

THE GIFT OF HIJAZ

TO GOD

Happy the wayfarer who carries no provisions
and listens less to friends' advice.
Open thy breast to his soul-burning sigh,
for his one sigh kills a hundred-year-old grief.

1

They enraptured our hearts and departed,
They congealed like a flame and disappeared.
Come, mix for a while with common people,
for the elect took wine and disappeared.

There was discussion about my being and
non-being,
through shame I hardly opened my mouth;
you recognize prostration of living persons,
judge my mettle from my prostration!

My heart is entangled in the web of why and
wherefore,
its target is above the moon and Pleiades;
give him some desolate corner in your hell,
for this *kafir* is much given to solitude!

What commotion has taken hold of this water
and clay?

One heart has put *'ishq* into a hundred
difficulties.

Rest of one moment is forbidden to me,
Mercy on me, for I am to deal with heart!

[Translated by B.A. Dar]

Who created the world out of his own self?
Whose unveiled glory does its beauty
represent?
You say to me, 'Beware of Satan!'

But tell me: Who nurtured him?

[Translated by Mustansir Mir]

2

My heart, free from all bonds, is restless to
know:
which is my fate—wrath or pleasurable
encounter?

I can't injure Iblis's feelings even,
my wayward sin is therefore a virtue.

"O mother 'Amr, you deprived us of the cup,
for it was now the turn of those on the right"
if this is the way of friendliness,
throw then the cup and wine on Harem's
walls.

Self-entangled people are in heart's chains,
they are all pain, not amenable to treatment;
why expect prostration from us? For kings
don't levy tribute on desolate land.

I go by a way that has no destination
and the seeds that I scatter yield no fruit;
I am not afraid of griefs,
but don't give a grief that is not worthy of my
heart.

Keep my wine away from petty-minded,
let my ripe wine be out of reach of raw hands;
better if a flame be kept away from reed-field,
bestow it on the elect, keep it from common
folk!

You need not struggle to achieve,
You suffer neither pain, nor grief, nor burning
scar;
I fled from Spaceless Realm, because
it is not the place for mid-nightly bewailing.

[Translated by B.A. Dar]

Make me fill this world with commotion,
And completely change the earth and the sky.
Raise a new Adam from our dust,
And kill this slave of profit and loss.

This is a world which is made even darker by
the sun,
Its right is wrong all through.
I do not know for how long You will use
Adam's blood to give it colour and glow!

[Translated by Mustansir Mir]

I'm Thy slave, I seek nothing but Thy wish,
I tread only the path that Thou willed;
but if Thou ask'st this simpleton
to call an ass an Arab horse, I can't!

[Translated by B.A. Dar]

3

This heart in my breast, without ecstasy,
this handful of earth, devoid both of light and
flame,
take it away from me, for it's unwelcome
burden:
this reward of prayers, said so absent-
mindedly!

What should I say about religion and
nationalism?
for one cannot say it plainly;
don't be angry with me, for through Your
indifference
I have started setting up the same old temple.

A Muslim in bondage to Europe:
his heart does not yield to Him so easily;
from the forehead that bows before other-
than-God
you cannot expect prostrations of Bu Dharr
and Salman.

I crave not for this and the other world,
it is sufficient that I know the secret of life;
bestow on me a prostration that, through its
burning and joy,
I bring the earth and heaven into ecstasy.

What do you expect from this ease-loving
person
who moved with every movement of wind?
This morning I saw Javid in prostration,
may my night's face be adorned by his
mornings.

4

I wish for help from You for a people
whose religious lawyers lack certitude and
knowledge;
I have seen many unworthy events,
would that I had not been!

How long you look so wrathfully at me?
how long those idols of now and here?
how long the progeny of Abraham be faithful
to Nimrod's association in this idol temple?

[Translated by B.A. Dar]

Will the old song return?
Will another breeze arrive from the Hijaz?
The time of this *faqir* has come –
Will there be another who knows all secrets?

[Translated by Mustansir Mir]

If that knower of secret comes,
bestow on him heart-melting voice;
the heart of a people is purified
only by a prophet or a singing sage.

My asset: a heart sympathetic to pain,
my lot: an unending and unremitting cry;
a tulip can better adorn my grave:
it is silent and has a voice of blood.

5

The heart doesn't know taking from others'
hands
or nourishing grief within the bosom;
you breathed your spirit unto that clay
that knoweth nothing save eating and dying!

Our heart flies from its anchor,
got stuck into form and lost the soul;
that condemned one is better than we:
he did see Thee while we haven't.

Gabriel doesn't know this outcry and tumult,
for he has not tasted the agony of search;

ask this helpless creature of yours
who knows the pleasure and pain of desire!

I set up this assembly at night,
I diminished through self-revolution like the
moon;
there was talk of your carelessness,
but I left the meeting.

Heaven had hardly seen such scenes
when Gabriel feels pangs of heart;
what a beautiful temple has been set up there:
the *kafir* craves idols, the Muslim worships.

6

Bestow on me Rumi's tumult and Khusraw's
burning,
sincerity and truthfulness of Sana'i:
I'm so accustomed to the state of servitude
that I would refuse, if I'm offered lordship.

7

Muslim, clad in rags and given to starvation,
Gabriel is all protest at his deeds;
come, let us lay the foundation of a new
millat,
for this *millat* has become an unbearable
burden.

Another *millat* that sets a new task for herself,
that sucks elixir out of thorns,
is not content with this one world
and carried two worlds on her shoulders.

Another people whose *dhikr of la ilah*
comes out from night's heart at morn time;
the sun knows her destination
and cleans the sand of Milky Way from her
path!

8

Your world is in the hands of a few mean
fellows,
Its people are in fetters of inhuman persons;
a skilful man, in factories,
kills himself for a few vultures' pleasure.

[Translated by B.A. Dar]

A hungry disciple said to his master:
'God does not know of our state:

He is closer to us than our jugular veins,
But not as close as our bellies.'

[Translated by Mustansir Mir]

9

This land of Hind is all topsy-turvy,
this earth and heaven are all upside down,
don't expect from us five daily prayers,
for drawing up in rows is burdensome for
slaves.

Muslim has sold himself away due to slavery,
and is fettered to the talisman of eye and ear;
his body's veins grow so indolent through
slavery
that *shari'ah* and law become a burden for us.

[Translated by B.A. Dar]

10

Just for once weigh up gain against loss:
Make this world eternal like paradise.
Can You not see all that we, creatures of dust,
Have done to adorn this earth?

[Translated by Mustansir Mir]

You know what eternal life is,
you don't know what sudden death is!
Not a single moment of yours is lost,
if I become immortal: what is your loss?

11

When this old world comes to end
and every hidden decree becomes manifest,
don't put me to shame in our Master's
presence,
judge me in his absence.

My body is fragile, my life in constant
endeavour,
to visit a city where Batha lies on the way;
stay here and mix with the elect,
for I'm on my way to friend's destination.

[Translated by B.A. Dar]

TO THE PROPHET

*More delicate than Allah's Throne
Beneath the skies here is
A place of reverence where come
Junaid and Ba Yazid (and like)
Holding their breath out of respect.*

— Izzat Bokhari

1

O, tent chamberlain! leave the tent hark
The guide has gone beyond the base park.
To drive the litters now flops the-wan-brain,
I let the heart hence to take up the reins.

★ ★ ★

I keep my eyes penchant on hearts essence,
Though writhing I am resting on heart's
fence.

From cities and bergs I liked to flee,
To the deserts breeze I look up with glee.

★ ★ ★

I know not who dazzled and killed this heart,
No rest since then is destined to this part.
I took him to desert which pained him more.
On a brook side too he be wept to the core.

★ ★ ★

Ask not of lustre drunk's caravan scene,
They have left the world whole and all its
means.

By God my feelings rouse from peals of bell,
As if the wind booms through canes wood
deli.

★ ★ ★

I cherish for Yathrib though I am old,
I am moved to singing in love's sweet hold.
As the birds at dusk would fly back to nest,
I cherish to fly for the desert's quest.

2

To love'an rapture sins gave a common sense,
And made ripens wisdom a raws logic hence.
I sing songs hey! to Makkan tunes gay,
Since wine in cup was poured on the first day.

★ ★ ★

You ask the spots where I played my jazz
there,
My friends know little I came up from where.
I opened my baggage in desert's heat,
Where I am singing in his lone retreat.

3

That dawn I asked naqah not to run quick,
Its rider is feeble, too old and sick.
In a dancing prance move but she runs more,
That sand to her feet is a silky floor.

★ ★ ★

She needs no reins O I teamster hence!
Like my own wits she has the same sense.
From its wavelike trot a plea I would form,
Like me she is captive of heart's own charm.

★ ★ ★

Yet tears moist vivid in jet black eyes,
My heart thus burns from his morning sighs.
That burnt my conscience was the sole wine,
Flowing with his gaze like wavelets fine.

4

How lucky are deserts caravan lines,
They bless the Prophet driving litters fine.
Cast thy kowtows on hot sand grains,
Burn thy forehead to form a stain.

★ ★ ★

Hail the desert whose eve is morning gay,
Whose nights are shorter and longer the day.
Place thy steps with a gentle gait,
That sands like me has a ruthless trait.

5

Who's that Ajmi as head of caravan
His tone varies from tune of desert's man.
His tone up a charming, lilting song,
That a cold heart feels more young and
strong.

★ ★ ★

A place in love and raptures was his aim,
Such fires were lit up in his muddy frame.
His cries chime in with every one's heart,
That every one shares his heart's good part.

6

A hidden grief untold is clear,
To lips when brought, a tale we hear,
The ways are like a maze, seeker is weak,
The lamp blown out, night amidst, also bleak.

★ ★ ★

In pits grow poppies from vernal tide,
Then the friends pitch tents on desert's side.
It looks me nice to sit all alone,
When fountains flow in a mountain zone.

7

A page of Iraqi sometimes I turn,
From Jami's fire so often I burn.
I know not though the Arabs' tune,
I share with joy the teamaster's tune.

★ ★ ★

Let the hiker's grief take a blissful turn,
Let wails be blessed with rapturous burn.
O teamaster be ready for longer course,
Let separation pangs had sharper force.

8

Come O! chum for a tie to weep and cry.
A victim of 'Beauty' are you and I.
Two words I would say in hearts parlance,
By 'Master's' feet let eyes go to trance.

★ ★ ★

To wise he gave less wealth and affluence,
The duffer got lustres of raptures hence.
How lucky they were and lucky that age,
When king's door were open to a saint or
page.

★ ★ ★

The world with four sides I have in arm-pit,
I have wrapped in this head the heavens' wit.
Then I had to leave that topmost height,
Like dust my wing's lost that higher flight.

★ ★ ★

In this valley lies a lasting life new,
This dust solves meanings' with an arcane
clue.
The Sages and Moses are side by side,

There none would ever look a "Can't see"
slide.

9

A Muslim was a king and saint so high,
Flows from his bosom a flame of sigh
His heart often weeps why weeps in trance,
A glance upon me O Prophet, a glance.

★ ★ ★

The heart takes heat from thy love pangs'
flame,
My tone's large impact is due to thy name.
I weep, because, in the Indian state,
I found not a man with thee intimate.

★ ★ ★

No morn yet to slaves O Indian night,
The sun passes not along this land's site,
No cosy nook yet for us in the East,
So broke like a Muslim there is no beast.

★ ★ ★

As such I say to a soft hearted soul,
A Muslim is honoured on virtues role.
O God, help the man who leads a life hard,
Who fell from a summit, God be his ward.

★ ★ ★

A friend's hidden life how can I reveal,
You know what we talk and what we conceal.
Two hundred years' tale is enough to weep,
Like a butcher's wood a heart I keep.

★ ★ ★

The sky still going on a perverse course,
The car'avan is far off from its place.
His wild goose chases I cannot endorse,
No leader they have to direct this race.

★ ★ ★

In his pure blood shines not that vigour and
heat,
In his ruined land grows no poppies sweet.
He emptied his pocket and sheath likewise,
In a ruined arch thus his Book still lies.

★ ★ ★

He made his heart captive of pomp and show,
Bereft of love's pleasures his longings go.

The 'whistling' of 'eagles' he knew a few,
As nature of gnats his latent ears knew.

