant laws

To wander, stars, men, rocks, and tress—

But shall this journeying ever end,

Ever a destination find?'

'Oh my companions,' said the moon,

'You who night's harvest-acres glean,

On motion all this world's life hangs:

Such is the ancient doom of things.

Swift runs the shadowy steed of time

Lashed by desire's whip into foam,

And there's no loitering on that oath,

For hidden in repose lurks death:

They that press on win clear—the late,

The laggard, trampled underfoot.

And what the goal of all this haste?—

Its cradle love, beauty its quest.'

[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]

THE UNION

O Nightingale! The rose whose search made
me flounced

By dint of good luck that rose I have finally
found

I used to flounce myself, I used to make
others flounced

I used to feel shy when I found you singing
beautifully

A mere restless heart was not in my bosom, it
was mercury

I was impatient for fulfillment of the Longing
of Love

My misfortune was famous in the assembly of
the rose
My morning was the reflection of my dark
night
With my breath I have a blood-stained knife
in the bosom
Under the cloak of silence I have Judgment
Day's uproar
Now that distress does not exist in my
reflections' world
My reciting ghazals is no longer irksome to
rose garden's assembly
With the heat of Love my blisters became
flames
Now playing with thunderbolts are my
wailings
The rouge of Love has changed this dark dust
into a mirror
And I see the old companion's reflection in
the mirror
By becoming a prisoner I gained my freedom
By ruining the heart I got prosperity for my
house
My star is shining with this sun's light
By whose path's dust the moon light is shy
By a glance you taught me the rules of
annihilation
How cool the day that has burnt away the
motes from me

SULAIMA

The one whose manifestation witnessed the
astronomer's eye
In the sun, in the moon, in the assembly of
stars
Whom the Sufi found in the dark recesses of
his heart
Whom the poet saw in the midst of elegance
of Nature
Whose brilliance exists, whose fragrance
persists
In the pearls of dew, in the shirts of flowers
Who has inhabited the wilderness by
becoming tranquillity
Whose Presence creates the uproar in the
midst of the garden
Though His Beauty is manifest in everything

In your eye is Its climax, O Sulaima!

THE UNFAITHFUL LOVER

1

O Iqbal! You are a strange mixture of
opposites
You are the elegance of assembly's crowd as
well as alone
O lunatic with colorful song! Your struggles
and efforts
Are the garden's beauty as well as wilderness'
adornment
You are the associate of stars due to your
flight's elegance
O land traveler your steps also traverse the
sky
Your forehead is in prostration in the midst of
preoccupation with wine
In your system are some colors of the system
of goblets also
Like flower's fragrance you are devoid of
color's dress
Though you are a creator of wisdom you are
also insane
Like waves you are running to the destination
without foot-prints
And then you are also left behind like the sea-
shore
Female beauty has the effect of electricity for
your nature
And strangely enough your loves are
unconventional also
Your existence depends on the amusement's
law
Are you prostrating only at a single door
step?
Among the beautiful you are famous for
infidelity
O fickle-minded! You are famous as well as
infamous
You have come into the world with mercury's
nature
Your restlessness is lovable, you are very
restless

What the disturbance of love has turned into
 wilderness
 I keep that handful of dust concealed under
 the cloak
 It has thousands of facets, each of a different
 color
 I keep such a multi-faceted diamond in my
 breast
 The poet's heart, is but intoxication's toil and
 hustle
 What do you know, what I keep inside my
 breast!
 In every intoxication of Love there is a new
 effulgence of Longing
 I am restless, I have a heart unacquainted
 with rest
 Though a new beauty every moment is the
 sight's object
 I have a firm covenant of fidelity with the
 Beauty
Beniazi has created my nature's Niaz
 I keep the struggle for the Longing like the
 zephyr
 The spectacle of a single flying spark
 Cannot be assuasive as I have a thunderous
 heart
 What may fulfill every demand of the nature
 of Love
 Ah! Attainment of that Perfect Effulgence is
 my aim
 The search for the Whole misguides me into
 It's parts
 The Beauty is boundless, I have the incurable
 pathos
 My life depends upon Love's extreme
 compassion
 But I keep the Love free of customs of fidelity
 The truth is that lack of imagination produces
 fidelity
 I have a new Resurrection Day ever fresh in
 my heart
 Cup-bearer's bounty is like dew, heart's
 capacity demands oceans
 I am always thirsty, I have a burning fire
 under my foot
 By creating me He created His own critic

As a picture, I have complaint against my
 Painter
 If the Beauty was so short-lived in existence'
 assembly
 Why then do I keep such a boundless
 imagination?
 I am constantly struggling in the Longing's
 wilderness
 I am the ocean's wave, I carry my destruction
 on my shoulder

THE UNSUCCESSFUL EFFORT

The dawn is vexed by separation from the sun
 The twilight's eye is raining blood for the
 evening star
 The day's Qais has the pining for the night's
 Layla
 The morning star is restless for perpetual
 radiance
 The sky's polar star was saying to the stars'
 caravan
 "Companions! I am tantalized for the pleasure
 of walking"
 Springs desire rivers, rivers love the ocean
 The ocean wave is in love with the full moon
 The eternal Beauty which is veiled in tulips
 and roses
 Is considered to be restless for general
 manifestation
 Ask Khizr of blessed steps for the secret of life
 Everything is alive with un-achieved effort

THE SONG OF GRIEF

My life is similar to that of the silent violin
 The lap of which is full of all kinds of
 melodies
 The harp of the universe is sacrificed on
 whose silence
 Every string of which is the grave of
 hundreds of melodies
 The silence of which is the custodian of
 music's perfection
 And the silence of which is not obligated to
 any uproar
 Ah! The hope of my Love was never fulfilled
 This instrument was never hit by the
 plectrum

But sometimes the zephyr of the garden of
Tur flows
And sometimes the breeze of Houri's breath
from the sky
Which gently touches the string of my life
And frees the imprisoned soul of my life
The gentle sound of the music of despair rises
The clarion's call for the caravan of tears rises
Just as dew's elegance depends upon the taste
for racing
The elegance of my nature depends upon
grief's melodies!

THE SHORT-LIVED JOY

You should not tell me, "Death is a message
of luxury and pleasure"
You should not draw the picture of *Sharab-i-*
Tuhur's ecstasy—
Do not feel grieved by separation from the
Houri
Do not present the Houri in the mirror of
words
Do not make me fascinated by the beautiful
cup-bearer
Do not describe the Houri, do not relate the
Salsabil's story
I do not doubt Paradise being the place of
peace
Your message is not proper for the life's
prime!
Ah! How long should youth linger in hope
Joy is not joy for which you remain waiting
What worth is the beauty which is in need of
the discerning eye
Which is obligated for the tomorrow for its
manifestation
Strange is the feeling for life
"Today's joy" is the belief of youth.

[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]

MAN

Nature has played a strange and wanton
joke—
Making man a seeker of secrets,
But hiding the secrets from his view!
The urge for knowledge gives him no rest,
But the secret of life remains undiscovered.

Wonder is at the beginning and the end—
What else is there in this house of mirrors?
The wave of the river glides along,
The river follows its course to the ocean,
The wind sweeps the clouds along,
Bearing them on its shoulders,
The stars are drunk with the wine of fate,
And lie chained in the sky's prison;
The sun, a worshipper who gets up at dawn,
And calls out the message 'Arise!'
Is hiding in the western hills,
Drinking a cup of reddish wine.
All things delight in their very existence,
They are drunk with the wine of being.
But there is no one to drive away his
sorrow—
How bitter are the days of man!

[Translated by Mustansir Mir]

THE MANIFESTATION OF BEAUTY

Beauty's manifestation which gives
restlessness to Longing
Which youth nurtures in its fancy's lap
By which this ephemeral universe becomes
eternal
By which youth becomes a colorful tale
Which teaches us to be meditating
To be escaping the present state's scene
Which removes the immaturity of perceptions
Which makes Intellect a slave to impressions
Ah! Does that Beauty exist anywhere or not?
O Lord! Does that jewel exist on the
universe's ring?

[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]

ONE EVENING

(BY THE NECKAR AT HEIDELBERG)

Silent is the moonlight pale,
The boughs of all the trees are still,
The music-maker of the vale
Hushed, and the green robes of the hill;
Fallen into a swoon creation
Sleeps in the bosom of the night,
And from this hush such magic grows,
No more now Neckar's current flows;
Silent the starry caravan moves

Onward, no bell tinkling its flight,
 Silent the hills and streams and groves,
 All Nature lost in contemplation.
 Oh heart, you too be silent: keep
 Your grief hugged close, and sleep.

SOLITUDE

Solitude, night—what pang is here?
 Are not stars your comrades? Clear
 Majesty of those silent skies,
 Drowsed earth, deep silence of the worlds,
 That moon, that wilderness and hill—
 White rose-beds all creation fill.
 Sweet are the teardrops that have pearled
 Like gleaming gems, like stars, your eyes;
 But what thing do you crave? All Nature,
 Oh my heart, is your fellow-creature.

[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]

THE MESSAGE OF LOVE

Listen O seeker of heart's pathos! I am Naz,
 you should become Niaz
 I am the Ghaznavi of heart's Somnath, you
 completely become Ayaz
 Greatness in the world is not associated with
 the Alexander's splendor
 Your breast has everything, you should also
 become the maker of mirrors
 The aim of life's struggle is perfection of your
 Crescent's grandeur
 You are the world's oldest Divine Command,
 be fulfilled like prayer
 Be not contented, O gardener, your dignity is
 established by this alone
 If flowers abound in the garden, you should
 become a more ardent beggar
 Gone are those days, these are not the times
 for wandering in wilderness
 Become melted in the world like the
 congregation's lighted candle
 The individual's existence is unreal, the
 nation's existence is real
 Be devoted to the nation, become destroyer of
 the unreal's magic
 Iqbal! These sectarians of India are working
 like Azar.

Saving your skirt from idols become the dust
 of the way of Hijaz.

[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]

SEPARATION

I am wandering in search of some lonely
 retreat.
 I have hid myself here by the great
 mountains' feet.
 Like the halting attempts of a small boy to
 pray,
 The spring's music is broken—my joy hath
 full sway.
 To the red twilight's throne comes the eve's
 starry race;
 'This a vision of heaven thus to see beauty's
 face.
 Still eve's separation's excuse for my mood;
 Some memory has taught me how music is
 good.
 My life is all restless—unrest is mine own—
 It is just as I were like some small boy alone.
 When the night is all dark he commences to
 hum
 And he thinks that the sound from some other
 has come.
 The lessons of patience I teach my heart,
 As though to night's *sevrance* I show a false
 part.

[Translated by H.T. Sorley]

TO ABD AL-QADIR

Rise, as darkness has appeared on the eastern
 horizon
 We should light up the assemblage with
 blazing songs
 Our capacity is only a cry of lament like the
 wild rue
 We should overturn the assemblage with this
 same uproar
 We should show the assemblage the effect of
 Love's polish
 We should convert the stone of today into the
 mirror of tomorrow
 By showing them the effulgence of the lost
 Yusuf

We should make them more agitation-prone
than Zelaykha's blood
By giving the lesson of the law of growth to
this garden
We should turn the insignificant drop of dew
into the ocean
We should lift our dearest chattel from the
China's temple
We should fascinate all with the face of Sa'di
and Sulaima
Look! The Layla's she-camel became useless
in Yathrib
We should make Qais acquainted with the
new longing
The wine should be mature and so hot that
with it
We should soften the heart of the glass, the
goblet, and the decanter
The grief which kept us warm in the cold of
the West
Opening up the breast we should make it
public
In the world's congregation we should live
like the candle
We should burn ourselves and open up the
rivals' eyes
"The candle reveals whatever passes through
the heart
Burning is not the thought which the candle
conceals."

[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]

SICILY

Weep to thy heart's content, O blood-weeping
eye!
Yonder is visible the tomb of Muslim culture.
Once this place was alive with those dwellers
of the desert,
For whose ships the ocean was a playground;
Who raised earthquakes in the palaces of the
kings of kings,
In whose swords were the nests of many
lightning.
Whose birth was death for the old world,
Whose fear caused the palaces of error to
tremble;
Whose cry of *arise* gave life to a lifeless world

And freedom to men from the chains of
superstition.
Is that cry of *God is great* silent for ever,
Whose reverberations delight the ear to this
day?
Oh Sicily! The sea is honoured by you,
You are a guide in the desert of these waters.
May the cheek of the ocean remain adorned
by your beauty spot;
May the lamps comfort those who measure
the seas;
May your view be ever light on the eyes of the
traveller,
May waves ever dance on your rocks!
Once you were the cradle of civilization of the
people,
The fire of whose glance was world-burning
beauty.
The nightingale of Shiraz wailed over
Baghdad,
And Dagh wept tears of blood over Delhi.
When the heavens scattered the wealth of
Granada to the winds,
The sorrowful heart of Ibn Badrun cried out.
The dirge of your ruin fell to the lot of the
grieving Iqbal:
Destiny picked up the heart that was privy to
your secrets.
Whose story is hidden in your ruins?
The silence of your footfall has a mode of
expression.
Tell me of your sorrow—I too am full of pain;
I am the dust of that caravan whose goal you
were.
Paint over this picture once more and show it
to me;
Make me suffer by telling the story of ancient
days.
I shall carry your gift to India;
I shall make others weep as I weep here.

[Translation by Umrao Singh Sher Gil;
revised by the Editors]⁴

⁴ This translation is based on the

GHAZALS

*

The life of Man is no more than a breath!
 Breath is a wave of air, it is no more than a
 flow!
 The flower was depicting life as a smile, but
 The candle said that it is no more than a cry of
 grief!
 The secret of life is a secret till there is a
 confidante
 When it is open, it is nothing more than the
 confidante!
 Somebody should ask the pilgrims of Ka'bah,
 O Iqbal
 Is the gift of the Harem nothing more than
Zamzam?

*

O God! Teach a little Love to my happy
 Intellect.
 It loves fine stitching but my shirt has no
 collar
 As I got Love's ardor the angels said on *azal's*
 morning
 "You are like the grave's candle, you have no
 assembly"
 No friend is available here, this land is
 friendless, O Heart!
 You want something from me which does not
 exist under the sky
 The Arab architect made it distinct from the
 whole world
 The foundation of our nation's fort is not
 geographical unity
 Why this coming and going, future's concern
 is a conceit
 We are manifest in everything, we do not
 have any homeland
 Somebody should take my message to the
Makhzan's editor
 Activist nations do not have taste for poetic
 literature!

*

The world will know when the flood of
 conversation will emerge from my heart
 This is not my silence, but is the shrine of the
 word of my Longing
 As the ocean wave said, "My dignity is
 established by flowing"
 The pearl said, "Sitting in shell is the safety of
 my brightness"
 Whose temperament does not deserve are not
 improved by training
 Reflection of the river bank's cypress does not
 prosper by living in the water
 I did not see any heart in which Longing is
 not concealed
 O God! What is Thy universe! It is a picture
 gallery of Longing
 It dawned after death that our life was a spell
 of greed
 What we called material body, was
 dust-cloud of greed's lane
 Why am I the embodiment of search if
 nothing is concealed?
 The sight is Longing for the Spectacle, the
 heart is mad after the Search
 The garden's flower bud asked the gardener,
 "Why is Man so heartless?"
 The breaking of my wine glass is occasion for
 smile in your eyes
 The effulgence of Love emanates from every
 speck of the existence' garden
 If you know the reality of rose, it is also a
 combination of color and fragrance"
 All my writings are anachronism, my poetry
 is completely defective
 If somebody sees some skill in me it is the
 fault of my critic
 Decorum requires silence, otherwise Thy
 Mercy is worse than Tyranny
 Thou hast given a tiny heart, which also is
 misled towards greed
 Unity's perfection is so evident that if you cut
 with the knife 's tip
 Sure you would see human blood trickling
 out of the rose' vein
 The age of *taqlid* has passed, allegorism
 should depart!

When the Truth itself is evident who is
authorized to talk?
If I am far from home, my relatives should not
be sad
Like pearl separation from home is perfecting
my elegance

*

Thy splendor is manifest in thunder, in fire, in
spark
Thy luster is evident in the moon, in the sun,
in the star
Thy elegance exists in skies' heights, and in
earth's depths
It is in the ocean's flow, and in falling behind
of the shore
Why should *Shari'ah* be the accuser of the
eloquence' taste?
I only conceal the meaning of my heart in
metaphors
The real life in Man is pervading in
everything
It is in tree, in flower, in animal, in stone, in
star
The heat of the drop of Love's tear has
consumed me
Boundless fire existed in this little drop of
water
There is no longing in me for reward of the
Judgment Day
I am the merchant who sees profit in the loss
Being unaware of tranquility is existence for it
O God! Restlessness of which heart is residing
in mercury
O Iqbal I am silent after hearing the call of
"Lan Tarani"
Being afflicted with separation I have no
strength for importunity

*

O worldly congregation! Though your
gatherings were attractive
Some degree of melancholy there was in your
spectacles
Finally that dust acquired comfort in Love
Which had been wandering long in Intellect's
wilderness

O Wine! How much enamored you were with
the custom of concealment
After emerging from grape's veil you were
concealed in the decanter
Knowledge could not comprehend the
Beauty's effect
So much ignorance prevailed in all the
world's sages
O Iqbal! I have searched for it in Europe in
vain
The characteristic which was in the beauties
of India

*

We circumambulate the wine-cup like the
wine's reflection
We are offering this prayer from morning till
evening
You are not singular in this O Kaleem
Trees and stones are also talking with God
O Candle! Search for a new world, because
here
We are enduring tyrannies of the incomplete
Love
O Companions! Silence in this garden is good
As the melodious ones are kept in cages here
Those whose purpose is pleasure from wine
Are changing the lawful into the unlawful
How can you and we reconcile, O preacher
As we are making the custom of Love
universal!
O God! What magic is concealed in the saints,
clad in rags!
That they subdue the youth with a single
glance
I shudder at the pleasures of their assemblies
Who are getting fame by destroying their
homes
May the meadows of the motherland be ever
flourishing
We are saluting you from the ship sailing
away
When those un-accustomed to prayers
assemble for one, Iqbal
Calling me back from temple they make me
their imam.

March 1907

Time has come for openness, Beloved's Sight
will be common
The secret which silence had concealed, will
be unveiled now
O Cup-bearer! Time has gone when wine was
taken secretly
The whole world will be tavern, everyone will
be drinking
Those who once wandered insane, will return
to habitations
Lovers' wandering will be the same but
deserts will be new
The Hijaz' silence has proclaimed to the
waiting ear at last
The covenants established with desert's
inhabitants will be re-affirmed
Which coming out of deserts had overturned
the Roman Empire
I have heard from the *Qudsis* that the same
lion will be re-awakened
As the cup-bearer mentioned me in the
wine-drinkers' assembly
The tavern's sage said, "He is insolent, he will
be disgraced"
O Western world's inhabitants, God's world
is not a shop!
What you are considering genuine, will be
regarded counterfeit
Your civilization will commit suicide with its
own dagger
The nest built on the frail branch will not be
durable
The caravan of the feeble ants will make fleet
of rose petals
However strong the ocean waves' tumult be it
will cross the ocean
The poppy, roaming in the garden, shows its
spots to every flower-bud
Knowing that by this exhibition it will be
counted among the Lovers
O Sight! That was the One you showed us as a
thousand
If this is your state what will be your
credibility?
As I told the turtledove one day the free of
here are treading on dust!

The buds started saying that I must be the
knower of the garden's secrets!
There are thousands of God's Lovers, who are
roaming in the wilderness
I shall adore the one who will be the lover of
God's people
This is the world's custom, O Heart! Even
winking is a sin
What will our respect be if you will be restless
here?
In the darkness of the night I shall take out
my tired caravan
My sigh will be shedding sparks my breath
will be throwing flames
If there is nothing but show in the aim of your
life
Your destruction from the world will be in a
breath like spark
Do not ask about the condition of Iqbal, he is
in the same state
Sitting somewhere by the wayside he must be
waiting for oppression!

