



IQBAL

THE ISLAMIC FUTURIST



Ikram Azam

I Q B A L

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Ikram Azam

IQBAL ACADEMY PAKISTAN

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Dedication:

This labour of love is dedicated to
the sacred memory of
Allama Muhammad Iqbal.
(1877—1938).

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(i). PITY THE NATION:

A Thought-Provoking Poem for
the Muslim and Human Ummah

By: Khalil Gibran

*My friends and road fellows!
Pity the nation that is full of beliefs
And empty of religion!
Pity the nation that wears a cloth that it does not weave
Eats bread it does not harvest
And drinks a wine that flows
Not from its own winepress!
Pity the nation that acclaims the bully as hero
And that deems the glittering conqueror bountiful!
Pity the nation that despises a passion in its dream
Yet submits in its awakening!
Pity the nation that raises not its voice
Save when it walks in a funeral
Boasts not except among its ruins
And will rebel not save when its neck is laid
Between the sword and the block!
Pity the nation whose statesman is a fox
Whose philosopher is a juggler
And whose art is the art of patching and mimicking!
Pity the nation that welcomes
Its new ruler with trumpeting
And farewells him with hootings
Only to welcome another with trumpeting again!
Pity the nation whose sages are dumb with years
And whose strong men are yet in the cradle!
Pity the nation divided into fragments
Each fragment deeming itself a nation!*

Khalil Gibran

(Jubran Khalil Jubran)

Born January 04, 1883, Bsharri, Lebanon. Died April 10, 1931,
New York City.

Philosophical essayist, novelist, mystic, poet and artist, whose
writings, both in Arabic and English, achieved great influence,
and are relevant and influential even today.

(ii). PREFACE:

The Government of Pakistan has befittingly declared 2002 to be the Allama's Year. This book is my humble contribution to the cause to pay tribute to Pakistan's National Poet and Founding Philosopher.

Part I has grown out of Victor Kiernan's inspiration, to begin with, and of course, the encouragement of my peers and mentors, Dr. Maqbool Elahi, and my elder sisters Dr. Miss Zohra Azam and "Bibi Apa" (Mrs. Masuda Nawaz). And so the first part of the book based on Kiernan's work, is dedicated to all the three of them. And also to Victor Kiernan. Here I must also pay respectful and affectionate tribute to my other literary mentors, who, as creative 'significant others', have influenced my creativity immensely: the late Faiz Ahmad Faiz Saheb and Mrs. Alys Faiz ("Apa Jan" of The Pakistan Times), and Zia Jalandhari. Likewise, Mirza Anwar Beg has been a big intellectual and moral influence.

*As Dr. Maqbool Elahi has indicated in his Foreword, we as a family grew up under the inspirational Freedom and Pakistan Movements. Thanks to the spiritually nurturing influence of our parents (—may their noble souls rest in eternal peace!)—Pakistan's Founders, especially the Quaid-e-Azam Muhammad Ali Jinnah, the nation's Founding Father, and Allama Muhammad Iqbal, its Poet-Philosopher, became our life-long national heroes and role models. As discussed elsewhere in my work, all of them were Pragmatic Visionary Futurists⁽¹⁾. While the Quaid-e-Azam was Pakistan's prime and principal **Pakistani Islami Futurist**, Allama Iqbal was an **Islami Pakistani Futurist**—in that while his inspiration was Islam, his focus was the whole of the Muslim Ummah, which extended over to the entire Human Ummah or Global Human Fraternity—Humanity, itself. **Together Jinnah and Iqbal visualized Islam as the Perennial Peace Paradigm, and Pakistan as a modern-futuristic Islami Democratic Welfare State and Society, and a possible positive peer pressure and exemplar or role model for other***

*Muslim/Third World countries. Their collective **Vision of Pakistan** and the **Ummah** will, prayerfully, be realized in the present 21st century—Insha-Allah! That is why the current challenge to them of the vendetta of the one-sided Western Clash of Civilizations. The enlightened response to it lies solely in Iqbal's and Jinnah's message of **Islami Tauhid and Jihad**. That is the very best tribute that the nation can pay to them most gratefully: creating the Pakistan of their shared vision. May Allah be our Witness, Guide and Guardian!*

The ideological poems selected for this book project Allama Iqbal as the Islami Visionary Futurist par excellence.

I am grateful to people who have encouraged me to translate Allama Muhammad Iqbal's select Urdu poems into modern English free verse—especially Dr. Maqbool Elahi, Dr. Zohra Azam and Mrs. Masuda Nawaz ("Bibi Apa"). How well I have succeeded is for the general reader and critic to judge. I will feel fulfilled and gratified if they think that it was a task worth doing, and a worthy labour of love—limited, initially, of course, to just the first 24 of the 118 of Victor Kiernan's selections. Having initiated myself thus into translating Iqbal, under the inspiration of the four already mentioned—and of course, Allama Muhammad Iqbal, above all, this maiden effort is dedicated to all of them. I have also translated just a few of my own selections of Iqbal, as a follow-up on this endeavour. They appear in Parts 2 to 5 of this presentation.

Once again I am most grateful to my creative literary mentor and "Murshed", Dr. Maqbool Elahi, for both his foreword to this maiden venture of mine, and for editing it to his connoisseur's satisfaction. In fact, that is what has prompted me to dare to publish it. May it find favour with the reader and critic!

(Dr. IKRAM AZAM)
(Chairman, The PFI & MVs.)

Dated:- Independence Day:
14th August, 2002.
37, School Road, F-7/1, Islamabad.
(Phone: 9262049).

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(iii). FOREWORD:

The brief bio-data of Kiernan available in his translation of the poems of Iqbal does not reveal the extent of his knowledge of Urdu or Persian. He had the privilege and good fortune of the good offices of some of the intellectuals of Lahore who had met Iqbal and attended his informal evening discourses. They briefed Kiernan about the meanings of Iqbal's verse, and Kiernan's renderings, says he, keep accord with them. English is his mother tongue and, therefore, its expression/s came easier to him. Of all the translators of Iqbal, Orientalists included, he is the best craftsman, as far as one can judge. But one can see that he is not the best translator in all instances. The reason is not far to seek. It is his lack of adequate knowledge of the original Urdu and Persian, despite years-long association with the persons referred to above. To pinpoint instances in an introductory note is not customary, nor required. For such elaboration a whole critical dissertation would be needed.

Dr. Ikram Azam has devoted his attention to translating poems of Iqbal—all from Urdu, restricting himself in Part I to those included by Kiernan in his selection. Ikram's virtues in this field are that he has a B.A. (Hons. in English) from the Gordon College, Rawalpindi, and a Masters in English from the Government College, Lahore, Punjab University. He has authored over 100 books (so far) in English. He has been in the lure of poetry. He started composing poems in English from about the age of ten years; and has published 20 books of English poetry. The majority of these are in free verse. He has stuck to this in his present renderings. One can, therefore, conclude that he is adept at it.

*In the field of translation, also, this is not his maiden attempt. He skilfully translated one whole book of Faiz—his last one—“**Mayray Dil Mayray Musafir**”—“**O My Heart, My Way-Farer!**” Faiz's Urdu diction is in the best tradition of classical poetry and lyrical content, clothing the renaissance and*

revolution of thought. Ikram was at home with the Faizes during his student days at Lahore. This relationship continued with both of them till Faiz's death. (Mrs. Alys Faiz is still alive and healthy at 86 years of age, by God's grace. Ikram Azam visited her recently at Lahore). Ikram's respect and affection for the Faizs is reflected in Ikram's contributions to the recent (January—February, 2002) special Faiz Number of the **Pakistan Pictorial, Islamabad**. Combined with Ikram's natural inclination to poetry, the Iqbalian atmosphere at his home and in the institutions he attended, the country of his birth which he saw emerging in the world as not yet a teenager, his education in English, his association with Iqbal's inspiring work and thought, his earlier experience of translation of Faiz, this venture of taking up Iqbal is very welcome. The prodigal has returned to his own familiar environs after rubbing shoulders with the latest exponents of the latest branch of the humanities—Futuristics—and after teaching them lessons in authoring a number of books on this newly evolved subject and telling them in no uncertain language to broaden their own spectrum (to Islami Futurism and Futuristics, also). He stands now in the midst of a garden. Each of the flowers and their sweet smell is a part of his being. This dispenses with the need of kneeling before any superior intellect for a dole of understanding and comprehension. He is in a position to transpose word for word, name for name, phrase for phrase and transfuses or does his best to transfuse the sweet smell—that is a part of his tradition, his being.

It is very daring of him to have taken up poems of Iqbal already translated by Kiernan—each one of them. His brief Preface does not tell us why he has chosen to tread on this beaten path (—except that it is in free verse). Perhaps he has left it to his readers to compare and contrast his effort with Kiernan's and with other's. His privilege is that he knows the original language of Iqbal, and the one employed by him for translation was acquired by him in prominent institutions of this country (and abroad) from teachers who were themselves poets of English. Not only that, he has a life-long association with English through a vast study as well as authoring books in prose

and poetry; (and teaching, and supervising research at the M.A.; M.Phil. and Ph.D. levels of Advanced Integrated Studies).

He has, as he says, chosen free verse. Kiernan's achievement of translation in regular verse is unmatched. But what has to be seen is how far he kept to "give of the originals, as far as possible, without addition or subtraction". Dr. Ikram also "tried to do so", with stress on semantics. It is for serious students and translators to judge how far each has kept his aim in view and how far each has succeeded.

The language of the original at times gets hold of translators and forces them to go by its words, wittingly or unwittingly. This applies to even experienced and reputed translators. The crux, however, is that the meanings behind even a literal rendering are clear and conveyed, and not jumbled up.

Ghazals from "Baal-e-Jibreel" at the end (of part 1) have rhymed endings of the second hemistich, but not always. Perhaps this was unintended, and the rendition flowed from Ikram's pen spontaneously: it was not deliberate, as he declared in the beginning that he is employing free verse. But rhyming without a regular meter might still be free verse.

Dr. Ikram is a veteran of English renderings. Iqbal is the third poet he has taken up. I mentioned Faiz but forgot about Zia Jalandhari, whose long poem '**Hum**' (We) Ikram also rendered into English. (He also translated a few poems of Partau Rohilla—Mukhtar Ali Khan, which appeared along with his article on him, in the May-June, 2002 issue of the Pakistan Pictorial, Islamabad). Enjoy, therefore, the skill and virtuosity of his pen and mind.

(Dr. MAQBOOL ELAHI)

Dated:- 11th Oct., 2002.

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Rawalpindi.

(IV). INTRODUCTION:
Dr. Ikram Azam as the Pioneer of
Pakistan Futuristics
By: Alauddin Masood

Of Futuristics and the Future:

There was a time when the future was considered to be the domain of astrologers, while the past was left to historians and chroniclers, to be recorded and preserved by them for posterity. This no longer holds good as far as the future is concerned. Nowadays, events likely to have a bearing on the future, are scientifically analyzed, and rational forecasts are made about the likely scenarios or possibilities in the given circumstances. The interdisciplinary social science relating to this aspect—the future of human life—is known as Futuristics, and the social scientists engaged in this task are known as Futurists. Socio-culturally, the Islami-Pakistani futuristic tradition is '*Dourundeshi*' or future visioning, which operates through the foresight principle ('*Mustaqbil Beenī*' or '*Mustaqbil Shanasi*').

In the post-independence struggle for survival, partisanship and petty politics, the Pakistani-Islami futuristic tradition got compromised in favour of expediency, adhocism, status-quoism and day-to-day drifting along. Our progress—rather, very survival in the 21st century depends on reviving this pragmatic foresight principle and visioning quality.

Being a discipline having a bearing on all walks of life and areas of human activity, Futuristics has emerged as a vital, integral and essential ingredient of holistic planning, particularly in the West. Now we find there a stream of trained, intelligent and committed people providing guidance and advice to the state, corporate and other organizations about the likely shape that events can assume in various situations. In other words, there now exist specialists who analyze for their institutions each

and every aspect of an event, and possibilities related to trends and issues, and then forecast about what could happen.

Pioneer in Pakistan

As far as Pakistan is concerned, Dr. Ikram Azam can rightly be called the visionary pioneer and founding father of Futuristics in the country. He is the first person from Pakistan who studied Futuristics as a social science and multi- or cross-discipline, and obtained post-graduate degrees in this speciality from universities abroad—M.Sc. from the University of Houston (Texas, USA), and Ph.D. and D.Litt. from the American University, London. The C.D. (Cultural Doctorate) was conferred on him in 2000 by the World University, USA, for his contribution to Futuristics Philosophy. In addition to Futuristics, Ikram Azam has the B.A. (Hons. in English) and Master's degrees in three other disciplines—English, Political Science (specializing in Pakistan Studies) and Defence and Strategic Studies.

He was the honorary Founder-Director (1986-1994) of the Pakistan Futuristics Foundation and Institute: The PFI, an academic NPO and Peace Institute at Islamabad, and is currently its Honorary Chairman. He is a Member and Fellow of the WFSF (World Futures Studies Federation) USA; and a Life Member, and Member of the International Advisory Council of the WFS: World Future Society, USA. He is the only Honorary Life Member from Pakistan of the Scientific and Medical Network, U.K. He is a recipient of the first Dr. Khurshid Ahmad Khan Memorial Honorary triple award as a "*PFI Pioneer, Futurist and Fellow*." He received in 1988, the Pakistan Academy of Letters Book of the Year Award for his *Pakistan Reflections* (1987). He was the only non-American recipient of the Warner Bloomberg Award, USA, for "*Excellence in Future Studies*", 1998.

Decades ago, as a young student, he passed out as the All-Round Best Graduate Valedictorian of his class, and received a Special Roll of Honour from his alma mater, the Gordon

College, Rawalpindi. He stood second in the Punjab University in B.A. (Hons in English) and was a merit scholarship holder in B.A. and M.A. (English). In 1984, the University of Southern California, USA, awarded Ikram Azam its Trojan for academic excellence.

Books:

Dr. Ikram Azam is the author of over 100 books in English, ranging from fiction and verse to research studies on Pakistan, Islam, Geopolitics, Peace and Strategic Studies, International Relations, Creativity, Education, Social Change, Research, Literary Studies, and Futuristics. He has written a lot. He says: *"Every time I write a book, I'm almost determined that it will be the last one. Yet the creative 'romantic agony,' in Mario Pratz's words, seizes me even in hibernation and urges my whole being onto action. This has been happening to me now for decades!"*

His books cover almost every creative literary genre: from verse and fiction (stories, plays, short novels, essays and articles) to serious research on Creativity, Human Resource Development and other areas listed above. In some cases, he has the singular honour and distinction of being the pioneer in Pakistan, e.g., his books on Geopolitics and Futuristics, Creativity, Social Change, Literary Studies and Generally, he touches upon life and its eternal values, idealism and action as themes in his scholarly works. Creativity, Education, Enlightenment and Peace are his favourite themes, as is evident from his several titles, e.g., *Seven Types of Creativity* (2002), *Creativity and Research* (2001), *Creativity and Literary Genres* (2002), and *Learning To Live Creatively: Education As Enlightenment* (2001).

He is in particular pleased and, indeed, very rightly, with three of his productions, viz: **Muhammad's (SAS!) Message: Versified Sayings of the Holy Prophet of Islam; Rubaiyat**, and **Future For Ever: Meditations (Verses)**. Also, and above all, his **Peace Prayer Poems: (i) Allah's 99 Names; and (ii) Muhammad's 99 Names (SAS!)**. Other notables are: **Education As Enlightenment** (2001), **Creating the Future**

(2001), **Islam In Time and Space**, and **Afghanistan** (2001); **Islam, Peace Studies and the Clash of Civilizations** (2002); **Islam and Iconoclasm** (2002); **Islam, Jihad and Kashmir** (2001); **Islam, Futurism and Futuristics** (2002); and **Allama Iqbal, The Islami Futurist** (2002).

The book **Muhammad's (SAS!) Message** (1984, 1996) contains 450 of the Sayings of the Holy Prophet of Islam. It is an excellent introduction to Islam for the uninitiated. The book has been published several times; and has ardent admiring readers both in Pakistan and abroad.