★ ★ ★

To him the heart's door is not open yet,
No ego in his palm has born as yet.
His conscience is empty from *Great God* calls,
To ground have fallen his prayer's four walls.

10

His collar is torn, he cares no darn,
I know not a life, so bore, forlorn.
To him is destined, a death so dry,
Fie a Muslim's life, sans *Allah Hu* cry.

★ ★ ★

Give him his dues, of a captive and meek,
A beggar whose honour is since long dead.
The doors of a tavern are closed on weak,
The Muslims are dying from thirst on bed.

★ ★ ★

Refine his morals and life once more,
Infuse a world new in his heart's core.
From violent storms, his clothes are torn,
Fear from his lamp, though wavers and worn.

★ ★ ★

The bride of life, in him is not his own,
She comes out then from limbe's lover line.
Entombed before death like sinner in chain,
Torn among the angels of church and fane.

★ ★ ★

His eyes are void of a glamour and glee,
No restive heart in his bosom I see.
God be a friend of the unlucky race,
Who vanished from scene being out of His
grace.

★ ★ ★

Though born as Muslim yet knows not the
death,
From fear of death shivers to his last breath
I didn't peep though through his bosom's slit
The fear of death has weaken'd his grit.

The kingship as whole is trick and skill,
In Rome or Jeddah none safe from his kill.
The sufferings of friends I say not to thee,
In hope thy solace would make me happy.

★ ★ ★

A Muslim's stuff has a life long stay,
His lay out stands on a powerful clay.
O wise critique see him from his view,
The 'Ego' in him now shakes all through.

★ ★ ★

Ashamed is Muslim for losing his State,
His dead faith is haunting some hermits great.
You know their bequest and forefather's line,
He holds his 'blanket' as a kingship sign.

★ ★ ★

Ask me not of his present day lot,
As if, earth and sky have made a plot,
To bird who was reared on fruits of fig,
The grains' search in deserts a problem big.

★ ★ ★

I have scanned the whole world through his
eye,
So past and future tips I would untie.
Thus ope more and more life's secret tips,
Give the Arab's tone on this Ajmi's lips.

★ ★ ★

The Muslims have raised no armament wings,
His conscience is yet like conscience of kings.
If he gets back his status again,
Through his beauty his grandeur would
reign.

★ ★ ★

The assets of Sheikh were the fables old,
On guess and thinking his Hadith was mould.
He holds faith yet like a Hindu's thread,
His mosque thus sways in a temple's stead.

★ ★ ★

He brought a total change in faithless world,
They say, "body is a track for life's bird"
With 'faqr thou destined to the Siddiq's part,
May fill a new thrill to this ease loving heart.

★ ★ ★

From fane gets Harem its grandeur and glare,
My 'idol' is a 'pir' with curly hair.
None ill-starred came in my bosom's frame,
Being lit up with light of his hopeful flame.

★ ★ ★

As long in mosque the poor kept a row,
They tore the emperors collars he
That fire when cooled in his heart and soul,
They crawled to tombs of saints to roll.

★ ★ ★

The Moslems are fighting with brothers own,
Save seeds of rupture nothing they have
sown.
If you take a brick they raise cry and hue,
A mosque from which they are fleeing all
through.

★ ★ ★

To others than God we touch our brows,
And sing like Guibers in round about rows.
I weep not on else, I weep on me,
We are not fit for honours of thee.

★ ★ ★

In the hands of drinkers the empty glass,
My party's bearer is jobless alas.
I keep an eye on sigh's inner seat,
Whose source are the fumes of that lamp's
heat.

★ ★ ★

The synagogues bottles are void of wine,
Where teachers are the pupils of that line.
The poets group I left with tears,
Their fifes and flutes are dead on ears.

★ ★ ★

The Muslims are foreigners on every land,
Are looked on this earth like a useless band.
Though powerless still I twist and twine,
I face the godless in every line.

★ ★ ★

With wings you gave I judge and fly,
In heat of songs I burn and cry.
A Muslim from whom shivers the death,
I found him not on whole earth's breadth.

★ ★ ★

At night before Lord I often cry,
Why Moslems are aimed for curse of sky.
A voice came then, "You know not this
race,
Hold a heart yet know not lovers face."

★ ★ ★

I speak not now of the grandeur past.
No use to count now what did not last.
I keep a lamp lit in chest of mine,
In two hundred years we sapped its shine.

★ ★ ★

The guard of Harem is the mason of fane,
His faith is dead, eyes set on others lane.
From his winking eyes it can be seen,
He is despaired of all godsend means.

★ ★ ★

From this poor man's flame, sitting on his
way
Bid him fiery conscience, the least I say.
Kindle his heart for a-long-lasting light,
From man's hopes his hopes be more bright.

★ ★ ★

Like gallants I fall and rise again,
What a blood I shed sans sword-and cane.
On every ones terrace now leans thy look,
For which a constant war I have to brook.

★ ★ ★

Let me sob and sigh in a lone retreat,
How fine the Yasrib lines with no joint seat.
How odd a college looks to pub of thrill,
Tell me is this better or that one still.

★ ★ ★

I fly in the airy lovelier space,
My wings are getting wet from clouds I face.
I found in my conscience the Harem's mould,
Since on my conscience that song had a hold.

★ ★ ★

Of secret I told, they paid no heed,
They ate no fruits of vintage they need.
O nation's chief do a justice to me,
As a writer of odes my friends call me.

★ ★ ★

To stick it to bosom this verse aims not,
With gems of meanings I open the knot.
With hope my passion would make it gold,
I temper their cuprum with heats manifold.

★ ★ ★

You bid me for a theme on bliss life long,
On a dead ear sound a cheerful song.
Those uncouth put me in a poet's hat,
To write a death date of this man or that.

★ ★ ★

My face looks saffron from arcane pain,
The blood looks oozing from red eyes veins.
The speech chokes throat and forms a knot,
I can't speak though you know my lot.

★ ★ ★

The meek utter hence of yonder glance,
Thus the ruthful dwell on sob's parlance.
We keep eyes ope and seal the lips,
In mystics code speech is a slip.

★ ★ ★

Those who knew not I preached them ego,
For them I e'er caused my fonts to flow.
Bid me burning voice with whose sole flame,
All griefs are burnt save thy love's sole aim.

★ ★ ★

What I hold in heart is grief and remorse.
Save thee I have no access and source.
My grief's inner tale to whom I can tell,
You know in my bosom you only dwell.

★ ★ ★

A poor, ruthfull flutist who taught love's tone,
Is melting himself in heat of songs own.
You know what he seeks and what he wants,
Yet he needs not both the worlds in grant.

★ ★ ★

I seek not my vigour from morning air,
From thy Sun's boon I seek my growth and
care.
My glance goes higher than stars and moon,
I write not verses for some one's boon.

★ ★ ★

I'am in a sea which has no coast side,
This heart is the lover's path and guide.
For thy sake at Mecca a halt I make,
If not my journey was for thy sake.

★ ★ ★

Drive not from door who are longing for thee,
We are getting restive from thy flame's glee.
So bid what ye wish, for patience ask, not,
Two hundred miles from it, the heart has
brought.

★ ★ ★

On idols white my heart is sweet,
It melts in Tina's glamour's heat.
So alien to self I made of me,
I sought of my 'self' but did not see.

★ ★ ★

From Western taverns the wines I take,
I buy for my head a great headache.
With the nobles of West I sat for days,
For me the worst days of my flameless stays.

★ ★ ★

I seek from thy door, whatever I seek,
Bid a grass leaf to peel a "Mountain's peak."
To me logic gave a headache great,
But a glance changed all over my fate.

★ ★ ★

With 'mullah' or 'Sufi' I do not sit,
With this or that, you know I dont fit.
Thus write the word Allah on my heart's
slate,
To see 'Him' and Self in a lucent state.

★ ★ ★

The 'mullah' never knows the pangs of grief,
No tears ever flow in his eyes and belief,
From his School of quacks I took to my heels,

The sounds of desert chants his dust can't feel.

★ ★ ★

On pulpit his address a venom of bile,
In arms, hundred books to cover his wile.
In thy 'own House' I talk not in shame,
By himself though hid I feel His flame.

★ ★ ★

The heart of lucent hearts he took or I?
Thy message of love did he brought or I?
Two shafts of Deen's quiver are 'mullah' and
I,
Who took the right aim: did 'mullah' or I.

★ ★ ★

An alien I am within my own race,
To whom I should take the 'Issues' I face.
Those hidden pricks I fear to disclose,
I tell not my griefs to heart, though close.

★ ★ ★

For any one's boon this heart owes not,
With my own hand I opened each tough knot.
I banked on else once save Allah's grace,
I fell hundred times from self's high place

★ ★ ★

My craze still feels the same burning phase,
All the old passions are still ablaze.
From impact of old storms which I feel still,
The waves of my pearls get a new storm's
thrill.

★ ★ ★

This dust still feels His living flame,
To midnight sighs, the heart still claims.
Cast Thy vision's light so that I may see,
Though old I have courage to bear this glee.

★ ★ ★

My glance looks not the world's hollow game,
The heart is melting from inner flame.
I am in this world which, lacks any flame,
Tell me after all what is the secret game?

★ ★ ★

I have been born in a flameless age,
In me nature kept a fire ablaze.
The life in my neck is like a thread,

Say they are fighting this thread in my head.

★ ★ ★

The 'rose and poppy' lack my 'scent and
shade.
All yearnings have died in a bosom fade.
In words, the grief hidden cannot contain,
If so, what to say, to whom to explain?

★ ★ ★

So alien I am in West and East,
No confidants true I have the least.
To heart I'm telling my sorrowful mood,
To cheat my solitude, like child I brood.

★ ★ ★

I broke the magic of the modern age,
I pounced on the grains and broke the trap
cage.
The God knows that in the Abram's wake,
How fearless I sat in that fire's stake.

★ ★ ★

You have lit up my eyes with an insight,
To thee owes hence, the Layla's light,
Bring a Dawn for me, with Thy Vision's
Scene,
My night gets thy light, like moonlight sheen.

★ ★ ★

When I pressed myself in my own embrace,
Then I saw my place with thy light's grace.
In this fane old with the morning tears mere,
A world of love and daze lo I cause here.

★ ★ ★

The world has charms like paradise true;
My tears give a moist to the shoots too.
She lacks to her part that cry and hue,
She's looking for a man for guidance true.

★ ★ ★

Bid him O lord! a holy man's lead,
Who is proud of his 'home made wine's need.
Like Hyder, the Lion whose arms are strong,
For both world's wealth he would never long.

★ ★ ★

Move around O bearer! the wine cup's course,
From wine give the flute further burning
force.
Bid me a heart in the bosom of mine,
Who can take tussels with the Kaisers line.

★ ★ ★

For love the world came from thee the love's
flame,
In love the hidden joy thy old wine's game.
I know only one thing from the Gabe's tune,
That he took his glamour from thy moon's
boon.

★ ★ ★

To me this burning a boon of thy glow,
Thy font's wine is waving in my vine so.
In shame the Join's realm to my content bows,
With thee as my heart had tete-a-tete close.

★ ★ ★

This heart, I tied not with aught in this fane,
I lost self's place in my own eye's pane.
Now he is looking for my 'bows' today,
On whom I was ruling just the last day.

★ ★ ★

Grow that poppy from the dust of mine,
Whose blood is dripping from my heart's line.
This heart be received as a favour great,
I have no fine offer than heart in plate.

★ ★ ★

To my shining race I would love to groan,
With new melting thought full of moaning
tone.
The etiquette calls for a brief parlance,
I groan, making tones and wish a rest hence.

★ ★ ★

For the sake of truth of my free lance tone,
For the sake of my sighs impatient groan.
For them I pray for clouds of vernal rain,
Who made a best use of my fruits and grains.

★ ★ ★

I hold a heart in hand find not a beau,
A treasure I have but no robbers Lo;

I pray thee to make in my heart a place,
How much lonely I am there is no case.

★ ★ ★

Like Rumi I raised His call in Harem whole,
From whom I learnt secret knowledge of soul.
He passed through the crises of his time,
I am going too through crisis and crime.

★ ★ ★

Raise a garden new from dust of mine,
Mix a poppy's blood to my tears shine.
If I'm not fit for Hyder's sword and lance,
As sharp as his lance give me a glance.