[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]

PART THREE

THE ISLAMIC CITIES

The region of Delhi is adored by my grieved
heart
In every speck of it the ancestors' blood is
asleep
Why should not the land of this desolate
garden be holy?
This region is the shrine of the grandeur of
Islam
Kings of the Khair al-Umam are asleep in this
land
Dependent on whose rule remained the world
order
Memory of assembly's warmth still renders
the heart restless
The splendor has been burnt but memory of
the splendor is still secure

Though Jahanabad also is a shrine for the
Muslim
Baghdad as well is deserving of this
magnificence
This is the garden the source of whose pride
was
The wild tulip which was called the culture of
Hijaz
Why should not the dust of this habitation be
equivalent to Iram
Which witnessed the footsteps of the
Prophet's successors
The garden whose flower buds were the
garden's wealth is this
The grave yard of those who made Rome
tremble is this
The land of Cordoba also is the light of the
Muslim's eye
Which shined in Europe's darkness like the
candle of Tur
Extinguishing of this lamp dispersed the
assembly of Millat-i-Baida
And lighted the lamp of the present day's
materialistic civilization
This holy region is the grave of that
civilization
With which the life blood still exists in the
veins of Europe's vines
The tract of Constantinople, that is the
Caesar's city
The perpetual banner of the grandeur of the
Ummah's Mahdi
Like the Haram's dust this region is also holy
It is the shrine of descendants of Shah-i-
Lawlak
Its breeze is holy like the fragrance of rose
A voice is calling from the tomb of Ayyub
Ansari
"O Muslim! this city is the heart of the Nation
of Islam!
This city is the reward for millenniums of
blood sacrifices!"
But you are that land, O the resting place of
Mustafa
Even to the Ka'bah whose sight is better than
Hajj-i-Akbar
In the world's ring you are shining like a gem
Your land was the birth place of our grandeur

That Magnificent Emperor got rest in your
midst
Under whose protection the world nations got
security
Whose successors became rulers of world's
empires
Became successors of Caesar, inheritors of
Jam's throne
If the Muslim nationalism is restricted to
place
Neither India nor Persia nor Syria is its base
Ah Yathrib! You are the Muslim's homeland
and his shelter
You are the focal point of the rays of his inner
feelings
As long as you exist, we will also flourish in
the world
You are the morning of this garden we are the
dew's pearls

THE STAR

Are you afraid of the moon or the dawn?
Are you conscious of the end of beauty?
Are you afraid of being robbed of light's
wealth?
Are you afraid of annihilation like the spark?
The sky has settled you far from the earth
It has wrapped you in gold's mantle like the
moon
It is outrageous that your feeble life is still in
fear
Your whole night passes in trembling with
fear
O shining traveler! This habitation is strange
The rise of one leads to the fall of the other
The birth of one sun is the death of a myriad
stars
Annihilation's sleep is the ecstasy of life's
wine
Flower bud's departure is the secret of
flower's birth
Is annihilation life's end, or is the equivalent
of life!
Quiescence is difficult in the universe
Only change is permanent in the universe

[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]

TWO PLANETS

Two planets meeting face to face,
One to the other cried, 'How sweet
If endlessly we might embrace,
And here for ever stay! how sweet
If Heaven a little might relent,
And leave our light in one light blent!'

But through that longing to dissolve
In one, the parting summons sounded.
Immutably the stars revolve,
By changeless orbits each is bounded;
Eternal union is a dream,
And severance the world's law supreme.

[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]

THE ROYAL CEMETERY

The sky is clothed in the cloud's old tattered
robe
The mirror of moon's forehead is somewhat
gloomy
The moon light is pale in this silent panorama
The dawn is sleeping in the lap of the night
How astonishing is silence of the trees
This silence is the soft tune of Nature's harp
The heart of every speck of the universe is
pathos embodied
And the silence is a sad sigh on the lips of
existence
Ah! That fort, that universal mustering
ground
Is carrying millennia's weight on its shoulders
Was full of life at one time, now is desolate
This silence is the cemetery of its past
elegance
It is the lover of the remains of its old
denizens
It is standing on the mountain top like a
sentinel
There from the cloud's window above the
sky's roof
That young green star is viewing the universe
The earth's vast expanse is a mere child's play
to it
The story of Man's failure is known to it by
heart

This traveler is going to his destination since
eternity
Seeing revolutions' spectacles from the sky's
seclusion
Though quiescence of the star is not possible
in the universe
It has stopped momentarily for saying prayer
for the dead
This earth is full of flowers of life's
variegations
This earth is the cemetery of many destroyed
civilizations
This grief-stricken stage is the resting place of
kings
O admonished eye! Pay the tribute of rosy
tears
Though a mere cemetery, this dust ranks with
the sky
Ah! this is the wealth of an unfortunate
nation!
So astounding is the grandeur of mausoleums
That the spectator's eye evades even winking
Such an expression of failure is in this picture
Which is impossible to reflect in description's
mirror
Far from the habitations' crowds are sleeping
Those who were restless with unfulfilled
Longings
The grave's darkness holds the brilliance of
those suns
At whose thresholds the sky used to remain
prostrating
Is this the end of these emperors'
magnificence?
Whose diplomatic policies knew no decline
Be it the grandeur of Qaisar or Faghfur's sway
The foe of death's assault cannot be turned
away
The result of kings' life-efforts also is the
grave
The last stage on path of magnificence is the
grave
Neither the happy assembly's commotion nor
the genius' talk
Not even the wailing people's whole night's
compassion!
Neither the tumult of the sword in the battle!
Nor the cry of blood warming *Takbir*!

No call can wake up those who are sleeping
No life can return to the desolate breast
The soul in the handful of dust is enduring
injustice
When breath enters non-existence' flute it is a
mere complaint
Human life resembles the sweet singing bird,
which
Sat on the branch a while, chirped, flew away
Ah! For what purpose did we come in the
world, for what purpose did we go away!
Sprouted from the life's branch, blossomed,
faded away
Death is interpretation of the dream of the
king and the poor alike
This atrocious one's terror is the picture of
justice
The stream of life is a boundless ocean
And the grave is a wave of this boundless
ocean
O ambition! Shed tears of blood as this life is
unreliable
It is the smile of the spark, it is the flammable
straw
This moon which is a miracle of the Lord of
the universe
Clad in the robe of gold is slowly and proudly
strolling
But in the frightening vastness of the starless
sky
Its helplessness is worth watching at time of
dawn
What was the moon is a mere piece of cloud
Whose destruction is in the last tear drop
Similarly unpredictable is the life of nations
Their glory is a picture of the happy times
gone by
In this world no nation however prestigious it
may be
Can continue its existence till the end of time
So much accustomed to nations' destruction is
the universe
That it watches this scene with indifference
Nothing stays the same without change
The universe' nature is made of change
The beauty of world's jewel is in ever-
changing names

The mother earth has always remained
expecting new nations!
This highway is acquainted with thousands of
caravans
Kohinur's eye is familiar with innumerable
kings
Egypt and Babylon are annihilated, not a
mark remains
The roll of existence does not have even their
names
The evening of death has overpowered the
sun of Iran
Time has robbed the grandeur of Greece and
Rome
Ah! The Muslim also from the world similarly
departed
The azure cloud appeared over the horizon,
rained and departed
The rose petal's vein is a string of pearls with
dawn's tears
Some ray of the sun is enmeshed in the dew
The river's breast is the cradle for sun's rays
How beautiful is the sun's sight at the river
bank!
Juniper is busy in beautifying, river is the
mirror
For the flower bud spring breeze is the mirror
The cuckoo remains calling from the garden's
nest
Remains hidden from the human eye in the
leaves' privacy
And the nightingale, the flowery singer of the
garden
By whose presence is alive the glory of the
garden
Is a living picture of the commotion of Love
How beautiful is this picture from Nature's
pen!
In the garden the roses silent assemblies are
holding
The shepherd boys' shouts in the valley are
echoing
This old world is so full of life
That in death also is hidden the zest of life
The petals fall in autumn in the same way
As toys fall from the sleeping infant's hand
In this cheerful world though luxury is
limitless

One grief, that is grief of the *Millat* is always
fresh
Memories of the age gone by are still fresh in
our heart
This Ummah cannot erase its kings' memories
from its heart
These desolate mansions are excuses for
shedding tears
Insight has developed in the eye with
continuous tears
We give to the world the pearls of the
weeping eye
We are the remaining clouds of a storm gone
by
There are hundreds of pearls in this cloud's
breast
Thunder still lurks in this cloud's silent breast
It can change the dry wilderness to a flowery
vale
It can change the farmer's hope from slumber
to awakening
The manifestation of this nation's majesty has
passed
But the manifestation of its beauty has not yet
passed

MORNING'S APPEARANCE

From under the horizon's skirt is appearing
The day and night's virgin daughter that is
dawn
The sky has completed benedictions for the
star's crop
The sun has decorated the eastern horizon
with mirrors
The sky, getting news of the arrival of the sun
Has packed up night's litter on dust-cloud's
shoulders
The sun's flame seems to be the produce of
this field
Which was sown by sky's farmer as sparks of
stars
The morning star is on the way from the sky
retrieving
As the last nightly worshiper from the
mosque be retrieving
What a beautiful sight it is as somebody
slowly

Draws the bright sword from the sheath's
darkness
The dawn's meaning in the eastern horizon is
hidden
As inside the goblet the pleasant wine is
hidden
The dawn is under the skirt of the friendly
breeze
The noise of the conch is mixed with the call
of *adhan*
All the singing birds woke up by the cuckoo's
call
Every string of dawn's system has become
musical

TADMIN ON A VERSE OF ANISI SHAMLU

I always remain roaming like the morning
breeze
Roaming is more pleasant in Love than
destination
The restless heart reached the land of the
Saint of Sanjar
Where the cure for the malady of impatience
is available
The longing of my heart had not yet reached
the lips
The tongue was about to be obligated to the
power of speech
A voice came from the tomb, "The Harem's
inhabitants have
A complaint against you, O renouncer of
ancestors' ways!
O Qais! How has your internal warmth cooled
down?
Because Layla still has the same ways of her
old self
The seed of *La Ilaha* did not sprout in your
barren soil
The sterility of your nature is universally
disgraced
O imprudent one! Do you know what your
life is?
It is the builder of synagogues, full of church
music
Though your training has been in the House
of God
Your rebellious heart is the lover of temple

"You learnt fidelity from us but used it on others
You snatched a pearl from us but sacrificed it on others."

THE PHILOSOPHY OF GRIEF

(Addressed to Mian Fazli Husain Barrister-At-Law, Lahore)

Though the wine of life is the embodiment of pleasure
The cloud of life carries tears also in its skirt
The bubble of life dances on the wave of grief
"Alam's" Surah is also part of the Book of Life
By losing even a single petal the rose ceases to be rose
If the nightingale is unaware of autumn it ceases to be nightingale
The heart's story is colored with Longing's blood
The human music is incomplete without lament's cry
For the discerning eye the grief's scar is insight
For the soul sigh's mirror is beauty's accompaniment
Incidents of grief give perfection to human nature
The dust of anguish is rouge for the heart's mirror
Youth is awakened from sleep's pleasure by grief
This orchestra wakes up with this plectrum alone
For the heart's bird grief is the strongest feather
The human heart is a secret whose disclosure is grief
Grief is not distress, but is the soul's silent song
Which is locked in the embrace of existence' harp
Whose night is not acquainted with *Ya Rab's* plaint!
Whose night does not manifest the stars of tears
Whose heart's cup does not know breaking with grief

Who always remained ecstatic with pleasure and exhilaration
The gardener whose hand is safe from thorn's tip
Whose love is unaware of the pathos of separation
Though grief's affliction is far from his life
The secret of life is concealed from his eyes
O the one with comprehension of life's affairs
Why should not grief and sorrow be easy for you?
Love is the introduction to the Eternity's old treatise
Human intellect is mortal but Love is eternally alive
The evening of death is no match to the sun of Love
Love is the warmth of life and lasts till eternity
If annihilation had been intended for the departed beloved
Love's zeal would have also departed from the Lover's heart
Love does not die by the beloved's death
It stays in the soul as grief but does not die
Lover's immortality is the beloved's immortality
The beloved's life is unacquainted with mortality
The spring comes singing from the mountain top
Teaching the art of singing to the birds of the sky
Its mirror is bright like the Houri's cheek
But falling on valley's rocks it is shattered
The river's pearls ever more beautiful became
That is by this fall they water's stars became
The river of flowing mercury spread and became scattered
A whole entire world of restless drops became manifest
But separation is the training for reunion to those drops
After a while the same river is running like a silver string
The flowing river of life is of the same origin
Falling from high it became the concourse of humanity

In the depths of this world we part to reunite
 But we cry considering temporary parting as
 permanent
 Though the dead do die they do not perish
 Really they do not get separated from us
 When Intellect be surrounded in worldly
 calamities
 Or when it be besieged in the dreary night of
 youth
 When the heart's skirt be the battle field of
 good and evil
 When journey to the goal be difficult in road's
 darkness
 When the Khizr of courage may be resigned
 from longing
 When Intellect be helpless and conscience a
 silent voice
 When not a single fellow-traveler be in the
 vale of life
 When not even fire-fly's spark to show the
 way there be
 The foreheads of the dead brighten up in this
 darkness
 As stars are shining in the darkness of the
 night.

[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]

ON A FLOWER-OFFERING

When she walks drunk with pride
 About the garden path,
 Flowerets on every side
 Lift up one suppliant voice—
 May she, ah God, make me
 Of all the rest her choice,
 Raise me from low degree
 To wake the sunflower's wrath!
 —Divine fortune, that she
 Should pluck *you* from the stem!
 Your rivals toss their petals;
 The shock of severance past,
 New bliss of union settles
 Upon your life, whose gem
 Shines perfectly at last.

My heart, though it found love
 In feeling hearts it its vassal—
 This heart of mine, pride of

The garden of my youth,
 Could never flower-like nestle
 In the desired one's breast,
 Nor ever feel the smooth
 Touch of the shimmering vest.
 No springtime shall come freighting
 Its leaves with April's luck,
 It withers in this waiting
 For her who comes to pluck.

[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]

THE ANTHEM OF THE ISLAMIC COMMUNITY

China and Arabia are ours; India is ours.
 We are Muslims, the whole world is ours.
 God's unity is held in trust in our breasts.
 It is not easy to erase our name and sign.
 Among the idol temples of the world the first
 is that house of God;⁵
 We are its keepers; it is our keeper.
 Brought up in the shadow of the sword, we
 reached maturity;
 The scimitar of the crescent moon is the
 emblem of our community.
 In the valleys of the west our call to prayer
 resounded;
 Our onward flow was never stemmed by
 anyone.
 We, oh heaven, are not to be suppressed by
 falsehood!
 A hundred times you have tested us.
 Oh garden of Andalusia! Do you remember
 those days,
 When our nest was in your branches?
 Oh waves of the Tigris! You also recognize us;
 Your river still relates our story.
 Oh land of purity! We fell and died for your
 honour;
 Our blood still courses through your veins.
 The Lord of Hijaz is the leader of our
 community;

⁵ Matthews' translation of this line is flawed. The original rather means, "Among the temples of the world that first House of God," implying that many temples existed before Ka'bah but they were dedicated to deities other than God.

From this name comes the peace of our soul.
Iqbal's song is like the bell of a caravan;⁶
Once more our caravan measures the road.

[Translated by D.J. Matthews]

PATRIOTISM

As a Political Concept

In this age the wine, the cup, even Jam is
different
The cup-bearer started different ways of grace
and tyranny
The Muslim also constructed a different
harem of his own
The Azar of civilization made different idols
of his own
Country, is the biggest among these new
gods!
What is its shirt is the shroud of Din
This idol which is the product of the new
civilization
Is the plunderer of the structure of the Holy
Prophet's Din
Your arm is enforced with the strength of the
Divine Unity
You are the followers of Mustafa, your
country is Islam
You should show the old panorama to the
world
O Mustafaa's follower! You should destroy
this idol
The limitation to country results in
destruction
Live like the fish in the ocean free from
country
Renouncing the country is the way of the
God's Beloved
You should also testify to the Prophethood's
Truth by similar action
In political parlance country is something
different
In Prophet's command country is something
different

⁶ "the bell of a caravan" — or, more correctly, "the call of the marching bell" (this is one of the few occurrences of the title phrase in the anthology itself).

The antagonism among world's nations is
created by this alone
Subjugation as the goal of commerce is
created by this alone
Politics have become bereft of sincerity is by
this alone
The destruction of the home of the weak is by
this alone
God's creation is unjustly divided among
nations by it
The Islamic concept of nationality is uprooted
by it

A PILGRIM ON HIS WAY TO MADINAH

The caravan has been robbed in wilderness
and the destination is far
The coast of this desolation, that is this dry
ocean is far
My fellow travelers became victims of the
robbers' dagger
The remaining ones turned back to Makkah in
frustration
How willingly this young man from Bokhara
gave his life!
In the poison of death he has found the taste
of life!
The robber's dagger was the Eid's crescent to
him
"Ah Yathrib" was within heart, *Tawhid's*
slogan was on the lips
Fear says, "Do not travel alone towards
Yathrib"
Longing says, "You are a Muslim, travel
fearlessly"
"Would I return to Makkah without paying
homage?
Would I not appear confidently before Lovers
on the Judgment Day?
The traveler through Hijaz' wilderness has no
fear for life
This secret is hidden in the emigration of the
Holy Prophet
Thought safety is in the companionship of the
Syrian litter
Pleasure of Love is in the heart-breaking
affliction of danger
Ah! How clever this timid Intellect is!

And the brave man's feeling how fearless is!

QAT`AH

Yesterday a desperate Lover was saying with
wailing at the Prophet's tomb
"The Egyptian and Indian Muslims dare
destroying the Millat's foundation!
These pilgrims to the West's sanctuary may
fake our leadership
What bond do we have with those who have
remained unacquainted with you?
Outrageous are these "self-seeking spiritual
leaders",
May God protect your Millat
They are promoting their own glory by
destroying the Muslims
O Iqbal who would listen to you, the
congregation has changed
You are telling us these tales of the old in the
new age.

[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]

THE COMPLAINT

Why should I choose the loser's role?
Forbear to seek what gain I may?
Nor think of what the morrow holds,
But brood o'er woes of yesterday?
 Why should my ears enraptured hear
 The plaintive notes of Philomel?
 Fellow-bard! a rose am I
 To lose me in sweet music's swell?
For I too have the gift of song
Which gives me courage to complain,
But ah! 'tis none but God Himself
Whom I, in sorrow, must arraign!
I grant that we have earned repute
As ever reconciled to Fate,
But to Thee still a tale of pain
I can no longer help narrate.
 Though we may seem like voiceless
 lyres,
 Within, imprisoned anguish cries;
 Its urge compels, and I obey,
 Framing these plaintive melodies.
Hear Thou, O God! these sad complaints
From those of proven fealty;

From lips accustomed but to praise
Hear Thou these words in blame of Thee!

From when eternal Time began,
Thy Timeless Self had also been;
But then no breeze its sweetness spread
Though the Rose reigned the garden's queen.
 Canst Thou, in justice, but confess,
 O Lord! from whom all favours flow,
 Had not the south wind toiled in love
 The world Thy fragrance would not
 know?
The glad travail we sought for Thee
Rejoiced our souls and was our pride—
Thinkst Thou the followers of Thy Friend
Insanely spread Thy Truth so wide?

Before we came, how strange a sight
Was this most beauteous world of Thine!
For here to stones men bowed their heads,
And there in trees did 'gods' enshrine!
 Their unenlightened minds could seize
 Nought else but what their eyes could
 see,
 Thou knowest, Lord, Thy writ ran not
 —Man neither knew nor worshipped
 Thee!