The Rubaiyat, according to Prof. G. Jilani Asghar, are too good to be touched upon with prose. In a review, the Minerva Press, London, U.K., wrote: "*Mr. Azam is clearly comfortable in the genre he has chosen, writing always with confidence and self-assurance which endows the work with a sense of authority, maturity. The reader is easily caught up in the author's world, and returns time and time again to the pages of the book, reliving personal favourites and discovering other pieces in the new light.*"

The short poems are wide and varied, thematically. Life and people, touching conditions, circumstances, situations, events and incidents, even words, sounds, sights and scenes, thoughts, ideas and feelings move Ikram Azam to poetic expression, as in the poem **We**.

WE:

*We have made a ritual of religion
A fetish of culture
A taboo and totem of life
And thus, a slave of ourselves!.....*

Prolific Writer:

Ikram Azam's urge to express himself led him, initially as a student, to painting nature, but he soon realized that he had to choose between painting and writing. Being sensitive,

thoughtful, intuitive and talkative by nature, he chose writing, because he found it to satisfy more his urge for verbal communication and communion. Painting proved to be relatively mute for him at his critical cross-roads, though he continues to be fascinated and lured by it even today.

He not only traversed various paths but also different subjects all converging on the human being and situation. Some of his other recent works include Pakistan's Foreseeable Future, Pakistan and the New Humane Order; Pakistan: Random Reflections; From Pakistan to Pakistan; Global Human Futures: Geopolitics, Political Geography and Pakistan; Strategic Futurization: Planning for the 21st Century Futures; The 21st Century New Education and Basic Life Skills Paradigm; Thinking Aloud Futuristically; A Book About My Books; Muhammad (SAS): The Sublime Futurist; Islami Meditation and Psychotherapy; Creativity and Creative Writing; and Islam, Jihad and Kashmir.

Some books by Dr. Ikram Azam are under publication. These include: Iqbal: The Islami Futurist; Poems from Ikram Azam, and two titles: The New Political Economy Paradigm, and Geopolitics and the Future, under the series: *Advanced Integrated Studies*.

Dr. Ikram Azam is a versatile person. He is a prolific prose writer, a notable novelist, a distinguished play-wright, a moving poet and an adept short story writer. An overview of the themes, contentions and cross-currents of just a few of his works, which result from his life-long interactive thought and study, is given below:

In one his latest books, **Islam and Iconoclasm (2002)**, Dr. Ikram Azam asserts that the Muslims have suffered for centuries at their own hands, and at those of Christian Crusades and Western Colonialism. They continue to suffer even more in the 21st century because of contemporary image worship. The road to freedom and Islami renaissance, Dr. Ikram Azam argues, lies in liberation from idol worship, which has assumed several

masks and dimensions, including materialism, capitalism, secularism, sensatesim, Westernism and Americanism. The road to redemption lies in the Spirit of Islami "Tauhid" and "Jihad".

He rejects Huntington's theory of "The Clash of Civilizations" and Francis Fukuyama's hypothesis: "The End of History," as false and hypocritical, being racist, biased, exclusivistic, discriminatory, divisive, terroristic and war-mongering. Dr. Azam underlines that there can be little peace in the world, with the present state terrorist governments and war-mongering leadership at the local, regional and global levels.

In his latest 2002 book, **Islam, Futurism and Futuristics**, Dr. Ikram Azam reiterates his earlier plea for Islami Futurism and Futuristics as an independent new school of thought of the Futures Field, in order to focus on the Future of Islam and the Muslim World—the Ummah. He sincerely believes that the creation of Futuristics Institutes in every Muslim country would help tremendously in the proposed mission and movement of Islami Futurism and Futuristics, in order to project Islam as the abiding collective interest and future of the Ummah: Islam as Identity and Destiny; Islam the Perennial Peace Paradigm.

Poetry:

Poetry has remained Ikram Azam's first love. His poems have been on a few favourite recurring themes: love, life, the perennial values, places, nature, people and the human situation. In addition to **Rubaiyat** and **Sumbal Spring Song** (1999-2000), his books of poems include: *Flowers for You* (1963); *Of Love and War* (1965); *Shadows by Moonlight* (1969); *After Our Fall* (1972); *Poems From Pakistan* (1972); *Sons of the Soil* (1974); *Two Floating Eyes* (1976); *Tip-Toeing into My Heart* (1978); *Poems for You* (1981); *Poems From Faiz* (1982) *Futurism: Spring Again* (1983); *Three Voices* (1985); *Blossoms for You: Rubaiyat* (1986); *My Heart's Smithereens* (1989); and *Isles of Isolation* (1992).

In his collection **After Our Fall**, the title poem begins:

*One of the lessons
In fact, the lesson that I learnt
From the fall of Dhaka—
I'll never know fear again
I'll never be afraid of the truth
Of seeking and facing the truth
Of telling the brazen truth
No matter how bitter it be
No matter how painful the price!*

However, as a nation, we seem to have learned no lesson from our tragi-traumatic, chequered history. And that is why history seems to be repeating itself cyclically and spirally—tragically. That is also why we have failed in building up a new Pakistan on the ashes of the older one, laments Dr. Ikram Azam. And in his poem, *A New Pakistan*, he calls upon the fellow-citizens:

*Let us
With our sweat and blood
And all else that's dear to us
Build up afresh
A new Pakistan
A people's Pakistan
A progressive and prosperous Pakistan
Where persons will matter
And not possessions and privileges!*

The poem "*The 'I' Bird*" included in *Three Voices* reads:

THE 'I' BIRD

*Compelled continuously
By your callous cruelties
My bird-spirit which you had caged
All in the name of love
Broke open, broken-heartedly
Its prison bars
With its clipped, bleeding wings
And took to flight*

*Liberating itself last night
Into the alien airs
Of uncharted skies
That are its lone destiny!...*

Commenting on the collection of his poems, **Two Floating Eyes**, Prof. Edmund Fuller (USA) wrote, the "*work is excellent and touches an impressively broad range of material..., I am proud to have "Two Floating Eyes," and salute you (the author) from my country*".

I would like to share, in particular, Dr. Ikram Azam's three poems from the collection, *My Heart's Smithereens*:

The Dream Poem of an Afghan Refugee:

*My spirit soars the Asian skies
And spreads all over the world
Singing—sighing.....*

People Places:

*Places are for people
Because of people
And as such
Become people, themselves
Yet the country-side
Is getting depeopled into ghost-lands
As urban slums and shanty towns
Over-populate into explosive pollution
Foredooming and foreboding
Horrific scenarios...*

When Birds Forget to Fly:

*When human freedom
Is fettered for long
Then even birds
Forget to fly!.....*

Ikram Azam generously acknowledges the role of people who have influenced his thought, writing and life, in his literary autobiography: **Thinking Aloud Futuristically—A Book About My Books.** They include his revered parents and their beloved nuclear family, memorable teachers, peers and mentors, and some unforgettable friends. He started to write and broke into print as an under-teens student, and continues to pursue Creativity in creative writing in the present post-retirement period of his life, which he likes to call his "*second life—God's best blessing!*" As his colleague and friend from the early 1960s, I look forward to his continued creativity devoted not just to Islam and the Ummah, the Muslim World and Pakistan, but also the entire global humanity, as well as Creativity as Peace, Enlightenment, Love, Compassion, Freedom and Fraternalism, in the years ahead—Insha-Allah!

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(v). ALLAMA IQBAL AS AN ISLAMI FUTURIST

Rationalism and Islam:

"The search for rational foundations in Islam may be regarded to have begun with the Prophet, himself. His constant prayer was: God! Grant me knowledge of the ultimate nature of things!" (Iqbal, "Knowledge and Religious Experience". From: The Reconstruction of Religious Thought in Islam).

Thus, as pointed out above by the Allama, rationalism is an integral part of Islam's respect and search for knowledge or enlightenment, both sacred and secular. One of the Holy Prophet Muhammad's (SAS!) favourite prayers was: "*Rubbey zidni ilma!*" As translated into English, it means: "*O Creator/Sustainer! Grant me enlightenment!*" Such Divinely spiritual enlightenment illumines and transforms one's whole being and personality.

The Islami World-View—Dynamism and Social Change:

Islami Futurism and Futuristics can be traced in philosophical origin and spiritual essence to Islam's view of this world and vision of the Hereafter. The "*Principle of Movement*" is of the very essence of Islami Futurism. According to Allama Iqbal:

"As a cultural movement, Islam rejects the old static view of the universe and reaches a dynamic view.... All human life is spiritual in its origin (manifest in) prophetic revelation. The new (Islami) culture finds the foundation of world unity, in the principle of Tauhid. Islam as a polity is only a practical means of making this principle a living factor in the intellectual and emotional life of mankind. The ultimate spiritual basis of all life, as conceived by Islam, is eternal, and reveals itself in variety and change. A

society based on such a conception of Reality must reconcile in its life, the categories of permanence and change. It must possess eternal principles to regulate its collective life, for the eternal gives us a foothold in the world of perpetual change. But eternal principles, when they are understood to exclude all possibilities of change, which, according to the Quran, is one of the greatest signs of God, tend to immobilize what is essentially mobile in nature. What, then, is the principle of movement in the structure of Islam? This is known as 'Ijtehad'. The word literally means to exert' (Jehad) 'with a view to form an independent judgement on a legal question. The idea, I believe has its origin in the well known verse of the Quran: "And those who exert, We show Our path...." In Islam, the spiritual and temporal are not two distinct domains.... The essence to Tauhid as a working idea is equality, solidarity and freedom.... For the present, every Muslim nation must sink into her own deeper self, temporarily, focus her vision on herself, alone, until all are strong and powerful to form a living family of republics.... The assimilative spirit of Islam is even more manifest in the sphere of law.... Unfortunately, the conservative Muslim public of this country is not yet quite ready for a critical discussion of Fiqah, which, if undertaken, is likely to displease most people, and raise sectarian controversies.... The primary source of the Law of Islam is the Quran.... The second great source of the Muhammadan Law is the traditions of the Holy Prophet (— the Hadith).... The third source of Muhammadan Law is Ijma which is, in my opinion, perhaps the most important legal notion in Islam.... The pressure of the New World forces and the political experiences of Europeans are impressing on the mind of modern Islam, the value and possibilities of the idea of Ijma. The growth of the republican spirit, and the gradual formation of legislative assemblies in Muslim lands constitutes a great step in advance.... The transfer of the power of Ijtehad from individual representatives of schools to a Muslim legislative assembly which, in view of the growth of opposing sects, is

the only possible form Ijma can take in modern times, can secure contributions to legal discussion from laymen who happen to possess keen insight into affairs. In this way, alone, we can stir into activity, the dormant spirit of life in our legal system, and give it an evolutionary outlook.... The fourth basis of Fiqah is Qiyas, i.e., the use of analogical reasoning in legislation.... Let the Muslim of today appreciate his position, reconstruct his social life in the light of ultimate principles, and evolve, out of the hitherto partially revealed purpose of Islam, that spiritual democracy, which is the ultimate aim of Islam.” (“The Principle of Movement in the Structure of Islam”).

His Islami Political Philosophy:

I have intentionally cited the Allama copiously, yet selectively, above, in order to focus attention on his key political concepts, from which will emerge his view and vision of Pakistan. His political philosophy as a Pragmatic Futurist is best expressed in his following prose works apart from his poetry, as presented selectively in the present volume:

- (i). The Reconstruction of Religious Thought in Islam.
- (ii). Islam as an Ethical and a Political Ideal. (His Maiden English Lecture, 1908).
- (iii). His Discourses, (as compiled and edited by S. H. Razzaqi).
- (iv). His Letters to the Quaid-e-Azam.
- (v). Research on his work.

The Allama’s poetry presents him as an Idealistic Visionary Futurist. In this paper we are concerned with him as a Socio-Political and Philosophical Futurist.⁽¹⁾

Some wise-heads in Islamabad say cheekily that Iqbal was not a philosopher, because: he did not present any original school of thought, was under the influence of German

philosophy, and got his idea of the "Khudi" (Ego) from it and Western psychology. They say that he was only a thinker.⁽²⁾ The basic question is: how can one be a philosopher without being a thinker—a profound thinker? Iqbal's philosophy was Islami Philosophy, being based in the Holy Quran, and derived from Islam, itself. That is also true of Iqbal's concept of man and the human ego. Islami/Muslim Philosophy is a well-established and internationally acknowledged and respected school of thought of the global human heritage called Philosophy, per se⁽³⁾. Pakistan is partly the product of Iqbal's Socio-Political Philosophy, and his poetry, that of Islami Philosophy. Likewise, his philosophical works, though influenced interactively by Western Philosophy, are derived from Islami Philosophy. All his philosophy is Futuristic, even as he is inspired by the Past as history, and its lessons as experience. That enhances his relevance to the present and future. His message is modern-futuristic, both for the Islami Ummah, and the human fraternity. It is incorrect to say that the Allama's philosophy does not appeal to reason. In fact, it is integrative and holistic: rational and logical, intuitive and spiritual.

Highlights:

But to return to the primary source of the present particular paper—the Iqbalian quotations given above—let us cull the key words therefrom. To my mind, the most telling, and revelatory of Iqbal, the first **Islami Pak Futurist**, are the following expressions out of his foregoing quotes:

1. Islam as a cultural movement has a dynamic view of life.
2. All human life is spiritual.
3. Prophetic revelation and the new culture—of Islam.
4. The principle of *Tauhid*, the *Ummah*, human and world unity.
5. The Islami polity as a practical means of making this principle a living factor in the life of all of humankind. Thus, the necessity of an Islami Model and Paradigm in a Sustainable Society **and** State-Social System.
6. Eternal principles to regulate its collective life, through the categories of permanence or continuity and change,

tradition and modernization. This is the quintessential question of Sociology and Social Change: to ensure critical continuity for stability and security, alongwith unavoidable critical change towards Modernization and even Futurization.

7. The main sources of Islamic Law or *Fiqah* are the Holy Ouran, the *Hadith*, *Sunnah*, *Ijma*, *Ijtehad*, **and** *Qiyas*.
8. *Ijtehad* as the principle of movement in Islam.
9. The pristine principle of *Tauhid* as manifest in integrative unity, equality, solidarity, fraternity and freedom.
10. The Islami Republican (and assimilative) spirit generating a “living family of republics”—Islami Republics.
11. Muslim Legislative Assemblies (vis-a-vis the Western democratic parliamentary system).
12. (Islami) Spiritual Democracy vis-a-vis—Western Secular Democracy—a manifestation of the enlightened collective social-human ego, will or “*Khudi*.”

It would seem that the Allama’s Futuristic Vision of Pakistan is traceable to such concepts and perceptions which he treasure-trove in his various works. The clear-cut picture that emerges is one of living dynamism, and peace, progress and plenty through ‘Jihad’ or perpetual peaceful revolution, struggle and self-assertion as individuals, societies, the Islami Ummah and all of humanity itself, ultimately—for the Ideal of Perfection through Moral Spiritual Transformation.

The Iqbalian Vision—‘Spiritual Democracy’:

For the integrative-holistic principle of *Tauhid* is the single source and sustenance of all life. It is a multiple and complex principle stressing the unity of the Holy Prophet Muhammad (SAS!), Islam, the Ummah and humankind—within the Unity of all life and creation and the Creative Oneness of Allah Almighty: His Unity and Oneness. It comprises human equality, integrity or unity and freedom—individual, collective, social and universal.

Thus, a free, fraternal, egalitarian, united and open society and state-social system is conceived of as perpetual and permanent. Change being the only constant of life, is accepted and incorporated as a basic principle, fact and factor of life. This calls for constant vigilance, adaptability and adjustment to the various hazards and challenges of existence. That is best ensured through the principle of movement or *Ijtehad* (enlightened, circumspect and contemporaneous interpretation), along with *Ijma*, (conscientious and sagacious consensus), to keep pace with the ever-evolving times. Built-in continuity is ensured through the eternal Islami and human principles to regulate the collective, not just the individual, life, of the Muslim polity, *a living family of republics*—and is intended to be an exemplary means and model for all of humankind. For that, both, the opposition from the “*conservative Muslim public*” (in Pakistan and elsewhere) will need to be coped with creatively and cocreatively, as well as the various local/national-country Muslim houses set in order. That is why the Allama advises his contemporary Muslim to: “*Appreciate his position, reconstruct his social life in the light of ultimate principles of Tauhid and the Islamic Law, and evolve out of the purpose of Islam, that spiritual democracy, which is the ultimate aim of Islam.*”

“**Spiritual democracy**”—yes—but not—elitist theocracy or alienating aristocracy. For his ‘**spiritual democracy**’ and the modern popular republican spirit motivating the Islami Legislative Assembly of ‘*laymen possessing a keen insight into the affairs*’ affecting society, go hand in hand. Iqbal is evidently enamoured of these democratic ideals and institutions, which, to him, are kindred to the Islami spirit. In fact, he appears to conceive of Islami Democracy in an Islami Welfare State and Society—of the ideal middle course of balance and moderation—wherein political-economic and socio-cultural democracy are equally secured. It is a democratic, progressive society, which rejects the old static view of life, in favour of a dynamic one of eternal change. Therefore, there is no scope for any static or decadent status-quo or vested interest in such a society—which must secure

continuity in change and tradition in modernization—but not Westernization.

