

# MEMORY



Poetry of

**FAIZ AHMAD FAIZ**

Translated

by

**SAIN SUCHA**

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*Poetry of*

*Translated*

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**BY**

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Publication

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To

The Free-thinkers

Who sacrifice their good name,  
to reach the good in life;

And

Shame on all the Hypocrites

Who, while putting on a good name,  
debase the good life as imposters.

### Acknowledgements

I am grateful to the members of Pakistan Study Forum who, despite the divergence of their views, regularly attend the once a month meeting and, thus, provide the stimulation which is vital to keep the mind functioning.

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*Publisher's note: In some cases the year and the place when a piece was completed remain uncertain. We will be thankful for any information which the readers may provide us for the future corrections.*

## PREFACE

This book was, primarily, produced by anger; but, then, it is raised on my respect and affection for Faiz —

I was asked by Waleed Meer to translate an anthology of Faiz Ahmad Faiz into Swedish. We were to use, along with the original writings by Faiz, two reference works in English translation — one translated by an American poet, while the other by a Pakistani — for our guidance.

Not only I, and my co-translator Gail, failed to impart fluency to our work, but I also became increasingly restless, disturbed and then rather angry at the two reference books: one of the translators had written his poetry under the name of Faiz, using Faiz's material; while the other had composed, what I call as, the explanatory notes to Faiz's poetry. In one case poetry was there but Faiz's style was, consciously or subconsciously, eclipsed; in the other his thoughts were kept and explained but his poetry was missing.

Under the circumstances, daring as it is, I took it upon myself to render what I believe to be Faiz's poetry in Faiz's style; and, I hope, with a minimum of colouring from my pen.

How does one translate another person's words and his mind ?

I think that were it another poet I would have contained myself mainly to the words; but in this particular case the situation is different. I grew up in the age and the shadow of Faiz, Sahir and, lately, Faraz. No matter how much original thinking I may like to accredit myself, my mind must be deeply impregnated with the impressions cast upon it by these three poets, who belong to my intellectual life.

Although I left Pakistan over twenty-six years ago, and then picked up morsels of mental nourishment from a variety of sources my main diet, still, includes those few tonics which these providers catered for me when I was a youth. Therefore, when I read Faiz today, despite the passage of time, the thoughts are not only familiar but they could also be my own — although the ultimate origin of many of them may very well be any of the three poets mentioned above.\*

\* And, of course, many others.



## II

The recitation of poetry in the East, unlike most of the Western countries, plays a vital role in the social transformation of the people. As a matter of fact I may endorse that literature, in prose and poetry, has played a greater part in the political consciousness of the people than the activities of the organised political parties in the Indian sub-continent.

The oppressors, throughout ages, have done their best to silence the voices of those thinkers who were not dedicated to flattery. When Faiz wrote,

" If I am deprived of pen and paper, then what?  
I have dipped the fingers in my heart's ink.  
If a seal has been put on my tongue, so what?  
I have put my voice in chain's every link."

he was not only presenting a poetic composition for the mental stimulation, but also describing an existing situation. Whenever he is in the mood for the intellectual flirtation he excels in providing impulses for the thought alone; but he is also fully involved in the events of the real world, with all of its practical problems. Though by his birth he did not belong to the socially subjugated people, he participated actively in their life and thought to qualify for being their representative. Yet, his poetry is not merely protest. While he verifies that pain is a result of the infliction of injury, he also recognises it as a tormenting experience when active participation in pleasure is denied, or even constrained; although, at times, there are strong elements of masochistic gratification in his descriptions when, and where, Anguish reigns supremely.

Did I find something amiss in his poetry?

As far as technical aspects are concerned I can not be the judge — I am just not properly initiated in such niceties. Poetic inebriation, on the contrary, along with its occasional adverse agitation of the spirits, is a much cherished, life-long, affliction; and a sip offered from an acclaimed spring of intoxicating words by any fellow libertine is revered as a joint-gift from Bacchus and Minerva. In the case of Faiz, without being too concerned about his method, I can consume the volumes flowing out of his pen by the books. In arresting imagination through the medium of pen, down on the paper, he is a master in the art of creating simile. His sensitivity and sensuality provide devastating excursions for the mental exploration of the realm

of human experience. But there is a lack of one aspect in his expression — rawness, even when urgent. Faiz is sophisticated, erudite, observant, and a protestor against the unjust; yet, his protest is the controlled protest of a man who has learnt to recognise, face and fight the evil in a composed manner. It is not a protest in the voice of the majority of those whom he represents. Their protest must be much more loud and raw, even obscene, because their misery is so severe that it is not the mind which reasons but the heart which curses — and when the heart curses then euphemisms are rather fragile conveyers of its turbulent pulsations.

I fail to decide if he lacked that rawness, or he chose to ignore it. He could not be unfamiliar with the intensity of suffering which the ordinary human beings are subjected to in their daily life — he lived among them. And he was definitely not a stranger to the tongue of the Punjabis — Damn it! One is not a full Punjabi if one can not put one's heart before the mind, at least sometimes.

Still, I must not let my own steam of feelings, against the oppressors, fog Faiz's world of poetry.

Faiz wrote for almost fifty years. His writings reflect the temper of different periods. First I had thought to make a chronological presentation of his poetry; but, then, I refrained. The present selection and the order of poems is quite personal, and I apologise to the other admirers of Faiz if they would have preferred a different arrangement.

One of my greater sorrows is that this translation project started after Faiz's death in 1984, and I could never contact him personally, to ask his opinion or advice when I felt aloof; or was at disagreement with those friends who may turn out to be the better interpreters of his metaphors than I; if, and when, critical judgement is passed on my effort. But even in the worst of happening there is still some solace for me — what others did to his poetry made me angry, resulting in the appearance of this book; and if my interpretations make someone furious, then I look forward to the work which that person shall compile.

Sain Sucha

Stockholm, Jan. 23, 1987.

## A SHORT INTRODUCTION TO FAIZ

by                   BASIT MEER

Faiz was born in February, 1910, in Sialkot, Pakistan. His father Sultan Mohammed Khan was an affluent, well respected advocate in the town; he was also the chairman of The District Board.

In a short autobiographical sketch, recalling his childhood, Faiz says that as a boy sometimes he apprehended as if the colours of the sky changed their hues — that what one could see with the naked eye became something completely different.

This faculty to transform the impression received by his brain through the physical eye into entirely new images perceived by his mind stayed with him all his life, helping him create his own style in metaphoric narration.

Once, while he was still in the secondary school, he read some verses in a poetry-session. A senior, learned man, by the name of Siraj Din, used to conduct such meetings. He appreciated Faiz's composition, but advised him to refrain from writing poetry till he had educated himself and felt matured. He added that he thought that writing poetry at that age was a waste of valuable time.

Faiz stopped composing poetry.

When Faiz entered the college he came in contact with professor Salim Chashti, the teacher in Urdu. Salim Chashti used to arrange poetry-evenings in the college. He would give his students a verse, and they were asked to compose a complete poem on the rhyme which was present in the given verse. Faiz also took part, and won high appreciation and applause at the sessions. The teacher in Urdu encouraged Faiz to do the reverse of what Siraj Din had recommended, and said that one day Faiz should be a good poet, if he exerted himself.

For higher education Faiz came to Lahore - a cultural centre, with many activities at all levels - and started his studies at The Government College. A crowd of intellectuals and writers swarmed there, and soon Faiz was one of them.