And canst Thou say that even once
One of these did Thy name recite?
It was the might of Muslim arms
Fulfilled Thy task and gave them Light.

Yet once there lived the Seljuks here,
Turanians too, and wise Chinese,
Sasanians drew their breath and thrived
In rose-perfumed Iranian breeze;
 And elsewhere in Thy peopled world
 The Greeks of Yunan held their sway,
 While sons of Israel side by side
 With Christian nations had their day.
But which among these nations raised
The sacred sword in holy fight,
Self-consecrated to Thy cause,
To set their crazy world aright?

'Tis we and we alone who thronged
As warriors on Thy fields of fray,
And now upon the land we fought
And now upon the salt sea spray.
 We made our Azan's call resound

Beneath proud spires in Western lands,
And made that magic melody
Thrill over Afric's burning sands.
The pageantries of mighty kings
To us were shows that mattered not,
Beneath the shade of blades unsheathed
In *Kalima* we glory sought.

Our only life was then to face
The perils of Thy holy wars;
To glorify Thy name we died,
Adorned with hallowed battle scars.
Not lust for power for our own sakes
Our drawn-sword's playfulness
inspired,
Nor roamed we hand-in-glove with
Death
For worldly riches we desired.
Our people, had they set their hearts
On this world's riches or its gold,
Not idol-breaking would have gone
But idols would have bought and sold.

We stood our ground like rocks when once
The foe had met our phalanx dread;
Before our might the bravest quailed
And, vanquished, from the battle fled.
And those who offered Thee affront
Our swift, relentless fury faced,
Their mightiest arms we set at nought,
Their insolence and pride abased.
On all men's minds we set Thy seal,
Thy *tawhid's* firm and sure impress—
The selfsame message preached our lips
When swords danced high in battle's
stress.

Declare Thou whose fierce valour once
Did Khyber's barriers overthrow?
Or whose resistless might once laid
Famed Caesar's proudest cities low?
Who smashed to dust man's hand-
wrought gods,
Those things of straw and earth and
clay?
And who did unbelieving hosts
To spread Thy name and glory slay?
And who was it that quenched and cooled
The fiery urns of fair Iran ?

And in that land did once again
Revive the worship of Yazdan?

Among those nations, was there one
Who craved Thee as we craved and sought?
Or risked the perils of fell war
That Thy Divinest will be wrought?

Whose was that conquest-thirsty sword
Which won and held the world in fee?
And whose the *Takbeer*-sounding call,
Which wakened all the world to Thee?
Whose was the fateful wrath which made
All idols shrink in terror just?
"There is no god but God," they cried,
As crumbling down they kissed the dust.

When worship's ordained hour was come,
And furious raged the battle's fray,
Those men of Hijaz, staunch in Thee,
Facing Thy Ka'ba, bowed to pray.

Mahmood the king and slave Ayaz,
In line, as equals, stood arrayed,
The lord was no more lord to slave:
While both to the One Master prayed.
Slave or slave's master, rich or poor,
No sense of difference then felt,
For each a brother was to each
When in Thy Presence, Lord, they
knelt.

And Thou dost know we went about
At sunrise or when stars did shine,
In banquet-halls of Time and Space,
Like goblets, filled with *tawhid's* wine
Both heights and lowlands we
traversed to spread
Thy message; O glad pain!
Not even once, Thou knowest well,
We strove against the world in vain.
Not only land we bore Thy Word
Glorious across the heaving seas,
Upon our steed of zeal, we rode
Unto their darkest boundaries!

We who removed from this world's book
The leaves which were with falsehood
stained,
We who, from tyrant ignorance,
The prisoned human race unchained,
We who with myriad *sajdas* filled

Thy holy Ka'ba's hallowed shrine,
Whose bosoms reverently held
Thy great and glorious Book Divine—
If our meed still the obloquy
That we have shirked the Faithful's part,
How then canst Thou make claim to be
The kindly faith-compelling heart?

For there are those of other faiths
Among whom many sinners,
Some humble, others puffed with pride,
Drunken in their effrontery;
If some have vision, thousands are
Of little worth, neglectful, worse;
And millions upon millions live
From Thy dear, glorious name averse.
Yet see how still Thy bounties rain
On roofs of unbelieving clans,
While strikes Thy thunder-bolt the homes
Of all-forbearing Mussalmans!

In idol-houses, hark! they say,
"Behold, the Muslim star sinks low!
How glad they are that now at last
Thy Ka'ba's brave protectors go!
They say, "The world is well rid now
Of hymn-reciting camel-men,
Their Quran folded in their arms,
At last they hie them from our ken!
Thus they rejoice who own Thee not;
Yet still unmindful seemest Thou
Of Thine own One-ness, Thy tawhid—
Art Thou so unregarding now?

That ignorant men who lack the grace
To ope their lips in conclave high
Should have their coffers treasure-filled,
Is not the burden of our sigh;
But O, that this world's best should fall
To unbelievers from Thy hand
While we on promises are fed
Of pleasures in a shadowy land!
Where are those favours which Thou once
Upon our grateful hearts didst pour?
Why cherishest Thou not, O Lord,
The Faithful as in days of yore?

Why from the bounties of this life
The Faithful now no profit gain
Though still Almighty Thou remainest

And limitless Thy means remain?
If Thou but will, fountains can flow
From barren desert and parched sands,
And mirage-bound a traveller be
While walking through green forest
lands:

Yet foemen-taunted, grace-deprived,
And poorest of the poor are we!
Is this Thy recompense to those
Who sacrifice their lives for Thee?

Thy world, how eagerly, today
On strangers, all its grace bestows:
For those who walk Thy chosen way
A world of dreams its glamour throws!

So be it then, so let us pass,
Let other nations hold the sway—
When we are gone, reproach us not
That *tawhid* too has passed away!

We live here only that Thy Name
May live here in men's minds enshrined;
Can saki bid his last adieu
And leave Love's cup and wine behind?

Thy court-yard empties. They depart
Who came to worship and adore;
The midnight's sighs, the dawn's lament,
Now Thou wilt miss for evermore!

They came, they gave their hearts to Thee,
They had their recompense, and went.
But hardly they had seated been
When from Thy Presence they were sent!

They came glad lovers, begging love;
With future promise turned away:
Go, shine Thy Beauty's lamp about
And seek and win them if Thou may!

The love of Layla burneth still,
And Majnun passion's yearning knows;
In hill and valley of the Nejd
The fleet gazelle still leaping goes;

The soul of Love is still the same,
Still, Beauty's magic charms enthrall,
Thy Ahmad's feemen still abide;
And Thou art there, the soul of all.

Then Stranger! why estranged today
The bond of love 'twixt Thee and Thine?
Upon the Faithful, O Unkind,
Why frowns Thy eye of wrath Divine?

Did we forswear our faith to Thee?
To Thy dear Prophet cease to cling?
Of idol-breaking did we tire?
Or take to idol-worshipping?
 Or did we weary of Thy Love,
 Or Thy Love's rapture ever shun?
 Or turned we from the path which trod
 Qaran's Owais and Salman?
Thy *Takbeer's* unextinguished flame
Within our hearts we cherish yet:
Aethiop Belal's life, the star
By which our own lives' course we set!

But even if a change hath been,
And we in Love are less adept,
Or out of resignation's path
Our erring wayward feet have stept;
 If, unlike trusted compasses,
 Our souls respond not now to you,
 And if to laws of faithfulness
 Our roving hearts are now less true ;
Must Thou too play the fickle flirt
With us, with others, day by day,
We cannot help the sinful thought
Which shame forbids our lips to say.

Upon the peak of Mount Faran
Thy glorious Faith Thou didst perfect—
With one Divinest gesture drew
A host of fervid first-elect;
 Thy flaming Beauty filled the world
 And set a myriad hearts on fire;
 Then blew the quintessence of Love
 In Man to passion's wild desire.
Ah, why within our deadened hearts
That holy flame today leaps not?
Though still those burnt-out victims we
Which once we were, hast Thou forgot?

Upon the dale of Nejd is stilled
The clanging of the captive's chains;
To glimpse the camel-litter, Qais
No longer with his madness strains
 The yearnings of the heart are dead,
 The heart itself is cold; so we;
 And desolation fills our house
 For shines not there the Light of Thee.
O blessed day when Thou shalt come,
A thousand graces in Thy train

When by unbashful glad feet turn
Towards our nesting-place again.

Beside the garden fountain now,
Quaffing wine, strangers sit, alas!
The cuckoo's note their ear regales
And their hands hold the sparkling glass!
 From all this garden's riot far,
 Calm in a corner seated too,
 Love-longing lunatics await
 Thy frenzy-kindling breath of *hu!*
The passion for the flame's embrace—
Thy moths—ah, let them once more know;
And bid Thy ancient lightning strike
And set these ash-cold hearts aglow!

Towards the Hijaz turn again
The straying tribe their bridle-strings!
Lo, wingless soars the nightingale
Aloft, upon its yearning's wings!
 The fragrance in each blossom hid
 Within the garden palpitates,
 But with Thy plectrum wake its strings—
 The lute that livening touch awaits!
Yea, longs to break its prison's bounds
The string-imprisoned melody;
And yearning Sinai waits again
To burn itself to dust in Thee

Resolve, O Lord! the travail sore
Which this Thy chosen people tries,
Make Thou the ant of little worth
To Solomon's proud stature rise!
 Bring Thou, O Lord, with our grasp
 That most rare love for which we pray;
 To India's temple-squatters teach
 The truth of the Islamic way.
Our hearts' desires, long unfulfilled,
Unceasingly our life-blood drain;
Our breasts, with thousand daggers pierced,
Still struggle with their cry of pain!

The fragrance of the rose has borne
The garden's secret far away—
How sad it is, the traitor's role
The garden's sweetest buds should play!
 The bloom-time of the rose is done;
 The garden-harp now shattered lies;
 And from its perch upon the twig,
 Away each feathered songster flies—

But yet there unaccompanied sits
A lonely bulbul, all day long;
Its throat a-throb with music still
And pouring out its heart in song.

The darkening cypress sways no more;
From shadowy nests its doves have fled;
The withered blossoms droop and die,
And all around their petals shed;

Those memoried, old garden walks
Of all their former pride lie shorn,
Despoiled of raiment green, each
branch

In nakedness now stands forlorn;
Unmoved by passing seasons' change,
The songster sits and sings alone:
Would there were in this garden some
Could feel the burden of its moan!

This life no more its joy retains,
Nor even death can bring relief;
'Tis sweet to sit alone and sigh
And eat a sad heart out in grief.

Out from the mirror of my soul
What gems of thought now strive to
shine;
What visions splendid, dreams
sublime,

Arise within this breast of mine!
But in this garden lives not one
To see and hear, to feel and know:
No tulip with its streak of pain,
To sense my heart-blood's smarting flow.

May this sad bulbuls lonely song
To grief each listening soul awake;
The clangour of these rousing bells
Make drowsy hearts their sleep forsake!
Let Faithful hearts re-plight their troth,
And forge afresh their bond Divine;
Let in the long-parched breast of each
The old thirst wake for sweet old wine!
The blood of sweet Arabian vine
O'erflows this wine-jar Ajamy,
Although the singer sings in Ind,
Of Hijaz is his melody.

[Translated by Altaf Husain]

THE MOON

O moon! Your beauty is the dignity of creation
Circumambulating the earthly sanctuary is
your old habit
This something like a spot which appears on
your breast
Are you someone's Lover? Is this the
Longing's scar?
I am restless on the earth, you are impatient in
the sky
You are also in search, I am also in search
Man is the candle of the congregation which
is also yours
The direction in which I am going is also your
destination
The one you are searching for in the stars'
silence
Perhaps is concealed in the commotion of life
It is standing is the cypress tree, is sleeping in
the verdure
Is singing in the nightingale, is silent in the
flower bud
Come, I shall show you His luminous cheek
In rivers' mirror, in dew's looking glass
In forest, in mountains in everything only He
exists
In the heart of Man, in your cheek only He
exists.

[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]

THE NIGHT AND THE POET

THE NIGHT

Why do you roam about in my moonlight,
So worried,
Silent as a flower, drifting like perfume?
Perhaps you are a jeweller
Dealing in the pearls that are called stars,
Or are a fish that swims in my river of
light;
Or a star that has fallen from my brow,
And, having forsaken the heights,
Now resides in the depths below.
The strings of the violin of life are still;
My mirror reflects life as it sleeps.
The eye of the vortex too is sleeping
In the depths of the river;

The restless wave hugs the shore and is
still.
The earth, so busy and bustling,
Slumbers as though no one lived on it.
But the poet's heart is never at peace—
How did you elude my spell?

THE POET

I sow pearls in the soil of your moon;
Hiding from men, I weep like dawn.
I am reluctant to come out in the busy day,
And my tears flow in the solitude of night.
The cry pent up inside me,
Whom should I get to hear it,
And to whom can I show my burning
desire?
Lying on my chest the lightning of Sinai
sobs:
Where is the seeing eye—has it gone to
sleep?
My assembly-hall is dead like the candle at
a grave.
Alas, night! I have a long way to go!
The winds of the present age are not
favourable to it:
It does not feel the loss it has suffered.
The message of love,
When I can no longer keep it to myself,
I come and tell it to your shining stars.

[Translated by Mustansir Mir]

THE ASSEMBLY OF STARS

While setting, the sun threw at the dark-
clothed evening
Tulip flowers which it had collected from
horizon's basin
The twilight of evening put all ornaments of
gold on it,
Nature put off its entire set of silver
ornaments
The Layla of the night in the litter of silence
arrived
Started shining the beautiful pearls of the
evening's bride
Those living far from the commotion of the
world
Which Man calls "stars" in his own language

The sky's assembly was busy lighting up the
sky
From the 'Arsh-i-Barin the call of an angel
came
"O sentinels of the night! O stars of the sky!
The whole shining nation of yours inhabits
the sky
Start such music as may awaken all those
sleeping
The brightness of your forehead is guide for
caravans
The earth's denizens consider you the
destiny's mirrors
Perhaps they will listen to your call"
Silence departed from this star-spangled
expanse
The sky's expanse was filled with this music
The Eternal Beauty is produced in the stars'
loveliness
As the image of rose is in the looking glass of
the dew
To be afraid of the new ways, to insist on the
old ones
This is the only difficult stage in the life of
nations
This caravan of life is so fast moving
Many a nation is trampled in whose race
Thousands of stars are hidden from our eyes
But their existence is also included in our
group
The earth's denizens did not understand in a
whole life
What has come in our comprehension in a
short span of life
All systems are established on mutual
attraction
This secret is concealed in the life of the stars"

STROLLING IN THE CELESTIAL WORLD

As only imagination was my fellow-traveler
My path happened to pass through the sky
I was flying constantly and no one
Was acquainted with me in the sky
The stars were staring at me in surprise
My journey was a well guarded secret
I escaped from the alternation of day and
night

I escaped from this ancient order of things
 What can I tell you what Paradise is
 It is the climax of material longings
 Birds were singing in the branches of Tubah
 Unabashed Houri's beauty was present all
 around
 Beautiful cup-bearers with wine-cups in hand
 The audience was crying drink more and
 more"
 Far from the Paradise the eye observed
 There was a dark house, cold and silent
 Countenance of Qais and Layla's material
 form
 Were shoulder to shoulder with its darkness
 It was so cold that being embarrassed by it
 The Arctic Circle was concealing its face
 When I inquired about its condition
 The reply of the angel was strange
 "This cold place is called Hell
 It is deprived of fire and light
 The heat of its flames which is borrowed
 Terrifies the people seeking admonition
 When the earth's people come here
 They bring their embers with them"

ADVICE

One day by way of advice I said to Iqbal
 Neither you fast nor are regular in prayers
 You are also perfect in the ways of
 hypocritical people
 You pine for London in the heart but you talk
 of Hijaz
 Your lies are also based on what is
 expediency
 The manner of your flattery also is fully
 miraculous
 Your lecture ends on glorification of the
 government
 Your bright thought is the inventor of
 methods of entreating
 Officials' doors are also like Maqam-i-
 Mahmud to you
 Your designs are more interlocked than locks
 of Ayaz' hair
 Like other people you can also conceal
 Secrets of self aggrandizement in your cloak
 of din's service

You are seen in the mosque also on the Eid
 day
 Your heart is also softened by the sermon's
 effect
 You practice reading country's newspapers
 also
 Which are obligated to sing your repute's
 songs
 On top of all this you can also write verse
 Your poetry's goblets are full of the wine of
 Shiraz
 Whatever are the attributes of leaders, you
 have them all
 Incumbent on you is rising and joining the
 struggle
 You are not afraid of hunters, as you have
 wings also
 Then why are you not inclined for flight?
 "The end of our life is the cemetery
 Presently raise tumult in the sky's vault"

RAMA

Overflowing with the wine of Truth is the cup
 of India
 All philosophers of the Western world have
 acknowledged India
 It is the result of the elegant thinking of
 Indians
 That higher than the sky is the position of
 India
 This country has had many people of angelic
 disposition
 On whose account world renowned is the
 name of India
 India is proud of the existence of Rama
 Spiritual people consider him prelate of India
 This alone is the miracle of this light of
 righteousness
 That brighter than world's morning is the
 evening of India
 He was expert in sword craft, was unique in
 bravery
 Was matchless in piety and in the enthusiasm
 of love

THE MOTOR CAR

How rightly Jogender said this yesterday
"The car of Zulfiqar 'Ali Khan is so quiet
Its elegant and graceful pace is not noisy
Fast like lightning, like breeze it is quiet"
I replied "This is not restricted to car
In the path of life every fleet footed is quiet
The bell is footless from its habit of lamenting
The caravan of fragrance like zephyr is quiet
The decanter always walks on embers due to
gurgling
But the nature of the gentle-moving wine-cup
is quiet
To the poet's thoughts the wings for flight are
silence
The wealth of the voice's warmth lies in
silence!"

THE HUMAN RACE

The sights of the garden may or may not be
beautiful
The narcissus, unable to act, forced to
watching is!
It does not appreciate the pleasure of
movement
The very nature of juniper devoid of longing
is!
Whatever is in the world is accustomed to
submission
Every power of Man busy in pressing for his
Longing is!
This speck remains incessantly ambitious of
expansion
Not a speck but perhaps the constricted
wilderness he is
If he wills he can change the face of the
garden
This entity wise, clear-sighted and powerful is

[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]

ADDRESS TO THE MUSLIM YOUTH

Have ever you pondered, O Muslim youth,
On deep and serious things?
What is this world in which this *you*
Is only a broken star?
You came of a stock that nourishes you

In the close embracing of love,
A stock that trampled under foot
Dara who wore the crown.
Civilization's grace they forged
To a world-disposing law,
Those folks that came from the Arab sands
That cradled their camel-men.
The simple life was the pride they had
In their deeds of glorious show.
How does the lovely face feel need
Of rouge and mole and art?
In pure plain life and in fear of God
They lived their modest way.
The rich man stood in no fear of the poor
That he gives his wealth in fee.⁷
In short, in words can I tell to you
What were these desert men?
Holders, Keepers, Saviours, Adorners
Of what we call the world.
If I should draw the sketch aright
Limning the form in words,
The vision I'd draw would be better far
Than all your fancy paints.
There is no standard by which to judge
Yours and your father's worth.
You utter words but they did deeds.
They roamed: you stay at home.
We have despoiled the inheritance
That we from our fathers won.
The heaven from the zenith has dashed it
down
And cast it on the ground.
What is this weeping at ordered things
That it is the affair of a day?
Except the help of all-certain law
The world has no other plan.
But if those pearls of learning's lore,
Those books our fathers wrote
We see in Europe made scholar's joy,
The heart is rent with grief.
Rich man⁸, behold the darkened day

⁷ "In pure plain life...wealth in fee." Sorley's translation of these lines is absurd. The original lines mean: Those God-fearing men held such pride even in poverty that the rich dared not give alms to the poor [without taking permission].