Contemporary Pakistan is yet a far cry from the Iqbalian view and vision.

Iqbal's 1930 Presidential Address:

By hindsight, one can venture the view that the concept of Pakistan presented in it was realistic and pragmatic. Geopolitically, it was more sound and scientific, for it was mindful of the "contiguity" factor, (as compared to the Pakistan/Lahore Resolution of 23rd March, 1940). It has the advantage of spelling out clearly both the 'North-Western and Eastern Zones of India', i.e., the former West Pakistan and East Pakistan. In fact, even the 1940 Lahore Resolution talked of '*Independent States in which, the constituent units shall be autonomous and sovereign*'.

But the Pakistan that was finally created was just a single severing state. That is the difference between ideals and reality. Events have proved that Iqbal's 1930 Address was more prescient, futuristically forecasting the fall of Dhaka in December, 1971, and the creation of Bangladesh. To recall the quintessence of it, then:

"The Muslim demand for the creation of a Muslim India within India is, therefore, perfectly justified...."

"I would like to see the Punjab, North-West Frontier Province, Sind and Baluchistan amalgamated into a single state. Self-government within the British Empire or without the British, the formation of a consolidated North-West Indian.... Muslim State appears to me to be the final destiny of the Muslims, at least of North West India."⁽⁴⁾

The term "*final destiny*" is fully futuristic. The expression: "*at least of North-West India*", is significant. The focus is

on West Pakistan—the present Pakistan. The implication is that North-East Muslim India—Bengal—merited similar and equal treatment. (The Annual Session of the **All India Muslim League**, Allahabad, 29th December, 1930).

The foregoing also applies to the Lahore (Pakistan) Resolution of 23rd March, 1940, presented by A.K. Fazlul Haq to the All-India Muslim League Session, Lahore, as follows:

“Resolved that it is the considered view of this Session of the All-India Muslim League that no constitutional plan would be workable in this country or acceptable to the Muslims, unless it is designed on the following principle: viz., that the geographically contiguous units are demarcated into regions which should be so constituted, with such territorial adjustments as may be necessary, that the areas in which the Muslims are numerically in a majority, as in the North-Western and Eastern Zones of India, should be grouped to constitute Independent States in which the constituent units shall be autonomous and sovereign”.⁽⁵⁾....”

‘Independent States’⁽⁶⁾:

The foregoing, too, was, geopolitically, a more sound concept and a more realistic and pragmatic approach. The fact is that the Muslim majority areas of India were always **Pakistan**, in reality. Only they were (re)named formally as such, as a manifestation of the universal democratic principle of national self-determination in the sub-continental context. That is why India today is still so afraid of it and the **Two Nation Theory**. To India's imagination, taken to their logical conclusion, this theory and its principle may yet spell out many more Freedom Movements and Pakistan Movements, so far as the present-day Indian riot-riddled minorities go.

Correspondence with the Quaid: Islami Democracy in an Islami Welfare State and Society:

To cite the Quaid-e-Azam's Foreword to the (1956) Sh. M. Ashraf publication of the Allama's Letters to the Quaid, a little:

'The letters were written to me by the sage, philosopher and national poet of Islam... during... May, 1936 to November, 1937, a few months before his death... It was a great achievement for the Muslim League that its lead came to be acknowledged by both the majority and minority provinces. Sir Muhammad Iqbal played a very conspicuous part... in bringing about this consummation... It is, however, much to be regretted that my own replies to Iqbal are not available... These letters are of very great historical importance, particularly those which explain his views in clear and unambiguous terms on the political future of Muslim India. His views are substantially in consonance with my own and, had led me to the same conclusion... and found expression in due course in the united will of Muslim India, as adumbrated in the Lahore Resolution of the All-India Muslim League, popularly known as the Pakistan Resolution, passed on 23rd March 1940.'

In one of these letters, dated Lahore 28th May, 1937, the Allama had expressed himself thus on **the economic crisis** of the times:

"The problem of bread is becoming more and more acute... The atheistic socialism of Jawahar-Lal (Nehru) is not likely to receive much response from the Muslims... How is it possible to solve the problems of Muslim poverty?... Happily there is a solution in the enforcement of the Law of Islam and its further development in the light of modern ideas' (via Ijma and Ijtehad)... 'It is clear in my mind that if Hinduism accepts social democracy, it must necessarily cease to be Hinduism. For Islam, the acceptance of social democracy in some suitable form and consistent with the legal principles of Islam, is not revolution but a return to the original purity of Islam.'

The Allama is also quoted to have said that Socialism plus God was Islam. Both he and the Quaid used the terms **Islamic Democracy** and *Islamic Socialism*, interchangeably, in the Pakistani Islami Ideological context, the former stressing Islam's socio-economic aspects (economic democracy) and the latter, its socio-political (political democracy). Pakistan's Founders were closer in time to the Sovietisation of the Central Asian Islamic Republics.

History Tomorrow:

"One lesson I have learnt from the history of the Muslims: At critical moments in their history, it is Islam that has saved the Muslims, and not vice-versa." (Allama Iqbal: Presidential Address to the All-India Muslim League, Allahabad, 29th December, 1930).

The above is presciently, futuristically and typically true of today and tomorrow—with the Western one-sided Clash of Civilizations menacing Islam, the Muslim World, and the Muslim, alike. That, especially since the advent of the present 21st century, particularly in 2001-2002, and foreseeably in 2003 onwards!

Isn't it time for Pakistan not just to invoke, but also to implement Islam futuristically, as sincerely as possible, for its own salvation and future?—Islam as the Perennial Peace Paradigm: as "Tauhid" and "Jihad", and as Identity and Destiny!

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5. Ibid; p. 129. (Ed).
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Part 1:

FROM
THE "BANG-E-DARA":
THE CALL OF THE ROAD:

INTRODUCTORY NOTE ON PART I:

V.G. Kiernan, in his "Note on the(—his) Translations" of Allama Muhammad Iqbal's (Urdu) poems⁽¹⁾, writes as under:

"In translating these poems I have tried first of all to give the sense of the originals, as far as possible, without addition or subtraction",⁽²⁾.

I have also tried to do so (—especially in the first 24 poems in this presentation, which are based on his book under reference). My focus has been on semantics: the denotation and connotation, (the literal and proverbial) meaning and message—both the "zahir" and "batin", or overt and covert quintessence of the verses ("misra" and "shaer"), and the whole poem. Likewise, I have essayed to follow the Urdu syntax, and idiom, wherever possible, in order to convey a proper sense of the original. But then, as individuals, our perceptions and understanding differ—and develop with time. The bilingualism of translation is always a crucifying challenge. What is lost in it, and what is gained, remains, at best, a dilemma. The intention is to motivate the uninitiated reader to seek the inspiration of the original.

V.G. Kiernan also says in the same note and page:

"As regards form, I have kept to regular meters throughout".

That is a courageous and commendable, in fact, an admirable feat. And that is where we differ, I having opted for the easier form of free verse—throughout this book. That is the form which I have followed all life. It come naturally to me.

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2. Ibid; p (xxv).

WRITTEN BEFORE 1905:

1. “*GUL-E-PAYI MURDA*”: The Wilted Blossom:

With what words O wilted rose!—can I call you a blossom?
How can I call you the desire of the nightingale’s heart?
The morning breeze was once your rocking cradle
As it wended through your garden avenues
Your name was the Beaming Blossom
in the legendary land of flowers!
Your favours were flaunted by the dawn’s gusts
The garden was scented with your blessed breath
Like the perfumer’s vials and vessels!
On you shed my eyes now their dew-drop tears
In your tristesse is hidden my lonesome heart
You are a little picture of my own doom
My life was a dream and you are its interpretation!

Like the wind-tuned reed uprooted from its home soil
I flute my lamentations:
Hear O Blossom, my dirges of exiled hearts!

2. “MAH-E-NAU”: The New Moon:

Broken, the sun's boat has sunk in the Nile
On the surface floats its splinter
The dusk's vermillion blood drips into the horizon's bowl
Has Nature's scalpel slit open the sun's vein?
The sky has stolen an earring of the evening's bride
Or has a silver fish surfaced on the Nile?
Your caravan wends its way without the parting bell-call
Human ears cannot hear the sound of your foot-fall!
You reveal to the eyes life's waxing and waning scenes
Where lies your country, to what home-land are you going?
Take me along on your journey, O star-like planet adrift!
The prick of desire's thorn now keeps me ever restless!
I seek enlightenment
Even as I fret in this earthly dwelling
A mere child in the school of life
With mercurial feet ever on the glide!

3. “*INSAN AUR BAZM-E-QUDRET*”: The Human Being and Nature’s Company:

As I saw in the morning the sun’s splendorous rise
I asked the company of creation around:
Your radiance is because of the sun’s splendid silhouette
The water of your rivers is free flowing silver
The sun has decked you in luminous trinkets
This very lamp has illumined your gathering
Your flowers and sprawling gardens
portray picturesque Paradise
All are commentaries of the chapter “Sun” of the Scripture
Red are the garments of flowers, green of trees
Green and red fairies are your close company
Of your sky-scraping canopy: gold-frilled
Are the rose-clouds clustering the dawn’s horizon
The dusk’s ruddiness pleases the eyes
As if you had poured red wine in the evening’s glass
Your status is high, your grandeur vaulting
In the veils of luminosity are secreted all your treasures
The morning is a psalm-symphony to your glory
Not a shred of darkness lies under the sun
I, too, reside in this realm of radiance
But why has the star of my fate burnt out?
Far from Noor’s light, I’m trapped in darkness
Why am I so doomed, dark-destined and
deprived of blessing?

As I was so speaking, a voice came from somewhere
From the heavenly vaults or earthly precincts:
*Intrinsic to your Noor is both my being, not being
Your being is the gardner of Creation’s flower-land
You are the paragon of beauty sublime
Which I portray plentifully any time*

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*You are the testament of Divine Love
I am your commentary duly detailed
You have righted all my wrongs, well
And lifted the burden which I could not carry
My being is dependent on the sun's glory
Independent of any sun is your own glow!
Without the sun my garden would be a desert
The abode of pleasure would turn into a prisoner's cell!
Ah! You ignorant of life's open secret
Entrapped in the prison of passions unruly
Woebetide the negligence of your illusion-ensnared sight
Self-esteem suited you so well
But you remain hotly servile
If only you become aware of your own reality
You will be no more dark-destined and darkly errant!*

4. “ZUHD AUR RINDI”: Piety and Drunkenness:

A Maulvi Saheb's story I narrate
But not to show off my own hasty mind:
He had a vaulting reputation for his temperance
Both the high and lowly respected him, well
Said he that Divine Law lay hidden in mysticism
Like words carry their own secret semantics
His heart's goblet was brimming with virtue
Lost in its dregs were notions of omniscience
He bragged of his miracles to attract more disciples
For long he had lived in my neighbourhood, true
I, the drunkard, he the saint, were on meeting terms
The reverend once asked an acquaintance of mine:
*Iqbal, though a dove of the literary grove
And in poetry the envy of Kaleem Hamdani
How good is he in following the Sharia faithfully?
I hear that he does not regard the Hindu an infidel
Such is the nature of his philosophical creed!
There are some slight Shiite traits in his temperament
I've heard he praises Ali, as well!
He believes music to be compatible with worship
The objective is to grovel religion in dust
He has no reservations about the sellers of beauty
This is an old habit of our poor poets
Songs in the evening
Qurani recitation at dawn—
The meanings of this secret have not yet dawned on us!
But I've heard from my followers
That his youth is stainless like the dawn!
Iqbal is an integrate of opposites in one
His heart a seat of wisdom, impulsive his temperament
Aware of wining, conscious of the Shariah
In mysticism, a match to Mansur, himself*

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*The truth about this person does not dawn on us
He perhaps might sponsor some other Islam!
In short, the saintly stretched his sermon a lot
And waxed eloquent for long in his own vein
Whatever is talked of in this city
Soon gets known to all and sundry
I too heard all this from my own circle of friends.
One day when I met his holiness by the wayside
Once more the old issue sprang up in our talk
He said: "My complaint was out of affection
I was duty-bound to show the Shariat-path!"
I responded: "I have no counter-complaint
It was your neighbourly right, alright!
My head bows before you in submission sublime
As if my youth matures in your presence
If you do not know my reality
It makes no difference to your all-embracing wisdom
I am myself not aware of the truth about my being
The waters of my sea of thoughts are profound
I also desire to see-know Iqbal, quite well
Cut off from him, I've pined tearfully for him
Even Iqbal is not acquainted with Iqbal, himself
By God!—there is no levity in this statement of mine!"*

5. “CHAND”: The Moon:

Your home-land is countless miles from my deserted den
Yet the river of my heart is in high tide with your pull
To what company are you set?—
From what company coming?
You are perhaps pale with the journey's suffering
Still you are radiance incarnate right from your birth
I am darkness innate at any rate
Yet I share your dismal destiny, alike
I'm aflame with the longing for the sight of the beloved
You are the scorched shadow of indebtedness for sun-light
If your speed is steady on a fixed circular course
My revolving is also exemplified in the compass
You are lost in circumbulating life's course
I am lost in the very thought of it
You are alit in creation's company
I ache in agony all alone
I'm on the road to my destination, so are you
The solitude that is in your precincts, is in my heart, too
You are by habit a seeker, this is my practice, true
The moon-light is your radiance
Love is truly mine
I also have my own world in which I live
If you are solitary in your own company, I am also all alone
The silhouette of sunrise is death's message for you
The sight of life's beauty absorbs me in its eternity!

Yet all the same, O glorious moon!
You and I are all distinctly apart:
The heart where rises pain is another heart
I am darkness incarnate, as you are the paragon of light
You are hundreds of stop-overs from the taste of awareness
I know the purpose of my being and life
This enlightenment is such of which your brow is deprived!

6. “SUBAH KA SITARA”: The Star of Dawn/Morning Star:

Let me quit the pleasure
Of the neighbourly company of the sun and moon
Leave also my service as the messenger of dawn!
The realm of stars is not in my favour
Better than this height is the lowliness of earthlings
What of the sky, my country is uninhabited
My shroud is the hundred-shredded garment of the dawn
It is fated for me to die and live every day
And drink the morning dew-breeze
proffered by Death, the bar-tender!

No good is this service, respect and grace
Better than this momentary twinkling
is the darkness of doom!
If it were in my power, I would not have become a star
But been a glistening pearl in the cave-depths of the sea!
There, too, if my heart had fretted
with the push and pull of waves
Leaving the sea, I would have adorned a necklace
It is a pleasure to sparkle as the ornament of beauty
And the adornment in the crown
on the head of a Kaiser's beloved!
Fate smiled on a slit stone sample superb
As it studded Solomon's ravishing finger ring!
But such things work to end in defeat in real life:
The end of all precious stones is disintegration!
What is that living which is fraught with dying?
If this is the end of becoming the world's adornment
Why not to fall as dew on some sweet blossom?
Live in the gold-dust stars of some beauty's brow
Dwell in the sparkling sighs of some one aggrieved
Get trapped like a tear in starry eye-lashes
Why not roll down the eyes of that woeful wife

Whose patriotic husband armour-clad
must leave post-haste for battle-strife
She shows the sight of despair and hope in her person
From whose silence shies speech, itself, at once
For whom her husband's consent is a source of strength
Whose modest looks have the sibilence of speech
Her rosy cheeks pale at the moment of parting
The sorrow of separation enhancing her beauty!
She may bear all she can, continuously
But I will still trickle down her long lonesome lashes
Splash from her overbrimming eye-glass
Merge with dust to discover life eternal
Reveal the melody of Love to Time, itself!