★ ★ ★

A Muslim is resting from coast to coast,
On self he lost hopes, is shy of sea most.
Save this poor soul a pathos who keeps,
Who sees hidden wounds when his heart
weeps.

★ ★ ★

Who told him I smell thee 'under the rose',
To give him good news of a spring tide close.
When I saw not in him thy old flame's blaze,
With a new spark I set his caneswood ablaze.

★ ★ ★

From thy own main give pearls to my rill,
My gems to each door, each land and hill.
That gale did not ope my heart's shut door,
Bid a verve anew and a gale more.

★ ★ ★

In a gathering see my flute's tones sweet,
And self-melting phase in a lone retreat.
I learnt the Faqr's' path from fore-father's
trait,
To care not ever for any king great.

★ ★ ★

I kept beaming face in this or that case,
I raised the old veils from the meaning face.
At such a high pitch to craves I brought,
That one breath I had the other had not.

★ ★ ★

I have shared the poppy's flame and pain,
To conscience of life I woke up again.

I know not whom I taught a zealous tone,
As I was alone, and harping alone.

★ ★ ★

With thy light alone I lit up my glance,
I make a peep through the sun and moon
hence.

Saying I'm Muslim I shudder with shame,
I know the hard task of Lailah's name.

★ ★ ★

I need in thy land just a melting sigh,
To me this is first and last aim to die.
Ho! the daring sot who said to Gods Grace,
I need from Thee only Mustafa's face.

12

I hold very dear that roaring roar,
Which cuts a spring from mountain core.
For Javed I cherish and crave the same,
From Thy love he gets his grandeur and fame.

★ ★ ★

Look to these saucy anglican maids,
As if Suns and moons have come for raids.
My simple young nation keeps a blood warm,
Beware! the heathen eye's sensual storm

★ ★ ★

Give a helping hand to those who are weak,
They look not to aught, but Allah they seek.
From that fire's flame which kindled my
heart,
Bid the Muslim boys a wee bit part.

13

You too take the wine from friend's cup
warm,
To be for ever in the friend's arm.
No bows are these O, 'Aziz of Arab land',
From eyelash I'm dusting my friend's door
sand,

★ ★ ★

A poor man I'm, you hold the 'Arab's reign,
I hold a king's place in meaning's domain.
A world which grew up from Layla's seed,
Its root are quite deep in my faith and creed.

★ ★ ★

A look of pain I'm and see no cure quick,
I boast not but weep being old, weak and sick.
I'm lost arrow though, put in nation's bow,
Use me again if the nation thinks so,

★ ★ ★

Let 'tis join hands to spread his love's flame.
Leave the world whole and work not for
fame.

Within the holy walls of the friend's home,
Till tears flow blood, dance around his dome.

★ ★ ★

You hold a high place in the desert's land,
Whose eyes are bright like a mirror house
grand.
Where e'er you wish you may pitch up the
tents.
But ban a feast there if the tent chords are
lent.

★ ★ ★

Being Muslims we make no home and false
ties,
From a circle aloof, we are nine skies.
He taught us a kowtow from which we know
The price of each god to whom the men how.

★ ★ ★

To anglian idols pay not a heed,
The worth of her bonds is not a malt's seed.
From the Farooq's bold eyes borrow a glance,
Make a fearless jump in the new age hence.

★ ★ ★

Seek not of me the gnostic's-verse and prose,
As I hold the nature of faithful beaux.
The poppy like tears in this garden main,
I am flowing like dew drops grain by grain.

TO THE NATION

Be nearer to the aim like a moon new,
Seek the higher heights with efforts anew.

A place in this lane if you wish to make,
Make a tie with God in the Prophet's wake.

★ ★ ★

My self's own sea gave a rise to me,
It sharpen'd my wits like pearls in sea.
On me that 'Nimrod' is boiling with rage.
Fm trying to build up 'Harem's' image.

★ ★ ★

Come O' bearer and move the cup of Wine,
And leave the worlds both under long veils
line,
He raised all the curtains before this sot,
The codes of His Path the 'Mullah' knew not.

★ ★ ★

Come O' bearer and raise the veils aside,
Cause my heart's blood' dripping from the
eyes side.
From a tone which gives no East or West
trace,
Send a 'no fear note' from the 'no fear place.'

★ ★ ★

Raise from thy bosom a 'Call of God Great',
Hit thy own exir on thy dusty fate.
Gaurd thy ego ever, lead a life nice,
To none give thy luck at any great price.

★ ★ ★

From self a Muslim is man perfect
He is slave when it dies in heart in fact.
If you take thy 'self', 'a priceless' lot,
To look save Thee is a tabooed thought.

★ ★ ★

As long the Muslim, in self can peep,
Like pearls they rest in the oceans deep.
From ego if you ran in this fane,
Your own death you buy for life's bargain.

★ ★ ★

The veils of thy fortune lo! I ope,
Take the Prophet's path give up no hope.
If you believe not whatever I say,
Give up the faith and die in Kafir's way.

★ ★ ★

Now all the shut doors for Turks are ope.
The Egypt's base would be firm I hope.
You give a rap too at the Ego's door,
None knew without it his faith and land's
lore.

★ ★ ★

A nation whose spring falls to decay,
She always craves for the good old days.
A poppy grows though from her dusty gems,
It also takes a gown of fading stems.

★ ★ ★

God gave that nation a sway o'er lands,
Who shaped her fortunes with her hands.
With that nation he keeps no links.
Whose farmer tills for other's drinks.

★ ★ ★

From Razi thus learn the Quran's insight,
From his lamp he lit up his own lamp's light.
But a point from me you must learn hence,
That can't be life, lacking flame and trance.

EGO

Who makes Ego firm by 'Layla's tie,
From lifeless sands can make a seeing eye.
Lose not ever that man's greatest boon,
In whose reach I see the Sun and Moon.

★ ★ ★

O ignorant man get a knowing heart,
In wake of thy elders learn thy own part.
Flow can a 'momin' tell His Secret act,
From 'La' got the Allah's positive fact'.

★ ★ ★

Thy heart keeps not that hidden scar.
A Muslim's shine it lacks so far.
You always water the Soil of Ego,
From a lake which knows no furious flow:

ANA AL-HAQ (I AM GOD)

A place of I am God is God's own place.
This sin takes to gallows or no disgrace?
If one man says this reprove at this wrong,
If a nation says, then you get along.

★ ★ ★

I am the God suits to that nation lone,
Whose blood's moisture feels each branch
grown.
In whose power hides a beauty queer,
To him the nine heavens are servants clear.

★ ★ ★

Among nations large she holds a place great,
That race is the leader of both worlds' fate.
From her novel acts, new miracles breed,
To dream and weaken is banned in her creed.

★ ★ ★

From her inner verve that race is a flame,
To her the world charms is a worthless game.
What means by I'm God her efforts define,
Her each *Kun* ('be') says *Yakun* ('become') an
object fine.

★ ★ ★

Like a unique race thus she flies in space,
With eyes ever set on her centre's base.
The moon and stars in her lasso's reach,
Lies in her hand the fate of age each.

★ ★ ★

In garden's lawn he is song bird sweet,
In jungles a hawk with ruthless heat.
Her king in power is a poor man's base,
Her poor man in want has a kingly grace.

★ ★ ★

Fill the old wine in the New Age bowl.
Cast the self's light on hills and lands whole.
If you wish to eat fruits from Mansoor's bowl,
Say none save Allah can rule the world whole.

SUFI AND MULLAH

The Mullah and Sufi are cross in deed,
His eye seldom sees the pitch in its seed.
If this is the faith which I have in me,
To oust me from Kaaba a right has he.

★ ★ ★

When the English subdued the mosque and
fane,
"No aliens are they", said the convent's brain.
I told my fears to a Mullah when,

"Make his end well", he just prayed then.

★ ★ ★

To Mullah and Sufi thou art a slave,
From insight of Quran no life you crave.
You need verses only at time of grief,
That 'Yasin' would give death paugs a relief.

★ ★ ★

Through the mirror of Quran see thy deeds,
How changed it thee, change the life you lead.
Thus weigh in a scale thy actions and thought,
Get a sweeping change as the elders brought.

★ ★ ★

I salute the Mullah and Sufi old,
Who gave me the message of God as told.
It tilled with wonder the meaning he drew,
Which God, His Prophet and Gabe never
knew.

★ ★ ★

On hell kafir-maker Mullah spoke,
On which a *kafir* in a nice way broke.
That slave knows not where he would go?
Who is sending the rest in heirs long row.

★ ★ ★

A well read disciple asked his guide,
With a word in which a sting did hide.
To die for a life will it well behave?
To make one's living from bones of a grave.

★ ★ ★

Thus spoke to his son a guide in patched robe,
I tell thee a point after whole life's probe.
To Nimrods of this age, know by face,
By God's grace live with the Abram's grace.

RUMI

Pour in thy self that old wine again,
His one cup's worth is more than a reign.
Keep the verses of Rumi in thy brain,
And paste them around the heart's walls
again.

★ ★ ★

Take from his cup those poppy like stems,
Whose one sip can turn a stone into gem.
The heart of a lion who gave to the deer,

Who shaved the black spots from a panther's rear.

★ ★ ★

From his verve and heat I got a good share,
My night was a day from that bought star's flare,

See a gazelle on 'Harem's' desert sands,
He smiles like a lion on oasis or lands.

★ ★ ★

Being full of pathos and passion's heat,
His tete-a-tete thus had the pangs sweet treat.
By flute gets beauty of His Love's sweet light,
A gift and share good of His Glory and Might.

★ ★ ★

He solved many ties I had to face,
He gave to way's dust his exir's grace.
The tone of this flu'tist, tender heart hence,
Made me conscious of Love and fervour sense.

★ ★ ★

To me his heart's door was always ope,
From my dust he caused a world's new hope.
From his grace I got a grace and trust.
For me he tamed the Moon and Stars first.

★ ★ ★

His thought thus flies with stars and moon rays,
His eye thus views beyond milky ways.
Lay thy restive heart at his fluid tune,
From his quick silver get a quick calm soon.

★ ★ ★

Take secrets of content from Rumi's call,
That content is envied by rich men all.
Be cautious from content which may take thee,
To a place of bow down and sheer slavery.

★ ★ ★

When self is deprived from godly tint,
The content then gets a beggar's print.
From Rumi's drunk eyes I borrowed a trance,
To taste a sweet joy of his godly glance.

★ ★ ★

That bright wine scattered from my wineyard,
Who hung to my shirt, got the lucks award.
To Rumi I owe a share of his flame,
Which Sinai took first and earned great fame.

THE MESSAGE OF FAROOQ

(*Hazrat Omar*)

O desert's breeze rise from 'Arab's sky,
From Egypt's Nile raise a new wave high.
Give Farooq's message to King Farooq's race,
How content is mixed with the kingship's face.

★ ★ ★

Tue Faqr and Caliphate with King's Crown shine,
A great wealth this is which never declines
O Young king! leave not the content's boon,
Sans it the kingship ends very soon.

★ ★ ★

A young man who peeps in his ego deep,
Can make a world anew on old world's heap.
Around his circle lo! are thousand leagues,
In self's reading though a solace he needs.

★ ★ ★

For sense and heart's sake leave each door ajar,
Take a cup thus from every sect's bar.
Make all the efforts with love and heart pure,
To lead a chaste life with no greed and lure

★ ★ ★

How happy is the race who wins her goal,
Who never took rest for that purpose sole.
See her shine and sheen beneath this sky,
Like a sword drawn out and unfurled high.

★ ★ ★

That Turkish seaman how sang a song gay,
His purple face beamed with eyes blue gray.
When I see a gale my heart then regales,
To tempest time ties my hardihood hails!

★ ★ ★

The world rule is destined to my own dust,
The world's guidance writ on my forehead
first.
In thy bosom see the whole world's map,
Whose seed was sown first in Farooq's lap.

★ ★ ★

To certitude truth who so ever knew,
With two eyes he had had the oneness view.
As we often join two lamps in need
Be cautious from rift in home and creed.

★ ★ ★

A Muslim who tested his own ego first,
He took to the heavens his paths's own dust.
Keep an eye on, if you hold the love flame,
With that you could make the whole world
tame.