*Kinan's old man once knew,
That the light of his eyes to Zuleikha's eyes
Might bring the brightness of sight.*

[Translated by H.T. Sorley]

THE EID CRESCENT

O the pride of Shawwal! O the fasting
person's darling!
Come! As Muslims were very anxiously
waiting for you
The message of Eid is written on your
forehead
Your evening is the preface to the dawn of
pleasure
You are the mirror of the history of Millat-i-
Baidah
O crescent! We are your lovers since a very
long time
The banner under whose shade we wielded
our swords
Under whose shade we used the blood of our
enemies
The companionship of this very banner is
your destiny
The Millat's honor is by your ever-increasing
beauty
Our nation is cherisher of friends, fidelity is
your way
This silvery shirt of yours is the propagator of
love
Look at the earth's habitation from your
celestial apses!
Look at the depth of our abode from your
eminence!
Look at the caravans and also look at their fast
speed
At the destitute traveler's estrangement with
destination also look
On sighting you we used to give charity
lavishly
O empty cup! Today at our indigence also
look

⁸ "Rich man..." It should be read "O Ghani!"
(Sorley has mistakenly translated the name of the
Kashmiri poet whose Persian couplet is quoted
here. Ghani Kashmiri himself appears among the
heroes in *A Message of the East* and *Javidnama*.)

Muslims are tightly bound in chains of
sectarianism
Look at your freedom and at their bondage
also look
In the mosque look at disintegration of the
priest's love
In the temple at the Brahman's strong idol-
worship also look
Look at the sight of the Muslim ways in the
infidels' life
And at your Muslims' tormenting other
Muslims also look
Be the spectator of the shower of rocks of
misfortunes
At the frailty of the Muslims Ummah's abodes
also look
Yes, look at the advance flattery of the
'honorable' people
And at the self-respect of the formerly
shameless people also look
Whom we got acquainted with the taste of
eloquence
At the haughty speech of that former
speechless adversary look
Listen to sounds of pleasurable orchestra in
West's palaces
And at the preparations for the mourning in
Iran also look
The imprudent Turk has torn the cloak of the
Divine Khilafah
Look at Muslims' simplicity at other's
cunningness also look
Look at everything, and remain quiet like a
mirror
In today tumult remain occupied in evening's
music!

THE CANDLE AND THE POET

(February 1912)

THE POET

Last night I said to the candle of my desolate
house
"Your hair gets combed by the wings of the
moth
In the world I am like the lamp of the
wilderness' tulip

I am neither in an assembly's lot, nor in a
house' fortune
Since a long time I am also burning my breath
like you
Though I am circling the flame no moth has
hit its wing
Many an effulgence is crammed in my life of
unfulfilled desires
Not a single loving heart rises in this
assembly
From where have you acquired this world-
illuminating fire?
You have infused the love of Kalim in the
poor insect"!

The Candle

"The blow of breath which gives me the
message of death
By the same blow of breath your lip is
melodious
I am alight because burning is built into my
nature
You are alight so that the moths may have the
love of yours
I am weeping because a flood gushes forth
from my heart
You shed dew so that garden's assembly may
sing praises yours
My morning is adorned with the roses from
my night's toil
Your tomorrow is unaware of the today of
yours
Though you are lightened you are devoid of
the inner heat
Like the lamp of the wilderness' tulip is the
flame of yours
Just think if cup-bearer's title is appropriate
for you
Assembly is thirsty and the wine-measure is
empty of yours
Your ways are different, the law of the Millat
is different
Your mirror has been disgraced by the ugly
appearance of yours
With the Ka'bah by your side you are
temple's lover
How rebellious is the irresponsible love of
yours

That Qais be produced in your assembly is
not possible
Your wilderness is straitened, without Lailah
is the litter of yours
O brilliant pearl! O the one reared in the
wave's lap
Unacquainted with the taste of storms is the
ocean of yours
Why are you singing now? your garden is in
disorder!
Your singing is out of place, your music is out
of season
Those who were anxious for the Spectacle
have departed
Your coming now with general Sighting's
promise matters little
Those old ardent lovers of wine are gone from
the assembly
O cub-bearer! Your coming now in assembly
with strong wine in the cup matters little
Ah! When the rose garden's organization has
already got disorganized
If the flower got the message of spring breeze
matters little
The lover's condition was worth seeing at the
night's end
The Beloved's arrival early in the morning
matters little
Extinguished is the flame which was every
moth's objective
If some pursuer of perfect love came now it
matters little
The flowers do not care, you may or may not
sing
The caravan is callous, the bell may or may
not ring
If devoid of love's warmth you remained
even as assembly's candle
Your moths also unacquainted with this taste
remained
If you could string them together on the
thread of Love
Then why did the beads of your rosary
scattered remain?
Gone is the courageous Love, gone is the
sublime thinking
In your assembly neither the insane nor the
sages remain

Gone is that burning of Love, gone is that
 heart's pathos
 What good it is if the moths round the candle
 did remain?
 Very well, the cup-bearer you may be, whom
 will you serve wine
 Now neither those wine-drinkers nor those
 taverns did remain
 Today a broken decanter is crying for the cup-
 bearer
 Whose goblets in circulation till yesterday did
 remain
 Today are silent those Love-cherishing
 expanses
 Where Layla and her lovers dancing did
 remain
 How disappointing! The caravan's wealth is
 gone
 The feeling of loss from caravan's heart is
 gone
 With whose activities the wilderness was once
 flourishing
 Their cities are wiped out, habitations
 desolate have become
 The prayers which established the grandeur
 of Tawhid
 Those prayers offerings to Brahman in India
 have become
 In this world ever-lasting comfort on laws'
 observance depends
 To the ocean wave freedoms prelude to
 lamentation have become
 The Manifestation Itself was longing for
 whose eyes
 Those eyes despaired of Aiman's light have
 become
 Thousands of nightingales were flying about
 in the rose-garden
 What happened to them that they confined to
 the nests have become?
 In the celestial expanse whose lightning
 power was panoramic
 Those lightning's satiated with the barn's
 sides have become
 Why should the blood letting eye ingratiated
 to the rose garden be?
 With continuous tears the eyes fully satiated
 with embers have become

However, the grief's night gives the message
 of 'Eid's morning
 In the darkness of the night the ray of hope
 has appeared
 Glad tidings, O cup-bearer of the tavern of
 Hijaz
 After ages your rinds have regained
 consciousness
 Wealth of self-respect was the price for other's
 wine
 Now your shop is again full of calls for the
 carousal
 About to break is the magic of India's white
 faced masters
 Again the Sulaima's eye is the harbinger of
 clamor's message
 There is clamor again for cup-bearer to bring
 the home-made wine
 As the heart's uproars have been silenced by
 the West's wine
 Sing because this is not the time for silence
 The dawn's sky is shouldering the sun like
 decanter
 Burn in sympathy with others and also make
 others burn
 Listen if you can, a bright Hadith has been
 conveyed to you
 Ancestors have said that poetry is a part of
 prophethood
 Yes, convey to the Millat the glad tidings of
 the Messenger Angel!
 Awaken the eye with the promise of the
 Beloved's Sight
 Bring the heart to life with the warmth of
 speech's skill
 Your love for indulgence became a robber of
 courage
 You were an ocean in wilderness, in garden a
 brook you became
 When you stood firm in your purity, you had
 the nation also
 Caravan of fragrance after leaving the rose
 scattered became
 The life of the drop has lessons of the secrets
 of life
 Sometimes pearl, sometimes dew, sometimes
 tear it became
 Obtain it from somewhere it is a great wealth

What good is life if the heart unaware of
bosom became
Your honor depended upon the organization
of the Millat
When this organization departed, disgraced
world wide you became
The individual is firm by nation's coherence,
otherwise nothing
The wave is only in the ocean, and outside it
is nothing
Keep the love concealed in your heart's veil
still
That is do not disgrace your wine like the
decanter
Pitch your tent in the Valley of Sinai like
Kalim 1
Make the Truth's flame destroyer of home's
comfort
The candle should also know the result of
atrocities
Make the moth's ashes restorer of the
morning
If you are self-respecting be not obliged to the
cup-bearer
In the ocean's midst turn the goblet up side
down like the bubble
No joy remains in the old mountains and
wilderness
Your love is new, you should create new
wilderness
If the destiny has destroyed you completely
From downfall make a new rod like the seed
Yes! Build your nest again on the same old
branch
Make the rose garden's residents martyrs of
the song of intoxication
In this garden be the nightingale's follower or
rose' pupil
Either be all complaint or do not produce any
music
Why are you silent in the garden like dew's
retreat
Open your lips, you are the music of the
world's harp!
Become somewhat acquainted with your own
reality O farmer!
The grain, the cultivation, the rain, as well as
the produce you are

Ah! Whose search keeps you aimlessly
wandering
The path, the traveler, the guide, as well as
the destination you are
Why is your heart trembling with the fear of
the storm?
The sailor, the ocean, the boat, as well as the
sea-shore you are
Come and look some time in the lane of the
torn collars
Qais, Lailah, the wilderness as well as the
litter on the camel you are
Woe foolishness! You are in need of the cup-
bearer
The wine, the decanter, the cup-bearer, as
well as the assembly you are
Becoming a flame burn down the rubbish of
Godlessness
Why are you afraid of the falsehood? The
destroyer of falsehood also you are
O imprudent one! You are the essence of
time's mirror
The ultimate message of God in the world
you are!
O imprudent one! Be aware of your own
reality as
Though you are only a drop your reality is
also like the boundless ocean
Why are you imprisoned in the spell of poor
resources
Just look, concealed in you is also the storm's
power!
Your breast is custodian of the love's message
of the one
Who is Apparent as well as Hidden in the
universe' system
What conquers the whole world without
sword and gun
If you understand the material is also in your
mettle
O indolent One! Do you remember that
covenant also?
On which Mount Faran till now is a silent
witness
O ignorant one! Only you became contented
with some flower buds
Otherwise in the rose-garden there is also
cure for the receiver's small capacity!

The heart's state is produced in the speech's
 curtain
 In decanter's veil the wine is apparent as well
 as veiled
 My fiery music has burnt me down
 And this is the very means of my life!
 Look into my breast for the secret of this fiery
 music
 Look into heart's mirror for destiny's
 manifestation!
 The sky will shine mirror-like with the
 morning's light
 And the night's darkness will be speeding
 away!
 The spring breeze will be so melody inspiring
 That flower-bed's silent fragrance will become
 melodious!
 The garden's afflicted ones will unite with
 other afflicted ones
 The zephyr will become companion of the
 rose' assembly!
 My gentle spray of dew will produce warmth
 and music
 Every flower-bud of this garden will become
 appreciative of pathos!
 You will see the result of the glory of the
 river's flow
 The restless wave itself will become its ankle's
 chain!
 The hearts will again recall the message of
 prostrations
 The foreheads will become acquainted with
 the Harem's dust
 The hunter's wailing will give material for the
 birds' singing
 Colored with flower-picker's blood the
 flower-bud will become
 Whatever the eye is seeing cannot be
 described by the lips
 I am lost in amazement as to what the world
 will become!
 The night will eventually disappear by sun's
 appearance!
 This garden will be filled with the Light of
 Tawhid!

[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]

MUSLIM

(June 1912)

Every breath you draw, Iqbal,
 Is laden with sighs;
 Your smouldering breast is filled with lament.
 The lute of your heart has no song of hope:
 Your litter, we believe, has not his Layla.
 Your ears seek the sound of a song
 That has been sung and is no more,
 Your heart is unconcerned
 With the commotion of the present.
 Your fellow-singers of the garden
 Would not hear the tale of the rose:
 The assembly would not listen
 To your message of old.
 Quiet, O bell of the numb-footed caravan!
 Your voice causes much despair—quiet!
 It cannot be brought back to life,
 The assembly of olden times;
 Yesternight cannot be lit up with candles.

 I am a Muslim, my friend
 A bearer of the message of *tawhid*
 And a witness since eternity to that truth!
 To *tawhid* is due the warm beat
 Of the pulse of the existents;
 From it, too, the boldness
 In the Muslim's thought.
 It is for the sake of this truth
 That God created the world,
 And to guard that truth He created me.
 It was I who abolished
 The worship of falsehood—
 I, indeed, who proved to be
 The protector of the laws of existence.
 My existence is a robe
 That covers the nakedness of the world:
 To destroy me would be
 A disgrace to mankind!
 Of the fate of the world,
 The Muslim is the shining star—
 One whose brilliance puts to shame
 The spell cast by dawn.
 The secrets of life are exposed to my view:
 I cannot be said to have despaired
 Of waging the struggle of life.
 How can I be frightened

By the transient scene of sorrow?
I believe in the destiny of my Community!
Of the element of despair my life is free:
The heat of the battle
Gives notice of complete victory.
Yes, my eyes are fixed on the age gone by,
And to the assembly I tell
The same old story.
To the dust of my being is elixir
The memory of the bygone age.
My past is the exegesis of my future;
I keep in view that exciting age—
In the mirror of the past I see the future.

[Translated by Mustansir Mir]

BEFORE THE PROPHET'S THRONE

Sick of this world and all this world's tumult
I who had lived fettered to dawn and sunset,
Yet never fathomed the planet's hoary laws,
Taking provisions for my way set out
From earth, and angels led me where the
Prophet
Holds audience, and before the mercy-seat.
'Nightingale of the gardens of Hijaz! each bud
Is melting,' said those Lips, 'in your song's
passion-flood;
Your heart forever steeped in the wine of
ecstasy,
Your reeling feet nobler than any suppliant
knee.
But since, taught by these Seraphim to mount
so high,
You have soared up from nether realms
towards the sky
And like a scent comes here from the orchards
of the earth—
What do you bring for us, what is your
offering worth?'
'Master! there is no quiet in that land of time
and space,
Where the existence that we crave hides and
still hides its face;
Though all creation's flowerbeds teem with
tulip and red rose,
The flower whose perfume is true love—that
flower no garden knows.

But I have brought this chalice here to make
my sacrifice;
The thing it holds you will not find in all your
Paradise.
See here, oh Lord, the honour of your people
brimming up!
The martyred blood of Tripoli, oh Lord, is in
this cup.'

[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]

THE HOSPITAL OF HIJAZ

A leader of the nation once said to Iqbal
"A hospital is about to open in Jeddah for
Hijaz
Every speck of your dust becomes restless
As you hear from somebody the tale of Hijaz
Move your hand of Love towards your pocket
You are world famous as the lover of Hijaz
The hospital in the suburbs of Batha is needed
In the hands of 'Isa the patient's pulse is
needed"
I said "Life lies in the veil of death
As the Truth lies veiled in metaphors
What the Lover has obtained in the position
of death
Khizr could not obtain in the wine of eternal
life
Sir, convey this message of life to others
I am searching for death in the land of Hijaz
Why have you brought the message of cure?
What concern do Lovers have with the
Masiha."

[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]

THE ANSWER TO THE COMPLAINT

When passion streaming from the heart
Turns human lips to lyres,
Some magic wings man's music then,
His song with soul inspires;
Man's words are sacred then, they soar,
The ears of heaven they seek,
From dust those mortal accents rise,
Immortals hear them speak;
So wild and wayward was my Love,
Such tumult raised its sighs,
Before its daring swiftly fell

The ramparts of the skies.
 The skies exclaimed in wonderment,
 "Some one is hiding here,"
 The wheeling Planets paused to say,
 "Seek on the highest sphere."
 The silver Moon said, "You are wrong,
 Some mortal it must be,"
 The Milky Way too joined converse,
 "Here in our midst is he."
 Rizwan alone, my plaintive voice
 Began to recognise,
 He knew me for a human who
 Had lost his Paradise.

And even the Angels could not tell
 What was that voice so strange,
 Whose secret seemed to lie beyond
 Celestial wisdom's range.
 They said, "Can Man now roving come
 And reach these regions high?
 That tiny speck of mortal clay,
 Has it now learnt to fly?
 How little do these beings of earth
 The laws of conduct know;
 How coarse and insolent they are,
 These men who live below.

So great their insolence indeed,
 They dare even God upbraid!
 Is this the Man to whom their bow
 The Angels once had made?
 Of Quality and Quantity
 He knows the secrets, true—
 The ways of humbleness as well
 If he a little knew!
 That they alone are blest with speech
 How proud these humans be,
 Yet, ignorant, they lack the art
 To use it gracefully."

Then spake a Voice Compassionate:
 "Thy tale enkindles pain,
 Thy cup is brimming full with tears
 Which thou couldst not contain
 Even High Heaven itself is moved
 By these impassioned cries;
 How wild the heart which taught thy lips
 Such savage melodies!
 Its grace yet makes this song of thine

A song of eulogy;
 A bridge of converse thou hast formed
 'Twixt mortal man and Me!

Behold, my hands arc full of gifts,
 But who comes seeking here?
 And how shall I the right road shew
 When there's no traveller?
 My loving care is there for all,
 If deserved but by few!
 Not this the clay from which I can
 An Adam's shape renew!
 On him who merits well I set
 The brightest diadem,
 And those who truly questing come,
 A new world waits for them.

Apostate hearts and palsied hands
 Your earthly lives debase,
 You all, to your great Prophet, are
 Bringers of deep disgrace;
 Those idol-breakers all have gone,
 You idolaters are,
 Abraham was the father, you
 His sons, are but Azar;
 Now stranger bands carousal hold,
 Strange are both cup and wine,
 A strange new Ka'ba you have reared,
 Strange idols oh its shrine!

The tulip of the wilds once reigned
 The queen of blossom-time:
 In this once lay the quintessence
 Of loveliness sublime.
 Once every true-born Mussalman
 By Allah set his store,
 This fickle-hearted courtesan
 Even you did once adore!
 Go, seek some constant mistress now,
 To her a new bond sign,
 Muhammad's universal creed
 To narrow bounds confine!

To pray to me at break of day
 You now an ordeal deem,
 Your morning slumber sweeter far—
 Yet *you* would faithful seem!
 The hardships of the fast oppress
 Your natures—now grown free;
 Such are your ways and you still would

Protest your love for me!
Unto a nation faith is life,
You lost your faith and fell,
When gravitation fails, must cease
Concourse celestial.

You love your homes the least among
The nations of the earth,
You are the most incompetent
In knowledge and in worth;
 You are a barn where lightning stays,
 Where ruin idle lies,
 Ancestral coffins long entombed
 Your only merchandise;
In turning graves to profit, you
Have proved yourselves adept;
Should idol-trading offer gain
Of course you would accept.

Whose striving, from this world of mine,
Its falsehoods did efface?
Whose toil, from age-old ignorance
Set free the human race?
 And whose the brows whose worship
 filled
 My Ka'ba's hallowed shrine?
 Or whose the breasts which fondly held
 My 'glorious Book Divine'?
These were your great progenitors;
You lack their brain and brawn;
You sit and wait in slothful ease
For every morrow's dawn.

And did you say, for Muslims I
Mere promises dispense?
Unjust laments at least should show
Some spark of commonsense.
 Eternal is the Law of God
 And Justice is its name,
 Should infidels like Muslims live
 The meed shall be the same.
Not one among you seeks in truth
To come at bliss through me
Still the Light Sinai's mount illumines—
No Moses there to see.

Your nation's weal, your nation's woe,
In common you all share,
Your Prophet and your creed the same,
The same Truth you declare;

And one your Ka'ba, One your God,
And one your great Quran;
Yet, still, divided each from each,
Lives every Mussalman.

You split yourselves in countless sects,
In classes high and low;
Think you the world its gifts will still
On such as you bestow?

Who now forgetfully neglect
My Rasool's Law sublime?
And whose lives write them clearly down
As servers of the time?
 To whom now other customs seem
 Far nobler than their own?
 By whom your great forefathers' ways
 Once followed, are forsworn?
Your hearts are now of longing void,
Your souls now know no zeal,
You heed no more that message great
Which Ahmad did reveal.