7. “NAYA SHIWALA”: The New Temple:

I'll tell the truth O Brahmin, if you don't mind
The idols of your temples are anachronistic
To begrudge your own people, you've learnt from them!
To quarrel and fight—
Has God taught the preacher?
Fed up, I've left at last
Both the temple and the sepulchre
Have left the preacher's sermons
Have quit your tales and legends
In stone statues, you thought
Lies God Omnipresent!
Every dust-particle of our country
Is to me a sacred spirit!
Come!
Let us lift once more the curtains of estrangement
Unite the separated, erase the stain of separation!
Lonesome for long is lying lamentably
The heart's homy habitat, habitually!
Come!
Let us raise a new temple, together
To come alive in this very land of ours!:
Taller than the world's spires should be our own spire
With the sky's soaring mantle let us unite its pinnacle!
Rise every morning to sing such sweet hymns and 'mantras'
Like love-drinks served serenely to all the worshippers!
The power of peace is in inspiring hymns
The earth's dwellers' salvation lies in a loving life for God!

8. “KINAR-E-RABI”: On The Ravi’s Bank:

In the evening’s melodious solitude is the river Ravi rapt
Ask not the state of my own heavy heart
I heard the prayer-call in its musical motion-waves
And felt the sanctity of creation’s sanctuary
On the brink of the flowing waters I stand
Yet I do not know, really
Where do I stand!
With red wine has been coloured the evening’s peace
The heavenly bar-tender carries the goblet in shaky hands!
Towards its destined end has hastened the day’s caravan
This is not dusk, but sun-flowers flamboyant!
Standing far out there
Enhancing the splendour of solitude
Are the minarets of the last resting place
Of the Chaghtai hero!
This palace is the sad story
Of traumatic time’s tragic revolution
Some language of the past has scrolled
the book of this palace
This place is like a silent ‘sarood’ in symphony
And these trees are speechless, spellbound company!
Afloat on the river’s bosom is a swift boat
The rower of which is struggling with the waves
In quick motion, like a gliding glance is this boat
Out of the bounds of sight, it has gone far beyond!
The ship of human life is likewise sailing
Appearing in the ocean of eternity
Similarly hiding subtly, so suddenly!

This river never gets to know defeat
Is hidden from view
But does not ever die!

WRITTEN BETWEEN 1905—1908:

9. “*HAQIQAT-E-HUSN*”: Beauty’s Reality:

One day Beauty asked its Creator:
Why did you not immortalize me in the entire universe?
It received the response-reply:
This world is an art gallery, a tale is it
In the long night of nothingness
Ever since it was beautified
In the colours of perennial change
The reality of true beauty
Is destined disintegration!
The moon was close by enough
That it heard this dialogue
Soon current on the sky
The morning star heard it
On hearing from the star
The dawn relayed it to the dew
Telling the sky’s tale to the earth’s flower-friend
Whose tears welled up with the dew’s message
The bud’s tiny heart bled in anguish acute
Spring left the garden in starry tears sublime
And Youth, there only for a pleasure stroll
Departed sadly, went away melancholy!

10. "CHND AUR TARAY": The Moon and Stars:

Fearful of the dawn's daily breath
The stars sought to say to the moon:
*The sky scenes remain unchanging
Even though we are tired of twinkling for ever
We're duty-bound to travel day and night
To move and move on eternally
Restless is everything of this world
What is called calm is just not there
All are doomed to the tyranny of travel
Stars, humans, trees and rocks, one and all!*

*Will this journey ever end at last?
Will the destination be seen at-all?*

The moon started to say:
*O my close companions!—
The night's harvesters!
The world's life is a matter of motion
This is an ancient rite and ritual, here
Time's stallion gallops on ever ahead
Whipped on by desire's desperation
Rest is pointless on this pointed path
Death lurks in the solitude of stalemate!
Those bound for the journey have set forth, already
Those who hesitate a little, get trampled over, under!
The end of this graceful gait is beauty
Love is its beginning
Beauty its ending!*

**11. “AIK SHAAM”:
An Evening:
(On the bank of river Neckar, Heidelberg).**

The moonlight is silent
Every tree branch is still
The valleys’ musicians are mute
The green mantled mountains are quiet
Creation has become unconscious
Asleep in the night’s lap
Such is the spell of silence
That the Neckar’s flow is peace personified
The stars’ caravan is hushed
With no bells to announce it
Silent are the hills, woods and rivers
As if Nature were mystically meditating!

O heart! You too be quiet
And hug your sorrow to sleep!

12. “TUNHAI”: Loneliness:

Why sorrow in the night's solitude—
Are not the stars your companions?
This great grandeur of the silent sky:
The earth is in slumber, the world silent
This moon, forest, river and mountain
Creation is covered with silver rose beds
These colourful pearls so lovely—
Your silent starry tears atwinkle.

What do you covet and crave, O heart?
Nature, itself, is your soul-mate, O heart!

13. “SIQLIYA”: SICILY: “Jazira-e-Sicily” Island Sicily)

Now weep your heavy heart out
O eyes raining tears of blood:
There visible is the sepulcher of the Arab civilization
These desert-dwellers revelled once here, also
Whose ships sailed the oceans in sport playfully
They caused earthquakes in the courts of kings
Lightning nestled in their spears and swords
Their rise, an invitation to a new world
Their sharp swords ravaged the decadent past
The dead world was roused to life by their prayer call
Humanity was liberated from the chains of irrationality
Even now the ears are elated with joyous melody!
Is that psalm now silenced for ever, eternally?

Ah! O Sicily!
The sea's prestige is because of you!
Like a guide and guardian
You exist in this wilderness of water!
Mole-like you adorn the river's cheek
Your lights console the ocean-farers
May your scene ever light the traveller's sight
May the ocean waves dance for ever on your rocks!
You were once the cradle of that nation's culture
Whose world-moving beauty was a flamboyant sight!
Like the nightingale of Shiraz lamented for Baghdad
So Dagh shed tears of blood for Jehanabad
When heaven destroyed the capital Granada
Ibn-e Badrun's stricken heart lamented aloud
To mourn you has fallen to ill-fated Iqbal's lot
So chosen has fate this heart as your confidante!
Whose story lies hidden in your ruins?—
That the silence of your shores narrate!

Allama Iqbal: The Islamic Futurist

Speak out your sorrow to me straight
I, too, am subtle-sublime sorrow incarnate
Once whose destination you were
I am now the dust of that caravan!
Colour the old picture and show it to me
Stir me by telling the story of yore
I will carry your gift to Hindustan
Just as I myself weep here for you
I will make others weep there, too! .

Written After 1908:

14. “*DOE SITARAY*”: Two Stars:

As two stars came face to face
One spoke to the other soulfully:
*How wonderful would it be
If our unison were eternal
And its end, endless joy
If Heaven were a little benign
Our light would become one great glorious glow!*
But this desire for intimacy
Was a mere message for parting
To rove and revolve is the fate of stars
Each is fixated to its own orbit, apart
Intimacy for ever is just a dream
Nature's law lies in meeting for parting!

**15. “PHOOL KA TAUHFA ATA HONAY PAR”:
On A Flower-Gift:**

When she meanders through the garden
heady in vanity
Every bud prays in benediction:
O God! May she select me of all the flowers
Making me the envy of the sunflower, itself!:
*That she plucks you from the branch
Would be your good fortune
Leaving your rivals writhing in the garden!
Having borne the sorrow of parting
Your skill to live lovingly
Found its peak in union!*
*Connoisseurs are crazy about my lotus
The garden of my youth is proud of it!*
Yet this flower has never found the lap of admiration
Nor known the colourful closeness of a beloved's garment!
Spring will never be able to
Turn it into a full flower
As the desire of being plucked by a beauty
Keeps the bud-blossom pristine pure!

**16. “HAZOOR-E-RISALAT MAAB
(SAS!) MEIN!”:
In the Presence of The Holy Prophet
(Muhammad: Sas!):**

Heavy as the tumult of time became for me
From this weary world I set on life's journey
I spent time in the imprisonment of dusk and dawn
Yet never got to know the subtle old universal laws
Angels took me to the presence of the Prime Prophet
Right to the audience of his paragon of mercy!
Said he, (the Holy Prophet to the blessed bird):

*O nightingale of the garden of Hejaz!
Every bud of yours is luscious with the warmth of song
Ever o'erbrimming is your heart in ecstatic wine
Your trembling feet are the pride of prayerers' bent brow
As you flew from the earth's depths to the heights of Heaven
The angels taught you the zenith of faithful flight
Leaving the earthly garden you came as a colourful perfume
For us what present have you brought with you?*

Revered Sir! (the nightingale replied reverently):
*One does not get peace in the time-tuned space of earth
The life that is sought is not to be got in it
There are thousands of flowers in life's garden
But not the bud which smells of sincerity
However, I have for you the offering of a jewel
Which has what even Paradise still lacks!:
The honour of your Ummah reflects in its ambience
The blood of Tripoli's martyrs glistens in its grains!*

**17. “MEIN AUR TU!”:
I and you!**

There is no trait of Moses in me
Nor a trace of Abraham in you
I am smitten by the spell of Samris
You are murdered by the magic of Azar
I am a lament seared right in the throat
You are wilted colour and pallid perfume
I, the tale of the sorrow of luscious longing
You, the commentary on the lamentation of love
My joy is sorrow, my honey hemlock
My spirit, a soul-mate of extinction for the hereafter
Your heart, Harem pawned to the Persians
Your creed purchased by atheism, itself
The breath of life is the race of life
The sorrow of life, the poison of life
Don't sorrow for what has run past
Nor take the poison of sorrow to heart
For such is the prerogative of supreme saints!
If there is a spark in your earthy mould
Don't fret yourself to fearful thought
Of worldly gain and timely loss
For on the peasant's barley bread
Depends Haider-like might on earth!
Show me such a style of revolving around you
O lamp of Harem's sainted sanctuary!—
That I, your moth, am once more blessed
With the fire-worshipping ecstasy of the salamander!
Complaint of the sincere insincerity
The Sanctuary has of its keepers
That if made in an ancient idol-house
Even the idols would chant: Lord, O Lord!

Not new is the world's banal battle-ground
Nor so its arena's grappling adversaries
Unchanged remains the nature of God's lion
Self-same are the opponents and rivals, all!
Bless us O Prophet!
Lord of Arab and Ajam!
Waiting for the alms of your attention
Are beggars blessed by you with Sikandar's mind!

**GHAZALS FROM
“*BAL-E-JIBRIL*”:
GABRIEL’S WING**

18. GHAZAL 1: (Yours or Mine?)

If the stars stray, is the sky yours or mine?
Why should I bother of the world, is it yours or mine?
If eternity is empty of the tempest of desire
Whose fault is it, O God! is eternity Yours or mine?
How did he dare his 'no' in creation's very dawn
How do I know if he were Your (angelic) confidante or mine?
Muhammad is yours, so is Gabriel, as well as the Quran
But this sweet word—does it reveal Your spirit or mine?
By the light of this human star is your world lit
Is the fall of the clay-man, Your loss or mine?

19. GHAZAL 2: (My Dirge!)

Whether it moves you or not, at least listen to my dirge
Desirous not of praise is this mortal all free
This fistful of dust, this cold wild wind,
this vastness of heaven
Is it beneficence or bane, Your creative urge?
The flower's petal-tent could not survive the garden breeze
Is this spring's harvest, this the pray(er)'s pure urge?
Errant am I and banished from Eden, but
Angels could not in the waste-land emerge!
Prays for my challenging nature defiant
Your bare, barren, baseless land in scourge
Suits not a danger-driven temperament
The garden whose bush hides no hunter in search
The land of daring desire is beyond Your angels
Only those venture forth who have the courageous urge!

20. GHAZAL 3: (O Saqi!)

Our earth runs its converse course, the stars stir swift, Saqi!
Every atom's heart drums the Doomsday, Saqi!
Lay pillaged the bounty of faith and reason
Of His claimants unlucky
Of which coquette is this cruel amorous glance, O Saqi!
The same old sickness, the same listlessness of the heart
Its treatment is the same old pleasing drink, Saqi!
In the Harem's heart is not born the moving melody of desire
For you remain unrevealed, draped in Hijab, Saqi!
No Rumi has risen in the orchards of Ajam
Even though the same are the wine and flowers of Iran,
the same Tabriz, Saqi!
Yet Iqbal does not despair of his own waste-land
Moistured even a little, this land is very fertile, Saqi!
This wayfaring seeker has been blessed
with the Sultan's secrets
The value of my verse is worth Parvez's treasures, Saqi!

21. GHAZAL 4: (The Same Goblet):

Bring once more the same goblet and drink, O Saqi!
So that my proper position comes my way, O Saqi!
For three hundred years have Hind's bars been closed
It is now apt that your generosity becomes public, Saqi!
A dreg of it in my ghazal-cup remained
The Shaikh says this too is proscribed, O Saqi!
Truth's research realm is empty of the lion-hearted
Left behind are the slaves of the Soofi and Mullah, O Saqi!
Who has whisked away Love's swift searing sword?
In the hand of knowledge there's only the void scabbard,
O Saqi!
When the heart is enlightened, verse contains
the melody of life
If not so alit, poetry pales into oblivion eternal, O Saqi!
So, keep not my night deprived of the moon
In your glass is the full moon, O Saqi!

22. GHAZAL 5: (The Melodious Pain):

Immeasurable treasure is the melodious pain of love's fire
I will not barter worshipful humanhood for lofty godly desire
This world is not theirs, nor the next, of your free folk
Here, to die is restricted, there, to live, they require
The Hijab excites the love lanes' galavants
Your procrastination does my flame inspire
It manages to survive in hills and wilderness
Humbling for the Shaheen is the nest-nurturing ire
Was it the enlightening paternal glance
or the miracle of schooling
Who taught Ismail the son's reverence for the sire?
The place of pilgrimage of the strong-willed and courageous
is my grave
For I have taught the road's dust the secret to aspire
The beauty of semantics needs not my service
For to redden the rose Nature itself must require!

23. GHAZAL 6: (Remember?):

Do you not remember that time's state of my heart? —
That tutelage of love, languid look, a lashing dart!
These contemporary idols made in the art schools
Have neither the ways of infidels nor Azar's chiselled art
Not in this vast environment is there a quiet corner
This world is a strange world, neither cage nor a nest, apart
The vigilant vein awaits your blessed downpour
There is left no melodious drink in Ajam's wine mart
My mates considered it also the influence of springtime
What do they know what is this song of love smart!
Out of my dust and blood, you have created this world
What is the martyr's reward? Glory from the end to start!
Your generosity sustains me in my passing days
I have no complaint of friends, nor of time's trite art!

24. GHAZAL 7: (I, The Momin!):

O Rubb! This fast-passing world is fine
But why are people of pure intent and skill so let down?
Though the money-lender has a hand in his dominion
The world thinks of the white one as demigod in crown!
You, even a straw of grass, gave not to the wise
His asses waste the flower-fields in fierce frown!
His church serves roast and red wine in plenty
What lies in the mosque save counsel and sermon!
Your laws are true, but our commentators
Can even dare tamper with the Quran!
No one has seen your heavenly Firdaus
Every Western village is an earthly Eden!
For long my thought has roved the skies
Now trap it in the caves of the moon!
Nature has blessed me with angelic graces
Though earthy, I keep no earthly traces!
Given to God, His durvish is neither eastern nor western
My home is not Delhi, nor Ispahan nor Samarkand!
I speak out whatever I consider to be the truth
I am neither the mosque's fool nor a mod pop clown!
My own people are annoyed with me,
strangers also are unhappy
I could not call poison a juice to drink down!
How could a seer of truth, its righteous-proclaimer
Call a rubbish mound, Mount Damavand?
I remain calm even in Nimrud's flames
I am a true Momin—not a spluttering seed on fire!
Of spirit melodious, keen-eyed, virtuous vision and harmless
Whether free or fettered, poor or prosperous
In every state is my heart free and happy, O friend
Who will snatch from the flower its sweet smell-taste?
When he could not be contained even in the Divine presence
Who else could keep Iqbal tongue-tied, at all?

Part 2:

IQBAL'S URDU RUBAIYAT

FROM

THE “*BAL-E-JIBREEL*”:

GABRIAL'S WING

1. THE HAREM: **(“*Rah-e-Rasme Haram*”.....)**

Strange are now the ways of the Harem
The materialistic church has turned commercial
Sacred is my tattered dress in dross
This is not the age of magnificent obsession!

2. O WAVE! **(“*Zalam-e-behar mein*”.....)**

Recover, after losing yourself in oceanic dark depths
Ring and writhe to change-transform yourself
The shore is not fated for you at-all
Rise to flow in your chosen direction!