TO THE ARAB POET

To Arab poets sweet on my part say,
I shun to versify on red lips gay.
From a beam I had of Holy Book's light,
After hundred years nights I see a dawn
bright

★ ★ ★

I caused in his soul a verve a heat,
To cottage or castle a dust I treat.
This brook may once vie a noisy sea's pride,
As I gave this brook a passion of tide.

★ ★ ★

You leave making now the portraits on wall,
Be friendly with conscience and ego's call.
Since you got growth in my nation's lawn,
Fill your song's flame in their brain and
brawn.

★ ★ ★

My heart has a grief, and dust has a heart,
Yet this old branch claims His moist's great
part.
With thy skill's magic cause a fount so,
In each Muslim lies a fountain lo!

★ ★ ★

Of virtues of God Muslim has a part,
Like secrets of God a secret is heart.
I saw not his beauty save of God's own,
In the cosmos conscience his roots are grown.

★ ★ ★

Give to his dust that flame and might,
Which brings into being a sun from night.
Hit a tune and tone due to whose grace,
He gets a new verve from world's new face.

★ ★ ★

A Muslim you were named for grief's
bargain,
To be restive for friends in pains and strains.
He cares not for himself in nation's cause,
He shouts "I am Ummah from every clause."

★ ★ ★

On whom were opened the secrets of soul,
With his own eyes he sees the cosmos whole.
Make in thy heart his love's cosy room,
And turn the autumn to vernal bloom.

★ ★ ★

So guard the nature of thy mud and dust,
A bliss, trance and burning for thee is must.
I see empty bowls of the nation's whole,
A lasting wine lasts in thy heart's own bowl.

★ ★ ★

The hill and desert night defies thy day,
The birds and waves know not their old songs
gay.
This world wont lit up from the hermit's
lamp,
Thy sun light is needed in every camp.

★ ★ ★

Read the clear writing on thy forehead's slate,
Find out a way to change thy future fate.
Like me find a way on the Harem's land,
To know thy worth true, thy own grit and
sand.

O SON OF THE DESERT

When all the desert sides were bright from
dawn,
From tree a bird tuned to a youth in lawn.
O desert's son! leave thy tent with haste,
You lead a dull life which lacks journey taste.

★ ★ ★

The Truth chose Arab for caravan's lead,
On faqr since he tested his own self's breed.
If the poor's content with envy is green,
His growth can upset the whole world's
scene.

★ ★ ★

Those nights had the uproar for future's
dawn,
Being lit up with light of the Sinai's lawn.
Thus the desert life made their brawns and
brains,
Arid nations arose from those desert lanes.

FROM THIS DUST A RIDER COMES DO YOU
KNOW?

Make not a face wry on the humble's eye,
Hark! a rider comes from dust soaring high.

★ ★ ★

Learn the ways to win His pleasure and grace,
Be truthful to Him and whole human race.
Take me not poet in this or that sense,
Look my passions depth from the wisdom's
lens.

★ ★ ★

If a craze consumes the garden's face,
And saps its beauty and social grace.
I poured a verve and roar, in this town lanes,
Will leave a craze yet to sharpen their brains.

★ ★ ★

The poppy of my dawn's first vernal tide,
Is burning alone from a scar I hide.
So under rate not my verve's lone part,
See caravans budding from my heart.

★ ★ ★

So scattered I'm like dust of the way,
On the wings of storms I cannot stay.

How august and happy would be that day,
When a ride is born from my own clay.

★ ★ ★

How lucky a nation whom wheel of fate,
Had caused a wonder through a leader great.
His birth a secret of a secret hand,
Who would change her fate in a manner
grand.

★ ★ ★

In self's own sea, I'm thus a restive' wave,
Till my waves in tempest to Coast would lave.
I found no better cast than my own face,
With my own blood his picture I trace.

★ ★ ★

His glance would fill up the empty bowl,
He runs the will's wine in vine's veins whole.
His storms and gales are a God gift free,
He made a small brook, 'rival of sea.

★ ★ ★

The caravans reins he would take when,
He gives vision taste to each hidden then.
He makes so much bare the heavenly hosts
That all nine skies would be tinder his force.

★ ★ ★

To that holy mother I greet with pride,
From whom will be born the caravan's guide.
On the lap of, 'that' fortunate dame,
The paradise nymphs would feel a shame.

★ ★ ★

My heart thus says that the hero will hail,
So gather you stocks as he would assail.
At death bed I heard a voice with zoom,
When a flower fades a bud would bloom.

THE CALIPHATE AND MONARCHY

The Arabs gained a lot from Prophet's light,
That the dead lamps of East, too became
bright.
But the Caliphate lost that path and force,
And taught the Momin first the Kingship's
course.

★ ★ ★

Take the Caliphate's witness with a heed
As the kingship is banned in our creed.
A trick is the kingship with each new face,
The Caliphate but was the God's own grace.

★ ★ ★

A Moses grapples with kingdoms all,
And threatens tyrants though means are sina!
It happens oft that the wheel of fate,
Turns a light breeze into tempest great.

★ ★ ★

The Adam is slave in this world yet,
Yet his order raw, weak and poor set.
I am his page, who sheltered each Age,
Who banned in my faith to keep a page.

★ ★ ★

The love, from his glance is stable and best,
To love and passions his path is a Test.
His 'slave' he was ranked, yet the slave ranks.
To eager world's eyes in the Master's Ranks.

TURKS OF THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE

In the Ottoman reign, the Turks are free,
He holds conscious heart, with insight to see.
On freedom of the West they do not boast,
They are captives yet of his Charming toast.

★ ★ ★

How dating were they who broke his charms,
Who paid no heed to his pledges warm.
Get not despaired, have thy ego's own view,
What did the past nations you also do.

★ ★ ★

The fate thus gave to Turks a verve anew,
And gave them a base for a build up new.
Where are those Muslim who could behold?
The meanings of fate which God had told.

TO DAUGHTERS OF THE NATION

Learn O' daughterling this loveliness trend,
To Muslim suits not the heathen's blend.
You need not a beauty of rouge and scent,
With the chaste eyes teach thy charming bent.

★ ★ ★

A God given sword thy glance to thee,
Whose wounds thus gave my full right to me.
The heart of great sage that holy soul took,
As she tempered her sword with bashful look.

★ ★ ★

At last modern age shows her conscience lo!
They feel quite happy with false pomp and
show
A tip for world's tight learn from His light,
With hundred visions who hide from sight.

★ ★ ★

The world is stable from the mother's grace,
Her kind nature guards the whole human
race.
To this point if the nations didn't get,
The whole world order would soon up set.

★ ★ ★

That nation is lucky in whose hard race,
A change the world espied on each man's
face.
What happen'd to him in this world's race,
Can be seen now from their mother's face.

★ ★ ★

This craze she gave me for sharp wits sense,
My kind mother's sacred inner glance.
In schools, my heart and eyes did'nt get calm,
No schools are these but magic and charm.

★ ★ ★

If you pay a heed once, to this poor guy,
May die thousand nations but ye won't die.
Hid from this Age like Batool if you can,
In thy lap too there may be a Hussain.

★ ★ ★

From my evening's dusk get a dawn new,
To seeing eyes read the Quran anew.
From thy reading's flame you know that fate,
Had totally changed Omar the Great.

THE MODERN AGE

What is the age? On whom the faith cries,
Who puts on it thousand checks and ties.
From Man's face it saps all the healthy signs,

His paintings depict, his evil designs.

★ ★ ★

His glance only paints the heathen's shade,
His skill's big height are statues he made.
Thus shun the trade circles of his own make.
Who plans all business for gambling sake.

★ ★ ★

To youths of this age he taught evil ways,
It turned the Satan's night into his days.
Like flame I make a coil on his face,
As this age lacks all the shine and grace.

★ ★ ★

The Muslim draws content and kingship
close,
He views the man and God in a close pose.
From this Age but I wished to run away,
Who has mixed the kingship with Satan's
way.

★ ★ ★

The dance you now play in this or that way,
Is just a drug's kick, a bliss to soul nay
In wake of whites so? You play feet, lo!
No blood boils ever in thy-own-veins so!

BRAHMIN

For him, he opened hundred doors for plots,
Two steps he only takes and slips in trot.
The Brahmen adorned his idols on arch,
In arch bin you placed the Quran as mark.

★ ★ ★

To Brahmen I say not a useless bloke,
Since all heavy stones with efforts he broke.
It can't be achieved save with arms might,
From stone he carves gods to put his hand
right.

★ ★ ★

A pundit keeps eyes on his own task,
He wont let to know his secret mask.
To me he says Give up counting beads,
For his own neck feels holy thread's need.

★ ★ ★

The Brahmin said leave this white man's
door,
From Hindies think not, save good any more.
In one mosque two Mullahs may ne'er
contain,
With magic of gods can live in a fane.

EDUCATION

A shine which lasts with beauty and grace,
To life's mustang a whip for race.
Teach the kids and colts, a verve and flame,
To books and schools a fiction I name.

★ ★ ★

A knowledge which cures but melts not to
trance,
Far better is the eye with sacred glance.
It looks better yet to the sacred eyes,
A heart who seeks not any earthly ties.

★ ★ ★

No links with that Momin the God would
keep,
Who keeps no conscious soul with self's deep
peep.
My friend's Maktab way I left that is why,
No youth I found there with self guarding
eye.

★ ★ ★

A blind eye is better from eyes crook,
Which sees a virtue from evil look.
An ignorant man and a simple guy,
Is better than a wise but faithless sly?

★ ★ ★

No use of a thought which measures sky,
But settles like dust or moves like fly.
Like sections of clouds he moves here there,
And wanders in space with draughts of air.

★ ★ ★

Respect is the dress of a sage or fool,
A lucky man likes to make it a rule.
With that Muslim child I keep no love ehains,
In wisdom who gains in respect who wanes.

★ ★ ★

Why you lose hopes of kids a bit,
If they do not catch a point of wits.
Tell me Maktab Sheikh if you know a lot,
Do they keep in bosom a heart or not?

★ ★ ★

Teach the offspring wisdom and faith's ken,
Their gems would shine like a bright star
then.
If you teach him a knack in any skill,
A white hand is hidden in his sleeve still.

★ ★ ★

Who sapp'd sweet tone of the birds and buds,
Who damp'd old flame of the poppy's blood.
On this Maktab and wits how can you boast,
Which gave him no bread till he gave up
ghost.

★ ★ ★

The days of that 'Dervesh' O God keep gay,
Whose breath opes hearts like buds in-early-
May.
To a Maktab's child he pray'd in this way,
For bread put him not in some body's pay.

★ ★ ★

Who e'er tied himself with Lailah's tie,
From Mullah's Maktab he jump'd very high.
To that faith and fire no heed we should pay,
My friend's heart and eye from me who took
away.

★ ★ ★

A caravan was killed, if you e'er see,
Make not a probe, how it could be.
No use to learn a knowledge and skill,
Which murders a nation's soul and will.

★ ★ ★

A well dressed fighter and handsome guy,
His flaming eyes beamed like a lion's eye.
He learn'd from *Maktab* a knowledge of sheep
He is now craving for few crumbs to keep.

★ ★ ★

To a camel addressed its youngest foal,
No God I have seen in the desert whole.

The father said, "Filly thy foot slips when,
You would see thy self, to God also then."

SEARCH FOR FOOD AND LIVING

If the hawks too fly for roof to roof race,
Amongst the birds of prey they find no place.
For a hunt of few wings and a bit flesh,
It is better to die in aerey's mesh.

★ ★ ★

(A hawk said to another hawk as follows: —)

See thy own self with a seeing eye,
This eye is a whip for us to fly.
This eye is a lash for a hunting dash,
An excuse for wings to pounce in a flash.

A CROCODILE TO ITS YOUNG

Thus said to its child a 'croco' with boast,
It is banned in our faith to see the coast.
So mix up with waves and shun the coast,
To us the river bed plays a host.

THE FINIS

In sea you are not it lies but in thee,
Show thy mettle now and face floods of sea.
If you seek from storms a fast retreat,
This sea within thee will rob thy heat.

★ ★ ★

I talk not of bearer nor of bowl hence,
This love theme, I say in a frank parlance.
From Holies of Ummah what e'er I hold,
In their own frank style to thee I have told.