Faiz says that he liked nature but thought that a city with its small streets, roads, squares and shops had a beauty of its own; although it required a special perspective to see that beauty. He had a deep love for the centres of all human activity.

Faiz was ready with his studies in 1934 - he had taken master's examination (M.A) in the Arabic and English literature. He started to work as a lecturer in the M.A.O. College, Amritsar, India.

By that time he was a known poet. His first poetic collection covers the period 1928-35. Its main theme was to observe the universe from a personal perspective. One's own sorrow, joy, love, and feelings were the dominating thoughts.

With a careful analysis of the book, one can divide it into two sections - in Faiz own words - the economical and the social view. The period which followed 1930 was highly influenced by the international economical crisis. During that period many people who had lived an uncertain life lost their jobs and wandered about to find some means to earn a living. Those were the days when children suddenly lost their laughter, previously settled farmers were forced to migrate to industrial towns, and housewives were put to prostitution . One can already see poems like ' Don't Ask Me My Darling ...' included in his first book.

While working at the M.A.O. College he came in contact with the front forces of politically conscious intellectuals. That central group formed The Progressive Writers Association. Faiz was there from the very beginning\*.

A very explosive political situation existed in India in those days. The Quit India Movement was never so strong and broad as during that period. The whole of India sung freedom's songs, and the colonial power really felt the heat of the demand for liberty which came from all over the subcontinent. There was challenge, repression and protest.

None could have escaped the effects of that dynamic political climate, and that applies to Faiz as well.

\* This organisation was originally founded by some students in England; who, on their return to the homeland, started the organisation in India.

## VI

Faiz's thoughts and ideas matured, his vision broadened. His poetry gained a new dimension. Love for the motherland and its liberty, the plight of the masses, sympathy with the workers' struggle, drew him strongly. Gradually his love and feelings expanded to encompass the whole of mankind, and the freedom for the masses all over the world.

' Why not share the sorrow of all?' he said that in a verse. His own comments on that period are:

" The first thing which we learnt was that it is impossible to think, if one detached oneself from the surroundings and the universe; because in the formation of the Self there are present all that happens around in the reality.

Let us suppose that it is possible at all to think without any relationship with the external world; then it must be very unsound thinking, because a personal world is so small and limited. Special mention must be made here of the whole of human relations which unite the humanity based upon the common feelings of pain and sorrow which we experience. In this way the personal sorrow and the universal sorrow are two separate dimensions of the same experience."

After 1947 started a new era in Faiz's Life.

India got its freedom, and was divided into two states - India and Pakistan. All pleasant dreams about freedom turned into nightmares when his own people took over power. One discovered that freedom actually meant slavery under one's own lords. The oppressors had only changed their masks; otherwise, repression, violence and injustice were maintained as before. Freedom was just an illusion. A sort of pessimism, bitterness and disillusionment filled the atmosphere; but one was nowhere near to give up.

Faiz worked actively in politics, and organised the workers in labour unions. His main achievement was the organisation of the Postal Workers Union; probably the largest labour union in Pakistan.

Faiz found the pen in his hand again when he was appointed as the chief-editor of The Pakistan Times, the leading english newspaper in Pakistan. When he did not compose poetry, Faiz wrote as a daring journalist. In 1951 the ruling party fabricated a plot to hinder the progress of the democratic movement. All leading left-oriented intellectuals and workers were arrested.

It was a difficult time. Faiz spent about four years in jail.

His second and third collection of poetry portray the span from 1940 to his imprisonment in 1951. The third book 'Zindan Namma' was written in the confinement.

In April 1955 he was released, along with a number of other co-thinkers.

In 1958 the ruling party was once more forced to put a stop to the advance of the struggle for democracy. That time it was necessary for them to use the military forces. When military took control Faiz was arrested again.

In 1962 Faiz was awarded The Lenin Peace Prize in literature. Soon after that he got the post of the principal in a college in Karachi.

Now he was a renowned, loved and respected poet in the whole of South-Asia. Many of his works were translated into other languages.

Bhutto became the prime minister of Pakistan after the first democratic public elections were held in the nation's history. Faiz was appointed as his cultural adviser. He held that position till the military took over the power again, and Bhutto was executed.

After 1977 Faiz migrated abroad, and participated fully in The Afro-Asian Writers Association. He became the editor of its magazine 'Lotus' which was issued from Beirut.

Two of his poetry collections - Ghubaré Ayyam and Mere Dil Mere Muses - were written between 1977 and 1984.

He also travelled widely, and read for his admirers in the poetry sessions held in various countries all over the world.

He died in Lahore in November, 1984.\*\*

\*\* Translated from Swedish by Sain Sucha.

## **INTRODUCTION**

*Perhaps your eyes shall apprehend one day,  
Every soiled page, left blank by the arrest of Word.*

*Perhaps the banner of that song shall rise one day,  
Which hangs low, yearning for the arrival of high wind.*

*Perhaps the beat of that heart shall reach you,  
Which lies disgraced, like a stone on the pathway.*

( 1 )

( *Dusté Teñ Sung* )

# سرافراز

شاید کبھی افشا ہو، نگاہوں پہ تمھاری  
ہر سادہ ورق، جس سخن کشتہ سے غول ہے  
شاید کبھی اُس گیت کا پرچم ہو سرافراز  
جو آمدِ مصر کی تمنا میں نگوں ہے  
شاید کبھی اُس دل کی کوئی رگ تمہیں چھب جائے  
جو سنگِ سرِ راہ کی مانسہ زبوں ہے



**A LOVER TO HIS BELOVED**

*This path of memory,  
 On which you have walked for so long,  
 Will end, if you were to proceed a few steps more,  
 Where it diverts to oblivion's desolation;  
 And from there onwards neither you nor I exist.  
 My eyes, still on you, wait that any instant,  
 You may return, pass on, or just look back.*

*Yet, I am aware,  
 That it is merely an illusion:  
 When I believe that if my eyes ever embrace you somewhere,  
 A new path shall erupt there;  
 And a similar encounter shall resume;  
 Under the fall of your locks,  
 The journey of my arms.*

*Then, the other situation is just as false,  
 Because my heart knows:  
 There is no diversion, desolation or hiding,  
 Which may conceal my beloved from me.  
 So, while this path erupts under your feet,  
 Let it be so;  
 And if you never even look back,  
 It doesn't matter.*

## کوئی عاشق کسی مجنوبہ سے!

گرچہ واقف ہیں نگاہیں کہ یہ سب ڈھوکا ہے  
گر کہیں تم سے ہم آغوش ہوتی پھر سے نظر  
پھوٹ نکلے گی وہاں اور کوئی راہ گز  
پھر اسی طرح جہاں ہوگا مقابل پیہم  
سایہ زلف کا اور جنبش بازو کا سفر

دوسری بات بھی جھوٹی ہے کہ دل جانتا ہے  
یاں کوئی موڑ کوئی دشت کوئی گھات نہیں  
جس کے پرے میں مرا ماہِ رواں ڈوب سکے  
تم سے چلتی رہے یہ راہ، یونہی اچھا ہے  
تم نے مڑ کر بھی نہ دیکھا تو کوئی بات نہیں

یاد کی راگدور جس پہ اسی صورت سے  
تذتیں بیت گئی ہیں تمہیں چلتے چلتے  
نہم ہو جائے جو دو چار قدم اور چلو  
موڑ پڑتا ہے جہاں دشتِ فراموشی کا  
جس سے آگے نہ کوئی ہیں ہوں نہ کوئی تم ہو  
سانس تنہا ہے ہیں نگاہیں کہ نہ جانے کس دم  
تم پلٹ آؤ، گزر جاؤ، یا مڑ کر دیکھو