If any fasting's hardship bear,
It is the poor, today;
If worship's echoes ring in mosques,
It is the poor who pray;
 It is the humble and the poor
 Who still my name esteem,
 Theirs is the word, theirs is the deed,
 Yours the shame they redeem.
The rich are drunk with wine of wealth,
Their God they hardly know,
It is because the poor yet live
That wells of Faith still flow.

That judgment ripe is no more theirs
Who play your preachers' role,
Nor kindling accents from their lips,
Reveal the flaming soul.
 Azan yet sounds, but never now
 Like Bilal's, soulfully;
 Philosophy, convictionless,
 Now mourns its Ghazzali,
Untrod by praying feet, the mosques
Lament their emptiness,
For gone are those exemplars great
Of Arab godliness

'Tis said: "The Muslims quit this world,
Their days are on the wane," —

The Muslims died out long ago;
Such a lament is vain.

From Christians you have learnt your
style,
Your culture from Hindus;
How can a race as Muslims pass
Who shame even the Jews?
You are known as Syed, and Mughal,
You call yourselves Pathan;
But can you truly claim as well
The name of Mussalman?
The Muslim was sincere of speech,
Of fear his voice was free;
Just, staunch, he scorned the slightest breath
Of partiality.

In nature, like a tree, kept fresh
By modesty most rare,
Yet braver than the bravest he,
Intrepid past compare.
Like wine, upon the drinker's lips,
His joy, in losing, lay;
As the cup pours its liquor out,
He poured his 'self' away.

What the knife is to cankerous growths,
To all untruth was he,
His actions, in life's mirror shone
Like light, vibrantly.

If he was confident of aught,
It was his right arm's might,
He feared but God, while thoughts of
death
Your craven souls affright.
When sons, lacking their fathers' worth,
Are neither skilled nor sage,
With what deserving can they claim
Their fathers' heritage?

The love of ease, like fumes of wine
Makes sots of you today,
How dare you pass as Mussalmans?
That is not Islam's way?

Nor Usman's treasure-chest you own,
Nor Ali's empty bowl,
With spirits of such great forbears,
What kinship has your soul?
The honoured of their times, they lived,
For theirs was true *iman*,
You live disgraced, as having left

The paths of Al-Quran.

You roll the eye of mutual wrath,
Their eye was ever kind;
You err, for errors look, while they
Were generously blind.
Aspiring for the Pleiades,
How simple it all seems!
But let there first be hearts like theirs,
To justify such dreams.
They reigned upon the Chinese throne,
They wore the Persian crown:
Where is that honour that they knew —
Words are your whole renown.

They fought for honour, self-respect,
Yours the self-slayer's knife,
You shun the ties of brotherhood
They cherished more than life.
You can but weave the web of words,
They did their deeds of might:
You pine after a bud: they basked
In gardens flower-bright.
The world remembers still the tales
Which hymn their bravery,
And in their storied book of life
Shines their sincerity.

Upon your nation's sky you rose
Like stars of brilliant hue,
The lure of India's idols made
Even Brahmans out of you;
Drawn by the wander-lust, you went
A-roving 'from your nests:
Slothful in good, your youth next learnt
To doubt their faith's behests;
'Enlightenment' ensnared you all,
And all your 'fetters' fell,
The land of Ka'ba you forsook,
In idol-land to dwell!

If longing Qais roams no more,
But seeks the town again,
Leaving the lonely desert wastes
To share tile life of men,
Qais is mad: what if he dwells
In town or wilderness?
Yet from him Layla must not veil
Her face in bashfulness!
Complain ye not of heart unkind

Nor speak of tyranny!
When Love no bondage knows, then why
Should Beauty not be free?

Each stack and barn it sets on fire,
This lightning-like New Age,
Nor bowling wild nor garden gay
Escapes its flaming rage;

 This new fire feeds on fuel old, —
 The nations of the past,
 And they too burn to whom was sent
 God's Messenger, the last.

But if the faith of Abraham
There, once again, is born,
Where leaps this flame, flowers will bloom,
And laugh its blaze to scorn.

Yet, let the gardener not be sad
To see the garden's plight,
For soon its branches will be gay
With buds, like stars of light;

 The withered leaves and weeds will pass,
 And all its sweepings old;
 For there, again, will martyr-blood
 In roses red unfold.

But look! a hint of russet hue,
Brightening the eastern skies,
The glow on yon horizon's brow,
Heralds a new sunrise.

In Life's old garden nations lived
Who all its fruits enjoyed,
While others longed in vain, while some
The winter blasts destroyed;

 Its trees are legion; some decay,
 While others flush with bloom,
 And thousands still their birth await,
 Hid in the garden's womb;

A symbol of luxuriance,
The Tree of Islam reigns,
Its fruits achieved with centuries
Of garden-tending pains.

Thy robe is free from dust of home,
Not thine such narrow ties,
That Yousuf thou, who Canaan sweet,
In every Egypt lies;

 The *qafila* can ne'er disperse

Thou holdest the starting bells⁹
Nought else is needed, if thy will
Thy onward march impels.

Thou candle-tree! thy wick-like root,
Its top with flame illumines,
Thy thought is fire, its very breath
All future care consumes.

And thou shalt suffer no surcease
Should Iran's star decline,
'Tis not the vessel which decides
The potency of wine;

 'Tis proved to all the world, from tales
 Of Tartar conquerors,
 The Ka'ba brave defenders found
 In temple-worshippers.

In thee relies the bark of God,
Adrift beyond the bar,
The new-born age is dark as night,
And thou its dim pole-star.

The Bulgars march! the fiend of war
In fearful fury breathes;
The message comes: "Sleepers, awake!
The Balkan cauldron seethes."

 Thou deemest this a cause of grief,
 Thy heart is mortified;
 But nay, thy pride, thy sacrifice,
 Thus, once again, are tried.

Beneath thy foes if chargers neigh?
Why tremblest thou in fright?
For never, never, shall their breath
Extinguish Heaven's light.

Not yet have other nations seen
What thou art truly worth,
The realm of Being has need of thee
For perfecting this earth.

 If aught yet keeps world alive,
 'Tis thine impetuous zeal,
 And thou shalt rise its ruling star,
 And thou shalt shape its weal.

This is no time for idle rest,
Much yet remains undone;
The lamp of *tawhid* needs thy touch
To make it shame the sun!

⁹ 'Starting bells...' Or the 'marching bells' — The expression in Urdu is the same as the title of the anthology.

Thou art like fragrance in the bud,
Diffuse thyself: be free.
Perfume the garden breeze, and fill
The earth with scent of thee.

From dusty speck, do thou increase
To trackless desert-main.
From a faint breeze, a tempest grow,
Become a hurricane!
Raise thou, through Love, all humble
To greatness and to fame;
Enlighten thou the groping world
With dear Muhammad's Name.

If this fair flower blossom not,
The bulbul will not sing,
Nor rose-buds make the garden smile
Welcoming in the spring;

If he is not the saki, then
Nor jar nor wine will be,
Nor in this world will *tawhid* shine,
Nor thy heart beat in thee;
Yonder ethereal skyey tent,
This great name still sustains,
And dancing to its music, flows
The blood in Life's own veins.

'Tis in the forests and the hills,
And on the tranquil plains,
On the seas, in the arms of waves,
In roar of hurricanes;

A music heard in China's towns,
Morocco's desert-song,
And hid within each Muslim's heart
It makes his faith grow strong.

Let all the peoples of the world
See till the end of time,
How I have made this glorious name
Beyond all thought sublime!

That pupil of the eye of Earth,
Soil only dark men tread,
That region where have always been
Your martyrs born and bred,

That land upon the hot sun's lap,
That land of *al-hilal*,
Which lovers fondly love to call
The land of their Bilal,--

Is all a-quiver with this Name,
Like trembling mercury,
Like pupils dark, in pools of light,

It swims perpetually!

Thy shield be wisdom, be thy sword
The flaming Love Divine,
My fond *dervish*! dost thou not know
That all the world is thine?

All else but God is at thy feet,
If sounds thy *Takbeer* great;
If thou a Muslim truly art,
Thy effort is thy fate.

To my Muhammad be but true,
And thou hast conquered me;
The world is nought: thou shalt command
My Pen of Destiny.

[Translated by Altaf Husain]

THE CUP-BEARER

Everyone knows how to throw down people
with intoxicants
The fun is to convert the intoxicated one to
sanity, O cup-bearer
Those who were the old wine-drinkers are
gradually departing
Bring the water of immortality from
somewhere, O cup-bearer
Your whole night has passed in tumult and
clamor
The dawn is close remember God, O cup-
bearer!

EDUCATION AND ITS CONSEQUENCES

(Tadmin Bar Shi'r-i-Mullah 'Arshi - Based on a
verse of Mullah 'Arshi)

Though we also are happy with the progress
of the young
But some complaint from the happy lips also
comes with it
We had thought education would bring
economic freedom
We did not know that atheism would also
come with it
Though Shirin did honor Parviz with her
presence
But she brought the ax of Farhad also with her
Let us take the seed afresh in our hand and
use it anew

We are ashamed to reap what would come
out from whatever we sowed

CLOSENESS TO KINGS

The distinction between the ruler and the
ruled cannot disappear
The beggar cannot have the audacity of being
equal to the king
In the world adoration of the master is the
climax of devotion
"Seek the pleasure of the master and have the
beautiful tunic"
But if you aim to have the good pleasure of
the ruler
You will have the title of self-seeker and anti-
national
The old way has thousands of difficulties
In the new principle the lap is free of worries
The real joy comes by passing one's life like
this
"Thousand words in the mouth and have
silent lips"
This principle alone is the mainstay of
peaceful existence
"The recluse beggar you are, O Hafiz make no
clamor"
But "If you are inclined to clamor let us begin
"Grasp holy wine, then drink it to the harp's
tune"
Join the assemblies of the rich, the minister
and the king
Smash to pieces conscience' goblet with
greed's stone
However, listen to the message of the Saint of
Shiraz also
That this is the secret of the conscience seller's
closet
"Light of effulgence is the king's brilliant
opinion
If you want his closeness try to have clean
intention"

THE POET

The melodious brook is coming down from
the mountain
After drinking red wine from the tavern's
spring

Just listen to the message of the ecstatic
stroller
Only he is living who unconcerned with
resting is
In the valleys the cloud's elegant daughter is
roaming
Exhibiting her love for the greenery of the
meadow is
Stealing away the cup of wine from
mountain's tavern
Passing throughout ups and downs suckling
the fields is
If the affectionate poet also exhibits the truth
Life's cultivation greens up from his bountiful
ways
Khalil's glory is evident from his verse
When his nation exhibits the Azar's ways
For earth's inhabitants is the recipe of eternal
life
The literature which is nurtured in sincere
ways
If the book of literature's wine in the world's
garden does not exist
The flower, the bud, the verdure, even the
garden will not exist

THE GOOD NEWS OF THE DAWN

(1912)

When the dawn full of action arrives from the
east
The silence marches off from the stage of life
The quietude of nature's congregation ends at
last
Everything presents evidence of its life at last
The birds warble on getting the message of
life
In the garden flowers also put on the robe of
life
O sleeping Muslim get up! You also engaged
in action be
Look, the horizon has brightened up, you also
busy in urgent tasks be
In the universe's expanse a traveler like the
sun be
So that the sky not producing these spots of
clouds be

Pulling the dagger of sun's ray get busy again
in the fight
Again teacher of escape's rules to falsehood's
darkness be
You are head to foot Light, manifestation
makes you happy
And after being manifest spreading out is
incumbent on you
Yes! On being manifest become lightning to
the bat's eye
O hidden mystery of the heart of universe
manifest be!

[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]

PRAYER

Lord, fill the Muslim's heart
With a desire so fervent
That it will set his heart aflame
And stir his soul.
Light up again every speck of dust
In the Valley of Faran.
Make us long again for beautiful sights,
And create in us the urge to make demands.
Give piercing vision
To those deprived of sight,
And show to others what I have seen.
Lead the stray gazelle back to the Sanctuary.
It has grown used to the city -
Give it back the vastness of the desert.
Stir up again the ruins of the heart
With a commotion like judgment Day.
Let this empty litter once again seat
A sweetheart - a Layla!
In the darkness of this age give
To every troubled heart
Scars of love that would shame the moon.
Let the goals be as high as the Pleiades.
Give us the calm and poise of the shore,
But the freedom of the sea.
Let love be selfless
And truth fearless;
Let our breasts be flooded with light-
Make our hearts clear as crystal.
Enable us to foresee the calamity that is
coming;
In the midst of today's upheaval
Give us a vision of tomorrow.

I am a nightingale making my lament,
I am from a garden which has been ravaged.
I wish that my prayer would have effect—
Give to a beggar, bounteous Lord!

[Translated by Mustansir Mir]

IN RESPONSE TO THE REQUEST FOR WRITING A POEM ON 'EID

In the Shalamar Garden a yellowed leaf was
saying
"Gone is that spring of which the confidante I
am
The garden's visitors should not trample me
down
The memory of the branch of their own nest I
am"
This tiny little leaf made the heart restless
One coming into the garden complete
mourner of spring I am
In the autumn I am crying in remembrance of
the spring
How can I get the happiness of Eid as grief-
stricken I am
Devastated have become the olden days'
taverns
A memorial of the olden days' wine drinkers I
am
It gives the message of pleasure and
happiness to us!
The crescent of Eid is making fun of us!

[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]

FATIMA BINT 'ABDULLAH

Fatima, you are the pride
Of the Community -God bless it!
Your dust is holy, every particle of it.
You, houri of the desert,
Were fated to win such merit!
To give the soldiers of Islam water to drink
Was to be your good fortune.
A *jihad* in the way of God,
Waged without sword or shield!
What courage the love of martyrdom gives!
O that in our autumn-stricken garden
There were flower-buds like this!
O that a spark like this, dear Lord,
Could be found in our ashes!

In our desert many deer still hide!
And in the spent clouds
Many flashes of lightning still lie dormant!
Fatima, though our grieving eyes
Weep tears like dew over you,
Our dirge is also a celebration song.
How thrilling is the dance of your dust,
Every atom of which is charged with life.
There is stirring in your quiet grave:
Within it a new nation is being reared.
Though I know nothing of the range of its
ambition,
I see them spring to life from this tomb.
New stars are appearing in the sky above,
Stars whose rolling waves of light
Have not been seen by the eyes of man;
Stars just risen out of the dark dungeon of
time,
Stars whose light is not hostage to day and
night;
Stars whose radiance is both old and new,
And partakes of the splendour
Of the star of your destiny too.

[Translated by Mustansir Mir]

THE DEW AND THE STARS

One night the stars said to the dew:
'Every morning you get to see new sights.
Who knows how many worlds you have seen!
You have seen the traces left behind by those
Who once flourished but then perished.
Venus has heard this news from an angel:
Far, far from the heavens is the city of men.
Tell us the story of that beautiful realm
Which is serenaded by the moon.
'Do not ask me, stars, about the garden of the
world;
It is no garden, but a town filled with sighs
and screams.
The west wind arrives there, only to leave
again;
The poor bud blooms, but only to Wither.
How do I describe to you
The bud that brightens the garden—
It is a tiny flame with no heat!
The rose cannot hear the nightingale's cry,
Or pick up pearls from the fold of my hem.

The songbirds are captive—what an outrage!
Thorns grow in the rose's shadow-what an
outrage!
The eyes of the ailing narcissus are never dry.
The heart longs to see, but the eyes are blind.
The ardour of its complaint has burnt the tall
tree's heart;
The tree is a captive, and is free only in name.
The stars - in the language of men - are sparks
struck by human sighs;
In the language of gardens, I am the sky's
tears.
It is foolish how the moon circles the earth—
It believes that the earth will heal the scar in
its heart!
The world is a cottage built in the air—
A picture of lament drawn on the canvas of
space.'

[Translated by Mustansir Mir]

THE SIEGE OF ADRIANOPE

When the struggle between Truth and
falsehood began in Europe
The Truth was compelled on wielding the
dagger
The dust of the Cross circled round the
Crescent
Shakree became besieged in the fortress of
Adrianople
Provisions of Muslim soldiers became
exhausted
The face of hope from the eye became
concealed
At last by the Turkish army commander's
orders
"Martial Law" was proclaimed the law of the
city
Everything was transferred to the army
camp's store
The eagle became beggar for the grain of the
sparrow
But when the Faqih of the city heard this
news
He exploded with anger like the thunderbolt
of Tur
"Dhimmi's" wealth is forbidden for the
Muslim army"

This edict was published throughout the
whole city
The army would not touch the Jews' and
Christians' wealth
The Muslim became compelled by the
Command of God!

GHULAM QADIR RUHILAH

How cruel, tyrant and vindictive the Ruhilah
was
He blinded the Mughal Emperor with the
point of his dagger
The tyrant ordered members of the royal
household to dance
This tyranny was no less than the Judgment
Day's signal
For the delicate ladies of the royal household
it was
Utterly impossible to comply with this
shameless order
Ah! The merciless one made them the means
of pleasure
Whose beauty had been veiled from sun's,
moon's and stars
The feeble hearts were throbbing, the feet
were forced to move
A river of blood was flowing from the wet
eyes of the princesses
For some time his eyes remained thus
absorbed in seeing
In confusion he freed his head from the load
of Mighfar
He untied the deadly, fire-spitting sword
from the waist
Whose sharpness was a source of
luminescence to the stars
He put the dagger in front, and lied down in
some thought
Sleep was demanding rest from the red eyes
so to say
The water of sleep extinguished the embers of
his eyes
The tyrant's sight became ashamed of the
painful spectacle!
He got up and started saying this to Taimur's
household

"You should have no complaint against your
fate"
My sleeping in the couch was a mere show,
an affectation
Because stupor is foreign to the dignity of
fighters
It was my intention that some daughter of
Taimur
Considering me unconscious might kill me
with my own dagger,
But at last this secret has dawned to the whole
world
Concern for honor has departed from
Taimur's household."

A DIALOGUE

A domesticated bird once said to the wild
bird
"If you have wings, do not I also have wings?
If you are air-borne, I am also air-borne
If you are free I am also not a prisoner
All winged creatures are characterized by
flight
Why then are wild birds inclined to be
arrogant!"
As the wild bird's self-respect became
wounded
He spoke thus on hearing this heart-rending
talk
"There is no doubt you also are free for flight
But the limit of your flight is only up to the
wall
Are you unacquainted with the courage of the
wild birds?
You live on the dust, they are concerned with
the sky
You are a household bird, you seek food in
the dust
We strike the star with our beak in search of
the grain"

I AND YOU

My eye is unacquainted with the taste for the
Sight
Your eye is the knower of Nature's secret, so
what?

My tongue is indebted to the complaint
against time
The universe's rotation depends on your will,
so what?
The sky kept me wandering in garden like the
breeze's current
The sky has bestowed the abode over you, so
what?
The wealth of your life is free of desire for
gain
In my heart is the anxiety of loss, so what?
Your planes are flying about in the air
My ship is devoid of the sail, so what?
I became strong, so what, I became weak, so
what?
This happened, so what, that happened, so
what?
Tranquillity does not exist to any extent in
this rose-garden!
If you became spring, and I became autumn,
so what?