3. SPACE-BOUND: **(“*Makani hoon*”.....)**

Am I space-bound or free of space
Am I in the world or is the whole world in me?
Let Him exult in His infinitude
But brief me where I stand in the universe!

4. THE SELF: **(“*Khudi ki khalwatoon mein*”):**

I remained lost in the self’s solitude
As if I were not in His Divine presence
I did not care to behold my friend
And became a laughing stock on Doomsday!

5. CLOSENESS: **(“*Parishan Carobar ay Ashani*”)**

Worrisome are the ways of friendship
Even more so is my melodious poetry
Sometimes I seek the pleasure of proximity
At others the sorrow of parting sooths me!

6. FAITH: **(*Yaqeen Misl-e-Khaleel.....*)**

Faith is exemplified by Abraham sitting in fire
Faith is to lose oneself in Allah, eternally!
Listen! O captive of the modern culture
Slavery is worse than faithlessness!

7. THE HAREM, AGAIN: **(“*Arab key Soze Mein*”.....)**

In the Arab’s sad songs is Persian melodious music
The Harem’s secret lies in the Ummah’s Unity
The West is endangered by the absence of Divine Oneness
Because the Western civilization is Haremless!

8. SAD SONGS! **(“*Koi Daykhey to Meri Nai-Nawazi*”.....)**

O listen to my sorrowful sad sings
With their Hindi spirit and alien setting
The look of Western waywardness
My temperament is royal Ghagnavi and fate enslaved Ayazi!

9. THE HEART: *(“Her ik zara mein hai”.....)*

The heart is perhaps housed in every atom
In this very company lies its solitude
Though trapped in yesterday and tomorrow
It is not enslaved to Time’s cyclical changes!

10. YOUR THOUGHT: *(“Teyra andaysha aflaki naheen hai”)*

Your thought is not heavenly elevated
Your flight is not lofty-uplifting
Granted that your origin is hawk-like
But your looks are not defiant, undaunted!

11. THE MOMIN: *(“Na Momi hai, no Momin ki Amiri”)*

You are neither a Momin nor have you his grandeur
The Sufi remains, but without his enlightened conscience
Seek from God again the same mystic heart and vision
Majesty is impossible without mystical spirituality!

12. THE “KHUDI”: *(“Khudi ki jalwatoon mein Mustafai”)*

There is Mustafa’s prophetic essence in the self’s solitude
As is in the enlightened ego’s appearance overt Authority
The earth and sky, throne and heavens
In the ego’s ambience is all of Creation!

13. ALLAH HOO! :GOD IS! *(“Nigah uljhee hui hai”.....)*

The sight is trapped in colour and fragrance
As reason is lost in every direction
Don't leave, O heart, your morning supplication
You may find peace in the orison “Allah hoo!”

14. JAMAL AND JALAL: *(“Jamal-e- Ishq au Masti”.....)*

The beauty of love's ecstasy is melodious
The ravishing rage of love's magnificent obsession is
indifference
The consummation of love's madness is Haider's profundity
The decline of love's ecstasy is the fate of Razi!

15. MY HEART: *(“Voh mayra raunak-e mehfil”.....)*

Where is the charm of my lively company
Where is my light and life's great goal?
His place is in the solitude of my heart!
God, alone, knows where is my heart's place!

16. I AM: *(“Sawar-e naqa”.....)*

I am not a camel-rider perched on its seat
I am a mile-stone, not the destination
My destiny is to decimate dross
I'm only lightning and not its decimation!

17. YOUR HEART:
(“*Taray seenay mein*”.....)

There is just breath in your breast, not a heart
Your breath is not the warmth of comely company
Transcend the bounds of reason, for its light
Is only the lamp that lights the way, not the destination!

18. YOUR EXCELLENCE:
(“*Tayra johar hai noori*”....)

Your excellence is enlightenment, you are pristine pure
Your vision transcends the skies and heavens
You have subdued the angels and houries
For you are the Shaheen of Heaven, itself!

19. LOVE’S MADNESS!
(“*Muhabat ka Janoon*”.....)

Nothing is left of love’s magnificent madness
No blood is left in the Muslim’s weak veins
Rows crooked, heart anguished, prayers dispirited
For nothing is left of his intrinsic inspiration!

20. THE EGO’S MIGHT:
(“*Khudi kay zore say*”.....)”

Spread over the world with the ego’s strength
Discover the secret of universal colour and scent
Stay connected, aware like the sea-shore
Yet keep your distance from the shore-cuff!

21. THE GARDEN SCENE:
(“Chaman mein rakht-e gul”.....)

The rose’s face in the garden is dew-wet
There is the jasmin, greenery and morning breeze
But no revelry can be roused there, ever
For the tulip is divest of a warm heart!

22. THE WAYFARER:
(“Khired se rah ro roshan”.....)

The wayfarer’s eyes are alit with reason!
What is reason but the wayside lamp!
What lies hidden in the agitation within walls
What does the road-side lamp know?

23. THE YOUTH:
(“Jawanoon ko marey ah-e saher dey”)

God grant to the youth my morning messianic message
Once more bestow virile wings upon these Shaheen-sons
O God! This is my sole supplication, desire
Make common the live light of my vast vision!

24. YOUR WORLD:
(“Tayri dunya jehan-e”.....)

Your world is the realm of bird and fish
My world is a morn of sad sighs in sorrow
In your world are the helpless overruled
In my world is Your own Divine kingdom!

25. YOUR BENEFICENCE!

(“Karam tayra keh”.....)

By Your beneficence I’m not without merit
I am no slave to kings Tughral and Sanjar
It is my nature to probe the whole universe
But I’m no wine cup in the hands of any Jamshed!

26. TRUE DESTINATION!

(“Vohee asalay makaan au”.....)

He, alone, is both Space and Infinity!
What is so-said Space? —but a figure of speech, a metaphor
Why should Khizr reveal!—and what?
As if the sailor says where the sea is!

27. “ISHQ”: LOVE:

(“Kabeeh awara au”.....)

Sometimes Love is a homeless truant and loafer
At others it is the King of Kings, Naushirwan
Sometimes it appears in the field in battle-dress
At others starkly, without any sword or spear!

28. “ISHQ” AGAIN:

(“Kabee Tanhai”.....)

Ishq appears at times in the loneliness of
mountains and plains
At others in socializing music and revelry
Sometimes as the treasure of the minaret and pulpit
At others, God’s own Ali, the victor of Khyber!

29. GRANT ME!

(“Ata aslaf ka jazba”.....)

God! Grant me the insight of my ancestors
And the company of Your fearless devotees
I have dealt enough in intellectual rationality
O Lord! Bless me with Love’s magnificent obsession!

30. THE POINT:

(“Yeh nuqta mein neh”.....)

I learnt this point from Bul-Hasan
That Life does not die with the body:
What light will be left in the sun
If it wearies of its own radiant rays?

31. REASON:

(“Khirad waqaf naheen hai”.....)

Reason does not distinguish between good and bad
Trangressing its own limits callously:
God knows what has happened to me:
Reason is weary of the heart, the heart of reason!

32. GODLINESS:

(“Khudai ethmam”.....)

Godliness is the Creation of Divine Creativity
O God! What a headache is creation!
But being God’s submissive creature:
Pardon me! —isn’t a head-ache, but a heart-ache!

33. MAN:

(“Yayhee adam hai sultan”.....)

Is this very human the Sultan of land and sea?
What should I say of this faltering fellow:
He knows neither self, nor God, nor the universe—
Is he really the paragon of Your Creativity?

34. GOODNESS:

(“Dum-e Arif”.....)

The spirit of goodness is like the morning breeze
It is the sure source of meaning and its message
If one is fortunate in finding a spiritual guide
His guidance is ahead of nightly worship!

35. THAT BLOOD!

(“Rugoon mein voh laho”.....)

That warm blood is not left in the veins
That heart, that desire is no longer there
Prayer, fasting, sacrifice and Hajj-Umrah
All rituals remain without Your faith’s spirit!

36. THE MAHDI:

(“Vohee Mahdi.....”)

Hidden secrets are now being revealed, really
Gone are the days of just reciting the Hadith
He whose ego becomes manifest (much) earlier
Is the true Mahdi to return as the Last Prophet!

37. THE EGO/SELF: **(“Hakeemi na-Musalmanni”.....)**

Secular philosophy is the negation of the Islami ego
Religious spirituality is the secret sign of the self
Let me tell you alike the skill of the “Faqir” and Shah:
Guard well your self and ego even in poverty!

38. YOUR OWN TIME! **(“Zamanay ki yeh gardish”.....)**

This perennial pattern of Time’s journey
You are the sole Reality, all else illusion
No one has seen, yesterday or tomorrow
Today, alone, is Your own Time’s territory!

39. GOD! **(“Tayra tan rooh say”.....)**

Your body is not familiar with your spirit
No wonder that your sigh goes unheeded
God is weary of the soulless bare body
The Living God is the God of the living!

40. MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION!: **(A “Qitta”: Quartet)**

Yesterday Iqbal recited this to the garden dwellers
This ambivalent verse of pleasure and pain:
I do not desire the morning breeze bouquet
My magnificent obsession rends apart my garments!

Part 3:

**IQBAL'S SHORT(ER) URDU
POEMS:**

**FROM: THE “*BANG-E-DARA*”:
THE ROAD'S CALL**

Translator's note:

Futuristics believes that the Future belongs to the youth and future generations. Allama Muhammad Iqbal, as Pakistan's Pragmatic Visionary Founder Futurist, wrote several inspiring poems for children. These select translations include a few such poems for the young ones.

Here, I have also tried to translate some of Allama Iqbal's popular but little translated short poems. They have been chosen both for their thematic thought contentent, and poetic emotional appeal. I'm most grateful to two of my elder sisters, Mrs. Masuda Nawaz and Dr. Miss Zohra Azam, for paraphrasing the poems in this section and helping me to understand them properly in their true spirit. I, therefore, dedicate this section to both of them.

The evolution of Allama Iqbal's thought from that of an Indian Nationalist, to that of an Islami-Muslim Nationalist, is noteworthy in some of these poems. Like the Quaid-e-Azam Muhammad Ali Jinnah, the Founder of Pakistan and Father of the Pakistani nation, it was a creative response to the Hindu chauvinism of the Indian National Congress (INC). Both Iqbal and Jinnah were for long in favour of Indian nationalism, parting company from it only on utter disillusionment—which led ultimately to the Allama's 1930 address, and the 1940 Pakistan Resolution. Even so, they pleaded and tried for the normalization of communal relations right till the end, the creation of Pakistan on 14th August, 1947. The rabidly on riotous rise of Hindu Fundamentalism—Hindutva—in India even in the 21st century, is proof of Iqbal's and Jinnah's prescience and foresight.

**1. “BACHAY KI DUA”:
The Child’s Prayer:
(Derived—For Children)**

My desire rises to my lips as a profound prayer:
O God! May my life be like a luminous lamp!
May the world’s darkness be dispelled with my breath
May every place be illumined with my radiance
May my country be glorious with my being
Like the flower beautifies the whole garden!
Let my life be like the moth, O God!—
So that I’m in love with the light of learning!
Let my life’s mission be to serve the poor
Love the sorrowful and weak, truly!
O God! Protect me from every evil
Set, walk me on the straight path of goodness!

2. “**MAAN KA KHAWB**”: **Mother’s Dream:** *(Derived—For Children)*

When I slept one night I had this dream
With which my anxiety increased even more
I dreamt that I am going somewhere
It is so dark that the way can’t be found
Trembling with fear is every hair of mine
With fear it was difficult to even raise a step
When I ventured forth on mustering some courage
I saw some boys lined up in a row
All clad in emerald green garments
With earthen lamps lit in their tiny hands
Quietly they moved on, one after the other
God knows best where they had to go
Lost in this thought, I soon saw my own son
In this same company of the little ones
He was at the end and was not walking fast
The lamp in his hands was not even lit
On recognizing him I said: *O my life!*
Leaving me behind, where have you come?
I remain listless in parting from you
As every day I string garlands of my tears
You did not bother a bit about us
Left us behind—what strange sincerity!
When my son saw my miserable plight
He turned towards me and replied:
That my parting makes you weep for me
There is no good in this for me!
Saying so, he kept quiet for some time
Then showing me his lamp, he began to say:
Do you understand what went wrong with it?
Your stifling tears have extinguished it!

3. “AQL AU DIL”: Wisdom and the Heart:

Wisdom one day said to the heart:
*I am the guide of the lost and deviant
Though on earth, I survive on heaven
See how expansive and ambient am I!
Guidance on earth is my mission
Like Khizr, I'm always on the move
I'm the commentary on the book of life
A manifestation of the glory of greatness!
You are just a drop of blue blood
While I'm the pride of a precious ruby!*
Hearing which the heart said:
*All this is perhaps quite true—
But look at me to really know me
You understand the secret of life
I see it with my own visionary eyes
You are concerned with appearance
As I am familiar with quintessence
Education springs from you
Enlightenment from me
You are a seeker of God, I'm godly (in love)
The end of knowledge is discontentment
But I'm the antidote of this dread-disease
You are the lamp-light of the truth
I'm the sea of beauteous company
You are related to limitless time and space
I'm the bird in flight familiar with every route
On what heights is my station
I am the canopy of God's own sky!*

4. “*TARANA-E HINDI*”: Hind’s Anthem:

Better than the whole world is our Hindustan
We are its nightingales and it is our garden!
Even in poverty our heart dwells in the homeland
Consider us to be there, right where is this our heart
The highest (Himalayan) mountain on earth is the sky’s
neighbour
He is our own sentry, he is our very guardian
Thousands of streams play right in its lap in travel
Live is our garden thereby, the envy of the universe!
O waters of the Ganges!—Do you remember those days?—
When our caravan had alighted on your river banks!
Religion teaches not enmity among people
We are all Hindi, our homeland is Hindustan!
Ancient Lebanon, Egypt and Rome
Are all extinct from the glorious globe
But we remain still in our name and notation!
It is a fact that we have not (yet) perished
Though for centuries has time been our enemy!
Iqbal! We have no friend on this earth
No one knows our own secret sorrow!

5. ***“HINDUSTANI BACHOON KA QAUMI GEET”:***

The National Song of Hindustani Children:

The land in which Chisti proclaimed his message of Truth
The garden in which Nanak sang the song of Oneness
The Tartars made it their own homeland
Which lured the Hijazis to quit Arabian deserts!
Ah! That is my motherland!
Ah! That is my motherland!
Wonder-struck were the Greeks by its great glory
It imparted knowledge and skills to the world, entirely
Truth gave the gift of glittering gold to its dear dust
It filled the robes of Turks with dazzling diamonds!
Ah! That is my homeland!
Ah! That is my homeland!
The stars that fell from the Persian's soaring skies
It once again illumined afresh in the milky way
The world from its soil secreted the strain of Wahdat-oneness
From whence cool breezes blew on Arabia's mighty Mir!
Ah! That is my homeland!
Ah! That is my homeland!
Whose men are Kaleem, and mountains Sinai
Where Noah's arc anchored like a curvaceous canoe
The height of my land is the ladder of the sky's mansion
It's Heaven on earth to live in its environment!
My country is the self-same!
My country is the self-same!

6. “INSAN”:
The Human Being
Strange is this irony of creation!

God made man to seek Creation's secret
Yet hid it from his overt scanning sight
He is listless with the desire of awareness
But the secret of His serfdom does not open up
Wonderment is the beginning and the very end!
What else is there in the house of glass?
The river's wave is hot in its persistent pursuit
The river flows on for merger in the ocean
The wind is sweeping the cloud in flight
Is bearing it along on its strong shoulders
Stars are drunk in fate's own vintage wine
Feet chained to the sky's vast prison
The sun, that eternal rover of spreading space
Brings its mysterious message of life poste-haste
Hiding behind the hills of the West
It drinks the wine of its choice and taste
Everything is thirsty of the appearance of existence
Heady with the drink of show and display!
No one is the human being's consoler
How bitter is human life and existence!