**LET IT BE**

Today

*If the breeze, in the garden of memory,  
Wants to scatter the petals; then, let it be.  
The pain, resting in some niche of the bygone age,  
If wishes to kindle again; then, let it be.  
Although you behave like a stranger now, so what;  
Come and spend some time, face to face.*

*If we do meet , then afterwards,  
The feeling of our loss shall intensify.  
The exchange of few words between you and me,  
Shall enhance the ambiguity of every word unsaid.  
Neither of us shall refer to any promise,  
Nor discuss fidelity or oppression.*

*If my eyes approach you, laden with tears,  
To wash away the settled dust of the past,  
You may respond, or choose to ignore them;  
And words which make you avert the eyes,  
You may rejoin, or choose to neglect them.*

( 3 )

( *Mere Dil Mere Musafir* )

## کوئی عاشق کسی مجبوسے

گرچہ مل بیٹھیں گے ہم تم تو ملاقات کے بعد  
اپنا احساسِ نریاں اور زیادہ ہوگا  
ہم سخن ہوں گے جو ہم دونوں تو ہر بات کے بیچ  
آن کہی بات کا موہوم سا پردہ ہوگا  
کوئی اترار نہ میں یاد دلاؤں گا نہ تم  
کوئی مضمون دفن کا نہ جفن کا ہوگا

گلاشنِ یاد میں گر آج دمِ بادِ صبا  
پھر سے چاہے کہ گلِ افشاں ہو تو ہو جانے دو  
عمرِ رفتہ کے کسی طاقِ پیرا ہوا در  
پھر سے چاہے کہ کس روزاں ہو تو ہو جانے دو  
جیسے بیگانہ سے اب ملنے ہو ویسے ہی سہی  
اوردو چار گھڑی میرے مقابل بیٹھو

گر دایام کی تحریک کو دھونے کے لیے  
تم سے گویا ہوں دم دید جو میری پلکیں  
تم جو چاہو تو سنو، اور جو نہ چاہو نہ سنو  
اور جو حرف کریں مجھ سے گریزاں نہ نکلیں  
تم جو چاہو تو کہو، اور جو نہ چاہو نہ کہو

**A WORD**

*Today, again, the mind searches for a word:*

*A word*

*Imbided with wine, or filled with venom,  
Replete with love, or fraught with dread.*

*A word of affection:*

*Like a joyful glance —*

*One which carries the caress of soft, warm lips.*

*Brilliant — like a surge of the molten gold.*

*The very spring of excitement in the lovers' embrace.*

*A word of aversion:*

*Like a wrathful sword —*

*One which forever devastates the oppressors' strongholds.*

*Dark — like the night in a haunted graveyard.*

*The very utterance of it should burn my lips black.*

*( A fragment )*

*( 4 )*

*( Shamé Shahré Yaran )*

# آج اک حرف کو پھر ڈھونڈتا پھر تاپ ہے خیال

آج اک حرف کو پھر ڈھونڈتا پھر تاپ ہے خیال  
مدھ بھرا حرف کوئی، زہر بھرا حرف کوئی  
دل نشیں حرف کوئی، قہر بھرا حرف کوئی  
حرفِ اُلفت کوئی دلدار نظر ہو جیسے  
جس سے ہلتی ہے نظر بوسہ لب کی صورت  
انار روشن کہ سہر موجہ زر ہو جیسے  
صحبت یار میں آغاز طرب کی صورت  
حرفِ نفرت کوئی شمشیر غضب ہو جیسے  
تا اب دشمنی تم جس سے تپہ ہو جائیں  
اتنا تاریک کہ شمشان کی شب ہو جیسے  
لب پہ لاؤں تو مرے ہونٹ سیہ ہو جائیں

**THE MOMENT TO LAMENT TIME'S DEATH**

*The blue waters - Sky - stand still.  
On the horizon has anchored,  
Moon's pale coloured barque.  
At the shore have landed,  
All the sailors - every star.*

*The breath of leaves is choked,  
The wind has fallen into a lull,  
The gong demanding silence reverberates.  
Then, stillness absorbed all the voices.  
From the breast of dawn's nymph,  
Fell the veil of darkness.  
Instead,  
Dark shadows of despair and loneliness  
Have covered her whole being.  
Yet, she is not aware of it.  
No one is any longer aware, that at dusk,  
When he left the town,  
In which direction he proceeded;  
There was no path, nor any goal.*

*No traveller, now,  
Feels up to the journey.  
This is a broken link of duration,  
From the chain called as Day & Night -  
This is the moment to lament Time's death.*

->->->->

# یہ ماتم وقت کی گھڑی ہے

ٹھہر گئی آسماں کی ندیا  
وہ جا لگی ہے افق کنارے  
اُداس رنگوں کی چاندنی  
اُتر گئے ساحلِ زمیں پر  
سبھی کھویا  
تمام نارے

اکھڑ گئی ناس پتیوں کی  
چلی گئیں اُونگھ میں ہوائیں  
گجر بجا حکمِ خاموشی کا  
تو چپ میں گم ہو گئیں صدائیں  
سحر کی گوری کی چھاتیوں سے  
ڈھلک گئی تیرگی کی چادر  
اور اس بجائے

کسی کو کچھ بھی خبر نہیں ہے  
کہ دن ڈھلے شہر سے نکل کر  
کہ صبح کو جانے کا رخ کیا تھا  
نہ کوئی جادو، نہ کوئی منزل  
کسی مسافر کو  
اب دماغِ سفر نہیں ہے  
یہ وقت زنجیرِ روز و شب کی  
کہیں سے ٹوٹی ہوئی گھڑی ہے  
یہ ماتم وقت کی گھڑی ہے

بکھر گئے اس کے تن بدن پر  
نراس تنہائیوں کے سائے  
اور اس کو کچھ بھی خبر نہیں ہے



*On such occasion, quite subconsciously,  
After removing the cloak of my Self,  
I too, sometimes, look at -  
Those spots of rebuke,  
And these blooms of affection.  
Lines etched by running tears,  
Stains left by the bleeding heart.  
This rip scratched by the enemy's claw,  
This image impressed by a friend's hand.  
These jewels bestowed by tender lips,  
These slashes gored by some evil tongue.*

*Still, this cloak,  
My covering for day and night,  
This torn mantle,  
Is what I despise; yet, love.  
At times frenzy demands:  
"Rip it off, throw it away."  
And sometimes love whispers:  
"Cherish it, hold it close to your heart."*

یہ وقت آئے تو بے ارادہ  
کبھی کبھی میں بھی دیکھتا ہوں  
اتار کر ذات کا لبادہ

کہیں سیاہی ملامتوں کی  
کہیں پہ گل بوٹے الفتوں کے  
کہیں لکیریں ہیں آنسوؤں کی  
کہیں پہ خونِ جگر کے دھبے

یہ چاک ہے پنچہ عذو کا

یہ مہر ہے بارِ مہرباں کی

یہ بعل لب ہائے مہوشاں کے

یہ مرحمتِ شیخِ بد زباں کی

یہ جامہٴ روز و شب گزیدہ

مجھے یہ پیرا، ہن دریدہ

عزیز بھی، ناپسند بھی ہے

کبھی یہ فرمانِ جوشِ وحشت

کہ فوجِ کمر اس کو پھینک ڈالو

کبھی یہ اصرارِ حرفِ الفت

کہ چوم کر پھر گئے لگا لو

**WHEN SPRING CAME**

*With the arrival of Spring,  
Returned, also, from oblivion,  
All those dreams, and youthful memories,  
Which had died for your lips,  
They had died, but were born again.*