THE POEM BASED ON A VERSE OF ABU
TALIB KALIM

Your regard for the ways of the Lord of
Yathrib is strange
Your life is exhibiting that you are not a
Muslim
What made heavens contained in your ring's
circle
O Sulaiman! that jewel is lost by your
negligence!
That mark of prostration which used to shine
like a star
Your forehead has now become unacquainted
with that mark!
Just look at your actions, do you envisage
That candor whose fearlessness was always
wonderful
Your ancestors' eye was the thunderbolt for
falsehood
The same falsehood is now lodged in your
breast
O negligent one come and inhabit in your
abode again
The discerning Kalim is singing on the
spiritual Tur

"You must be subservient to whom you had
become rebellious
From wherever you departed like flame, turn
back to it"

SHIBLI AND HALI

One day Iqbal said to the Muslim
"Your existence is unique in the universe
The tunes of your old songs are the basis of
new knowledge
Civilization is the dust of your old caravans
Even the zephyr's current is like stone to it
Very delicate is the mirror of Man's honor
The men of action by discovering the causes
of phenomena
Find the cure for the azure-colored sky's
cruelties
Ask them who are the old secret keepers of
the garden
How the autumn became engaged in fight
with your garden"
The Muslim became restless with my
conversation
The sad sigh became betrayer of the inner
sorrow
He said "Just look at the autumn's condition
The leaves of the tree of life have become pale
Those garden's secret keepers became silent
Whose tune of pathos was the means of
mellowness
The garden's inhabitants were still mourning
Shibli
When Hali also became a traveler towards
Paradise
"Still he is a fool who is asking the gardener
What did nightingale say, what did rose hear,
what did zephyr do?"

EVOLUTION

Struggle has continued from eternity till the
present day
Between the lamp of Mustafa and the spark of
Bu Lahab
Life is flame-tempered, high-minded and
fervent
It's nature is resolving difficulty, bearing
cruelty

From the evening's quietude till the
 morning's song
 There are many a stage of the midnight
 wailing!
 Struggle exists between the heat and cold,
 throbbing and shaping
 From the dark dust to the polished glass of
 Halab
 The phenomena of making and breaking,
 squeezing, heating and distilling
 Exist between the drop of spring rain and the
 heat of the grape wine!
 Nations live by this continuous struggle alone
 This alone is the secret of the Arab nation's
 struggle
 "The tavern-keepers making wine from the
 grape
 Break the stars and construct the sun"

[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]

ABU BAKR THE TRUTHFUL

One day the Holy Prophet said to his
 Companions,
 'The rich among you should give in the way
 of God'.
 On hearing that command, an overjoyed
 'Umar stood up;
 That day he had thousands of *dirhams*.
 Today, for sure, he said in his heart,
 My horse will take the lead from Abu Bakr's.
 So he brought his wealth to the Trustworthy
 Prophet—
 Sacrifice is needed to start a project off.
 'Umar', asked the Prophet, the Sovereign of
 the world,
 'A passion for truth is the sole comfort of your
 heart.
 Did you keep anything back for your
 family?—
 For a Muslim must honour the duty he bears
 to his relations.'
 'Half', he said, 'belongs to wife and children,
 The rest I offer to the Community of Light.'
 In the meantime that Companion of the
 Prophet arrived
 Who gives strength to the edifice of love and
 devotion.

No man more loyal, he brought with him
 Everything with value in the eyes of the
 world:
 Slaves, money, goods and chattels.
 He brought his horses, their hooves shining
 like the moon,
 And his camels, mules and asses.
 The Prophet said, 'It is necessary to think of
 one's family too!'
 That man, who knew the secrets of love, said,
 'You are the one from whom the moon and
 stars
 Receive the brightness of their eyes;
 And you are the one for whose sake
 The universe was brought into being:
 The lamp is enough for the moth,
 The flower is enough for the nightingale—
 For Abu Bakr the Prophet of God is enough'.

[Translated by Mustansir Mir]

THE PRESENT CIVILIZATION

(Based on a Verse of Faizi)

Extremely excessive is the heat of current
 civilization's wine
 The clay body of the Muslim has exploded
 into flames
 It made the speck into fire-fly by giving it
 borrowed light
 Just look at what the trickery of the splendid
 sun is
 The nature of the young generation has found
 new ways
 This beauty, this alertness, this freedom, this
 fearlessness
 Such a change has come about in planning
 and thought
 Bursting of the garden's flower-buds in Love
 is considered trivial
 The newly flying birds have lost their nests
 but
 A pretty sight has been shown by magician's
 cunningness
 The new life brought with it ever changing
 pleasures
 Rivalry, selling conscience, impatience, greed
 Muslim's assembly is glittering with the new
 candle's light

But my old time wisdom is saying this to the
moths
"O moth! You have derived this warmth from
the assembly's candle
Burn in your own fire like me if you have the
warmth of the heart.

[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]

IN MEMORY OF MY LATE MOTHER

Every atom of creation is a prisoner of fate;
Contrivance is the veil of constraint and
helplessness.
The sky is compelled; the sun and the moon
are compelled;
The fleet-footed stars are compelled in their
course.
The cup of the bud in the garden is destined
to be smashed;
Verdure and flowers are also compelled to
grow in the garden.
Be it the song of the nightingale or the silent
voice of the innermost spirit,
Everything is a captive of this world-
encompassing chain.
When this secret of constraint is clear to the
eye,
The flowing stream of tears grows dry in the
heart.
The dance of pleasure and grief no longer
remains in the human breast;
The song remains, but the joy of high and low
does not.
Knowledge and wisdom are the highway-
robbers of the goods of tears and sighs;
The aware heart is a fragment of a diamond.
Although in my garden, there is not the
freshness of the dew
And my eye is not the possessor of the dark
red tear,
I know, alas! the secret of human tribulations;
The instrument of my nature is empty of the
melody of complaint.
The tale of the changing colours of time is not
on my lips;
My heart is not amazed, not laughing, not
weeping;

But your picture is the messenger of eternal
grieving—
Alas! it cancels out my powerful wisdom.
By drunken lamentation, the foundation of
life is made firm;
By the knowledge of pain, stony hearted
intelligence is put to shame.
By the wave of the smoke of the sigh, my
mirror is bright;
My breast is filled from the watery treasury.
I am amazed at the spell your portrait casts,
Which has changed the direction of the flight
of time.
It seems that it has stood past and present
side by side;
It has once more made me aware of the time
of my childhood,
When that helpless life was nurtured in your
lap,
Whose tongue was not properly familiar with
words.
And now he is famous for the charm of his
speech;
His eyes, which shed jewels, are priceless
pearls.
The serious discourse of wisdom, the
awareness of old-age,
The grandeur of worldly honours, the pride of
youth—
We come down from the pinnacles of life's
towers
And in the company of our mother remain a
simple child.
We observe no formality, we laugh, we are
free from care:
Once more we abide in this paradise which
we had lost.
Now, who will wait for me, alas!, in my
homeland?
Who will be anxious when my letter does not
arrive?
I shall come to the dust of your grave,
bringing this lament:
Now who will remember me in midnight
prayers?

Because you brought me up, I shared the fate
 of the stars;
 The house of my forefathers was accorded
 honour.
 In the scroll of existence your life was a
 golden page.
 Your life was from beginning to end a lesson
 in faith and the world.
 Throughout my life, your love was my
 servant,
 And when I was able to serve you, you
 departed this world.
 That young man who in stature is like the
 lofty cypress and who was more blessed by
 your service than I,
 He stood shoulder to shoulder with me in the
 business of life;
 He, a portrait of your love; he, my right arm.
 Now he mourns you like a helpless baby,
 And weeps for you morning and evening,
 knowing no self-control.
 The seed, which you sowed in the field of our
 life,
 As we share our grief—that love has become
 even stronger.
 Ah, this world, this house of mourning for
 young and old;
 To what spell of yesterday and tomorrow is
 mankind captive!
 How hard life is! How easy is death!
 In the garden of existence, death is as cheap as
 the morning breeze.
 There are earthquakes, lightning, famines,
 tribulations—
 All daughters of the mother of the days!
 Death comes to the poor man's hovel; death
 comes to the rich man's palace.
 Death is present in deserts and towns, in
 cities, in garden, in the wilderness.
 Death even creates its tumults in the silent
 sea,
 And boats sink in the embrace of the wave.
 There is no room for complaint, nor power of
 speech;
 What is life? A noose that squeezes the throat.
 In the caravan, there is nothing but the lament
 of the bell;

Nothing but the capital of a tearful eye.
 But the age of testing will also end;
 Behind the nine veils of the firmament even
 now there are other ages.
 If in this garden the breasts of the tulip and
 the rose are torn, so what?
 If nightingales are forced to cry and lament,
 so what?
 The bushes, which keep the sigh of the
 autumn imprisoned in their cage—
 The wind of eternal spring will make them
 green.
 If our vital spark sleeps in the trampled earth,
 so what?
 If our pinch of dust travels in this transitory
 litter, so what?
 The finality of the fire of life is not a bed of
 ashes.
 It is not the pearl whose destiny is to be
 broken.
 In the eye of existence, life is so beloved:
 In the nature of everything there is the desire
 to preserve life.
 If the trace of life could have been erased by
 the hands of death,
 The order of the universe would not have
 made it so common.
 If it is so cheap, then think that death is
 worthless,
 In the same way as sleeping does not stop one
 living.
 Alas, my ignorant one! The hidden secret of
 death is quite different.
 From the instability of its impression,
 something else is visible.
 The impression of the wind on the water is a
 vision of paradise;
 Breaking the agitated wave, it creates bubbles.
 And then it hides them in the bosom of the
 wave.
 How cruelly it rubs out its own trace.
 But if the wind could not create anew the
 bubbles it had made,
 The wind would not be so careless as to
 smash them.
 But what effect does this behaviour have
 upon the actual form of creation?

It is proof that the wind has the power to
create.
Could it be that the nature of existence will
not ever be a martyr to desire?
Could it be that it will not seek to make a
better form?

Ah! Restless quicksilver, stars that light in the
heavens!
These lively sparks, whose shining is indebted
to the darkness of the night.
Knowledge bows in humility to the length of
their life.
One hour of theirs is the life-story of
mankind.
But then a man it is who casts his sight to the
heavens,
And in his purpose he is purer than even the
angels.
Like a shining candle, he stands in the
assembly of nature,
And in the vastness of his nature the sky is
just a point.
His lack of knowledge is anxious for truth.
His finger-nail is the plectrum of the
instrument of existence.
Is this flame then less bright than the sparks
of the firmament?
Is this sun cheaper than the stars?

The eye of the seed of the flower is awake
even under the soil.
How anxious it is to grow to maturity!
The flame of life which is hidden in this seed
is compelled to show itself, to increase itself
in growth.
It cannot be dispirited even in the coldness of
the grave.
Even pressed into the soil, it cannot lose its
passion.
It becomes a flower and rises from its coffin,
As if it acquires the clothes of life from death.
It is the grave that binds together this
distracted power,
And casts its noose around the neck of the
firmament.
Death is the name of the renewal of the taste
for life.

In the veil of sleep, it is a message of
awakening.
Those who are accustomed to flying have no
fear of flying.
In this garden, death means nothing more
than the poisoning of wings.

People of the world say that the pain of death
is incurable;
The wound of separation is healed by the
balm of time.
But the heart which is filled by grief for the
death
Is freed from the links of the chain of morning
and evening.
The lamentation of mourning is not stopped
by the spell of time;
Time is no balm for the wound of the sword
of separation.
When a disaster suddenly befalls a man,
Tears continually flow from his eyes.
There comes about a connection between the
heart and lament and complaint;
The blood of the heart flows in the tears
which fill the eyes.
Although man is bereft of the strength of
patience,
In his nature there is an undefinable sense.
Man's spirit does not know annihilation;
It may disappear from sight, but is not
obliterated.
The apparel of existence is turned to ashes by
the flames of grief;
This fire is put out by the water of that
pleasant feeling.
Ah! The suppression of lamentation is not the
silence of indifference.
It is awareness that brings consolation, not
forgetfulness.

As soon as the morning appears in its
brightness from the veil of the east,
The morning washes the strain of the night
from the garment of the skies.
It clothes the fading tulip in a fiery cloak,
And it stirs the silent birds to ecstatic song.
The melody is freed from the prison of the
nightingale's breast.

The early morning breeze is full of a hundred
tunes.
The sleepers of the garden of tulips, the flank
of the mountain and the rivers are at last by
the side of life's bride.
If this is the law of existence that every
evening turns into morning,
Why should not the end of the night of man's
tomb not be morning?
The net of my swift imagination captures the
heavens;
By it I have captured your memory.
My heart which knows pain is full of your
memory,
As in the Ka'ba, the air if filled with prayers.
That chain of duties, whose name is life—
Its places of manifestation are thousands of
unstable worlds.
Every stage of existence has different ways
and customs;
The world to come is also a coursing-field.
There the tilled field of death produces no
crop;
The climate is appropriate for the seed of
action.
The light of nature is not the prisoner of the
darkness of the body;
The scope of human thought is not so narrow.
Life was made brighter by your moonlight.
Your journey was also made better by the
morning star.
Like the halls of the dawn, may your grave be
radiant!
May your dusty sleeping chamber be filled
with light!
May the sky shed its dew upon your grave!
May the freshly grown verdure watch over
your home!

[Translated by D.J. Matthews]

THE SUN'S RAY

At the dawn when my eye was enjoying the
panorama
I saw that a ray of the sun was wandering
about
I asked the ray, "O head to foot restlessness!

What kind of restlessness your impatient life
has!
Are you a small little lightning, which the sky
Is nurturing to fall on the harvest of nations
Is this a flash, or your eternal nature, what is
it?
Is it a dance? wandering? seeking what is it?"
"A sea of tumults is asleep in my silent life
My existence has been nurtured by the
morning's breeze
My destiny keeps me constantly restless
Taste for enlightenment keeps me busy in
seeking
I am not fire-brand lightning, though by
nature fire I am
Message of awakening from the world-
illuminating sun I am!
Becoming collyrium I shall enter the human
eye
Whatever night had hidden I shall show to
the eye
Among your ecstasies is there any seeker of
prudence also?
Among the sleeping people is anyone with
taste of awakening also?"

'URFI

The imagination of 'Urfi has created a
mansion
Which has become the envy of Sina and
Farabi
On the subject of Love he wrote such music
By which red tears are still available to eyes
One day my heart made this complaint at his
grave
"Tunes of restlessness no longer come from
world's assembly
The disposition of the world's people has
changed so much
That such condition of restlessness has gone
from the world
The midnight wailing of the poet is offensive
to the ear
When assembly's eye be unaware of pleasure
of sleeplessness

How can somebody's flame of lament remove
darkness?
When the morning's light is unwelcome for
nightly worshippers"
Call came from grave "Reduce complaint
against world's people
'Strike the tune harder if the taste for music
has become low
Sing the *hudi* faster if the camel's litter has
became heavy'

IN RESPONSE TO A LETTER

Even if I have greed I do not have the strength
for exertion
Acquiring position is connected with the taste
for search
A thousand thanks to God that my nature is
contentment
A thousand thanks to God that my mind is
not mischievous
Cultivations of human hearts flourish with
my writings
In the world I am creative like the ocean
feeding cloud
Congratulations to you on these secrets of
politics
As my finger nail by Love's grace is breast-
excoriating
Desire for audience with kings is a sign of
lifelessness
This secret has been exposed by Hafiz of
elegant poetry
"If you desire that you elevated to Khidar be
Hidden from Sikandar's eye as immortality's
water be."

[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]

NANAK

The nation could not care less about
Gautama's message—
It did not know the price of its unique pearl!
Poor wretches! They never heard the voice of
truth:
A tree does not know how sweet its fruit is.
What he revealed was the secret of existence,
But India was proud of its fancies;

It was not an assembly-hall to be lit up by the
lamp of truth;
The rain of mercy fell, but the land was
barren.
Alas, for the *shudra* India is a house of sorrow,
This land is blind to the sufferings of man.
The Brahmin is still drunk with the wine of
pride,
In the assembly-halls of foreigners burns
Gautama's lamp.
But, ages later, the house of idols was lit up
again—
Azar's house was lit up by Abraham!
Again from the Punjab the call of
monotheism arose:
A perfect man roused India from
slumber.

[Translated by Mustansir Mir]

INFIDELITY AND ISLAM

(Includes a Verse of Mir Razi Danish)

One day Iqbal questioned the Kaleem of Tur
"O You whose foot-prints converted the
Valley of Sinai into a garden!
The fire of Nimrod is still ablaze in the world
Why your Love's old fire has been hidden
from the eye"?
The reply of Sinai's Master was "If you are a
Muslim
Leaving the Invisible do not become the lover
of the visible
If you have taste for the visible you need the
Faith of Khalil
Otherwise ashes are the adornments of your
life
If you are Lover of the Invisible do not care at
all
Set your lamp in the Valley of Faran and
remain waiting
The visible's glory is temporary, the
Invisible's Majesty is permanent
This Truth has the body-and-soul connection
with Love
What if the flame of Namrud is alight in the
world
'The candle melts itself in the midst of the
assembly

My light like the stone's spark is better if
concealed"

BILAL

A righteous Western writer has written
Who was highly respected among the
literateur
"Asia was the marshaling place of Sikandar of
Rome
His status was More elegant than even the sky
History attests that in combat with the
Romans
The claims of Porus and Dara were vain
At this emperor with the myriad-man army
The blue sky was looking with amazement
Today nobody knows him in Asia
Even the historian does not recognize him
But Bilal, that humble person with Negroid
origin
Whose nature had been brightened by the
Prophethood's Light
The call whose custodian the breast of Bilal
since eternity became
Subservient to which call emperors as well as
the indigent became!
Which brings amity between the black and
the red
By which the poor and the rich are placed
together
That heart-melting song is fresh till the
present age
Which the old sky's ear has been hearing for
centuries"
Iqbal! This general blessing is due to whose
love?
The Roman has perished, the Negro is
immortal!

THE MUSLIMS AND MODERN EDUCATION

(Includes a Verse of Malik Qumi

The preceptor's teaching was, "O foolish
Muslim!
"Necessary preparations are incumbent on
the traveler
The world's ways have changed, such
changes have come that

Those who were invaluable once are not even
saleable now
That bright flame of yours from which
darkness escaped
Now is reduced to a spark, less bright than
stars
Cease to be the Invisible's Lover, be the
visible's lover
Now influence of the visible God is
triumphant over nations
In this garden success for your efforts is not
possible
Your snare is worn out and the fast-flying
bird is clever
In this age education is the cure for nations'
maladies
Education is like a lancet for the diseased
blood"
By the leader's suggestions love of education
developed in me
Obeying the command of Khidar is
incumbent on the wanderer of the
wilderness
But the discerning eye should see my
misfortune
"Went to pull thorn from foot, the litter
disappeared from the sight
I was negligent for a moment it moved by a
hundered years"

THE PRINCESS OF FLOWERS

One day the dew in the garden was saying to
the flower bud
"I lived for a long time among the flower
buds of Paradise
The condition of your garden is so elegant
The Paradise's sight is concealed in my
bewildered eye
I have heard that some princess is the ruler of
this garden
With whose foot-prints the wilderness would
produce flowers
Some day take me with you up to her palace
Take me concealed in your skirt like
fragrance"
The flower bud said "On the throne is that
princess of ours

By whose kick even stones become
resplendent jewels
But your nature is bright and princess' rank is
elegant
It is not possible that you reach her in
company with me
However you can reach up to our princess
By becoming the hot tear of some afflicted
person
Her glance is the message of 'Eid to the
Muharram's people
Turns the continuous tears of afflicted people
into pearls.