7. “*MUHABAT*”:

Love:

The night's bridal tresses were yet unfamiliar with curvature
The sky's stars were unacquainted with the taste of joy
The moon looked a little strange in its new dress
It was not yet aware of the resolute rule of revolving
The world had just risen from the shadowy realm of space
The taste of life was hidden from the secrets of the universe
As if it were the beginning of
the discipline of life's systemic peak
The jewel's desire to be set in the ring was obvious
We've heard that there was an alchemist
in the universe above
The dust of whose feet was more valuable
than Jamshed's goblet
There was written on the heaven's pillar
a specialist's prescription
The angels were hiding which from the soulful human glance
Yet the alchemist's looks remained in its pressing pursuit
He knew this prescription more than God's Secret Name
And moved towards the heaven under the pretext of prayer
His heart's desire was at last granted by persistent effort
In the search for ingredients, the realm of possibilities
What can remain hidden from the confidante of the Truth:
He asked the star for its glow, and the moon, its stained heart
Took some darkness from the night's teased tresses
Got its quiver from lightning, and purity from the houri
Took the life-spark from the spirit of the Messiah,
son of Mary
From Creativity he borrowed a bit of sovereign indifference
Humility from angels, fatalism from the dew's destiny
Then mixed these ingredients in the stream water of life
The mixture received the name of Love

from the high heavens
Desire sprinkled this water on new-born life
Art untied the knot of love with the Creator's help
Life came into motion as all roused from sweet slumber
To embrace their respective beloveds, heartily
The suns learnt their languid gait from the stars
Buds blossomed forth, getting glow from red flowers!

8. “*TARANA-E MILLI*”: National Anthem:

China and Arabia are ours, Hindustan is ours
We are Muslims, the whole world is ours
The trust of “Tauhid” (Oneness) is in our bosoms
It is not easy to decimate our legacy and heritage
Among the world’s old idol-dens, is the first House of God
We are its guardians, it is our gracious guardian
We have grown young in the shadow of swords
The crescent-like dagger is our national symbol
Our call to prayer resounded in the West’s valleys
No one could ever blockade our forward deluge!
O sky! We cannot be crushed by any evil
You have tried and tested us a hundred times over!:
O garden of Andlusia! Do you remember those days
When in your boughs and branches nested
our home and hamlet?
O ocean wave of Sicily! You also deliver to us
Your sea still sings our stories as our story teller!
O Land of Purity! We sacrificed ourselves for your sanctity!
Our blood still flows through your very veins!
The leader of our (Ummah) carvan is our Mir
Muhammad of Hejaz
The peace of our existence survives by this name!
Iqbal’s anthem is thus his ‘Road’s Call’—“Bang-e-Dara”
Once more departs our caravan towards its destination!

9. “INSAN”: Man:

Whether the garden sights and scenes are beauteous or not
Void of vision, the narcissus, is deprived to see them!
It is not aware of the taste of speed and motion
The very nature of the cypress is devoid of desire!
Everything in the world seeks recognition
Every effort of the human is devoted to desire!
This spec seeks ambience all the time
It is not a granule but an enfolded desert!
If he wishes, he can change the garden's appearance
He is wise existence, visionary and vigorous!

10. ***“KHATAB BA JAWANAN-E ISLAM”***: **Address to Islam’s Youth:**

O young Muslim! Have you ever cared to contemplate?:
What was that sky, of which you are a fallen star?
You have been nurtured by this nation in the lap of love
Which (Ummah) had crushed Dara’s crown under its feet
Its civilization was awe-inspiring
as the culture of universalism
That desert of Arabia, the home of camel-riders
There remained even in the grandeur of wealth,
the humility of deep thought
True beauty is not in need of any make-up, adornment
Even in poverty those God’s own folk
were so self-respecting
That even the alms-giver was free
from the fear of being uncharitable
Thus, how can I tell you what those desert dwellers were:
Rulers, statesmen, diplomats
and worldly-wise earth-beautifiers!
If I so choose, I can create a word-picture of them
But that sight is much above your imagination!
You can have no closeness to your forebears
For you are verbose, they were action,
you stagnant, they roving stars
We have lost our legacy inherited from our peers
The sky has dashed us to the earth from the heavenly stars
What to lament of our lost rule, which is temporary
We have lost our link with the Muslim’s global writ!
But those pearls of enlightenment, our forefathers’ books
Seeing them in Europe, the heart writhes in regret!

11. "MUSLIM": The Muslim

(June, 1912)

Every breath of yours, Iqbal, is a secret sigh
Your grieving breast is overbrimming with lamentation
Your heart's music strings carry no note of hope
We think that this hope's Laila is not seated on your camel
Your ears are eager to hear the melody of the past
And your heart is indifferent to the present interest
My contemporaries do not care to hear the flowers' tale
The present company does not listen to your old message
O bell of the caravan's sleeping feet, keep quiet
Stay still, your voice is very sad and saddening!
The old meetings of friends cannot be revived
My lament's lamp can not light this dark night of prayer!
O my companions! I am a Muslim devoted to Tauhid
I am the lover of this truth right from the start!
The pulse of the universe ticks because of it
And the courage in the Muslim's mind is by it!
God created the universe for this very Truth
And He made me for its protection profound!
I, the Muslim, was the first iconoclast in time and space
My life is the dress which covers the world's nudity
My end will cause the defamation of humanity!
The Muslim is the ever-shining star of the world's fate
Before which the dawn pales into insignificance!
My eye's are aware of the secrets of life
No one can say that, ever, at all, anyway:
I am disappointed in the existential struggle!
How can the passing panorama of sadness scare me
I have full faith in the fate of my Ummah-Millat!

Allama Iqbal: The Islamic Futurist

My daily thought is independent of any trace of hopelessness
Life's battlefield conveys the news of complete victory!
This is true that I have an eye on the past

I tell the old tale to the present company!
Remembrance of the past cures my ailing life
My past is the commentary of my future fate!
I keep before me that peace-paying period of the past
As I see the future in yesterday's mind's mirror!

12. "SHAIR"

The Poet

The musical stream flows down from the mountain
From the spring-time breeze drunk in red wine
Listen to the heady message
Of the wayward gait of the drunkard
He, alone, is alive who has nothing to do with complacency!
The cloud's languid gaited stream daughter
Meanders in the valleys and dales
She flirts and frolics with nature's garden greenery!
She frisks away the wine goblet
From the mountain's brewery-bowl
The stream, meandering through the hills and vales
Feeds the field with its winsome water-wine!
The heart-winning poet, too, if he tells the truth
Can turn life's pristine pastures into ever-greens!
Abraham's grandeur becomes evident with the poet's works
When with its wisdom his Millat can win over Azar's mind!
The prescription of perpetual human life lies in
The words and works nurtured in the heart's blood!
If in the world's garden the stream of pure wine doesn't flow
There will be no flower or bud, no greenery and garden!

13. "DUA"

Prayer

O God! Grant the Muslim's heart such living desire
Which warms the heart and cajoles the conscience
Once again it illumines every atom of the Faran valley
Once more it goads the wish to see the triumphal Truth
And the urge to behold it repeatedly
Give insight and vision to the unseeing eye
Show to others, also, all that I have seen!
Take the lost deer and doe again to the Harem's path
Give the lover of this town, the ambience of the desert
Raise a revolution in my deserted heart
Place on the vacant camel's back Laila's beloved lover!
In the present time's darkness, grant every anxious heart
Such heart's stain as humbles the moon, itself!
In the height of goals enable us to neighbour the stars
Grant the shore's sure self-restraint,
the river's fearless freedom!
Love should be selfless, and Truth outspoken
Enlighten our bereaved breast, make the heavy heart
Like a crystal-clear goblet!
Grant us awareness of the pending doom foreseeable
In today's turmoil, make us conscious of tomorrow, too!
I am the lamenting nightingale of a ruined garden
O Giver! Give the supplicant the grace of being granted!

14. "MAZHAB" Religion

Do not impose Western thought on your Millat
Special in order is the Hashmi Rasool's Ummat
The Western nations rely on country, class and race
The Muslim Millat is integrated with religion's strength
If you discard the Deen, then nothing remains of oneness
And if integration dissolves, it is the end of the Millat!

15. "SHAB-E-MAIRAJ": The "Mairaj"

The voice of the evening's star says:
This special night is the one worshipped by the dawn
The flight to the Seventh Heaven
Is but a single step for Courage
This is what the Mairaj night is saying to the Muslim!

16. "ASEERI": Captivity

If you are captive for a cause, then captivity is great
A raindrop trapped in a shell becomes a pearl!
The musk is nothing but a drop of blood
Which becomes a perfume on reaching the deer's naval!
Nature does not nurture everything, at all
Few are those birds who are acquainted with the cage!
The ordinary crow and kite are not birds of game
This is the prerogative of the master hawk!

{Master Hawk: Shaheen and Shahbaz}.

Part 4:

FOUR LONG URDU POEMS OF IQBAL

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE:

In this section, the focus is on the meaning and message of the verses and poems, rather than just on literal translation. Here I have tried to convey the quintessence of the standard Urdu two-lined verse ('shaer'—'misra') in the two lines of its English rendering. Once again, I was tutored by my two elder sisters already mentioned: Mrs Masuda Nawaz and Dr. Zohra Azam. Translations are, at best, mere introductions to the original—hopefully, to initiate their reader into curiosity about and interest in the former. They can never be a substitute for the original. If they are interesting enough, they may motivate the reader to learn the language of the original, in order to enjoy it fully and seek inspiration from it. Allama Iqbal is certainly inspirational, both because of his ideological philosophy, thought and sentiment, which are perennial and universal, as well as his poetry, which lives up to and exemplifies the best in the traditional classical as also the modern-post-modern. All this makes the Allama's message Futuristic: Islamically, internationally, altruistically, fraternally, globally and universally.

1. "KHIZR-E RAH": Khizr, the Guardian-Guide:

(i). THE POET: "SHA-IR":

One night by the river-side, I was lost in sight-seeing
Hiding in my heart's niche, a world of anxiety
The night environed in solitude
The air caressing, the river meandering
The eye wondered if this were the river or a water-picture
Like a suckling babe falls asleep in the crib
The restive wave was dreamfully drunk
Aslumber in some watery depth
The night's spell cages birds in their own nests
The pale star is enthralled by the glowing moon's magic
There I behold the globe-sizing, world-roving Khizr
In whose age, youth's dawn drowns in mellowness
Says he to me:
*O seeker of the secret of eternity
When the heart's eye opens
The universe's fate is revealed!*

On hearing this, a Doomsday-like upheaval held the heart
I, utterly lost in seeking enlightenment, spoke thus:

O! Your universal laser vision
Can see through the calm veil of storms
Whose torrents yet lie peacefully adream in the sea!
'The pauper's boat', 'the pure life', 'the orphan's wall'
Even Moses' wisdom stands wonder-struck before you!
Quitting human habitations
You keep roaming the deserts
Your life is without any dawn and dusk
Divest of yesterday and tomorrow!

Allama Iqbal: The Islamic Futurist

What is life's secret?

What stuff is the state?

And what dispute is there between labour and capital?

Asia's ancient cloak is being rent apart:

Its youth mimic the sartorial fads of new-rich countries

Though Iskandar remained deprived of life's elixir

The nature of Iskandari is still given to hot revelry

The Hashimite sells the reputation of Mustafa's 'Deen'

The terrible Turk is one with the dust and blood of battle

The same old setting of fire

Abraham's progeny and Nimrud

Are all back again:

Is some one's test, trial and tribulation

Intended by some one else?

**(ii). JAWAB-E-KHIZR —
“SEHRA NAWARDI”:
Khizr’s Reply-
Desert Roving:**

Why are you surprized about my desert-roving?—
This momentary endeavour is evidence of life!
O captive of your own home! —
Have you not seen that scene:
When the bugle’s clarion call
Reverberates in the forest’s prescints
The doe’s carefree romping in sand-dunes
That stoppage without wherewithal and leafless shelter
That journey without a milestone
That floating view of the mercurial morning star
(Heralding the dalliance of the dawn)
Or Gabriel’s glowing brow is prominent
from the sky’s roof-top!

That evening sun-set in the solitude of the desert
Which illumined ever more
The world-wide vision of Abraham
And that watershed spring where the caravan rests
Like the faithful gather in Heaven
Around the Fountain of Bliss!
The love-lorn lunatic seeks a new wilderness
While in habitation you are tied and tethered to
hearth and home
The wine of life gets seasoned to perfection with each round
This is it, O ignorant one
The secret of eternal life!

(III). “ZINDAGI”: Life:

Life is beyond all risk of loss and gain
It is, at times the soul, itself
And at others, the soul's submission to its Creator!
Measure it not
In the short-term scales of today and tomorrow
For ever young life is eternal
Evolving cyclically-spirally!
Create your own world as one of the living!
Life, itself, is the cause of Adam's creation
With the Divine command:
“Be!”—and it was—it is!
Ask Farhad, the mountain-hewer
The secret-reality of Life:
It is a stream of milk
An arched axe and galling granite!
If enslaved
Life turns into a shallow streamlet
But when liberated
Life becomes an endless exultant ocean!
Both subtle and sublime
Life manifests itself in its enthralling capacity
Even though caged in earthen mortality!
Like an airy bubble, you have risen from Life's ocean
For your tribulation of Life in this world
Is the realm of the vanquished!
You remain a dust-heap of immaturity
But when you grow up, mature
You are like a conqueror's swift sword!
The heart that seeks death for the Truth
Should first have
The courage of conviction
In its person!

It should dare to sacrifice both its borrowings
Creating from the earth heavenly frozen ashes
A world all its own, entirely!
It should divulge divinely
Life's secret power-potential
So that this slight human
Can spark off infinite enlightenment!
It should spread out like silver sun-shine
Over the Eastern stretches
Enabling Badakshan to display
Once more its ancient ruby treasures!
It should send heavenwards
Its messenger of nightly dirges
Creating the confidantes of its secrets
Among sky-sparkling stars!

**(IV). “SULTANAT”:
The Sovereign State:**

Come! Let me tell you the secret of the verse:
“Verily the rulers.....:”
The state is the sorcery of hegemonic nations
The moment the repressed rises from his slumber of serfdom
The ruler’s magic lulls him back to sleep once more
Under Mahmud’s soporiferous spell
Ayaz sees love adorn his neck!
Israel’s blood begins to boil in rage at last
As some Moses breaks the spell of Samari!
Sovereignty suits none save the Perfect Sole Supreme Being
Sovereign is He, alone, all else are demigod idols of Azeri
Don’t defame the nature of freedom with serfdom
Worse than the idol-worshipping Brahmin
is the one who chisels idols!
The West’s democratic system is the same old music
The despot’s stale song is no veiled stranger
The demon of tyranny dances dressed in democracy
You imagine this to be freedom’s blue-blossomed fairy!
Constituent assemblies and parliaments,
constitutions, reforms and rights:
Western medicine is sweet in taste
and is sleep-spelling in effect!
God save us from the fiery rhetoric of statesmen
This, too, is a battle of the wealth of capitalists!
You consider this illusion of colour and smell
To be a garden in bright bloom
Ah! O naïve one so innocent
You take your cage to be your snug nest!

**(v). “SARMAYA AU MEHNAT”:
Capital And Labour:**

Go! Deliver my message to the labourer
This is the universal message, not Khizr's, alone:
Ah! The manipulative capitalist has consumed you
For centuries your desert-deserving
has dangled on the deers' horns
The hands that hew wealth kept getting a grudging pittance
Like the rich cast charity at the pitiable poor
The “Mountain-Man” gave you a hashish branch
Which you, O ignorant one, took for the sugar of life
Race, nation, spire, state, culture and colour
Authority has well chosen its manufactured drug-weapons
The fool fell for such imaginary idols
Only to get hacked to pieces in drunkenness
You have been looted of life's true treasure
By the stale taste of deferred loans and borrowings
The capitalist has won the game with false moves
As the simpleton labourer lost by extreme simplicity!

Rise! For now the ways of the world have changed
Dawned in the East and West has your new age!
Supreme courage brooks not even the entire ocean
How long will you remain content with dew-drops
like the unbothered bud?
The song of democratic awareness is now
a source of sustenance
How long will you escape into
the drug-dream tales of Iskandar and Jamshed?
The sun is born anew from the womb of the past!
O Heaven!
How long will you lament for fallen stars?
Human nature has broken to bits all the chains
For how long could humans weep over

Adam's exile from Eden?
Spring asks the nurturing gardner to know:
How long will last your ointment for the flower's wounds?
O naïve moth, glow-worm and fire-fly:
Liberate yourself from circling the lamp

Live in the light of your innate enlightenment!
Now this is the Day of Judgement
As you appear in the Court of Justice:
Present your record of goodness, if any
O naïve, erran human being uncanny!