★ ★ ★

Back to ego turn, and back to heart look,
Make the self's own place in thy bosom nook.
Treat this tillage with moist of blood and tear.
Eat the harvest thus, I throw my seeds here.

★ ★ ★

For heart and eyes course, the 'Harem' is the
aim,
Its round is not the round of door'an roof's
frame.
In us and God's House there hides a hint so,
Which Gabe, the Trustee may not even know.

[Translated by Q.A. Kabir]

TO HUMANITY

Honour of man is the manliness base,
Beware! What is man and the man's high
place.

INTRODUCTION

1

O bearer come and serve the old wine,
Which gives an old man the youth's new
shine.

Give me a sweet tone, that by my breath own,
Like torch I may lit up my flute's gay tone.

★ ★ ★

Leave thy solitude cell for a while please,
Ope thy bosom thus from the morning breeze.
For a tempo to world's hustle and thrill,
Raise thy tune and tone to song bird's trill.

2

With times came unrest which passed so
quick,
It reared great satans and passed so quick.
Many Baghdads were raped by tyrants great,
It levelled their graves and passed like spate.

★ ★ ★

Those who had fears for the future days,
They died yesterday before coming days.
Lucky are those whose dress of today,
Is booming with success day by day.

3

Like nightingale you know not the groans and
wails,
You lack living soul in your set up frail.
This garden which gives the rose plucking
right,
You felt no pricks alas! for the thorns fright.

★ ★ ★

Come forward and learn the self seeing art,
Learn the hard task and sufferings of heart.
If you wish clear vision of God the Great,
Learn to see the self in a vivid state.

★ ★ ★

Give up the habit to weep on fate,
Face the hard times with a courage great.
Dont you know that the water of a brook.
When falls on stone, it gives a lovely look.

★ ★ ★

A gull said to shaver, nice witty thing,
You cannot exist with the silken wing,
With a fondness great if you call *Ya Hoo*
You can catch hawk's head with a loving coo.

★ ★ ★

You had fallen then from a godly place,
To courts of mean men you sought a close
face.

Thou art a hawk, to self you cannot get,
Until you are caught in thy self's own net.

★ ★ ★

I hail that day when he turns to self's bold,
This is the faqr's essence which makes him
gold
The lasting life thus in certitude. lies,
A thought when you follow the self then dies.

★ ★ ★

Like me you are too wrapped in a veil,
You turn to self when that good day
I hail my fear of living takes, to Kufr's camp
hark!
book's knowledge leads to Kufr's pitch dark.

★ ★ ★

A camel once said a nice word to foal,
He's lucky who knows to play his own role.
Learn from me a knack of desert tramps,
To take thy own load from camps to camps.

4

I know many savants and gems of west,
On being and non being they felt the same
quest.

Bid me, tell to thee two words at least,
To me please talk in accent of East.

★ ★ ★

Hark! O victim of wits of aliens few,
For one heart you brought a score of griefs
new.
Then Mullah's views it was better to sit,
With a self-conscious sage with ego's wit.

5

This being would last or just a passing show,
The wise could not solve this knotty tie so.
He wrote a book though 'on diving in sea',
To his heart's sea ah! he could never see!

★ ★ ★

With battle axe smite the Bistoon Mountain,
The time is short trust on sky too in vain.
Leave the wise men thus in their headaches
own,
Did the spark raised from the axe or from
stone?

★ ★ ★

Keep the crave's lamp burning ever in heart,
Get the place where the uproars start.
Do not get lost in the world's four nooks,
Break the four nooks, and turn to self's look.

★ ★ ★

O heart's sea! no peace yet known to thee,
The gloss of gems here, due to my glee.
O wave! thus guard thy own restive thrill,
The noise of storms thus, due to thy will.

★ ★ ★

To both the worlds win with efforts and zeal,
From thee never run for thy own self's weal.
From light of past see the light of to day,
To day you cant cut off from the last day.

★ ★ ★

You show us O Poppy! thy self's own trace,
And turned the hid mask of thy charming
face.
I call you poppy when you show thy face,
In branch what you looked? Where was thy
trace?

6

A man weeps not from a grief or pains,
No dust e'er falls, on his heart from strain.
If he e'er weeps you take it in this sense,
His weeping is a part of love pangs trance.

★ ★ ★

If a tested man dies think not ever,
He dies on the earth, there he dies never.
To thee thus suits a death of such state,
Though dead yet lasts his self's pleasant trait.

★ ★ ★

If thy dust has no link with soul and heart,
No rain can moisten thy hearts's any part.
Be free from griefs, guard breath with His
hum,
In man full of *dam* no griefs can come.

★ ★ ★

My each breath blows with griefs many more,
My friends share not my griefs anymore.
Yet future can be shaped to large extent,
If you know the great price of each instant.

★ ★ ★

A young who tied heart with ego's call,
He swam quite safe, along seas, and rivers
all.
No harm if you relish a decent scene,
Keep an eye on heart that the hands are clean.

★ ★ ★

Such griefs this heart now likes to take,
Like dust of low things of humble make.
To those sweet griefs alas! we know not,
Which make a man great with higher
'thought.

★ ★ ★

Blame not the God for this or that hurt,
This dust should be dusted from thy skirt.
Change the heinous world whose bad
nature yet,
Gives lead to bookies to take the whole bet.

★ ★ ★

Turn out fire of envy from thy heart's core,
Like smoke of house through the ventilator or
door.

No tax ever pay on heart's yield to none,
To make the lands barren O! landlord shun.

★ ★ ★

In his nights behold many dawns bright,
Both the words are bright from his moon's
light
I give thee some signs for that Muslim's trace,
He welcomes his death with a smiling face.

7

To the morning breeze' weep'd the dew' in
trance,
I cherish from thee a favour of glance.
I have fostered gloom from the Rose, ' alas!
Thus pass in a way that I fall on grass.

HEART

8

The heart is a sea which likes no shore,
A shark too shivers from his wave's roar.
Like tempest which takes jungles of rubble,
The whole sky's worth, not alike his bubble.

★ ★ ★

My heart is a fire, a smoke my frame,
My being's harp burns with a constant flame.
From midnight prayers the heart gets a calm,
Like mercury closed in aloe wood balm.

★ ★ ★

His help the world seeks like his slave own,
Since he guarded self with saintly tone.
This is *faqr* and kingship which guards the
heart,
As sea guards pearls like a best work of art.

★ ★ ★

The Ego's power he did not try,
His hands and feet too opened no tie.
The wisdom to man is sometimes a chain,
If he had no heart to check and restrain.

★ ★ ★

You say the heart is the Khak and Khoon,
A work of magic of Kaf and Noon.
My heart is though in the bosom of mine,
It is yet beyond the pale of world thine.

★ ★ ★

The world of Sun and Moon, slave of his
thread,
Each tie will be ope from tears lie can shed.
To 'Hind' please convey a message of me,
When a slave is wide awake he is free.

★ ★ ★

We are God's harvest its yield is heart,
For life's bride, it is the lady cart!
He told the 'dust of path' His Secret Acts,
Was it due to wisdom or heart's own tact?

★ ★ ★

To that rare beauty my heart seeks again,
To speaker whose pulpit was 'cross' and
slain.
To the King often with lancers and force,
To wealth who never touched at any course.

★ ★ ★

The heart's world is not world of pomp 'an
show,
No lanes and doors, there nor homes high
and low.
Neither earth and sky nor the four nooks
too,
There is none in this world save 'Allah hoo'.

★ ★ ★

The glance brought eyes and wisdom a tape
band,
To measure four sides and all the world's
land.
Who drinks the whole wines whom we
named heart,
Who sucks within it all beauties of art.

★ ★ ★

What is the love? an impact of glance,
Which gives a sweet prick of the eye's lance.
If you seek heart's hand? throw quiver and
bow,

This game is the game of glance and eye
brow?

EGO

9

The Ego is lucent from God's light rays,
A reach to self gets through out of reach ways
Its separation looks part of 'wasl' hence,
And 'wasl' a part of separation trance.

★ ★ ★

When a nation gives up gossip's course,
From her dust then grows the longing's force.
The self becomes sword from longing's flow,
Whose sharp edge cuts all stains of vain
show.

★ ★ ★

From God's own being, the 'self' got a 'being'
so'
From God's own show, to 'self' He gave a
show.
About this shining pearl I know not where,
It could be then without a river there.

★ ★ ★

The friendship of rose a heart likes when,
To sweet dream tastes, he loves only, then.
It wakes up when he is conscious of I,
When ruled by senses his Ego would die.

★ ★ ★

His parting's prick in my *tete-a-tete* lies,
To ope this tie get a glance of one's eyes.
That pearl is hidden though in depths of sea,
To pearls water yet we cannot call sea.

★ ★ ★

The dusty look I hold owes to His door,
My rose and basil bloom from His down
pour.
I know not my being, neither His Grace,
Yet I'm in His hold and own embrace.

COMPULSION AND OPTION

10

I am quite certain that on the doomsday,
To homes and castles in scale he would
weigh.
Yet I cherish a feeling for that day,
It would neither suit Him nor to my 'clay'.

★ ★ ★

In city of Room a pontiff told me,
A word of wisdom I like to tell thee.
Every nation makes her death's own source,
To thee the fate, to us the planning course.

DEATH

11

The death once said to God in this way,
How shameless his eyes' though made from
clay.
When I take out his soul I feel a shame,
He feels no shame, but, to die with bad name.

★ ★ ★

To king of six nooks give a lasting soul,
Who holds the reins of the cosmos whole.
He is not ashamed of death's disgrace,
As he knows not yet life's honour and grace.

[Translated by Q.A. Kabir]

12

SAY UNTO IBLIS

Say unto Iblis a message from me;
How long (your) sweltering underneath a net.
To me this earthly abode doth not appeal,
Since its morn is not with't the prelude of an
eve.

Until they raked the World out of Nothingness,
Its inner self was cold and with't (any)
commotion.

With't our soul, when was there any fervour?
They created thee from our fire.

Separation brightened the vision of Eagerness;
Separation surred the pursuant urge of
Eagerness.

I know not the state of your circumstance;

To me this (admixture of) water and earth
made
Aware of myself.

They drove thee from their Porte;
They named thee wretched-one and infidel
and transgressor.
I'm fretful right from the morn of Eternity;
Owing to that thorn which they planted
within the heart.

Thou knowest my right and my wrong;
The seed doth not grow from my bad tilth;
Thou didst not prostrate and out of
compassion;
Thou art owning countless sins on my part.

Come, let's play the backgammon (*nard*) in a
regal manner,
(Let's) melt the world all around (us).
With the spell of (our) skill, from its (mere)
grass-leaves,
(Let's) fashion out a Paradise this side of the
Sky.

13

SATAN EARTHLY AND SATAN FIERY

Corruption of the modern age is manifest;
The Sky is ashamed of its ugliness.
Shouldst thou develop a taste for Vision,
Two hundred Satans are at thy beck and call.

On every side are robbers of the eye and the ear;
They are vehemently active in pillaging the
heart,
Invaluable sin (is available) for just a farthing!
B'cause these merchants are (such) cheap-
sellers.

O what a devil! His gait is chiastic;
He blindeth thine eyes through sorcery.
I rank him as an impotent Devil,
Since he catcheth a weak prey like thee.

O what a poisonous drink is it in his cup;
It extracteth the soul while the body is
unaware.
Thou see'st but the noose of the net visible;
Not the net that's within his seed.

Ever since Man hath fallen from his position,
To the extent of firmness he has a scope.
The sin too becometh tasteless and cold,
If thy Iblis is of earthly origin.

Don't be thou a prey to the Satans of this age;
Their flirtation is suitable for the degenerate
alone.
To the virtuous ones, that Iblis is welcome
Who hath viewed God and is a master of his
art.

The rival of his blow is the Perfect Man;
For he is descended from fire and hath a lofty
position (*illa*).
Neither is every earthy-being worthy of his
lasso;
For a weaker prey is prohibited unto him.

E'en though 'tis far afield from the
comprehension
Of the abject ones;
But this point must surely be told:
"With these new-born Satans doth not
contend,
"The sinner who hath a nature proud."