BASED ON A VERSE OF SA'IB

O Iqbal! In what a place you have constructed
your nest
In this garden song is the prelude to
nightingale's disgrace!
Though you are planting the sparks of the
Valley of Aiman
Sprouting of seed of Sinai is not possible in
this soil
The bud cannot be a flower even with the
force of breath
Where everything is devoid of the exigency of
self-development
Outrageous that the nature of garden's
denizens is asleep
Neither old age's heart is awake nor the youth
is courageous
When the intelligent hearts fall asleep in
breasts
For the singer sweet music is changed to
poison
Fly away from this garden if music's restraint
is impossible
As better than this assembly is the seclusion
of some wilderness
"Manifestation of Lailah is much better in
wilderness
City's strait is unable to contain wilderness'
beauty"

A CONVERSATION IN PARADISE

Hatif said to me that in Paradise one day
Sa'di of Shiraz addressed Hali in this way

"O with the pearl of whose poetry's sky-
illuminating light
The falcon became companion of moon and
stars' light!
Relate to me what the story of the Indian
Muslim is
Is he lagging at the halt or busy in exertion is?
Is some warmth of din left in his veins?
The heat of whose call was once burning the
sky"
Hali was moved by the talk of the Shaikh
He started weeping and saying, "O man of
miracles!
When the sky turned over the leaf of time
The call came that respect was possible only
with education!
But this has produced wavering in
fundamental beliefs
Secular benefits were obtained, but din had
been undermined
Goals also become exalted if the din is
preserved
The youth's nature is paralyzed and very low
keyed
Concordance among individuals is kept only
with din
Din is the plectrum if national congregation is
the musical instrument
If the foundation of the garden's wall is
shaken
It is clearly the beginning of the garden's end
As the water of Zamzam was not available to
it
Some manner of atheism is appearing in the
new progeny
Do not talk of this in the audience of the Lord
of Yathrib
Lest Muslims of India consider that this is my
back-biting"
Dates cannot be obtained from the weeds we
have sown
Brocade cannot be obtained from the wool we
have spun"

--Sa'di

RELIGION

(Includes a verse by Mirza Bedil)

The teaching of the sage of Western
philosophy is
"Those seeking the Invisible Existence are
ignorant
If the form is unfamiliar to sight
Would the Sheikh also be an idol-maker like
Brahmin?
The foundation of modern knowledge is on
the tangible
In this age the wine-bottle of Faith is shattered
What is known as din is an immature frenzy
Which is repulsive to human imagination"
But the philosophy of life is saying something
else
This secret has been divulged to me by the
Perfect Preceptor
"With every perfection a little distress is
welcome
However, perfect the Intellect, it is not good
without Love."

AN INCIDENT OF THE BATTLE OF YARMUK

The armed Arab youth were arrayed for battle
The bride of Syria's land was waiting for
myrtle
A young man who was restless like mercury
Approaching the army's general started
saying
"O Abu 'Ubaidah grant me permission to
fight
The cup of my patience and calm is full
I am becoming impatient in the Holy
Prophet's separation
In his Love even a moment's life has become
hard
As I am going to the Holy Prophet's audience
I shall gladly convey if there is any message"
The general's eye, whose sight was like an un-
sheathed sword,
Noticing this zeal and fervor was moist with
tears

The army's general exclaimed., "You are that
young man
The respect for whose Love is binding on the
elders
May the God of Muhammad fulfill your wish
How elegant is the stage of your Love!
When you arrive in the audience of the Holy
Prophet
Present this petition with my sincere
compliments
"The Exalted God has shown His Mercy to us
Have been fulfilled all the promises you had
made to us."

RELIGION

Judge not your nation on the criteria of
Western nations
Special in composition is the Hashimi
Prophet's nation
Based on country and race is their
organization
The force of din stabilizes your organization
If the din's skirt is lost, disappears the
organization
And if organization departs also disappears
the nation!

REMAIN ATTACHED TO THE TREE KEEP SPRING'S EXPECTATION

The branch of the tree which got separated in
autumn
Is not possible to green up with the cloud of
spring
The autumn season for this branch is ever-
lasting
It has no connection with flourishing in the
spring
Autumn season prevails in your rose garden
also
The pocket of the rose is devoid of good cash
The birds which were singing in the seclusion
of leaves
Have departed from your shady tree's leaves
You should learn a lesson from the separated
branch
As you are unacquainted with the customs of
the world

Keep very strong communication with the
nation
Remain attached to the tree and have spring's
expectation!

THE NIGHT OF THE CELESTIAL
ASCENSION OF THE PROPHET

This call of the evening star is coming from
the sky
"This is the night before which the dawn
prostrates
"For courage the 'Arsh-i-Barin is only a pace
away"
The Mi'raj's night is saying this to the Muslim

THE FLOWER

O flower! Why do you care for the
nightingale's wounded heart
First you should darn the slits of your own
shirt!
If you long for respect in the rose garden of
existence
You should get accustomed to living
entangled in thorns!
The juniper in the garden is free as well as
chained to the soil
You should acquire freedom within these
constraints!
With contentment give message of
embarrassment to miserliness
Do not remain obliged to dew, you should
empty the cup and the bottle!
It does not befit self respect that being picked
from the garden
You should be put in some turban or pinned
to some collar!
The dew disappeared from garden saying to
the flower bud
If you love gardener's oppression, you should
create beauty
If you want to remain unacquainted with
autumn
First you should abandon the desire for the
beauty's world
Look, in this alone is concealed your life's
perfection!

If you should be the decoration of some
beauty's robe!

[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]

SHAKESPEARE

The flowing river mirrors the red glow of
dawn,
The quiet of the evening mirrors the evening
song,
The rose-leaf mirrors spring's beautiful cheek;
The chamber of the cup mirrors the beauty of
the wine;
Beauty mirrors Truth, the heart mirrors
Beauty;
The beauty of your speech mirrors the heart
of man.
Life finds perfection in your sky-soaring
thought.
Was your luminous nature the goal of
existence?

When the eye wished to see you, and looked,
It saw the sun hidden in its own brilliance.
You were hidden from the eyes of the world,
But with your own eyes you saw the world
exposed and bare.
Nature guards its secrets so jealously—
It will never again create one who knows so
many secrets.

[Translated by Mustansir Mir]

I AND YOU

In me no mind of Moses, in you no virtue
Of Abraham: idolatrous foes like theirs,
New Samris, Azars, have with eldritch arts
Destroyed us; I am a song burned out in the
throat,
And you a shrivelled colour, a frightened
scent;
I, memory of the pain of longing—you,
Echo of a lament for love. My joys
Are gall, my honey venom, my soul twin-
brother
To blank oblivion: your heart's temple
pawned
To Persia's strange gods, your religion
bartered

To infidels. Life's every breath is numbered—
 To count them, terror: to wail at life's brief
 span,
 Poison; do not bewail that terror, do not
 Swallow the poison of that wailing; take
 The road by which the saints came to their
 crown,
 And have no thought, if one spark burns in
 your dust,
 Of wealth or penury; for here on earth
 Black peasant bread breeds Hyder's strength.
 Oh lamp
 Of the shrine! teach me, your circling moth, a
 way
 Of worship to renew in me that nature
 Which like the salamander feeds on flame.
 Against the guardians of the shrine, the shrine
 Brings accusation of such villainy
 Decked out as loyal zeal, that let me once
 Proclaim it in the very idol-house,
 The senseless monsters¹⁰ would cry out 'Oh
 Vishnu,
 Vishnu!' Not new to-day the world's arena,
 Not new the antagonists, face to face, hands
 clenched;
 Unchanged of purpose stands the Lion of
 God,
 Unchanged the opposing champions. Aid us,
 Prophet,
 Lord of Arabia and the alien lands!
 Awaiting here thy bounty are those beggars
 Whom thou has given the pride of Alexander.

[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]

¹⁰ "the senseless monsters" is a gross misrepresentation of Iqbal's *sanam*, which simply means an idol (with the poetic connotations of fondness). Iqbal actually means to say that the idols too would join him if he were to complain against the worshippers who bring bad name to their faith, since the phenomenon is common to all religions—self-righteous but ill-guided followers lose sight of the higher ideals.

IMPRISONMENT

Imprisonment enhances confidence if the
 nature is elegant
 The spring drop becomes blessed inside the
 shell's prison
 The excellent musk is nothing but a drop of
 blood
 Which becomes musk when it is enclosed in
 the deer's navel
 However, not everyone gets trained by nature
 Only an odd bird is prosperous in
 imprisonment
 "Strength of crow's and kite's wing is not in
 cage and prey
 This grace is reserved for the falcon and the
 eagle"

BEGGING FOR THE CALIPHATE

If the territory is being lost let it be lost
 You should not be disloyal to God's
 commands
 Do you not have knowledge of history?
 You have started begging for the Khilafah!
 If we do not purchase with our own blood
 Such sovereignty is a disgrace to the Muslim!
 "I do not feel as much ashamed of being
 broken down
 As in asking others for *mumiya'i* for my
 treatment."

LATE SHAH DIN HUMAYUN

O Humayun! your life was full of warmth
 Your spark was an assembly-enlightening
 lamp
 Though your earthly body was slim and weak
 Your elegant disposition was bright like a star
 How fearless a heart in this frail body was
 A universal flame in this handful of dust was!
 But the intelligent heart was not at all afraid
 of death
 In night's silence there is nothing except
 morrow's affairs!
 The imprudent ones consider death is the end
 of life

This apparent evening of life is the morning of
perpetual life!

[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]

KHIZR THE GUIDE

THE POET

By the river's brink I stood one evening, lost
in the scene,
Yet hiding a world of fretting thoughts in my
heart's cell.
Night deepened silence: calm the air, languid
the current,
River or painted water the eye could scarcely
tell.
As the sucking infant laid in the cradle falls
asleep
The restless wave lay slumberously in its
deep well,
The birds held captive by night's gramarye in
their nests,
And the faint-gleaming stars fast bound by
the bright moon's spell.
There that would-measuring courier I had
sight of—Khizr,
That ancient in whom youth's colours fresh as
the daybreak dwell.
'Seeker,' said he, 'of eternal secrets! when the
heart
sees clear vision, the fates that rule earth wear
no veil.'
At these words in my soul doomed to long
search awoke
A tumult as of Judgment Day; and thus I
spoke.
'To your world-ranging eye is visible the
storm
Whose fury yet lies in tranquil sleep under the
sea:
That innocent life, that poor man's boat, that
wall of the orphan,
Taught Moses' wisdom to stand before yours
wonderingly!
You shun abodes, for desert-roaming, for
ways that know
No day or night, from yesterdays and to-
morrow's free.

—What is the riddle of life? What thing is the
State? or why
Must labour and capital so bloodily disagree?
Asia's time-honoured cloak grows ragged and
wears out,
From upstart lands her young men borrow
their finery;
Though Alexander could never find the elixir
of life,
His robber spirit still revels here in drunken
glee;
The lord of Makkah barter the honour of
Makkah's faith
That the stubborn Turk, late convert, guards
through war's agony.
Tyrants and flames once more on Abraham's
race have glared:
For whom this new ordeal, or by whose hand
prepared?

KHIZR'S REPLY

Desert-roaming

What is it to make you wonder, if I roam the
desert waste?
Witness of enduring life is this unending toil
and haste!
You, shut in by walls, have never known that
moment when shrill
Bugle-call that sounds the march goes echoing
over wood and hill,
Never known the wild deer's careless walk
across its sandy plain,
Never halt unroofed, uncumbered, on the trail
no milestones chain,
Never fleeting vision of that star that crowns
the daybreak hour,
Never Gabriel's radiant brow effulgent from
heaven's topmost tower,
Nor the going-down of suns in stillness of
desert ways,
Twilight splendour such as brightened
Abraham's world-beholding gaze,
Nor those springs of running water where the
caravans take rest
As in heaven bright spirits cluster round the
Fountain of the Blest!

Wildernesses ever now love's fever seeks and
 thirsts to roams—
 You the furrowed field and palm-groves fetter
 to one poor home;
 Mellow grows the wine of life when hand to
 hand the cup goes round
 Foolish one! In this alone is life's eternal secret
 found.

Life

Life is higher than the calculation of profit
 and loss;
 Life is sometimes living and sometimes
 forfeiting living.
 Do not measure it by the scale of today and
 tomorrow;
 Life is eternal, constantly moving, at every
 moment youthful.
 If you are among the living, fashion your own
 world;
 Life is the secret of Adam, the essence of the
 words *Be and it was!*
 Ask the reality of life from the heart of the
 mountain-digger;
 Life is the milky stream, the axe and the hard
 stone.
 In servitude the stream diminishes and almost
 runs dry,
 And in freedom life is an ocean which knows
 no bounds.
 It knows well its power of domination,
 Although life is hidden in a frame of clay.
 From the sea of existence you arose like a
 bubble;
 In this dwelling of loss, life your test.
 While you are still immature, you are a heap
 of dust;
 When you ripen, you will become an
 irresistible sword.
 The heart which is impatient to die for the
 truth—
 First of all let it create life in its form of clay.
 Let it set fire to this earth and this sky, which
 are borrowed,
 And from the embers, let it give birth itself to
 its own world.
 Make the hidden strength of life manifest,

Until its spark engenders the eternal light.
 Let it shine over the soil of the East like the sun,
 Until Badakhshan once more throws up the
 same priceless ruby.
 Let it send the ambassador of its night-
 encompassing lament to the heavens;
 Let it share its secrets with the stars of the
 night.
 This moment is the Day of Judgment; you are
 in the field of Judgments' Day!
 My forgetful one, put forward something you
 have accomplished, if you have anything
 written on your scroll.

The State

What scripture sets forth riddlingly
 Of Kings, let me impart:
 In towering empires sovereignty
 Is all a conjuror's art—
 If ever subjects from their sleep
 Half rouse themselves, the sure
 Enchantments of their rulers steep
 Their wits in dreams once more;
 When Mahmood's blandishments begin
 Ayaz slave-eyes dote,
 And find a fine love-token in
 The halter round his throat.
 But now the blood of Israel
 Boils up in rage at last,
 And some new Moses breaks the spell
 That wizard Samri cast!
 None with diamond's orb invest
 But the Most High alone:
He is the sovereign, all the rest
 Are idols carved from stone;
 Stain with no slavery you free-souled
 Estate,—worse pagan than
 The Brahmin, if your chisel mould
 A king out of a man.
 In the West the people rule, they say:
 And what is this new reign?
 The same harp still, the same strings play
 The despots' old refrain;
 In Demos-dress let tyranny's
 Old demon-dance be seen,

Your fancy calls up Liberty's
Blue-mantled fairy queen!

Those Parliaments and their reforms,
Charters and Bills of Rights—
The Western pharmacopoeia swarms
With opiate delights;

That rhetoric of the Senator,
Flowing in fiery stream—
God save the mark! the brokers' war
Of gold is its true theme.

This paint and perfume, this mirage,
A garden's blooming face
You thought, simpleton, and your cage
A downy nesting-place.

Capital and Labour

To the workman go, the toiler, and to him this
message tell:

Words not mine alone, a message that the
world's four corners swell—
Oh, the crafty man of capital has devoured
you flesh and fell:

On the wild deer's horns for ages your
reward has run astray!

In the hand that forges all wealth he has
dropped a grudging pay,
As the poor receive in charity what their
betters throw away.

Like an Old Man of the Mountain he has fed
you with hashish,

And poor innocent! you took it for the
sweetest-flavoured dish;

For the bourgeoisie is cunning, and from
country and from creed,

Colour, culture, caste and kingdom, has
brewed drugs to serve its need;

For these false gods, witless victim, you have
rushed upon your doom

And been robbed of life's bright treasure for
the taste of its mad fume.

Your sharp paymasters have swept the board,
they cheat and know no shame:

You, forever unsuspecting, have forever lost
the game.

But now come! for ways are changing in
assembly of the earth,

And in Orient and in Occident your own age
comes to birth!

For the lofty soul all ocean is too mean a gift:
will you,

Like the careless bud, much longer be content
with drops of dew?

To those drowsy tales of Jamshid and
Sikander for how long

Will you listen, now men's joy is in
democracy's new song?

From the womb of this old universe a new red
sun is born—

For extinguished stars, of heaven, how much
longer will you mourn?

Now the human mind has made of all its
chains a broken heap,

For his banishment from Eden how much
longer must Man weep?

How much longer, of the garden's old
attendant asks the Spring,

For the red wounds of the rose your idle
ointments will you bring?

Silly firefly, so long fluttering round the
candle, now be free!

Where the lamp of your own spirit shines,
there let your dwelling be.

The World of Islam

Why do you tell me the story of the Arab and
the Turk?

Nothing of the burning and making of the
Muslims is hidden from me.

The sons of the Trinity have taken away the
heritage of Khalil;

The sand of Hijaz has been made into the
foundation stone of the Church!

The red-capped one has been dishonoured in
the world;

Those who were pride from head to foot,
today are compelled to submission.

Persia is buying from the vintners of the West
that heady wine

Whose heat is enough to melt the jar.

By the wisdom of the West the state of the
Community has become thus:

As scissors cut gold into tiny pieces.

The blood of the Muslim has become cheap as water;
 And you are fretting because your heart does not know the secret.
 Said Rumi: *Before they can repopulate any ancient ruin, do you not know that first of all they must destroy the foundation?*
The country slipped from its hands, and the eyes of the community were opened;
 God has blessed you with sight; look forward, my negligent one!
 Defeat is better than begging for balm;
 Wingless ant! Do not bring your request before Solomon.
 The cohesion of the Radiant Community is the salvation of the East,
 But the people of Asia are so far ignorant of this principle.
 Again abandon politics and enter the ramparts of the faith;
 Polity and dominion are only a fruit of the protection of the Shrine.
 May the Muslims unite in watching over the Shrine,
 From the banks of the Nile to the deserts of Kashghar.
 Whoever practises discrimination of colour and blood will be erased,
 Whether he be a tent-dwelling Turk or an Arab of noble family!
 If race takes precedence over the religion of the Muslim,
 You have flown from the world like the dust of the highway.
 So that the foundation of the Caliphate may be once again firm in the world,
 Search for and bring from somewhere the heart and spirit of your ancestors.
 Ah you who cannot distinguish the hidden from the revealed, become aware!
 You, caught up in Abu Bakr and Ali, become aware!
 Lamentation was necessary, but now that is over.
 Now control your heart a little and see the effect of the lament.

You have seen the heights of the power of the river's current;
 Now see how the agitated wave forms a chain.
 The dream which Islam saw of general freedom—
 Oh Muslim, see the interpretation of that dream.
 Its own bed of ashes is the means of existence for the salamander;
 See this old world dies and is born again.
 Open your eyes and look at the mirror of my words;
 See a hazy picture of the age to come.
 The sky has another well-tried plague to bring;
 See the disgrace of scheming before fate.
 You are a Muslim; fill your breast with desire;
 At every time keep before your eyes the words *My promise is never broken*.

[Translated by V.G. Kiernan and D.J. Matthews]¹¹

THE RISE OF ISLAM

The dimness of the stars is evidence of the bright morning.
 The sun has risen over the horizon; the time of deep slumber has passed.
 The blood of life runs in the veins of the dead East:
 Avicenna and Farabi cannot understand this secret.
 The storm in the West made Muslims Muslims.
 Pearls are produced in abundance from the very buffetings of the sea.
 The true believers are once more to receive from the court of God
 The glory of the Turkamans, the intellect of the Indians and the eloquence of the Arabs.

¹¹ In 'Khizr the Guide' the section 'The Poet' and the sub-sections 'The State' and 'Capital and Labour' were translated by V.G. Kiernan. The remaining sub-sections, 'Life' and 'The World of Islam' have been taken from the translation of D.J. Matthews.