*And all those roses have opened,  
Which are infused with the scent of your memory,  
Imbrued with the blood of your lovers.*

*And all those torments have returned too -  
Regrets and sufferings of the friends,  
The drunkenness induced by the embrace of nymphs,  
The pains recalled by the mind;  
Your and mine.*

*And all the queries, the replies too,  
With the arrival of Spring have opened,  
Once again all the accounts anew.*

( 6 )

( *Shamé Shahré Yaran* )

# بہار آئی

بہار آئی تو جیسے بیکار

لوٹ آئے ہیں پھر عدم سے

وہ خواب سارے، شباب سارے

جو تیرے ہونٹوں پہ مرے مٹے تھے

جو مٹ کے ہر بار پھر جیسے تھے

نکھر گئے ہیں گلاب سارے

جو تیری یادوں سے مُشکبو ہیں

جو تیرے عشاق کا لہو ہیں

اُبل پڑے ہیں عذاب سارے

ملا لیا احوالِ دوستان بھی

خمارِ آغوشِ مردِ وِشاں بھی

خوبیادِ خاطر کے باب سارے

تِرے ہمارے

سوال سارے جواب سارے

بہار آئی تو کھل گئے ہیں

نئے سرے سے حساب سارے

**EVENING**

*It appears as if every tree is a temple:  
An abandoned, desolate, ancient temple,  
Looking for some pretence to fall apart,  
Its edifice torn, the doors hanging loose.*

*The sky looks like an ascetic priest:  
Its body ashen, a streak of the red on the forehead,  
Sitting with his head bowed, no one knows since when.*

*One feels the presence of a sorcerer somewhere:  
He has cast his spell on the heavens around,  
The Time's lap stitched to the lap of the Evening.*

*Now  
Neither the dusk will fall,  
Nor the darkness arrive.  
Neither the night will end,  
Nor the dawn arise.*

*The sky waits hopefully, for this spell to break —  
The chain of silence may snap,  
The lap of Time may become free.  
That,  
A trumpet shall sound,  
An anklet shall clink,  
Some goddess might awake from her deep sleep,  
Some damsel might lift the veil from her face.*

( 7 )

( *Dusté Teñ Sung* )

# شام

اس طرح ہے کہ ہر اک پیر کوئی مندر ہے  
کوئی اجبڑا ہوا، بے نور پُرانا مندر  
ڈھونڈتا ہے جو غربانی کے بہانے کب سے  
چاک ہر بام، ہر اک در کا دم آخر ہے

اب کبھی شام سمجھے گی نہ اندھیرا ہوگا  
اب کبھی رات ڈھلے گی نہ سویرا ہوگا

آسمان کوئی پردہت ہے جو ہر بام تلے  
جسم پر رکھ ملے، ماتھے پہ سیندور ملے  
سرنگوں بیٹھا ہے چپ چاپ نہ جانے کب سے

آسمان اس لیے ہے کہ یہ جادو ٹوٹے  
چپ کی زنجیر کٹے، وقت کا دامن چھوٹے  
دے کوئی سنکھڑوٹائی، کوئی پائیل بولے  
کوئی بت جاگے، کوئی سانولی گھونگھٹ کھولے

اس طرح ہے کہ پس پردہ کوئی ساحر ہے  
جس نے آفاق پہ پھیلایا ہے یوں سحر کا دام  
دامن وقت سے پیوست ہے یوں دامنِ شام

***DON'T ASK ME MY DARLING .....***

*Don't ask me my darling  
For the love we had once.*

*I had then believed,  
That you alone gave zest to life.  
The thought of you,  
Eclipsed other worries of the universe.  
This face of yours,  
Gave constancy to the realm of Spring.  
What else was there,  
In the world, except your eyes?*

*If I were to win you,  
Then Fate would be the loser.*

*It wasn't so,  
Only I had wished it to be so.*

*There are other passions in life,  
Besides that of love.  
There are other gratifications in life,  
Besides that of reunion.*

->->->->

( 8 )

( Nukshé Faryadi )

# مجھ سے پہلی سی محبت مری محبوب نہ مانگ

مجھ سے پہلی سی محبت مری محبوب نہ مانگ  
میں نے سمجھا کہ تو ہے تو درخشاں ہے حیات  
تیرا غم ہے تو غم دہر کا جھگڑا کیا ہے  
تیری صورت سے ہے عالم میں بہاروں کو ثبات  
تیری آنکھوں کے سوا دنیا میں رکھا کیا ہے؟

تو جو مل جائے تو تقدیرنگوں ہو جائے  
یوں نہ تھا، میں نے فقط چاہا تھا یوں ہو جائے

اور بھی دکھ ہیں زمانے میں محبت کے سوا  
راحتیں اور بھی ہیں وصل کی راحت کے سوا



*These dark spells,  
Which have stretched over countless years.  
These human entrapments,  
Woven from silk, satin and brocade.  
These bodies for sale,  
On display in the streets and back alleys.  
These abandoned corpses,  
Covered by dust, bathed in blood.*

*The mind keeps thinking of them;  
What can I do?  
Your beauty though still alluring;  
Yet, what can I do?*

*There are other passions in life,  
Besides that of love.  
There are other gratifications in life,  
Besides that of reunion.*

*Don't ask me my darling  
For the love we had once.*

( Nukshé Faryadi )

اُن گنت صدیوں کے تاریک ہیما نہ طلسم  
ریشم و اطلس و کنخاب میں بُنوائے ہوئے  
جا بجا بکتے ہوئے کوچہ و بازار میں جسم  
خاک میں لتھڑے ہوئے خون میں نہلائے ہوئے

لوٹ جاتی ہے ادھر کو بھی نظر کیا کیجے  
اب بھی دلکش ہے تراحن، مگر کیا کیجے

اور بھی ڈکھ ہیں زمانے میں محبت کے سوا  
راخیں اور بھی ہیں وصل کی راحت کے سوا  
مجھ سے پہلی سی محبت مری محبوب نہ مانگ

**DOGS**

*These stray dogs in the streets,  
 Begging - an endowment their only treat.  
 Curses from others, are their total effects,  
 Abuses by the world, are their only assets.  
 No rest at night, nor joy in the day,  
 Filth is their abode, in gutters do they lay.  
 If agitated, then turn them on one another,  
 A piece of dry bread will do this wonder.  
 Expected to be kicked around by every stranger,  
 Accustomed to wither away with lingering hunger.*

*If these poor beasts ever lift up their heads,  
 Mankind would, then, forget all deeds of refraction.  
 If they decide, they can own the universe,  
 Even chew down the bones of their cruel masters.*

*Just make them aware of this degradation of theirs.*

*Just make them raise that fallen tail of their.*

# کُتے

یہ گلیوں کے آوارہ بے کار کُتے  
کہ بنجشا گیا جن کو ذوقِ گدائی  
زمانے کی پھٹکار سرمایہ ان کا  
جہاں بھر کی دھتکار ان کی کمائی

نہ آرامِ شب کو نہ راحتِ سویے  
غلاطت میں گھر، نالیوں میں بسیرے  
جو بگڑیں تو اک دوسرے سے لڑادو  
ذرا ایک روٹی کا ٹکڑا دکھا دو  
یہ ہر ایک کی ٹھوکریں کھانے والے  
یہ فاقوں سے اکتا کے مرجانے والے