2. "TULU-E-ISLAM": Islam's Renaissance/Rise:

The evidence of dawn is the stars' scintilla
The sun has risen on the horizon, gone has slumber-time!
In the East's dead veins Life's blood speeds through:
Cannot understand this secret,
philosophers Seena and Farabi!
The Muslim has been made a true Muslim
By the West's marauding onslaught (of new imperialism):
The river storm, alone, can culture the sea pearl!
Once again is to be granted to the Momin by Divine Truth
The Turk's grace, the Indian Muslim's mind and
the Arab's eloquence!
If some effect of slumber lingers in the buds, O nightingale
Sing your dirges more sadly, when music's melody declines!
Writhe in the garden lawn, your own nest,
and in the branches
Mercury cannot be separated from its innate nature!
Why to see with perfect pure sight
the glamour of battle dress
When the Ghazi's hearty valour itself is crystal clear!

Lord! In the Tulip's conscience, light Desire's luminous lamp
In the garden let every atom witness eternal search!

In the tears of the Muslim's eye's is born the cloud's effect
In the sea of God's Friend will pearls be bred again!
The book of Islam's Millat is being rebound
This branch of Hashmi is about to bear fresh leaves and fruit!
The beloved of Sheeraz has stolen
the heart of Tabrez and Kabul
The morning breeze creates from the flower's fragrance
a fellow traveller for itself!
If on the Usmanis has fallen a mountain of sorrow, why fret?

With the blood of a hundred thousand stars
is born the dawn daily!
Tougher than ruling the world is seeing it
in proper perspective
Only when the heart bleeds is born vision in its eye!
For thousands of years the Narcissus
laments its sightlessness
With great difficulty is born a Visionary in Life's Garden!
Sing O Nightingale (Poet) so that with your melody
Is born in the dove's frail body the hawk's daring heart!
Hidden in your heart is Life's Secret—reveal it
Tell the Muslim the story of Life's joys and sorrows!
You are, O Muslim, Eternal Allah's mighty hand and tongue
Create Faith, O negligent one,
for you are the victor of dark doubt!
Beyond the bounds of blue skies is the Muslim's destination
Whose path's dust be the stars, you are that caravan!
Both the abode and its resident are mortal
But you are immortal from creation to eternity
You are God's Last Message, you are eternal!
The tulip's bridal hannah is your life's blood
You are a test of the universes' secret potential and power!
From this world of water and flowers for the eternal one
You are the priceless gift
which Prophethood took along itself!
This truth is evident from the Muslim history
That you are the Guardian of Asian nations!

Then learn once more, O Muslim!
The lesson of truth, justice and valour
From you will be expected, the world's leadership!
This is Nature's purpose, this the Muslim's secret:
Universal fraternalism, Love's infinitude!
Breaking the idols of colour and blood, merge with the Millat
So that remain not distinctions of Tourani, Irani and Afghani
For how long to live in the company of
the garden branches and nightingale?
In your arms is the power of flight of the Qahistani hawk!

In a life full of doubt, the Muslim's Faith
Is like a leading torch in the desert night!
What decimated the aggressive might of Qaisar and Kisra?—
Haider's strength, Bu-Zar's thought and Salman's Truth!
The Millat's liberators march forth with sovereign zeal
Door-hole peeping spectators are self-caged since centuries!
Life's stability in the world is because of firm Faith
For the Turk has turned out to be
more lasting than the German!

When Faith is kindled in this dust's spark
It creates its own soulful wings even in fire!
In slavery neither swords nor schemes are helpful
But the birth of the taste of Faith cuts the chains, completely!
Can anyone assess his arm's mettle and might?
With the Momin's (miraculous) glance
are changed human's fates!
What are prophecy, kingship, universal knowledge
of everything?
They are but commentaries on the single point of Faith!

Abraham's insightful vision is born with difficulty
Passion paints its own pictures in the human heart, deviously
The division of slave and master is the curse of humanity
Beware! Nature's retribution's visit so stern!
The reality of all is one, be it earthy or fiery
The sun's blood will trickle if an atom is sliced!
Firm faith, persistent action, universally victorious Love
In the Jihad of Life, these are the swords of he-men!

What else is needed by the upright -righteous
But the purity of mind, faith, heart, vision and spirit!

Those who swung in hawkish splendour
Were found to be featherless, wingless
Stars rose after drowning in the evening's dusk-blood
Buried in the river were those who swam under water
Those who were slapped by the waves

emerged as precious pearls!
They are the wayside dust who prided on their Alchemy
But those who prostrated their brows on earth in prayer
turned out as true Alchemists!
Our slow-paced Messenger brought Life's Message
But those briefed by wireless remained clueless!
The Harem was defamed because of its keeper's weak vision
The Tartar youth turned out to be so visionary!
The Heaven-ward flying angels say unto the earth:
These earthlings have turned out to be
ever alive and eternally radiant!
The Faithful live like the sun in the world
Here they set, there they rise,
there they set, and here they rise!
The individual's Faith is the treasure
of national (re)construction
This very power moulds the Millat's destined fate!
You as God's creative command's secret,
reveal yourself in your eyes
Become the Ego's confidante, and God's interpreter!
Avarice has splintered humanity into smithereens
Become the rhetoric of Fraternalism and the tongue of Love!
This a Hindi, that a Kharasani, this an Afghan, he a Turk
You, tethered to the shore, jump to frontier-less freedom!
Dusty in colour and creed are your feathers and wings
O Harem's bird, flutter yourself free before flying off
O negligent one —get drowned in the Self—it's Life's Secret
transcend the confines of dusk and dawn
To immortalize yourself!
In life's battle-ground become steel-strong
Become silk-soft in Love's nightly niche!
Pass like a swift storm through the mountain and wasteland
If a garden comes your way, become a
fast-flowing songster stream!

Your learning and love have no limit in time and space
No melody surpasses yours in Nature's music-realm!

Allama Iqbal: The Islamic Futurist

So far humanity is a captive of Imperialism
It's Hell that today man is the hunter of humankind!
The sight is dazzled by the glitter of modern civilization
But this crafty skill is chiselling false idols of steel-stone!
That diplomacy on which Western wise-heads
prided themselves
Is in the bloody grip of avarice a killing sword!
The magic of machination cannot establish in the world
A civilization which is based in capitalistic exploitation!
It is action which makes life Heaven as well as Hell
This earthy human is by nature neither Noor nor fire!
Teach the nightingale its melodies, make the buds blossom
For you are for this garden its breath-breeze of spring!
Once again has sprung the spark of Love from Asia's heart
The earth is a playfield for the fancy-clad Tartars!

A purchaser bids to buy our sullied soul
A caravan has wended our way after so long!
O Saqi! The bird's sorrowful dirge echoes in the branches
Spring has come with my beloved to cheer me up!
The spring cloud casts its canopy over vale and desert
Melodious waterfalls sing aloud in high hill-tops!
O Saqi! I promise my very life to you
Let the rank and file of singers sing of the Future, true!
Quit the righteous to drink without fear of them
After ages has the nightingale sung from this aged bough!
Proffer to their seekers the wisdom of
Badar and Hunain's chief
My eyes are privy to his soulful spiritual secrets!
Abraham's offshoot (Islam) is revived again by our blood
Our currency has established itself in Love's mart!
I shower tulip petals on a martyr's towering tomb
His blood has nourished our Millat's sapling!

Come! Let us spray roses, fill the goblet afresh
Lance through the Heaven, creating a fresh framework!

3. "WALIDA MARHOOMA KI YAAD MEIN!"

In Memoriam: Mother:

Every iota of the universe is a prisoner of Destiny
The veil of helplessness is the reality of planning!
Heaven itself is helpless, so are the sun and moon
The mercury-footed stars are also helpless in their set course!
Decay is the end of the bud's cup in the garden grove
The garden's greenery and flowers
are also bound by Nature's Laws!

Be it the nightingale's song or the still voice of conscience
All are tied and tethered to the chain of Universal Destiny!
When this secret of helplessness dawns on the mind's eye
Runs dry the heart's torrent of tense tears!
In the human heart doesn't last the dance of pleasure and pain
The melody lingers on without its rise and fall!
Learning and wisdom are brigands
of the treasure of tears and sighs:
A split splinter of diamond is the awakened-aware heart!
Though there's not the dew's freshness in my garden
My eyes don't shed red tears of blood!
O I know well the secret of human sorrow
My nature's music is divest of any strain of complaint!
My lips do not narrate the tale of changeling Time
My heart is not surprized, neither laughing nor lamenting!

Yet, O Mother! Your portrait is a messenger
of perpetual tears!
Ah! This reaction contradicts my claim to wisdom!
In continuous tears is bound the basis of life
Sorrow's strength puts stone-hearted reason to shame!
With the tempest mist of sighs is my heart's mirror lit
My garment is flooded with the treasure of tears!
Spell-bound am I by your portrait's miracle

Allama Iqbal: The Islamic Futurist

It has changed the direction of my Life-Time!
The Past and Present it has put into motion
Familiarising me again with my beloved boyhood!
When in your lap was nurtured my feeble life
Whose tongue was not yet quite close to lisping language!

And now, behold the tributes paid to his lively talk
His tears are treasured like priceless pearls!

Serious discourse of learning, the wisdom of age
The glamour of worldly status, the vanity of youth
Alighting from Life's lustrous loftiness
In the mother's lap we become the simple child again!
Informal and lively, free of all corrosive care
We come alive once more in that lost Heaven!

Ah! Who will now await me back in my homeland?
Who will become listless on not getting my letter?
I'll bring this lament to your earthy grave
Now who will remember me in midnight prayer?
I attained starry heights because of your upbringing
My ancestors' house became great honour's treasure!
In the book of life was your life a golden leaf
It was an epitome of tutelage in religion and worldliness!
All life long your love served me selflessly, soulfully
When I became worthy to serve you, you passed away!
The youth who is tall like the cypress (my elder brother)
He was more fortunate to serve you more than I!

He stands by me in the business of laborious life
He is a picture of your love and my own arm!
He weeps for you like a helpless child, inconsolate
Unfamiliar with patience, he weeps day and night!

The seed of love that you sowed in our loving life
That love has got strong in sorrow's company!

Ah this life! This mourning house of young and old!
Humanity is ensnared in the magic of
yesterday and tomorrow!
How difficult is (this) life, how easy is death!
In the garden of existence, death is like the morning breeze!
There are earthquakes, lightning, famines and traumas
All kinds of killer daughters are born to Mother Time!
Death is in the hovel of poverty and in the mansion of riches
In the desert and city, garden and wilderness is death!
Death has its wild revelry in the oceanic deeps
Ships sink into the lap of death's deep trap!

Not for mortals is to dare to complain or even speak
Life is nothing but a halter around the neck!

In the human caravan is nothing but a mute whimper
Nothing but the moving sight of weeping eyes!
Yet the era of trial will end at last
There are better times beyond the nine-veiled Heaven!
What if in this (life's) garden
are the tulip and rose breast-injured?
The nightingales are driven to dirges—so what?
The bushes in whose prison is trapped autumn's sigh
Will be greened by the perennial spring breeze!
What if our life spark is buried in death's dust!
So what, if our spirit-soul lives in a time-tuned earthy cage?

Ashes are not the end of Life's fire
Disintegration is not the destiny of this diamond!

Life is so beloved in the sight of Nature
The lust for life and its protection is innate in everything!
If Life's genetic code's imprint
could be erased by death's hand
Nature's system would not have universalised it!
If death is so common, then consider it as nothing
Like sleep does not interrupt the flow of life!
O negligent one! Death's hidden secret is something else

Life's transience has something else to say!
The sea foam's spray is a heavenly sight
The wind creates it by splitting the splashing wave
And hides the surf once more in the wave's garment!
How callously it erases its own creation!
If the wind could not replicate its bubble
It would not have destroyed it so carelessly!
What is the affect of this life's trait on Creativity?
This is an argument for the wind's casual creativity!

It is in Life's nature to pursue progress in desire
In the pursuit of Perfection lies its desire's evolution!

Ah! Those mercurial stars that adorn the skies!
These lively sparks owe their melody to the night!
The mind is wonder-struck by their brevity
But human life is just a moment in their longevity!
Then this human, Creation's consummation
Pierces the skies with his glance
Who is purer than angels in his life's mission!
He is like a lamp in the company of Nature
Heaven is just a point in whose ambience!
His ignorance is ever anxious for the Truth
Whose finger nail tunes Life's harp-strings!

Is this human flame lesser than the sky's lights?
Is our mortal sun less precious than the heavenly stars?

The seed's eye of a flower is awake even in the soil
How anxious it is to sprout as a glamorous show-piece!
Life's flame which is closeted in this seed
Is in nature bound to exhibit, display itself!
It cannot be saddened even by the cold of its grave
Buried in the earth, it still can't lose life's warmth!
On becoming a flower it rises from its grave
As if from death it gets a fresh lease of life!
The grave, itself, stores the scattered Life force
That casts its lasso-rope round the sky's neck!

Allama Iqbal: The Islamic Futurist

Death is the name of the renewal of Life's flavour
Screened in sleep's curtain, it is a call to wake up!

Those given to flight have no fear of flying
Death in this garden is like heavenward flight!

The worldly-wise say the pain of death is incurable
The wound of parting is healed by Time's ointment!
But the hurt heart is the living realm of the dead
It is free of the chilling chains of day and night!
When some sudden calamity befalls some one
Ceaseless tears pour down from the human eyes!
The heart gets close to crying and lamenting
Its blood pours forth from tearful aching eyes!
Though the human is devoid of patient perseverance
This awareness is unknown to human nature!
The quintessence of human existence
does not get familiar with death
The spirit evades the sight, but the soul never perishes!
Life's support system turns into ash with mourning
This fire gets cooled with the water of such subtle awareness!
Ah! Our self-control in lamentation
is not the silence of indifference
Self-consciousness is this consolation, not negligence!

When the flamboyant morn emerges from the eastern curtain
It washes night's stain from the horizon's garment!
Dresses afresh in red the withering tulip so sad
It makes the mute bird melodious most headily!
Music is liberated from the cage of the nightingale's heart
The morning breeze is astir with hundreds of melodies!
The sleepers in the garden, mountain and desert
Are at last brought ashore to Life's bride!

If this is the Law of Life that every eve turns morn
Then why shouldn't morning be the end of human Life?

The silver net of my mind is universally ambient

Allama Iqbal: The Islamic Futurist

With which, O Mother, I've imprisoned your memory!
My stricken heart is full of your sacred memory
Like the Kabah's airs are filled with fervent prayers!
That continuum of responsibilities called Life
Its galleries are millions of perishable realms!
Different are the rites and rituals of its every destination
Even the Doomsday is Life's own playing field!
Nothing will sprout there out of death's seed
The soil that day will yield the harvest of one's deeds!
The immortal soul is not the mortal body's prisoner
Human thought is not so narrowly bound!

O Mother! Your life was more luminous than the moon!
Your travel home was more glorious than the morning stars!

May your tomb be alit like the day's dawn
May your earthy garden be flood-lit by Divine Noor!

May Heaven shower its dew-pearls on your grave!
May fresh green foliage guard your earthy abode!

4. "MASJID-E-QARTEBA"
The Cordova Mosque:
Prayer: "Dua"
(Written in the Masjid-e-Qarteba)

*This is my prayer, this my ablution
In my lamentations is my heart's blood vermillion!
The company of Safa pilgrims, Noor,
pilgrimage and perfect peace
Delighted and melodious is the dew-drunk tulip!
No one is a companion on the path of Love
I am left alone with just my own desire!
My destination is not the court of the Mir and Vazir!
You, alone, are my nest, you are my nest's perching branch!
I spread in prayer every morn my garment to You
By You my breast burns with the fire of Allah hoo!
By You my life is melodious, and mellow,
by You it is pain and stain
You, alone, are my desire, to You I always aspire!
If You are not close to me, the whole city seems empty
With You come alive, dead, barren waste-lands!
Bless me, again, with that elixir
which I am seeking after smashing the cup!
O Saki! Your look of grace await for long
the seekers alike of audience and privacy!
Of Your Godliness my magnificent obsession has a complaint
While You have for Yourself the infinity of Time and Space,
for me is the four-sided confinement of place!
What else is the reality of philosophy and poetry:
Desire which cannot be expressed face to face!*

"MASJID-E-QARTEBA":
(Written in Spain, especially at Cordova)

The system of day and night is
the inscriber-chronicler of events
The continuum of day and night
is the origin of life and death!
The chain of day and night is a two-coloured silk thread
with which weaves the Creator His attributes' gown!
The continuum of day and night is
eternity's melodious harmony
With which the Creator shows
the alternative vicissitudes of Creativity!