If there is still some trace of sleep left in the
buds, my nightingale,
*Then make your songs more plaintive, for you
found their desire to hear your melody too
little.*¹²
Whether your agitation be in the courtyard of
the garden, in the nest, in the leafy
branches—
This quicksilver-destiny cannot be separated
from mercury.
Why should that pure-seeing eye look at the
glitter of armour on the horse
When it sees the valour of the holy warrior?
Make the lamp of desire bright in the heart of
the tulip!
Make every particle of the garden a martyr to
search!
The effect of the spring-rain is born in the
tears of the Muslims.
Pearls will be born again in the sea of the
Friend of God.
This book of the Radiant Community is
receiving a new binding;
The Hashimite branch is once more ready to
bring forth new leaves and fruit.
The Turk of Shiraz has ravished the heart of
Tabriz and Kabul;
The morning breeze makes the scent of the
rose its companion on the road.
If a mountain of grief collapsed upon the
Ottomans, then why lament?
For the dawn arises from the blood of a
hundred thousand stars.
More difficult than the conquest of the world
is the task of seeing the world;
When the heart is reduced to blood, only then
does the eye of the heart receive its sight.
For a thousand years the narcissus has been
lamenting its blindness;
With great difficulty the one with true vision
is born in the garden.
Burst into song, oh nightingale! so that from
your melody

The spirit of the royal falcon may arise in the
delicate body of the dove!
The secret of life is hidden in your breast—
then tell it;
Tell the Muslims the account of the burning
and re-making of life.
You are the ever-powerful hand and the
tongue of the eternal God;
Give birth to certainty, of negligent one, for
you are laid low by doubt.
The goal of the Muslim lies beyond the blue
sky;
You are the caravan, which the stars follow as
dust on the road.
Space is transient; its inhabitants are
transitory, but the beginning of time is
yours; its end is yours.
You are the final message of God; you are
eternal.
The blood of your heart is the henna which
decorates the tulip-bride.
You belong to Abraham; you are the builder
of the world.
Your nature is the trustee of all the
possibilities of life;
You are like the touchstone of the hidden
essence of the world.
The One who left this world of water and clay
for eternal life—
The one whom the prophethood took with
it—you are that gift.
This principle rises from the story of the
Radiant Community—
You are the guardian of the nations of the
land of Asia.
Read again the lesson of truth, of justice and
valour!
You will be asked to do the work of taking on
responsibility for the world.
This is the destiny of nature; this is the secret
of Islam—
World-wide brotherhood, an abundance of
love!
Break the idols of colour and blood and
become lost in the community.
Let neither Turanians, Iranians nor Afghan
remain.

¹² The italicized line is translated from the poet Urfi Shirazi. Iqbal also used it in his poem 'Urfi'.

How long will you keep company in the
 branches with the birds of the garden;
 In your arms is the flight of the royal hawk of
 Quhistan.
 In the abode of doubts of existence is the
 certainty of the Muslim hero;
 In the darkness of the desert night is the
 candle of the monks.
 What was it that erased the tyranny of Caesar
 and Cyrus?
 The power of Hyder, the asceticism of Bu
 Dharr, the truth of Salman!
 How magnificently the heroes of the
 community have blazed the trail,
 And those who have been prisoners for
 centuries peer at them through a crack in the
 door.
 The stability of life in the world comes from
 the strength of faith,
 For the Turanians have emerged firmer than
 even the Germans.
 When certainty is born in these embers of
 ashes,
 Then it gives birth to the wings of Gabriel.
 In slavery, neither swords or plans are
 effective,
 But when the taste for certainty is created,
 then the chains are cut.
 Can anyone even guess at the strength of his
 arm?
 By the glance of the man who is a true
 believer even destiny is changed.
 Empire, sainthood, the knowledge of things
 which holds the world in its sway —
 What are they all? Only commentaries on one
 small point of faith.
 But it is difficult to create the insight of
 Abraham;
 Desire insidiously paints pictures in our
 breasts.
 The distinction of servant and lord has put
 mankind into turmoil;
 Beware, oh powerful ones; the penalties of
 nature are harsh.
 There is one reality for everything, be it of
 earth or fire;

The blood of the sun will drip, of we split the
 heart of an atom.
 Firm certainty, eternal action, the love that
 conquers the world —
 These are the swords of men in the holy war
 of life.
 What else does man need but a lofty spirit
 and pure character,
 A warm heart, a pure-sighted eye and a
 restless soul?
 Those who rushed forward with the
 splendour of the eagle emerged plucked of
 their wings and plumage;
 The stars of evening sank in the blood of the
 sunset but rose again.
 Those who swam under the sea were buried
 by the ocean,
 But those who suffered the buffeting of the
 wave arose, and became pearls.
 Those who prided themselves on their
 alchemy are the dust of the wayside;
 Those who kept their forehead upon the dust
 emerged as the makers of elixir.
 Our slow-running messenger brought the
 tidings of life;
 Those to whom the lightning gave news
 emerged unknowing.
 The Shrine was disgraced by the lack of
 foresight of the old keeper of the shrine;
 But how our Tartar heroes emerged as young
 men of vision!
 Those who soar aloft and light the sky say this
 to the earth,
 'These earth-bound creatures emerged more
 lively, more stable and more shining.'
 In the world, the people of faith live like the
 sun;
 Here they sink, there they arise, there they
 sink, here they arise!
 The certainty of individuals is the capital for
 building the community;
 This is the power which draws the portrait of
 the fate of the community.
 You are the secret of creation, see yourself in
 your eyes;
 Share the secret of your own self, become the
 spokesman of God.

Greed has split mankind into little pieces;
Become the statement of brotherhood, become
the language of love.
Here are Indians, there people of Khurasan,
here Afghans, there Turanians—
You, who despise the shore, rise up and make
yourself boundless.
Your wings and your plumage are soiled with
the dust of colour and race;
You, my bird of the holy shrine, shake your
wings before you start to fly.
Immerse yourself in your self, my forgetful
one, this is the secret of life;
Come out from the fetters of evening and
morning, become immortal.
On the battle-field of life adopt the nature of
steel;
In the bed-chamber of love become as soft as
silk and painted brocade.
Pass like a river in full spate through the
mountains and the deserts;
If the garden should come your way, then
become a melodiously singing stream.
There is no limit to your knowledge and love;
In the instrument of nature there is no sweeter
song than you.

Even now, mankind if the miserable prey to
imperialism;
How distressing that man is hunted by man!
The glitter of modern civilization dazzles the
sight;
But this clever craftsmanship is a mosaic of
false jewels.
That science, in which the scholars of the West
took pride,
Is the sword of warfare held in the bloody
grip of greed.
That civilization of the world, which is
founded on capitalism,
Can never become strong by spellbinding
schemes.
By action life may become both paradise and
hell;
This creature of dust in its nature is neither of
light nor of fire.
Teach the nightingale to send forth its
clamour;

Open the knot of the bud, for you are the
spring breeze for this garden.
Once more the spark of love has arisen from
the heart of Asia;
The earth is the coursing-ground for the stain-
cloaked Tartars.
Arise! A buyer has come to our hapless life;
*After an age, the time has come for our caravan's
departure.*

Come, Saki! The song of the bird of the
garden has come from the branches;
The spring has come; the beloved has come;
the beloved has come; peace has come!
The spring cloud has pitched its tent in the
valley and the desert;
The sound of the waterfall has come from the
summit of the mountains.
I implore you; renew the law of the past!
For the army of singers has come drove upon
drove.
Turn away from the ascetics and fearlessly
drink wine from the jar;
After an age the song of the nightingale has
rung out from this old branch.
Bring the account of the Master of Badr and
Hunain to those who yearn;
Its hidden mystic powers have been revealed
to the eye.
Again the branch of Khalil has been watered
by the sap of our blood;
In the marketplace of love our cash has
proved to be perfect.
I scatter the pearls of tulips upon the dust of
the martyrs,
For their blood has proved to be effective for
the saplings of the community.
Come, so that we may strew roses and pour a
measure of wine in the cup!
Let us split open the roof of the heavens and
think upon new ways.

[Translated by D.J. Matthews]

GHAZALS

O zephyr! Convey my message to the one
wrapped in blanket
The poor Ummah has lost both din and
material resources

The river bank gave this message to the
restless wave
"Union with ocean is still far and you have
already lost patience in the river"
O Qais! Love's honor is made durable with
litter's curtain
If litter is lost, glory, honor as well as Lailah is
lost!
Though the drop got pearl's dignity by
abandoning struggle
It lost taste for wandering and struggle in the
river
Though this voice has emerged from Iqbal's
lips its source is unknown
The assembly got hope's message as well as
became restless for activism

*

These songs of turtle doves and nightingales
are merely ear's illusion
Behind this uproar the world of the garden is
silent
O Western wine the effect of your goblets is
only this
That cup-bearer is laughing and the entire
assembly is unconscious
In the world's sorrowful house you are not
traceable
Was creation also a crime so Your nature is
concealed?
Ah! What the world considers heart is not
heart
In the human breast this is a silent tumult
Walk on the path of life but walk carefully
Understand that some glass work is on your
shoulders
Through whom Delhi and Lahore were
drawn together
Ah! Iqbal that nightingale is silent now.

*

O dejected nightingale your lament is
immature still
You should hold it in your breast for a little
while still
If Intellect is prudent it is considered mature
If Love is prudent it is considered immature
still

Love fearlessly jumped into the fire of
Namrud
Intellect is absorbed in the spectacle from
roof-top still
Love moves fast in action under the
messenger's precept
Intellect has not even understood the Love's
message still
The way of Love is freedom and world
revolution
You are imprisoned in day and night's temple
still
On the plea of temperance the cup-bearer says
rudely
In your heart is the same anxiety for the end
still
Constant struggle is the measure for life's
Kamm and Kaif
Your measure is the counting of days and
nights still
O spring rain! How long this miserliness?
The tulips of my hillside are thirsty still
They are accustomed to `Ajam's wine I have
the `Arab wine
My cup makes wine-drinkers startled still
Zepheyr has brought news about Iqbal from
the garden
The newly seized is writhing under the net
still.

*

Lift the veil from thy Face and be manifest in
the assembly
Make the eyes of the sun, moon and stars thy
spectators
If thou art the lightning how long this secret
winking?
Make acquaintance with my heart without a
veil.
The warm breath's effect is the miracle of life
If it is on thy breast perform life-giving
miracles
How long should begging be on the Tur like
Kaleem!
Make the flame of Sinai manifest with thy
existence
Let the Harem be built with every speck of
thy dust

Make the heart alien to the ways of the Church
It is not good to exceed limits in this garden
If thou showeth elegance make its show with
grace
First become self-respecting like Alexander.
Then make the show of desire of Dara's
grandeur
You will reach the destination of Layla one
day, O Iqbal
For some more days continue wandering in
the wilderness

*

The spring breeze is flowing again start singing,
O Iqbal
If you are a bud be the flower, if a flower the
garden become
You are a handful of dust, with the warmth of
the components
Wander around, scatter about and wilderness
in extent become
You belong to the essence of Love, you are
invaluable
The purchasers are indigent, low priced in
this country become
Why should your tunes be veiled in the
guitar's frets?
You are an ornamented song, evident to every
ear become
O wise traveler! If in your path you encounter
The garden become dew, if wilderness the
storm become
Indulgence is concealed in the love of
opulence
If you aim at the destination, destroyer of
opulence become

[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]

*

For once, O awaited Reality, reveal Thyself in
a form material,
For a thousand prostrations are quivering
eagerly in my submissive brow.

Know the pleasure of tumult: thou art a tune
consort with the ear!
What is that melody worth, which hides itself
in the silent chords of the harp.

My dark misdeeds found no refuge in the
wide world —

The only refuge they found was in Thy
beginning forgiveness.

Even as I laid down my head in prostration a
cry arose from the ground:

Thy heart is enamoured of the idol, what shalt
thou gain by prayer?

[Anonymous translation]¹³

*

No wonder if the garden birds remained fond
of poetry even under the net
The lament fluttering in hearts as silent song
remained
Thy Effulgence could not satisfy the restless
heart at all
The same dawn's lament remained, the same
midnight sighs remained
Neither God, nor idols nor the rivals of
temple and the Harem remained
Neither 'Ali's prowess nor Abu Lahab's
infidelity remained
Though my orchestra remained oppressed by
'Ajam's plectrum
I am that martyr in fidelity's cause whose
song ever Arabic remained!

*

Though you are bound by cause and effect
Keep your heart a little independent
Intellect is not free from criticism
Establish the foundation of your deeds on
Love
O Muslim always in your mind
Keep the verse *La Yukhlif ul mi 'ad*
This is the message of the Voice of Time
Always deep in heart *Inna wa`d-Allah i Haqqun*

[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]

¹³ This translation appears as a page-filler in *Iqbal Review* April 1967 but the translator could be Lt.-Col. K.A. Rashid since he is credited for another filler on p.22 of the same issue.

SATIRICAL

In the East principles are changed to religion
But in the West they are changed into
machines
We do not retain even one of them
There one is changed into three

*

The girls are learning English
The nation prosperity's way has found
The ways of the West are in view
Eastern ways sinful are found
What scenes will this drama produce?
On curtain's rising this will be found

*

The Sheikh also is not a supporter of women's
seclusion
The college boys unnecessarily suspicious of
him became
He clearly stated in the sermon yesterday
"From whom would women be secluded if
men women became"

*

O wise man! This is a matter of a few days
only
Neither you will be modest nor woman will
seclusion want
That time is approaching when instead of
children
Votes for the council's membership will she
want

*

Western education is very encouraging
Its first lesson is to brag sitting in the college
As only the purchasers inhabit India
Afghans also bring assafoetida from their
country
My condition is that I lick the toe of the boot
She says "Beware do not be crawling on my
carpet"
The camel is said to be a somewhat clumsy
animal
The cow is good as she has slender horns

*

It does not matter if the preacher is poor
He should bend to the new civilization
Much has been written on cancellation of
jihad
He should write a tract on cancellation of hajj

*

The patient of civilization will not be cured by
the goli
For curing of the malady you should present
him with pill
There was a time when in exchange for the
teacher's services
One wanted that the gift of the heart he
should present!
Times have changed so much that the pupil
after the lesson
Says to the teacher "You should present the
bill"

*

Will there be an end to this, how long should
we buy
Umbrellas, handkerchiefs, mufflers, shirts
from Japan
If this condition of our complacency continues
Washers of the dead will come from Kabul,
shrouds from Japan

*

We poor Easterners have been entangled in
the West
All crystal decanters are there, only an old
earthen jar is here
All will be annihilated in this age except the
one
Who established in his ways and firm in his
thought is
O Shaikh and Brahman do you listen to what
people with insight say?
Heaven from great heights has thrown down
those nations
Who formerly had assemblies of affection
with firm love
Now under discussion is Urdu and Hindi or
Dhibh and Jhatka

*

"The search, the witness and the thing
witnessed are the same"
If this saying of Ghalib is true there is no
strangeness
O Shaikh! Have you heard something?
What the temple's people's say to the
Ka`bah's people!
"We ask the Muslim with the disposition of a
lover
If you love the idols why is enmity with the
Brahman?"

*

We have lost all material resources
The thought of Judgment Day has gone also
The Shaikh was fighting for Endowment Acts
Ask him if there is any property left for
endowment also?

*

As I tried to commit suicide the Miss
exclaimed
"O lover! If you are civilized do not transgress
the limits
Without courage or dagger suicide's intention
is strange
Even granting your pain of failure has
exceeded the limits"
I said, "O dear, give me some cash
I shall hire some Afghan from the Frontier
Province"

*

So naive were they not to appreciate the
Arabs' worth
What they got was that assault and battery
they escaped not
In the West camel is called ship of the desert
The Turks made use of this fleet not

*

In India councils are a part of the government
This is the start of our political perfection
We were always beggars, begging was our
way
The rich should now acquire the skill of
"begging"

*

Membership of the Imperial council is not at
all difficult
Votes will be available; Will we be paid
money also?
May God bless Mirza Ghalib, who has rightly
said
"We are prepared to live in Delhi, how shall
we subsist"?
16
What will be a better proof of affection and
fidelity
With no love for you how intolerable will this
cruelty be
Insistence is that in the ward committee I
should also speak
But I shall speak after guessing if the Collector
agreeable with me will be
Obtain the testimonial, it will be of use for
sons
He is favorable now, later he may or may not
be
Indians cannot find a place on the earth
But the oceans' bottom available may be
Like the insensitive boat we are subservient to
orders
We are bound to the bank or float as your
desire may be

*

The Sheikh was giving a sermon on the mode
of operation
"The infidels of India are very hard working
in business
Polytheists are those having trade relations
with polytheists
But our nation's people are lacking in
intelligence and sense
Unclean is the article touched by the infidel
Should listen if Muslim's ears are amenable to
truth!
A drunkard was also present in the sermon's
assembly
To whom such talks as those of the preacher
were irksome
He said, "It is atrocious that in such
restrictions

Are imprisoned the dealings in articles of
eating and drink"
I said, "There is no difficulty for you
As in India Muslims also are liquor sellers!"

*

Let us see how long this business of the East
lasts
People are buying cups and jars instead of
din's goblets
The cure of Love is the new education's lancet
My surgeon is drawing blood from the
Millat's vein

*

The cow one day started saying to the camel
Nothing in the world rests in one condition
I am ignominious by breaking my rope
I hear you have also broken your nose string
Though you are important in India for
political reasons
But due to railway the Arabian desert finds
no use for you
Till yesterday you were avoiding the cow's
companionship
The voice of 'never' on your hanging lips was
persistent
What is the matter that you are so favorable to
me today
That old displeasure does not exist in your
heart today
Hearing this speech the camel bashfully said
I am also to be counted among your lovers
The envy of hundreds of camel's ogle is your
one frisk
Since long I am the lover of such a frisk
The effects of your tumults have spread in the
forest such
That speech has produced its taste even
among the speechless
I am living only in one desert since a long
time
As I have nothing I am fed on borrowed
money
If goat, camel, cow, leopard and the lame
donkey
All exist in the same condition we shall have
prestige

If the gardener learns the lesson of uniformity
Why should not the gardens' birds live in
harmony
Give me also the same cup as only this
appears proper
You should be intoxicated, your companions
should also be intoxicated
"The patched garment of Hafiz is worthless,
color him with wine
Then bring him to the market, lost and
intoxicated

*

Last night the mosquito related to me
The whole story of his failures
"They give me only one drop of blood
In return for the whole night's labor
And this land owner without any effort
Sucked all the blood of the cultivator"

*

This new 'verse' was revealed to me from the
jail
That the Quran is in the Gita and the Gita is in
the Quran
How well friendship developed between
Sheikh and Brahmin
In this battle after all neither this nor that was
winning
"Badri" was already disgusted with the temple
"Masita" does not step out of the mosque, he
is stubborn.

*

Life may be lost but truth should not be lost
This one principle is the core of all religions
They are the birds of the same feather,
Banking, landlordship, monarchy

*

Capital and labor are in confrontation with
each other
Let us see how many people's expectations
are destroyed
With cleverness and prudence this mischief
cannot be delayed
Because "Wa qad kuntum bihi tasta'jilun"
Gog and Magog all have been released

The Muslim eye will see the meaning of
Yansilun

*

That eternal rind has departed from the
border of Sham
Shelving away all the rules and etiquette of
the tavern
If so, how much is this the occasion for
admonition
The blue sky changes its colors in a moment
Cursor certainly would be concerned with
remedial measures
In the belly of obedience has started
unequaled convulsion
Sir Agha Khan is demanding the delegation
from India
Is this the digestive for devouring Iraq and
Palestine

*

One day a dispute arose between the farmer
and the owner
Each of them was saying that the land
belonged to him
The farmer said that the field belonged to the
cultivator
The owner said that the farmer had become
demented
I asked the land as to whose property it was
It replied that it was believing only this:
Whether it be the owner or the wretched
farmer
Whatever is under the sky is property of the
land

*

Throw them out in the alley
The new civilization's eggs are rotten
Election, membership, council, presidency
The nooses of independence are very strange

The carpenter has also been pared
The Europe's planes are very sharp

*

The owner of the factory is a useless man
He is very pleasure loving, hard work does
not suit him
God's command is "Laisa lil Insani Illa Ma
Sa'a"
Fruit of laborer's work should not be usurped
by the capitalist

*

I have heard this was the talk in the factory
yesterday
"The artisans only in old huts have their
abode
But what a good council hall the government
has made
In this city the capitalists did not have any
abode"

*

Though the mosque was built overnight by
the believers
Our heart being old sinner for years devout
could not be
What a beautiful message did Sanusi give to
King Faisal
By descent you Hijazi are, but in heart Hijazi
could no be
Though eyes become wet there is no pleasure
is in this weeping
If by mixture of affliction's blood tears pink
could not be
Iqbal is a good advisor, fascinates the heart in
moments
He did become hero in talk, but one in deeds
he could not be.

[Translated by M.A.K. Khalil]