یہ مظلوم محسوس گرسراٹھائے  
تو انسان سب سرکش بھول جائے  
یہ چاہیں تو دنیا کو اپنا بنالیں  
یہ آقاؤں کی ہڈیاں تک چبا لیں  
کوئی ان کو احساسِ فلت دلا دے  
کوئی ان کی سوئی ہوئی دم ہلا دے

**YOU TELL US WHAT TO DO**

*When*

*In the stream run with pain,  
We entered with the barque of life,  
How strong were our arms!  
How crimson was the blood!  
It felt as if with a stroke or two,  
The boat should reach its port.*

*It wasn't so:*

*In every current  
Were also hidden some undercurrents;  
The rowers were rather naive,  
The oars were also untried.*

*Now*

*Try to analyse as much you like,  
And blame as much you feel,  
The stream is the same, as is the boat;  
Tell us what is to be done,  
How can we, now, land across?*

->->->->

( 10 )

( Ghubaré Ayyam )

# تم ہی کہو کیا کرنا ہے

جب دکھ کی ندیا میں ہم نے

جیون کی ناؤ ڈالی تھی

تھا کتنا کس بل بانہوں میں

لوہو میں کتنی لالی تھی

یوں لگتا تھا دو ہاتھ لگے

اور ناؤ پورم پار لگی

ایسا نہ ہوا، ہر دھارے میں

کچھ اُن دیکھی منجدھاریں تھیں

کچھ مانجھی تھے انجان بہت

کچھ بے پرکھی پتواریں تھیں

اب جو بھی چاہو چھان کر د

اب جتنے چاہو دوش دھرو

ندیا تو وہی ہے ناؤ وہی

اب تم ہی کہو کیا کرنا ہے

اب کیسے پار اترنا ہے

*When*

*In our breast,  
We had observed the wounds of this land,  
A lot of trust was put in the Curers,  
A lot of prescriptions were also at hand.  
It felt as if in a day or two,  
All the ailments would disappear,  
And, then, all the wounds should heal.*

*It didn't happen so:*

*The sicknesses we had were so old,  
The Curers failed to make the diagnosis;  
Thus, all their efforts went in vain.*

*Now*

*Try to analyse as much you like,  
And blame as much you feel,  
The breast is the same, as is the wound;  
Tell us what is to be done,  
How can we, now, heal the wound.*

( Ghubaré Ayyam )

جب اپنی چھاتی میں ہم نے  
اس دیس کے گھاؤ دیکھے تھے  
تھا دیدن پر و شواش بہت  
اور یاد بہت سے ننھے تھے  
یوں لگتا تھا بس کچھ دن میں  
ساری پیتا کٹ جائے گی  
اور سب گھاؤ بھر جائیں گے  
ایسا نہ ہوا کہ روگ اپنے  
کچھ اتنے ڈھیر پڑانے تھے  
ویدان کی ٹوہ کو پانہ کے  
اور ٹوٹکے سب بیکار گئے  
اب جو بھی چاہو چھان کر  
اب جتنے چاہو دوش دھرو  
چھاتی تو رہی ہے گھاؤ وہی  
اب تم ہی کو کیا کرنا ہے  
یہ گھاؤ کیسے بھرنا ہے





نزا جمال نگاہوں میں لے کے اٹھا ہوں  
نکھر گئی ہے فضا تیرے پیرہن کی سی  
نسیم تیرے شبستاں سے ہو کے آئی ہے  
مری سحر میں مہک ہے تیرے بدن کی سی

ہم اہلِ قفس تنہا بھی نہیں، ہر روز نسیم صبحِ وطن  
یادوں سے معطر آتی ہے، اشکوں سے منور جاتی ہے

دل سے پہیم خیال کہتا ہے  
اتنی شیریں ہے زندگی اس پل  
ظلم کا زہر گھولنے والے  
کامراں ہو سکیں گے آج نہ کل

**THE MEETING**

*This night's tree stems from that pain,  
Which is far greater than you and I.  
It is greater because in its branches,  
Caravans of millions of luminous stars  
Came and, then, just withered away.  
Thousands of moons, under its shadow,  
Lost their luster, broken with grief.*

*This night's tree stems from that pain,  
Which is far greater than you and I.*

*But*

*From the tree of this very night,  
Have fallen these few pale leaves of the  
Transient time and, after entangling in your  
Locks, turned into scarlet blossoms.  
From its dew have also trickled,  
These few drops of the silence  
And became brilliants on your brow.*

->->->->

# ملاقات

یہ رات اُس درد کا شجر ہے  
جو مجھ سے، تجھ سے عظیم تر ہے  
عظیم تر ہے کہ اس کی شاخوں  
میں لاکھ مشکل بکف ستاروں  
کے کاروان گہر کے کھو گئے ہیں  
ہزار مہتاب، اس کے سائے  
میں اپنا سب نور، رو گئے ہیں

مگر اسی رات کے شجر سے  
یہ چند لمحوں کے زرد پتے  
رگرے ہیں، اور تیرے گیسوؤں میں  
اُلجھ کے گلزار ہو گئے ہیں  
اسی کی شبنم سے خاموشی کے  
یہ چند قطرے، تری جبین پر  
برس کے، ہیرے پر دو گئے ہیں

یہ رات اُس درد کا شجر ہے  
جو مجھ سے، تجھ سے عظیم تر ہے

*How very black is this night!  
 Yet, in its darkness one can see,  
 That rush of red - which is my call.  
 And, under its shadow is also radiant,  
 That golden wave - which is your glance.*

*This sorrow which smoulders so tepidly,  
 In the embrace of your soothing arms,  
 ( The sorrow, which is an extract of this night )  
 Let it regain its heat by the warmth in my  
 Sighs; and then be a flame again.*

*And, from the bows made out of its sticks,  
 All those arrows which were shot in the heart,  
 We have pulled them out, and then from  
 Each of them have made an axe for our purpose.*

*The daybreak for the unlucky and heartbroken,  
 Shall not arrive from the heavens above.  
 On this very spot where you and I stand,  
 Will rise the dawn, with its full splendour.  
 On this very spot appeared the buds of sorrow,  
 And metamorphosed into blossoms at twilight.  
 It is here that the arrows of devastating miseries,  
 After transforming into countless rays,  
 Have become garlands of dazzling fire.*

*The sorrow, which this night has bestowed!  
 This sorrow has evolved the faith in the dawn.*

*The faith which is far gracious than the sorrow,  
 The dawn which is far greater than the night.*

(۲)

بہت سیدھے یہ رات لیکن  
اسی سیاہی میں رونا ہے  
وہ نہروں جو مری صدا ہے  
اسی کے سائے میں نور گر ہے  
وہ موجِ زر جو تری نطنہ ہے

وہ غم جو اس وقت تیری باہوں  
کے گستاخوں میں ٹنگ رہا ہے  
(وہ عنم جو اس رات کا ثمر ہے)  
کچھ اور تپ جائے اپنی آہوں  
کی آنچ میں تو یہی شر رہے

ہر اک سیدہ شاخ کی کھان سے  
جگہ میں ٹوٹے ہیں تیرے جتنے  
جگہ سے نوچے ہیں اور ہر اک  
کا ہم نے تیشہ بنا لیا ہے

(۳)