[Translated by R.A. Butler]

TO COMPANIONS OF THE
WAY

Come, let us take some step for the welfare of
this *ummah*
and play life's game like a true man;
we weep in the city's mosque so (bitterly)
that the mullah's heart may soften.

1

Qalandar is a white falcon of the skies,
heavy things weigh light on his wings;
he never hovers round nests, for
the whole bluish span of the skies is his
hunting ground.

The song *Allah is He* issued forth from my
soul,
and spread all around, like dirt from my life's
apparel;
hold the instrument from my hands, for its
strings
have dropped down, like my tear, by the
burning of the plectrum.

I pulsed like a tear, in the heart of Nature,
I pulsed—till I reached her eyes;
my radiance can be seen from her eyelashes,
for I barely drop on the grass leaves.

To me logic smells of un-ripeness,
its reasoning betrays signs of weakness;
two verses from the Master of Rum or from
Jami
open for me the gates closed in my face.

Come and have from my hands that old
(wine)
that imparts soul to the cup's clay;
if you water the tulip's branch from my flask,
it would grow up to man's stature.

[Translated by Kh. Nizamuddin]

In my hands I hold the same old violin,
Full of plaintive songs with many melodies.
But I play it with the claws of a lion,
For its strings are made of gut as hard as rock.

[Translated by Mustansir Mir]

Tell the Parvizes of the present age on my
behalf:
I'm no Farhad to take up an axe;
by a thorn that has sunk into my breast
one can pierce the heart of hundred Behistun.

I am a fakir, my whole asset is my insight,
to me other people's mountain appears as a
straw;
take it from me: graveyard's crow is better
than a falcon accustomed to a king's hand.

I never shut my heart's door on anybody,
nor do I turn my back on friends and
relatives;
I made my nest in my breast
and lived happily under heaven's canopy.

No position of honour do I have in this
garden,
neither robe nor cap do I possess;
the gardener calls me ill-mannered,
for I bestowed sight to the narcissus' eyes.

[Translated by Kh. Nizamuddin]

Two hundred sages spoke in this assembly,
Their words more delicate than jasmine petals.
But tell me, who is that keen-sighted man
Who saw a thorn and spoke of the garden?

[Translated by Mustansir Mir]

I'm not acquainted with the secrets of art,
yet I gave a new value to poetry;
my songs and lamentations have lightened
the burden of the old aged people of the
caravan.

Don't you think, I'm a bird of morning song
knowing nothing but lamentations and
bemoaning;
don't spurn my guidance, you will find
the key to the garden in my nest.

The world is only a passage for me;
amidst a thousand wayfarers, none is my
boon companion;
I've passed by crowd of dear ones,
None is stranger than one's own kith and kin.

Learn to live in spite of many mishaps,
learn to highlight your values and worth;
throw yourself in the ocean of my song, and
learn to settle down like a pearl in my storm.

[Translated by Kh. Nizamuddin]

I was raised long ago in this earthly place,
But I do not care for my home.
I owe my very life to its bountiful moisture,
But the earth is not my sky.

[Translated by Mustansir Mir]

Perhaps you're unaware—unless you enter
into rapport with a man—
that hearts become alive through his breath;
he doesn't give bent to lamentations,
for man's grief knows control and composure.

Develop insight, look to the soul within the
body,
see on the bough jessamine yet to grow;
otherwise like an arrow in the bow,
see the target through archer's eye.

Intellect is unaware of certainty's delight;
is a bad companion, prostitution true wisdom;
two hundred Bu Hamids and Razis are not
worth
a simpleton that knows the Way.

What are fine linen, rubies and pearls?
what are handsome slaves and golden girdle?
what are as free of the two worlds as God
Himself?
what else is the asset of the people of skill?

Khudi's intoxication of I-ness is the essence of
sobriety,
my tavern therefore is not so noisy;
my wine, though not pure, yet you drink it:
it is the residue of yesterday's wine jar.

You are busy with your cup and dress,
I discovered the Beloved's smell by myself;
my whole asset consists of this one word of
flute,
I need neither pulpit's wood nor that of
gallows.

When I noticed my own mirror's essence,
I retreated to the solitude of my breast;
I took with me my old grief and ran away
from intellectuals, blind and lacking in taste.

[*Translated by Kh. Nizamuddin*]

When I packed up to leave this earth,
Everyone said, 'We knew him!'
But no one knew what this traveller said,
And to whom-and where he had come from.

[*Translated by Mustansir Mir*]

2

If he is wise and pure of conscience,
he is rich, though poor and lacking in means;
costly apparel of the rich, who are devoid of
deen,
are but like pack-saddle.

[*Translated by Kh. Nizamuddin*]

3

You pay homage to Darius and Jamshid
But that is a disgrace to the Ka'bah!
Do not present petitions to the *Farangi*:
Tear this idol from the alcove of your heart!

[*Translated by Mustansir Mir*]

I listened to a verse from an old man
who was experienced, wise and enlightened:
if a fakir maintains himself safe in poverty,
the two worlds are within his grasp.

The secret of everything lies hidden in two
words:

the of Love is not a pulpit but a gallows;
Abrahams are never afraid of Nimrods,
for fire is touchstone of raw incense.

O tulip! don't seek sympathy from anybody,
try to get succour, like me, from your inner
self;
open your heart to every wind that blows,
keep alive the old mark that you already
have.

I remember these two precepts from an old
man:
one should not live except through one's soul;
avoid a mean and low-born person
who bartered away his soul and lived by his
body.

The restless wave said to the shore:
I judge myself through a Pharaoh;
sometimes I coil and recoil like a snake,
sometimes I dance to enjoy the experience of
waiting.

If this pageantry of yours is borrowed from
the West,
prostrate your head before none but her;
present your buttocks to her whip, for after all
the saddle-maker has a right over the ass.

The Westerner's heart is not subject to
discipline,
his asset is all land, not *deen*;
my Lord, in the circumambulations of this
sanctuary
there are a hundred Iblises, not a single
Gabriel.

[Translated by Kh. Nizamuddin]

4

You and I have lost all confidence in heart
and *deen*,
have flown away, like rose's smell, from our
roots;
our heart died, and hence our *deen* also
vanished,
we bought two deaths in a single bargain.

A Mussalman who is aware of *deen's* secret
does not prostrate before others than God;
if the sky does not revolve according to his
wish,
he makes the earth move to his wish.

This heart of strange nature is not of this
earth,
its days and nights are not by the revolution
of the skies;
you yourself determine the time of your
qayam,
for the prayers of love and ecstasy have no
adhan.

The station of yearning is not attained
without certitude and sincerity,
and certitude is not possible without Gabriel's
company;
if you share of sincerity and certitude,
take your step undaunted, none lies in your
ambush.

For the Muslim, this is knowledge and gnosis:
he sees manifest in his person the secret of
laulak;
God cannot be comprehended through our
intellect,
know therefore the one who declares: *We
cannot know Thee*.

You threw yourself before Western idols,
how unmanly you died in the idol temple;
your intellect is unaware of the heart, breast
without ardour,
for you didn't drink wine from your
ancestor's vine.

Not everybody is self-assertive and self-
surrendering too,
not everybody is enamoured of self-assertion
in self-abasement;
the cloak of *la ilah* is a bloody cloak,
for it does not fit well unworthy persons.

A *mumin* burns in the fire of his being,
everything that is closed opens by his
talisman;
in his standing posture you see Divine
Majesty,
in his prostration, Beauty of Submission.

What do you ask about love's prayers?
its *ruku*, like its prostration, bespeaks of deep
intimacy;
the fire and ardour of one *Allahu Akbar*
cannot be contained in five prayers.

His Quran recitation is an invitation to the
two worlds,
Muslims becomes immortal through prayers;
one enamoured of the present age, that lacks
ardour,
doesn't know what resurrection lies in
prayers.

The West doesn't know the law of Divine
Providence,
it gives to one, snatches from another;
it so provides sustenance to Iblis
that God Himself is amazed.

No need to prolong this story,
I express hidden secrets in a word:
He gave His world to tradespeople
what does *la makan* know the value of *makan*!

[Translated by Kh. Nizamuddin]

There is a Paradise for the holy-men of
Ka'bah,
And there is a Paradise for those have will
and determination;
Tell the Indian Muslims to be happy,
There is still another Paradise and that will be
given in charity.

[Translated by M. Munawwar Mirza]

Qalandar has no inclination to talk,
he has no elixir except this point:

no produce can be had from a decollate field,
that is not watered by Shabbir's blood.

[Translated by Kh. Nizamuddin]

THE DEVIL'S CONFERENCE

IBLIS¹

This ancient game of elements, this base
world!
The frustration of the longings of the great
Empyrean's dwellers.
Upon its destruction is bent to-day that
Fashioner of things,
Who gave it the name, "The world of *Be it so*."
I inspired in the European the dream of
Imperialism:
I broke the spell of the Mosque, the
Temple and the Church.
I taught the destitute to believe in Destiny:
I infused into the wealthy the craze for
Capitalism.
Who dare extinguish the blazing fire in
him,
Whose tumults are stimulated by the
inherent passion of Satan?
Who could summon the courage to bend
down the old tree,
Whose branches their height to our
watering owe?

FIRST COUNCILOR

Stable is the Satanic system, no doubt there
is!
It has further strengthened in the
commoners their slavishness indeed.
Since the dawn of Time have these
helpless mortals been ordained to
prostration:
Prayer devoid of the posture of standing
erect is their nature's constant urge.
In their heart no desire can in fact take its
birth:

¹ We have removed the translator's parenthesis
"the Arch-devil," which do not occur in the
original.

But if it does, perchance, it dies or is left
unripe.
What wonders have our hard, persistent
endeavours wrought!
To-day finds the mystics and the priests all
as subjects of Imperialism.
Suited to the disposition of the East was
this opium indeed:
Otherwise *Ilm-i-Kalam* is no less self-
effacing than *qawwali* in effect.
What matters it, if the tumult of the
pilgrimage and *tawaf* abides?
For, rendered blunt, lies unused the
unsheathed sword of the Faithful.
Whose despair does this latest Ordinance
prove:
"To the Muslim in this age is forbidden
fighting in Lord's name"?

SECOND COUNCILOR

Is the clamour for "Government by the
people" evil or good?
Art thou unaware of the fresh mischiefs of
the world?

FIRST COUNCILOR

Aware am I! but tells me my cosmic
foresight:
No danger from what is but a masquerade
for imperialism.
We ourselves have dressed imperialism in
the garb of democracy
When man has grown to be a little self-
conscious and self-observant.
The true nature of the system of
imperialism lies elsewhere:
It depends not on the existence of an
individual leader of a king.
Be it a national assembly of the court of
Parviz,
Whoever casts a covetous eye on other's
harvest is a king.
Hast thou not observed the democratic
system of the West?
With a brilliant exterior, its interior is
darker than Genghis's.

THIRD COUNCILOR

No cause for anxiety then, if the spirit of
imperialism be preserved:
But what counter-measure to the mischief
wrought by that Jew have you?
That Moses without Light, that Jesus
without the Cross:
No prophet is he, yet with him a book he
carries.
I can hardly explain what significance does
the infidel penetrating vision possess:
It is, methinks, the day of reckoning for the
peoples of the East and the West.
No greater corruption of human nature
than this would be:
Slaves have broken asunder the ropes of
the masters' tents.

FOURTH COUNCILOR

Watch its counteraction in the palaces of
Imperial Rome:
Again did we inspire in the descendants of
Caesar the dream of Caesar.
Who is coiled round the waves of the
Mediterranean?
*That now expands like a pine, and then wails
like a rebeck!*

THIRD COUNCILOR

Little do I recognize him to be a man of
far-sighted wisdom:
(A fool!) who has thus European politics
exposed.

FIFTH COUNCILOR (TURNING TO IBLIS)

O thou! the fire of whose breath lends
stability to the world-process:
Whenever thou wished, everything hidden
presently did thou reveal.
It is thy fire that has transformed dead
earth and water into a world of beauty
and endeavour:
Inspired by thy instruction, the fool of
Paradise turns a seer.
More closely familiar with man's nature
than thee is not He:
Who among the simpletons is known as
God the Sustainer.