الم نصیبوں، جگہ فکاروں  
کی صبح، افلاک پر نہیں ہے  
جہاں پہ ہم تم کھڑے ہیں دونوں  
سحر کا روشن اُفق یہیں ہے  
یہیں عنم کے شرار کھل کر  
شفق کا گلزار بن گئے ہیں  
یہیں پرت تل دکھوں کے تیشے  
قطار اندر قطار کرنوں  
کے آتشیں ہار بن گئے ہیں

یہ عنم جو اس رات نے دیا ہے  
یہ عنم سحر کا یقین بنا ہے  
یقین جو عنم سے کریم تر ہے  
سحر جو شب سے عظیم تر ہے

**NO TRACE OF BLOOD**

*Nowhere, there is any trace of blood!*

*Neither on the hands and nails of the slayer,  
   nor any sign on the sleeve.  
 No redness on the dagger's edge,  
   nor any colour on the spear's head.  
 No stain on the earth's breast,  
   nor any smear on the ceiling.*

*Nowhere, there is any trace of blood!*

*It was  
 Not spent in service of kings,  
   to gain some bounty,  
 Nor offered in a religious rite,  
   to obtain absolution,  
 Nor spilled on the battlefield,  
   to attain fame - as inscription on a banner.*

*It cried for attention -  
   that unprotected, helpless blood.  
 Yet, none had time or the will -  
   to listen to that blood.  
 No accuser nor any witness -  
   just a "clean sheet".  
 That blood from the figures of clay -  
   The Earth consumed it.*

( 15 )

( *Sif Vadié Sina* )

# لہو کا سراغ

کہیں نہیں ہے کہیں بھی نہیں لہو کا سراغ  
نہ دست و ناخنِ قاتل نہ آستیں پہ نشاں  
نہ سرخجی لبِ بنجر نہ رنگِ لوکِ سناں  
نہ خاک پر کوئی دھبت نہ ہام پر کوئی داغ  
کہیں نہیں ہے کہیں بھی نہیں لہو کا سراغ  
نہ صرفِ خدمتِ شاہاں کہ خوبنہا دیتے  
نہ دیں کی نذر کہ بیعاً نہ جہزاً دیتے

نہ رزم گاہ میں برساکہ معتبر ہوتا  
کسی علم پہ رستم ہو کے مشہور ہوتا  
پکارتا رہا، بے آسرا، تیسیم لہو  
کسی کو بہرِ سماعت نہ وقتِ تھانہ داغ  
نہ مدعی، نہ شہادت، حساب پاک ہوا  
یہ خونِ خاک نشیناں تھا، رزقِ خاک ہوا



**ENCHAINED BY LOVE**

*With the hangman's rope around the neck,  
The singers continued to sing each day.  
On the jingles resounding from their fetters,  
The dancers revelled in their own way.*

*We neither belonged to one row<sup>r</sup> or the other.  
Standing there on the pathway —  
We looked at them,  
Envied them,  
And, silently shed the tears.*

*On returning home we looked at the flowers,  
Only the paleness remained, where once it was red.  
On feeling at our breast we discovered,  
Only the pain pulsated, where once beat the heart.*

*Sometimes an imagined collar around the neck,  
At times feet felt the dance of the chains.  
And, then, one day Love, just like them,  
With the bond of "Rope around the neck",  
Dragged us along with their caravan.*

# عشق اپنے مجرموں کو پابجولاں لے چلا

دار کی رسیوں کے گلوبند گردن میں پہنے ہوئے  
گانے والے ہر اک روز گاتے رہے  
پابلیں بیٹروں کی بجاتے ہوئے  
ناچنے والے دھومیں مچاتے رہے  
ہم نہ اس صف میں تھے اور نہ اُس صف میں تھے  
راتے میں کھڑے اُن کو تکتے رہے  
رشک کرتے رہے  
اور چپ چاپ آنسو بہاتے رہے

گلو میں کبھی طوق کا داہمہ  
کبھی پاؤں میں رقص زنجیر  
اور پھر ایک دن عشق انہیں کی طرح  
رُسن درگلو، پابجولاں ہمیں  
اسی قافلے میں کشاں لے چلا

لوٹ کر آ کے دیکھا تو پھولوں کا رنگ  
جو کبھی سُرخ تھا زرد ہی زرد ہے  
اپنا پہلو ٹولا تو ایسا لگا  
دل جہاں تھا وہاں درد ہی درد ہے

**SOLITARY CONFINEMENT**

*Far away*

*A light flickered on the horizon —  
 In the domain of mind, arose the reign of pain;  
 In the world of fantasy, my restlessness increased;  
 In the realm of solitude, the dawn arrived.  
 After blending my day's venom with life's gall,  
 I filled the bowl of my heart with that drink.*

*Far away*

*A light flickered on the horizon —  
 Away from my sight, bearing the news of a dawn,  
 Some song, some scent or some pretty maid,  
 Passed by the way — incensing me with hope.*

*After blending my day's venom with life's gall,  
 I endorsed my longing for the day of reunion:  
 In the name of the friends of this libertine — home or afar,  
 In the name of Earth's beauty, the grace of a human face.*

( 17 )

( *Dusté Teñ Sung* )

# قیدِ تنہائی

دُور آفاق پہ لہرائی کوئی نور کی لہر  
خواب ہی خواب میں بیدار ہوا درد کا شہ  
خواب ہی خواب میں بیتاب نظر ہونے لگی  
عدم آبادِ جب رائی میں سحر ہونے لگی  
کاسے دل میں بھری اپنی صبووحی میں نے  
گھول کر تلخی دیروز میں امروز کا زہر

دُور آفاق پہ لہرائی کوئی نور کی لہر  
انکھ سے دُور کسی صبح کی تمہید لیے  
کوئی نغمہ، کوئی خوشبو، کوئی کافر صورت  
بے خبر گزری، پریشانی اُمید لیے

گھول کر تلخی دیروز میں امروز کا زہر  
حسرتِ روزِ ملاقاتِ رستم کی میں نے  
دیس پر دیس کے یار ان قدحِ خوار کے نام  
حُسنِ آفاق، جمالِ لب و رخسار کے نام

**ASHES AND BLOSSOMS**

*Today, again,  
On the string spun from grief and pain,  
I threaded blossoms; drawn from your memory.*

*And I plucked,  
From the desert of abandoned love,  
Buds which bloomed; when we were together.*

*Then,  
I placed on your doorstep,  
Offerings to the days of your memory.*

*Laid,  
Side by side, in the vase called Desire,  
The ashes of separation, the blossoms from our love.*

( 18 )

( Ghubaré Ayyam )

# ہجر کی راکھ اور وصال کے پھول

آج پھر درد و غم کے دھاگے ہیں  
ہم پرو کر ترے خیال کے پھول

ترکِ اُلفت کے دشت سے چُن کر  
اُشنائی کے ماہ و سال کے پھول

تیری دہلیز پر سجا آئے  
پھر تری یاد پر چٹھا آئے

باندھ کر آرزو کے پتے میں  
ہجر کی راکھ اور وصال کے پھول

**LOOK AT THE TOWN FROM HERE**

*If you  
Look at the town from here:*

*In concentric circles  
- Like a jail -  
There are walls all around.  
Every path - some prisoner's footmarks;  
But,  
No milestone, destination,  
Or a well-wisher's stand.*

*If someone moves too quickly,  
Then one wonders:  
Why has there not been  
A warning shout to stop?  
And,  
If someone raises his hand,  
Then one ponders:  
Why no jingles been heard  
From his manacled arms?*

->->->->

( 19 )

( Sir Vadié Sina )

## یہاں سے شہر کو دیکھو

یہاں سے شہر کو دیکھو تو حلقہ در حلقہ  
کھنچی ہے جیل کی صوت ہر ایک سمت فصیل  
ہر ایک راہ گزر گر دشنس ایسراں ہے  
نہ سنگ میل، نہ منزل، نہ مخلصی کی سبیل

جو کوئی تیز چلے رہ تو پوچھتا ہے خیال  
کہ ٹوکنے کوئی للکار کیوں نہیں آئی  
جو کوئی ہاتھ ہلائے تو وہم کو ہے سوال  
کوئی چھنک، کوئی جھنکار کیوں نہیں آتی؟



*Look at the town from here:*

*In all that crowd -  
No person with dignity.  
No being with reason.  
Every proud man  
- enchained as a criminal.  
Every pretty maiden  
- proclaimed a slave.*

*Those shadows far away,  
Dancing around the lamps!  
It is hard to see from here  
- an assembly of mourners,  
Or a bunch of revellers?  
Those colourful images,  
Scattered on the walls!  
One can not tell from here  
- are they blooming flowers,  
Or someone's blood smears?*

*( Sir Vadié Sina )*

یہاں سے شہر کو دیکھو تو ساری خلقت یہیں  
نہ کوئی صاحبِ تمکین، نہ کوئی والہی ہوش  
ہر ایک مردِ جوانِ مجسمِ رسن بہ گلو  
ہر اک حسینہٴ رعنا، کینیزِ حلقہٴ بگوش

جو سائے دُور چرخوں کے گرد لہزاں ہیں  
نہ جانے محفلِ غم ہے کہ بزمِ جام و سبُو  
جو رنگِ ہر درو دیوار پر پریشاں ہیں  
یہاں سے کچھ نہیں کھلتا یہ پھول ہیں کہ لہو

**SO SOFTLY**

*Footpath, shadows, trees,  
 Destination, entrance, and the gallery.  
 The Moon bared its breast on the balcony - so softly.  
 As if some Beauty disrobes - so softly.  
 Under the balcony - the sapphirine of shadows;  
 The lake - an expansion of the sapphirine.  
 In the lake floated a bubble's leaf;  
 Held a while, and then it burst - so softly.*

*So softly, lightly, the pale coloured wine,  
 It was filled in my goblet - so gently.  
 The glass, the carafe,  
 The roses formed by your hands:  
 As if a distant shadow, in some dream,  
 It arose and then faded - so gently.*

*The heart recalled a promise - so tenderly.  
 You said: "Tenderly".  
 The Moon bowed and murmured:  
 "Still more tenderly".*

## منظر

رگزر، سائے، شجر، منزل و در، حلقہ بام  
بام پر سینہ ممتاب کھلا، آہستہ  
جس طرح کھولے کوئی بندِ قب، آہستہ  
حلقہ بام تے، سایوں کا ٹھہرا ہوا نیل  
نیل کی جھیل

دل نے دہرایا کوئی حرفِ وفا، آہستہ  
تم نے کہا، ”آہستہ“  
چاند نے جھک کے کہا  
”اور ذرا آہستہ“

جھیل میں چپکے سے تیرا، کسی پتے کا حباب  
ایک پل تیرا، چلا، پھوٹ گیا، آہستہ  
بہت آہستہ، بہت ہلکا، خاک رنگِ شراب  
میرے شیشے میں ڈھلا، آہستہ  
شیشہ و جام، صراحی، ترے ہاتھوں کے گلاب  
جس طرح دور کسی خواب کا نقش  
آپ ہی آپ بنا اور مٹا آہستہ



دیوارِ شب اور عکسِ رُخِ یارِ سامنے  
پھر دل کے آئینے سے لہو بھڑٹنے لگا  
پھر وضعِ احتیاط سے دُھند لاکھی نظر  
پھر ضبطِ آرزو سے بدن ٹوٹنے لگا

دُور جا کر قریب ہو جتنے  
ہم سے کب تم قریب تھے اتنے  
اب نہ آؤ گے تم نہ جاؤ گے  
وصل و ہجراں بہم ہنوںے کتنے

## **OUR RELATIONSHIP**

*How do I describe the relationship between you and me?  
Narrations depicting love have no close simile.*

*There are many tales on union's ecstasy and separation's torment,  
But this state of mine is not inscribed in any document.*

*This love of mine which encompasses separation and reunion,  
This lingering pain, which I have carried for years.*

*This "secret love" which I have kept concealed from all -  
"Ages have gone by since I held you in my arms".*

( 23 )

( Ghubaré Ayyam )

## جو میرا تمہارا رشتہ ہے

میں کیا لکھوں کہ جو میرا تمہارا رشتہ ہے  
وہ عاشقی کی زبان میں کیوں بھی درج نہیں  
لکھا گیا ہے بہت لطفِ وصل و دردِ فراق  
مگر یہ کیفیت اپنی رتسم نہیں ہے کہیں  
یہ اپنا عشق ہم آغوش جس میں ہجر و وصال  
یہ اپنا درد کہ ہے کب سے ہمدمِ مردِ سال  
اس عشقِ خاص کو ہر ایک سے چھپاتے ہوئے  
”گزر گیا ہے زمانہ گلے لگائے ہوئے“



**INFATUATION**

*When*

*It rains on the roof,  
I dream of you.*

*It snows on the mountain,  
I dream of you.*

*The dawn's fairy arises,  
I dream of you.*

*The cuckoo sends her call,  
I dream of you.*

*Birds come and depart,  
I dream of you.*

*Fragrance sweetens the garden,  
I dream of you.*

*The dew glows like pearls,  
I dream of you.*

*There is an illusion in this love:  
You are not a woman, but someone else!  
Why would I, tell me,  
Always,  
Just dream of you?*

*( Translated from Urdu, from a free interpretation by  
Faiz of a poem by Rasool Hamza, USSR.)*

( 24 )

( *Sif Vadié Sina* )

# میں تیرے پسنے دیکھوں

برکھا برسے چھت پر میں تیرے پسنے دیکھوں  
برف گرے پر بت پر میں تیرے پسنے دیکھوں  
صبح کی نیل پر میں تیرے پسنے دیکھوں  
کوئل دھوم مچائے میں تیرے پسنے دیکھوں  
آئے اور اڑ جائے، میں تیرے پسنے دیکھوں  
بانگوں میں تپتے ٹھکیں میں تیرے پسنے دیکھوں  
شب بخم کے موتی دیکھیں میں تیرے پسنے دیکھوں

اس پیار میں کوئی دھوکا ہے  
تو نار نہیں کچھ اور ہے شے  
ورنہ کیوں ہر ایک سے  
میں تیرے پسنے دیکھوں

**MEMORY**

*In the desert of loneliness, my darling; quivers  
The echo of your voice, the mirage of your lips.  
In the desert of loneliness, beneath isolation's dust and hay,  
Are blooming jasmines and roses of your charming Self.*

*From somewhere close arises, the warmth of your breath,  
So gently it smoulders, drenched in its own scent.  
Far away, across the horizon, shining like pearly drops,  
Softly falls the dew from your blissful eyes.*

*With so much tenderness, my darling, your memory has put,  
Just now, its soothing hand on my turbulent heart,  
It appears, although it is still the dawn of separation,  
The day of parting is gone, and has come reunion's night.*