Those whose business was confined to
sanctifying, singing hymns and going
round:
Thy sense of self-respect has out them to
shame for ever, with their heads
hanging low.
Though the wizards of Europe all are
disciples to thee:
No longer have I faith in their sagacity left.
That Jew, that mischief-maker, that
reincarnation of Mazdak:
Each tunic is about to be torn to shreds by
his fanaticism.
Behold! the wild crow is vying with the
falcon and the hyena:
Lo, how swiftly does the disposition of
Time allow of a change!
It spread about, and covered the whole
expanse of skies:
What we unwisely had taken for a handful
of dust.
Such is the state of the ghastly dread of the
morrow's disturbance:
To-day tremble with overwhelming awe,
mountains, meadows and rivers all.
That world is going to turn topsy-turvy,
my Lord!
The world which resteth solely on thy
governance.

IBLIS (TO HIS COUNCILORS)

Absolute command have I of the world of
scent and hue!
The earth, the sun, the moon and the
firmaments all!
With their own eyes shall the West and the
East witness the Spectacle:
When I but warm the blood of the nations
of Europe.
The leaders of politics and the patriarchs
of church all:
One call from me would be enough to turn
them mad.
The fool who considers it to be mere glass-
work:
Let him dare smash the goblets and ewers
of this Civilization.

The collars torn asunder by the hand of
Nature:
Can't be darned with the needle of the
Mazdakite logic.
How could I be frightened by these
Socialists, straying about the streets?
Wretched and straitened, distracted in
mind, incoherent in speech!
The only menace I anticipate may come
that community:
Which still a spark of ambition hidden in
its ashes retains.
Amongst this people there are still to be
seen a few
Who go so far as to perform their ablutions
with the tears of pre-morning hours.
Knows he to whom are revealed the inner
secrets of Time:
Not Mazdakism, but Islam is to be the
trouble of the morrow.

2

I do know this community is no longer the
bearer of the Quran:
The same Capitalism is the religion of the
Believer now.
And I know, too, that in the dark night of
the East
The sleeve of the holy ones of the
Sanctuary is bereft of the white,
illuminating hand.
The demands of the present age, however,
spell the apprehension:
Lest the Shari'ah of the Prophet should
come to light one day:
Beware, a hundred times beware, of the
Law of the Prophet!—
The protector of women's honour, the
tester of men's capacities, the rearer of
worthy men!
The message of death to any kind of
slavery!
No sovereigns and no monarchs, no
mendicants begging!
It does purify wealth of all pollution:
It makes the wealthy trustees of wealth
and property.

What greater revolution in thought and
action will there be:
Not to the crowned heads, but to God
alone does this Earth belong!
Better, if this Law be kept hidden from the
world's eye:
So much the better, the Believer himself is
deprived of inner conviction.
Better that he remains busy and entangled
in the metaphysical theology:
Better, that he remains busy and entangled
in the interpretations of the Book of
God.

3

Whose cries of *God is Most High* could
break the charm of the universe:
May the dark night of that God-thinking
man not ever turn bright!
Is the Son of Mary dead or is he endowed
with eternal life?
Are the Attributes of God separate from
God, or do they form what He is?
Does *the expected* mean Jesus of Nazareth?
Or a Renewer, endowed with the
attributes of the Son of Mary?
Are the letters of the Word of God New or
of Old?
In which of the doctrines does the
salvation of the Blessed Community
lies?
Are not enough to the Faithful in this age:
These idols of worship carved by
Metaphysical Theology?
Our safety lies in that Believer remains a
slave till Doomsday:
Renouncing this transitory world for
others' sake.
What is good in his case is that poetry and
mysticism
Which may keep hidden from his eyes the
game of Life.
Every moment do I dread the awakening
of this community
Whose religion is, in reality, nothing short
of taking account of the universe.

Keep him well absorbed in the thought
and contemplation of God in pre-
morning hours:
Ye all make him grow stronger in his
monastic disposition!

[Translated by Muhammad Ashraf]

THE ADVICE OF AN OLD BALUCH TO HIS SON

Winds of these wasteland be your love! Bokhara,
Delhi, are worth no more. Like running water
Go where you will: these desert plains are
ours, and

Ours are these valleys.

Honour, that high thing in a world of troubling,
Sets on the hermit's head Darius' crown. How
Glass is forged flint-hard—this strange craft
they tell of

Learn from some master!

Fortunes of States through individual
prowess
Ripen, each man one star of their ascendant:
Ocean withholds her treasure when the diver
Groping for pearlshells

Clings by land's margin. To the Muslim
freedom
Gained at the price of casting off religion
Makes an ill bargain! In our world, where
once more

Civilization

Looses its wild beasts, in one more encounter
Spirit and flesh meet; on the true-believer's
Manhood God's trust lies—the machines of

Europe
Satan's alliance.

Who knows the nation's fates?—but signs
abound, if
Muslims are wakeful. From your buried
fathers

Ask pride of action; do not fear—*a king may
Smile on a beggar.*

[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]

PAINTING AND THE PAINTER

Said the portrait to its Painter:
"My manifestation attests to Thine
unbounded Skill;
And yet what a violation of justice it is that
Thou shouldst remain hid from my sight!

THE PAINTER

The vision endowed to those that observe
find it oppressive:
See for thyself how the spark burnt itself
out when it saw the world!
What aught is sight but sadness, gloom,
feverishness and self-torment:
Rest, or thou ignorant (of the mysteries),
upon report.

THE PORTRAIT

What aught is report but the impotence of
ratiocination and wisdom?
Vision is the eternal springtide of life.
The hustle and the bustle of the present
age does not permit one
To express oneself melodiously.

THE PAINTER

Thou doth exist because the Perfection of
My Art.
Do not, then, feel cast out in
disappointment with Him that hath
drawn thee.
I only put one condition if thou wishest to
see Me:
Never disappear from thine own sight.

[Translated by Kamal M. Habib]

THE STATE OF BARZAKH

THE CORPSE (TO ITS GRAVE)

What is it, this Resurrection Day?
Of what present is it the future?
O my ancient sleeping-chamber,
What is Resurrection Day?

THE GRAVE

O corpse of a hundred years, don't you
know

That every death implies a call for
resurrection?

THE CORPSE

A death that implies resurrection
Such a death does not entrap me!
It is true that I have been dead for a
hundred years,
But I am not tired of this dark chamber in
the earth.
The soul should once again ride the poor
body
If this is resurrection, then I am not a taker!

A VOICE FROM THE UNSEEN

Death is not for snakes and scorpions,
Or for birds and beasts of prey,
Eternal death is the lot of slave nations
alone.
Even Israfil's trumpet cannot bring back to
life those
Whose bodies, when they lived, had no
souls.
To spring back to life after death -only the
free can do that,
Even though all living beings are headed
Into the arms of the grave.

THE GRAVE (TO ITS CORPSE)

You vicious creature! In the world you
were a slave!
I had failed to understand why my soil
was as hot as fire!
Your corpse makes my darkness even
darker.
It rips the earth's veil of honour.
Beware, beware a hundred times of a
slave's corpse!
O Israfil! O Lord of the universe!
O soul that is chaste and pure!

THE VOICE FROM THE UNSEEN

Resurrection upsets the order of the
universe,
But it is this commotions that reveals the
secrets of existence.
An earthquake makes mountains fly like
clouds,

But it also starts new springs flowing in
the valleys.
Total destruction must come before any
re-creation –
For in this way the problems of existence
are resolved.

THE EARTH

Oh, this eternal death! Oh, this struggle
that marks life!
Will this conflict in the world ever end?
Reason cannot free itself from its idols;
The commoners and the elite-all are slaves
to Lat and Manat.
How abject Adam- the man with divine
attributes -has now become!
That such a world should continue to exist
Is more than heart and eye can bear.
Why does man's night not turn into dawn?

[Translated by Mustansir Mir]

A DEPOSED MONARCH

Good luck to that King, cashiered so
gracefully, whose
Dismissal shows how a ruling Power behaves!
In Britain's fane the King is only a plaster
Image its worshippers smash whenever they
choose;
Its opiate incense is for us, the slaves—
Come, English swindler, bring out our new
master!

LITANY OF THE DAMNED

Itching palms, in the old temple of Earth, have
the kneelers,
Men who remember their God only when
idols are deaf.
Vain are the Hindu's rites and vain the
Mohammedan's worship;
Wailing and gnashing of teeth still are the lot
of the poor.
None of earth's cities in truth is more than a
populous desert,
High though their buildings soar, kissing the
sky with their roofs.
Axe in hand Farhad toils on;— Fate's irony
witness!

Slek and content is Parvez, parching with
drought in Farhad.
All that there is in that world its rulers' brains
have engendered:
Science and learning are theirs, commerce and
practice of State;
Free of enslavement, Allah be thanked, to the
huckster of Europe—
Free is this country of ours, scorched in the
furnace of Hell.

[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]

THE LATE MASUD

The sun, the moon, the stars
And this azure sky all around—
Who can tell for sure all this is
The world nothingness or being!
The ideas of roads and destinations
Are fictions and myths
As life is aimless journey, indeed.
Alas! Time's hand wiped out
That monument of the perfections
Of Ahmad and Mahmood.
His sudden death signifies
The decline of knowledge and art
His, Masood's, who was
The most valuable asset
Of this caravan of ours.
The indifferent cold manner of
Worldly men moves me to tears.
They reckon the dawn wails of birds
As lilting songs!
Please! Do not plead that
The remedy of grief for a friend
Lies hidden in patience!
Please do not say that in patience lies
The solution of Death's riddle!
*A heart, howsoever loving and patient, is
All the same, a stone.
And between love and patience lie
A thousand miles.²*
Don't ask what is fleeting life
For, who knows what means
This combine of magic and colour charm?
One born of dust must hide in dust.

² Iqbal's note—[the quotation is from] Saadi.

But what does it mean?
A short lived absence or extinction?
This man, this mere dust of path,
Has been endowed with artistic taste.
Of this,
Reason cannot reveal the aim.
Are the heart and vision too
The miracles of this very water and clay?
If not, what then is the end-all of man?
The moving soul of this universe is
There is no god but God.
Then why the Messiah, the nails and the
cross?
From whom should be demanded
The blood-money of longings spilt?
For, who is the guilty and what the blood
money?
Grieve not that we are
In the bondage of this world,
As the heart that we have
Breaks all magic spells.
If the self lives, death is but
A sojourn in life: as love
Tries death in a test of eternal life.
If the self is alive, your ocean is shoreless
And the waves of the Nile, of Euphrates
Are restless, separated from you.
If the self is dead, you are
Like a straw before the breeze.
If the self is alive, you
The sultan of all existence.
If the eye is deprived of
One vision of beauty exposed,
Myriad exposures of beauty
Compensate for one loss.
The station of a true *momin* is
Beyond the sky's reach.
Below, from the earth to the Pleiades
All are idol-houses of Lat and Manat.
His eternal abode is
The sacred precinct of the One and the Only
One,
Not this gloomy dusty grave
Nor this exposure house of Attributes!
Those self-aware who have
Leapt above this abode of dust
Have broken the spell of

The sun, the sky and the stars!

A VOICE FROM BEYOND

From the Emperium enquires
A voice at dawn: how did
You lose your essential quality
Of enquiry and understanding?
How was blunted
Your scalpel of research?
Why do you not rend open
The hearts of stars?
You deserve to dominate and rule over
All that is visible as well as esoteric.
Can a flame be the slave of
Dry sticks and grass?
Why are the sun, moon and stars not
Under your suzerainty?
Why don't heavens shudder
With a mere glance from you?
True!
Even to-day blood courses
Through your veins, but
Your thoughts do not inspire
Nor is your thinking fearless.
An eye which in its vision
Does not imbibe pure virtue
Is capable of seeing, no doubt,
But is not all-seeing.
Not a bit remains in you
Of your clear reflection of conscience!
Alas! O you victim of imperialism,
Of *mullah-ism* and mysticism!

[Translated by Maqbool Elahi]

QUATRAINS

1

What fruit will the bough of my hope bear—
What do I know of your destiny?
The rose-bud needs to open today—
Why wait for tomorrow's morning breeze?

[Translated by Mustansir Mir]

Set him free of this world's affairs
To be free of casting for everyone snares.
In old age, Satan's thoughts too are old
Wherefrom should he bring new sins' flares?

Upset this world of morn and eve,
Of these wetlands, of those dry leave.
May your Godhead remain free of blemish all
In my insipid prostrations do not believe!