# یاد

دشتِ تنہائی میں اے جانِ جہاں لڑناں ہیں  
تیری آواز کے سائے، تیرے ہونٹوں کے سراب  
دشتِ تنہائی میں، دوری کے خس و خاک تے  
کھل رہے ہیں، تیرے پہلو کے سمن اور گلاب

اُٹھ رہی ہے کہیں قربت سے تری سانس کی آنج  
اپنی خوشبو میں سلگتی ہوئی مدھم مدھم  
دور۔ افق پار، جھپکتی ہوئی قطرہ قطرہ  
گر رہی ہے تری دلدار نطنہ کی شبنم

اس قدر پیار سے اے جانِ جہاں رکھا ہے  
دل کے زخماں پر اس وقت تری یاد نے مات  
یوں گماں ہوتا ہے، گرچہ ہے ابھی صبحِ فراق  
ڈھل گیا ہجر کا دن، آج بھی گئی وصل کی رات



یہ نون کی مہک ہے کہ لبِ یار کی خوشبو  
کس راہ کی جانب سے صبا آتی ہے دیکھو  
گاشن ہیں بس رانی کہ زنداں ہوا آباد  
کس سمت سے نغموں کی صدا آتی ہے دیکھو

میںخانوں کی رونق ہیں، کبھی خانقہوں کی  
اپنا لی ہوس والوں نے جو رسم چلی ہے  
دلدارئی واعظ کو ہمیں باقی ہیں ورنہ  
اب شہر میں ہر زبیر خرابات ولی ہے



ڈھلتی ہے موجِ مے کی طح رات ان دنوں  
بھلتی ہے صبح گل کی طرح رنگِ بو سے پُر  
ویراں ہیں جامِ پاس کرو کچھ ہمار کا  
دل آرزو سے پُر کرو، آنکھیں لہو سے پُر

صبط کا عہد بھی ہے شوق کا پیمان بھی ہے  
عہد و پیمان سے گزر جانے کو جی چاہتا ہے  
درد اتنا ہے کہ ہر رگ میں ہے محشر برپا  
اور سکوں ایسا کہ مر جانے کو جی چاہتا ہے





متاعِ لوح و قلم چھین گئی تو کیا غم ہے  
کہ خونِ دل میں ڈبولی ہیں انگلیاں میں نے  
زباں پہ مٹھر لگی ہے تو کیا کہ رکھ دی ہے  
ہر ایک حلقہٴ زنجیر میں زباں میں نے

آج رات اک رات ہی رات جی کے  
اساں جگھ سزاراں جی لتا اے  
آج رات امت دے جام وانگولوں  
اینہاں ہتھیاں نے یارنوں پی لتا اے

**ALL THE WAY**

*How long was that night of separation's agony!*

*With all my trust in that promise by you  
I swallowed the night's bitterness, my dear love,  
My dear! O' my true beloved!*

*With all my trust in that promise by you  
I tinkled the chains as if they were cymbals,  
Sometimes I put on the links as my ear-rings,\*  
At others I assumed that the fetters were my anklets.*

*For my love for you I offered the flesh from my body,\*\*  
With ravens, as the messengers, I sent you my call.  
' This night soon ends, my Love shall then come, '  
I looked at the pathway, time and again.  
None arrived, except the people with jeers,  
Nothing came, but a downpour of scorn.*

*Today you must rebuke these scoffs, my darling;  
Come to my home, my long-separated beloved.  
When the dawn arises I yearn to exclaim:  
' Thanks goodness, joy has come to my home again! '*

*' The darling whose promise I trusted without sway,  
That darling, also, kept the promise all the way. '*

(\* The reference is made to the Punjabi folklore Heer-Ranja )

(\*\* The reference is made to the Punjabi folklore Sohni-Manhival )

لمی رات سی درد سداق والی  
 تیرے قول تے اساں وساہ کر کے  
 کوڑا گھٹ کینتی مٹھڑے یار میرے  
 مٹھڑے یار میرے، جانی یار میرے  
 تیرے قول تے اساں وساہ کر کے  
 جھانجراں انگ زنجیراں چھنکاٹیاں نیں،  
 کدی کتیں مسدراں پائیاں نیں،  
 کدی پیریں بیڑیاں چائیاں نیں،  
 تیری تاہنگ وچ پٹا اماں دے کے  
 اساں کاگ سدے، اساں سینہہ گھلے  
 رات تکدی اے، یار آوندا اے

آج لاہ الاہیے مٹھڑے یار میرے  
 آج آویہڑے وچھڑے یار میرے  
 فجر ہووے تے آکھیے بسم اللہ  
 آج دولتاں ساڈے گھر آتیاں نیں  
 جہدے قول تے اساں وساہ کیتا  
 اوہنے اوڑک توڑ نبھائیاں نیں

اسپن تک دے رہے ہزارو تے  
 کوئی آیانہ بناں خنایاں دے  
 کوئی پوجانہ سوا الاہمیاں دے

**O' TRUE GOD**

*O' true God! you had decreed:  
 "My Man! you are the King of this world,  
 My bounties are now your riches,  
 You are my deputy and viceroy."*

*After sending me on this pretence,  
 Have you ever asked:  
 "How have you endured life, my Man?"  
 Have you ever enquired, O' My Lord!  
 How this world has treated your viceroy?*

*On the one hand there is intimidation by the police,  
 On the other there is persecution by the stewards.  
 This skeleton of mine carries a heart which trembles,  
 The way a sparrow flutters when caught in a trap.*

*What a King have you made? O' My Lord!  
 A chain of sufferings, not a moment's peace for him.*

->->->->

## رہا سچیا

رہا سچیا توں تے آکھیا سی  
جا اوئے بندیا جگ داناہ ہیں توں  
ساڈیاں نعمتاں تیریاں دولتاں نہیں،  
ساڈا ایب تے عالیجاہ ہیں توں،  
ایس لارے تے ٹور کد چھپیا ای  
رکھہ ایس نمائے تے بیتیاں نہیں  
کدی سا روی لئی اور بت سائیاں  
تیرے شاہ نال جگ کھہ کیتیاں نہیں

کتے دھوس پوس سرکار دی اے  
کتے دھاندلی مال پٹوار دی اے  
اینویں ہڈاں چ کھپے جان میسری  
جیویں پھاسی چ گونج کر لاوندی اے  
چنگا شاہ بنایا ای رب سائیاں  
پولے کھاندیاں وار نہ آوندی اے

*I do not wish any kingship, O' My Creator!  
A bit of dignity shall suffice for me.  
These palaces and mansions are not my choice,  
A corner in life's fabric is all what I ask.*

*If you listen to me, then I will listen to you,  
I swear in your name: "I shall never go astray."  
But if this demand of mine is not met by you,  
Then I must also search, and find a new God.*

*( Shamé Shahré Yaran )*

بینوں شاہی نہیں چاہی دیدی رب میرے  
میں تے عزت د اٹکر مٹگناں ہاں  
بینوں تاہنگ نہیں، محللاں ماڑیاں دی  
میں تے جیویں دی نگر مٹگنا ہاں

میری مٹیں تے تیریاں میں مٹاں  
تیری سوٹھہ جے اک دی گل موڑاں  
جے ایہہ مانگ نہیں سچدی تیں ربا  
فیر میں جاواں تے رب کوئی نہور لوڑاں







## Publication

An anthology of Faiz Ahmad Faiz ( 1910-1984 ), winner of Lenin Peace Prize in literature, and one of the greatest and internationally respected poet from South Asia.

This collection consists of thirtythree compositions, written between 1930 and 1982, laid out in parallel script in English and Urdu.



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