[Translated by Maqbool Elahi]

2

My poor estate makes proud men covetous,
Poverty such as mine ennobles us.
Beware those other rags and begging-bowls
That make the Muslim pusillanimous!

[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]

Rescue me please from wisdom's narrowness
And from excessive light, its plentifulness.
It deigns to cast looks at others, that is,
The eye of Muslims' shamelessness!

[Translated by Maqbool Elahi]

Iqbal said to the Shaykh of the Ka'bah:
'Who went to sleep under the very arch in the
mosque?'
A voice sounded from the walls of the
mosque:
'Who became lost in the idol-house of the
West?'

[Translated by Mustansir Mir]

The old flame of desires has grown cold
As the Muslims' veins hot-blood no longer
hold.
Greetings to the idols for my secularism
For flame of *Allah Hoo's* cheers is dead,
behold!

The talk of Muslim is interesting,
His heart warm, breath light and gaze
arresting.
O who can catch a glimpse of him, for he
Though the very soul of company, is by
himself resting!

[Translated by Maqbool Elahi]

The clairvoyance of the zephyr
Is apparent from its discrimination between
flowers and thorns!
A flower cannot be guarded
If the thorn has the nature of silk.

[Translated by the Editors]

Of love and losing what words need be said?
The self's unfolding is Life's fountain-head;
There's neither loss to ocean nor to pearl
In the pearl's loosening from the ocean's bed.

[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]

Why is there no storm in your sea?
Why is your *khudi* not Muslim?
It is pointless to complain of God's decree –
Why are you not God's decree?

[Translated by Mustansir Mir]

If with the heart's eye the intellect would see
aright
This universe is illuminated with Allah's
light.
But if you see through the waxing sun and
moon,
It is just the revolution of morn and night.

Sometimes by rising from the ocean like a
wave,
Occasionally like a diver in its bosom behave.
At times cross beyond the ocean's shore
To expose better your self's real enclave.

[Translated by Maqbool Elahi]

THE POETIC NOTEBOOK OF MULLAZADE
ZAIGHAM OF LAULAB

1

Your springs and lakes
with water pulsating and quivering like
quicksilver,
the morning birds fluttering about the sky,
agitated and in turmoil,
O Valley of Laulab!

When the pulpit and the niche
cease to re-create Resurrections,
faith then is dead or a mere dream,
for thee, me and for all.
O Valley of Laulab!

The Mullah's sight has lost
the light of penetrative discernment;
the mystic's wine, pure and sparkling,
no longer produces frenzy,

O Valley of Laulab!

A dervish
whose morning lamentation
may awaken the hearts of the people
is no longer around,
O Valley of Laulab!

2

Harder than death is what thou call'st slavery,
would that slaves understand master's tricks;
strange are the ways of imperialists:
they allow the sounding of trumpet; but
forbid resurrection.

Thy soul is weary under the stress of slavery,
build niche for *khudi* in thy impassive breast.

[Translated by K. Nizam-ud-Din]

3

Known once on polished lips as Little Persia
Downtrodden and penniless is Kashmir now;
A burning sigh breaks from the Heavens, to
see
Their children crouch in awe of tyrant lords.
Telling the story of the heartless times,
An old peasant's home of misery under the
hill—
Ah, this fine nation, fertile of hand and brain!
Where is Your judgment-day, oh God of ages?

[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]

4

When the enslaved people's rage boils and
they rise in revolt against the master,
this world of near and far, of colour and
smell, becomes the scene of tremors and
convulsions.

It purifies man's conscience—eschewing all
doubts and misgivings—
When the lamp of high ideals is lit,
brightening all paths leading to the goal.

There are old maladies and ancient scars the
people suffer from, that intellect fails to cure
and heal,
but love shows its skill and without the help
of physician's talents removes all scars and
cures all woes.

The master's sturdy body—with a heart of
stone and face of a mirror—
gets soon smashed up and beaten down at the
repeated blows of the weak slave.

5

The partridge flies with the majesty of the
falcons;
the hunter is nonplussed: is it a partridge or a
falcon?

Every nation is astir, her thoughts in a
constant flux;
today we see in the East the signs of
tomorrow's resurrection.

The deadbody, awaiting Israfil's Call, has all
of a sudden risen to life:
Nature's pitiless laws work wonders.

6

The dissolute know the Sufi's
accomplishments,
though their miracles are not so well-known.

Self-enrichment, self-respect and the cry of
Ana-al-Haq—
these are the states of the wayfarer, if he be
free;

but if slave, then it all becomes his *all is He*;
he is dead body, grave and sudden death, all
in one.

7

Come out of the monastery and play the role
of Shabbir,
for monastery's *faqir* is but grief and affliction.

Thy religion and literature both smell of
renunciation:
symbol of old age of dying nations.

Imperialism has myriads of Satans with eyes
full of magic charms
that evoke among the prey an irresistible urge
to be its victim.

How carelessly they passed by, with no ear to
my lamentations,
The Kashmiri's black eyes, so lacking in lustre
and life, who made them so dead and mute?

8

Thou think'st it a mere drop of blood; well,
man's heart is but lofty ambitions.

The revolutions of moon and stars are not to
its liking:
It makes its own nights and days.

The earth that enshrines in its bosom the fire
of plane tree:
this exalted earth can never be dead and cold.

9

When flowers' bookshop opened in the
garden
Mullah's bookish knowledge lost all value.

The spring breeze was exhilarating, poise-
breaking,
the old man of Indrab burst into *ghazal*-
singing.

The tulip, of fiery skirt, said:
it doth reveal the secrets of the soul.

Who calls sleep awhile in the grave as eternal
death,
sows seeds of destruction in the earth.

Life is not a succession of days and nights,
nor is it intoxication and dreamy sleep;

life is to burn in one's fire:
happy is the man who grasps this truth.

If thou snatch'st a spark from heart's fire,
thou canst be a sun under the sky.

[Translated by K. Nizam-ud-Din]

10

The freeman's veins are firm as veins of granite;
 The bondman's weak as tendrils of the vine,
 And his heart too despairing and repining—
 The free heart has life's tingling breath to fan it.
 Quick pulse, clear vision, are the freeman's treasure;
 The unfree, to kindness and affection dead,
 Has no more wealth than tears of his own shedding
 And those glib words he has in such good measure.
 Bondman and free can never come to accord:
 One is the heavens' lackey, one their lord.

11

All of the self dwell ignorant, whether by
 Light touched or purblind. Tell us, who can, is this
 Wineshop, or Mosque? Secret our priests
 have
 Hidden—the shrine is herself the moth
 that
 Round, round the shrine's lamp flutters.
 Credulity
 Spins webs to make men think their
 religiousness
 Pure, unmixed with heathen delusion:
 Magic, and myth are the tales alike of
 Brahmin and Mullah! Grant to this country,
 oh
 God, such a guide as hides under beggar's
 rags
 Prophet's high thoughts! How long shall
 Woolar's
 Rarest of pearls from the world lie
 buried?

12

Nations in whom life marches to action,
 Waging high combat change the world's face.
 Vain the astrologer's chart of tomorrow!
 All his old stars have dropped from the skies.
 Now the globe's centre blazes so fiercely,

Spume of the sea-waves tossed up to heaven
 Hangs it with new stars; earth from her
 travail
 Finds no release, and Nature puts forth
 Subtly her signs and omens, while Khizr
 Wonders, by Woolar's margin, how long
 these
 Cold Himalayan springs shall boil over!

[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]

13

It is the sign of living nations
 their fate changes day and night;
 their life is sincerity and generosity to
 perfection,
 Nature too forgives their follies;
 in manners *qalandar*-like, in majesty as
 Iskander:
 these people are like naked swords.
 Beauty and majesty of a self-conscious man
 flows from *khudi*:
 it is the text, the rest are commentaries.
 I don't deny the splendour of the days of 'Id,
 but alas! only the *takbirs* of free men are
 acceptable to God.
 What can the sage know my songs' secret?
 the words of man of madness are beyond
 reason's ken.

14

How heretically do you play the game of life?
 you adjust yourself to times, rather than to
 thine self.
 I no longer see in the schools
 heart of Junaid and insight of Ghazali and
 Razi.
 Nature—the great lawgiver—decrees:
 the ways of falcon are forbidden in the
 religion of sparrows.
 The same heavenly law-giver decreed for the
 male falcon:
 fly about the skies, don't deal with the earth.

I have not left speaking the naked truth,
though the people may speak ill of me before
the kings.

We have neither Samarkand nor Bukhara to
offer,
the dervish can only pray for the Shirazi Turk.

15

The ways of the West are calculating, the
ways of the East are monkish;
there the times change from moment to
moment, here the times see no change
whatsoever.

Khidr, on the bank of the river, spoke to me
thus in confidence:
all are the ways of sorcery, be the actor a king
of dervish.

These people of the monasteries look upon
me as their rival;
they fear lest my beautiful songs rent asunder
the saint's threshold stone.

This is the manifest symbol of the knowledge
of the slave people:
What if the earth has limits! the whole
expanse of Space is boundless.

I can't see what it is: is it self-deception of
deception of God?
Having invented the excuse of fate, the
Muslim has ceased to act meaningfully.

The rose twig made the hunter weep on
seeing me caught in the net:
a charming sweet singer was he, his nest
rested harmlessly on my branches.

16

O land of charming and sweet flowers what
need is there to explain:
the burning red tulip, grief-stricken and sad,
best reflects our bloody heart.

The gods of Himalayas speak thus to thee, to
me and to all:
Fate is a name we give to the retribution of
what we do and act.

In the bitter winds of winter, the poor
labourer works in a naked body,
though his skill provides shawls to the rich.

The world shall never be loyal to thee:
it is and has been ever in flux.

17

Self-awareness has made the *mujahid* forget
his body,
to whom bearing of coat-of-mail is forbidden.

18

Nourish that lofty will and burning heart,
get back your father's arms if thou wish'st to
have his sword.

[Translated by K. Nizam-ud-Din]

19

I walk lonely the earth; hear my lament,
And in your breast too may these whirlwinds
flame!

My grief-stained songs are precious dower;
such wealth

As sad thoughts hive is rare in our world. I
blame

The age for its dull wit, imagining
My labour and Farhad's long toil the same;
*Far different is the noise of axe on rocks—
Listen! at my own heart the keen blade knocks.*³

[Translated by V.G. Kiernan]

TO SIR AKBAR HYDERI

THE CHIEF MINISTER OF HYDERABAD DECCAN

*On receiving a cheque of one thousand
rupees as 'entertainment' from the privy
purse of the Nizam, which is in the charge
of the Chief Minister*

It was God's command that the pomp of
Parviz

Be given to the *qalandar*, for he has angelic
attributes.

³ Iqbal's note—"The axe's noise..." This couplet is from *Kharitah-i-Jawahar*, the famous notebook of Mirza Mazhar Janijanan (may God have mercy on him).

I was told: Take it and be an emperor;
Confer permanence on the ephemeral with
your talent.
I would have much honoured this trust—
All bitterness tastes sweet to the mouth of a
dervish.
However, the self-respect of *faqir* could not
accept it
When He said: this is the charity of my
Godhead.

[Translated by the Editors]

HUSAIN AHMAD

The Ajamites do not yet know
The fine points of our faith;
Otherwise, Husain Ahmad of Deoband!
What is this foolhardiness?
A sermon-song from the pulpit that
A nation by a homeland be!
From the real position
Of the Arabian Prophet
How sadly unaware is he!
Your self merge with Mustafa
For all faith embodies in him!
If you do not reach up to him

It is all Bu Lahab's idolatry!

[Translated by Maqbool Elahi]

THE HUMAN BEING

To know and see is so easy in the world.
Nothing may stay hidden for this universe is
luminous.
The Nature's veil is translucent if one is
willing to see:
Far too visible are the angel's faint smiles.
This world is an invitation for the human
being to look,
For every secret is given an instinct to jump
out of its closet.
It is the tears of human blood that the
Almighty has used
For stirring up storms in His oceans.
What would the sky know whose abode is
this earthy planet;
On whose nightly banquets do the stars stand
in watch!
If I am the end of all, then what lies beyond?
Where lies the limit of my unending
adventures?

[Translated by the Editors]