You it tests and me it tries
The system of day and night puts to trial the Universe!
If you are unworthy, if I am undeserving
Death is your end, death is my end!
What else is the reality of your night and day
Only Time's continuous flow
in which there is no day or night!
Fleeting and transient are all of art's miracles
All that's done on earth is unstable,
everything is ever-changing!

The first and last are doomed,
appearance and essence are doomed
The old and new art, alike, its destination is doom!

But there is in that creation the colour of eternity
Which has been completed by one chosen by God!

The activity of God's man is inspired by Divine Love
"Ishq" is the reality of Life, death is forbidden for it!
Though the flood of Time is stormy, ever speedy

Allama Iqbal: The Islamic Futurist

"*Ishq*" itself is a deluge, which takes hold of the storm!
In Love's dictionary apart from Time Present-Fleeting
There are other Times, as well, with no known name!
Ishq is Gabriel's breath,
Ishq is (Muhammad) Mustafa's heart
Ishq is God's Messenger, *Ishq* is Allah's Word-Book!
With *Ishq*'s headlines, the blossom's appearance is aglow
Ishq is a pure wine, *Ishq*, the sovereign's goblet fine!
Ishq tunes the melody of Life
Ishq is the Noor of Life, *Ishq* is the fire of Life!
O! The Harem of Cordova! You are the creation of Love!
Ishq is Eternity Incarnate, which knows no division of Time!

Be it colour, pebble or stone, battle, word or music
The miracle of skill and art is created by life's blood!
Your heart warming environment, my heart -rending dirge
You inspire hearts toward God,
I motivate them to faith and action!
The human heart is no less vaulting than the Heaven, itself
Even though his mortal form is earth-bound, confined!
What if the angel enjoys his special obeisance
It is devoid of the pathos of (human) sadness!
I'm an Indian Muslim (convert), see my Love and Devotion
The orison "Darud" blesses my heart,
O it inspires my tongue!

There is devotion in my tune, dedication is in my flute
The devotional of "*Allah hoo*",
courses my every vein and pore

Your "*Jalal*" and "*Jamal*" are the evidence of God's man
He is also "*Jaleel*" and "*Jameel*",
You too are "*Jaleel*" and "*Jameel*"!

Your base is perennial, your pillars are numberless
Like a date-palm grove in the Syrian desert!
On your door and roof-top terrace
is the Noor of the Amin's valley
Your tall minaret reflects Gabriel's glorious glow!

The true Muslim can never perish, because
His call to prayer reveals the secret of Kaleem and Khalil!

His earth is as boundless as his horizon is limitless
The waves of its ocean are the Tigris, Denube and Nile!
His times are wonderful, his stories legendary
He delivered to the Age of "*Jahiliya*" the message of death!
He is the Saqi of the men of taste,
the stallion-rider Lover's field
His wine pure (non-toxic), his sword of sovereign steel!

He is a soldier whose battle-dress is God's La-Ilaha
Even under the sword's shadow, his refuge is His covenant!
O Mosque! heavy have revealed the Momin's sacred secret:
His day's heat, his night's worthy warmth
His high status, his noble thought
His greatness is his desire, love and devotion!
God's hand is the Momin's hand
Dominant his praise-worthy grandeur,
creating succor, support and strength!
Dust his appearance, Noor his essence
imbued with Godly attributes
Blessed with both the worlds, his heart is
indifferent to worldliness!
His hopes are few, his aims noble
His ways are winning, his looks heart-warming!
Soft-spoken, reticent, warm-spirited his pursuits
Be he in battle or among friends,
pure-hearted he is, pious indeed!
The faith of God's man is firm,
like the core point of Truth's compass
And this entire universe is to him fantasy and make-belief!
He is the destination of Wisdom, he the achievement of Love
In the world's company, he is its warm centrality!
O! the Kaaba of architects, the grandeur of God's "*Deen*"!
Because of you, Spain is comparable to the original Harem!
If anything at all under the sun equals your beauty

It is in the Muslim's heart, and nowhere, nothing else!
Ah! those Allah's men, Truth's slaves—
those Arab master-riders!
The garnerers of greatness, masters of Truth and Faith!
Their good governance reveals this stark secret:
Rule by the pure-hearted, is profound prayer, not regality!
Their messianic glances tutored humanity in the Truth
They led Europe to Enlightenment
out of its Age of Darkness!
Even today the Spaniards are their blood's progeny
Happy hearted and warm mannered,
simple, sincere, sociable, good looking!
Even today in this land is common the doe's enticing eyes
And the lancets of languid looks
are even today heart-piercing!

The scent of Yemen is even today afloat in its island airs
The colour of Hejaz still tunes its mysterious melodies!
In the sight of stars (though) your earth is Heaven
Ah! For centuries your precincts are bereft of the Azan!
O! In which valley is it, and at what destination
The courageous caravan of revolutionary Ishq?

Already has Germany seen the upheaval of religious reform
Which has left no trace of its ancient civilization!
A cancelled letter became the Pope's pristine writ of faith
When pure reason's frail boat was set afloat!
The French eye has also seen its historic revolution
Which transformed the Western world wholly!
The Romans had their decline because of decadent orthodoxy
But that nation is young again
with the taste of modernization!

In the Muslim's soul today there is the old restlessness
This is God's secret which the tongue can't speak or tell!
Let us see what will rise from this ocean's deeps and depth
And the blue sky dome above changes into which colour!

In the mountain's vaulting valley,
clouds are immersed in the dusk's drink

The sun has left behind heaps of Badakhshan's red rubies!
Simple and melodious is the peasant's daughter's song
For the heart's boat, youth itself is a suitable stream!
Standing by your bank, O flowing waters of Kabir
Is some one dreaming of another glorious time!
A new universe is yet hidden by Fate's screen
Yet in my eyes is its dawn fully exposed to view!
If I remove the veil from the face of my thought
Britain will be unable to endure the glow of my works!
Death is that life in which there is no revolution
The spirit of life of a nation lies in the throes of revolution!

*"Jalal": sovereign, Majestic Awe of God. "Jamal": Divine Beauty.
"Jaleel" and "Jameel" are adjectives derived from them.

Kaleem: Moses. Khalil: Abraham.

"Jahiliya": Idolatrous ignorance.

*Covenant: "La-illaha-ill-Lillah!"—there is no God but Allah!

Deen: Islam. Original Harem: the Holy Kabah at Makkah.

*Azan: Call to the prescribed prayers by the Muslim "Muazzin"—one who recites the call.

Kabir: Wadal-Kabir: river flowing by the Cordova Mosque.

Part 5:

"SHIKWA"

AUR

"JAWAB-E-SHIKWA":

COMPLAINT AND ANSWER

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE:

Having been groomed in some of Allama Muhammad Iqbal's Urdu poetry by three of my closest mentors, Dr. Maqbool Elahi, Dr. Miss Zohra Azam and Mrs. Masuda Nawaz, in the preceding poems, I at last gathered courage to venture into the "Shikwa" and "Jawab-e-Shikwa" on my own. My inspiration was the Holy Prophet Muhammad's (SAS!) perpetual prayer:

"Rubbey zidni ilma!":

God! Grant me enlightenment!

In translating these two great thought-inspiring and emotionally moving poems of the Allama, I have studied A.J. Arberry's translation into English 'lofty' verse (1955), which is, stylistically, rather dated a little today in the 21st century, and the latest (2002) prose rendition into English by Air Marshal (R) Zafar A. Chaudhry. I have enjoyed the latter thoroughly, being in the contemporary idiom, and indicating a sound understanding of the original.

1. "SHIKWA": The Complaint:

Why should I remain a loser, forgetful of gain?
Why not focus on tomorrow,
not be lost in the sorrow of yesterday
Hear the nightingale's dirges, and heed them heartfully!
Co-singer! Am I a flower to remain silent at all?

Daring- emboldening is the fire of my poetic verse
Woebetide! But my complaint is to Allah, Himself!

Tis true—we are well-known for ritualistic submission
We tell our tale of woe, being severely sorrow strained!
We are mute music created by lacerating lamentation
If a dirge rises to our lips, we are helplessly stricken!

O God! Listen to the complaint of your faithfuls, too
From the singers of hymns hear some complaint, also!

Your ancient essence was in existence for ever from eternity
The flower was the garden's grandeur,
the dew glistened imperturbed!
Justice is the imperative, O owner of universal beneficence!
How could have the blossom's fragrance
ever spread without the wind?

•

We as a unit, were so worried and anxious
Or, had Your Beloved's Ummah gone crazy?
Before us strange was the scene of Your world
Here stones were bowed to, there trees worshipped as gods!
The human eye was in rapport with just the manifest senses
How could anyone then believe in the unseen Single God?

Do You know of anyone else who ever took

Your name before?

It is the Muslim arm's might which did Your bidding!

Lived here on earth the Seljuks and Turanis, too
Chinese in China, and the Sassanians in Iran
Dwelt in this abode also the great Græeks
In this very world were the Jews and Christians
But who raised the sword in Your Sacred Name?
Who righted the wrong that was prevalent everywhere?

We, alone, were forefront, Your soldiers of success
Fighting on land at times, and on seas, at others!
Called to prayer sometimes from Europe's churches
At others from Africa's hot deserts!

The glory of the great was of no consequence in our sight
We recited the Qalima in the shadow of swords!

We lived to create trouble for war, itself
And died for the glory of Your Great Name!
Our sword-fencing was not for our own empire and rule
For wealth did we wander world-wide
with shrouds on our heads?

If our nation had died for gold and wealth
Why would it have preferred iconoclasm to idols' sale?

We could not be evaded once we stood firm in battle
Even the feet of lion-like adversaries
got shaky in confrontation!
We got angered if anyone raised his head before You
The sword is nothing, we even took on his cursed cannon!

We grafted on every enemy the symbol of Tauhid
Even under dagger-point we conveyed this Your Message!

You Yourself say who uprooted Khyber's prime portal?
Who was he that subdued Caesar's city, singly?

Who broke the images of the idols' pantheon?
Who tore apart the armies of enemy atheists?

Who cooled the fires of ancient Iran's idol altars?
Who revived again the remembrance of Yazdan?

Which nation became Your desirous devotee, alone?
And who for You bore and braved the brunt of battle?
Whose global sword swept and ruled the world?
With whose Takbeer was roused Your world from slumber?

With whose awe idols remained meek and sad
Heads bowed to the ground, proclaiming: "God is One!"

If the time to pray came right in battle
Facing the Qibla, the nation of Hijaz
bow-kissed the earth in prayer
Stood alike equally in the same prayer row
both (King) Mahmud and (his slave) Ayaz
No longer was left either any master or his serf!

Slave and master, the needy and rich—all became one
Reaching Your Masterly Presence, all stood as one!

We travelled at dawn and dusk
In the company of time and space
With the wine of Tauhid we travelled around
like full goblets!
In mountains, woods and deserts, we took Your Message!
Do You know that we were ever unsuccessful anywhere?

Deserts are deserts, apart, we did not spare even the seas
We sped our steeds even in shadowy oceans waves!
We erased evil from the world's leaf of life
Liberated humanity of the shackles of slavery!
We inhabited Your Kabah with our prayerful brows
We hugged Your Quran reverently to our devout bosoms!
Still there is the complaint to us that we aren't sincere
If we aren't sincere, You, too, aren't heart-caring!

There are other Ummahs, also, and among them sincere, too
Humble as well as those drunk in arrogance and pride
Among them are the idle and negligent,
others wide-awake, also
There are hundreds who are bored with
the mention of Your Name!

Your blessings are showered on the homes of our adversaries
The lightning of Your wrath falls on the helpless Muslims!
The idols in temples taunt: 'the Muslims are lost—gone!'
They are happy that the Kaba's guardians are dead—gone!
From the global scene have departed the musical cameleers
They have left with the Quran clutched close
to their arm-pits!

Are You aware or not, that atheism is loud in laughter?
Have You any regard for Your own Sovereign Tauhid?

This is not our complaint that
the treasure-houses are over- brimming
Of those who have not the grace to converse in company!

The curse is that the infidel gets here houries and palaces
And the helpless Muslim is pacified with
just the promise of hoors hereafter!

No longer are now for us those benign favours!
Why is it that no more is that benevolence of yore?

Why among the Muslims worldly wealth is unavailable
Though Your Creativity has no limit nor any measure!
If You wish, from the desert's breast
can burst fountains of plenty
The mesmerising mirage lure the oasis-seeker, forth!

The taunts of strangers, infamy, poverty—all are there
Is dejection the reward for dying for Your Name?

The world has now become the lover of our strangers
Left for us is only an imaginary, make-believe world!
We have departed as others have taken over the world

Don't complain again that
the world has been emptied of Tauhid!

We live solely so that Your Name remains in the world
Is it ever possible that the Saqi goes but the wine remains?

Your company has gone, so have Your Lovers
The night's lamentations have gone, gone the dawn's dirges!
Those loyal to You had hardly sat, but were turned out!
They gave their hearts to you,
leaving without their rewards!

Came Your Lovers—who left with promises of tomorrow
Now seek them! Lamps are taken by Beauty's fair face!

Laila's agony is the same, Qaise's hurt heart is the same
The deers' drove is the same in Najd's woods and vales!
Love's heart is the same, beauty's magic the same
Ahmad's Ummah is the self-same,
You, too, are ever the same!
Then why Your displeasure without disclosing
the reason why?
Why on Your life-givers Your look of wrath?

Did we desert You or desert Arabia's Rasool?
Did we return to idolatry, quitting iconoclasm?
Did we shun Ishq or Love's headiness abandon?
Did we leave the tradition of Salman or Ovais Qarni?

The fire of Takbeer keeps smouldering in our hearts
We lead life in the example of Bilal, the Abyssinian!

Ah! What of Love!—even the old gesture of closeness
is no more!
Neither is the path of consent and submission there!
The anxious heart is no longer encompassed to the Qibla
And not even the constraint of Love's constitution remains!

You, too, are close sometimes to us, to others at times
It's unmentionable—but You, too, are not quite constant!

Allama Iqbal: The Islamic Futurist

You perfected religion on Mount Faran's top
With a single gesture You captivated the hearts of thousands
You made fiery fierce Love's essence and acquisition
Set ablaze the whole company with
Your glowing glance and radiant look!
Why our hearts are not akindle now-today?
Don't you remember we are the same cindered lot?

The clang of chains is no longer there in the Najd valley
Qais is no longer crazy for a glimpse of Laila!
That courage and fortitude hasn't lasted,
neither we, nor our heart
This house is in ruins, its charm hasn't stayed back!

O happy day! Return in all your glory!
Unveil your face to the company, without hesitation!
Strangers enjoy their wine by the garden-stream
With goblet in hand, they listen to
the spring-time cuckoo-song!
Far from the garden's rowdy crowd sit silently
Your devotees awaiting You reverentially!

Grant again Your moths the desire of being self-aflame
Cammand (Islam's) old lightning to light up our hearts!

The truant-prodigal nation wends again toward Hejaz
Flight's desire has stowed skywards the wingless nightingale!
Restless in every garden blossom
is the fragrance of fondness
Just touch-tease a little the thirsty strings of music!

Melodies are restless to spring from music's strings
Sinai is desirous again to burn in the old Divine fire!

Ease the difficulties of Your dead Ummah
Raise Your lowly ant above Solomon's station!
Make love less costly, more accessible and free
Make Hind's templefolk truly Muslim, in deed!

A blood-stream bursts from our repressed grief
Pain is plaintive in our dagger-driven heavy heart!

The flower's fragrance has whisked away the garden's secret
A pity that its blossoms are the garden's source of sorrow!
The blossom's days are done, broken is the garden's harp
Taken to flight from their branches,
have the garden's sweet singers!

Yet one nightingale, alone, is still spell-bound in its song
In its breast remains a storm-world of soulful songs!

Love-doves have flown away from the cypress branch
Flower petals have fallen continuously in dire distress!
Those old garden paths have got deserted, alas
Branches bereft of leaf-dresses, have been bared apart!

Its nature remained free of the changing seasons' chains
Wish some one in the garden had heeded
the nightingale's lament!

No pleasure is left in either death or life
If any pleasure remains, it's in draining life's blood!
How restless are the gems of my mind's mirror!
How very restless are revelations in my bruised breast!

But there are no seers to witness them in this garden
There are no tulips with sorrow-stained hearts!

May hearts be rent open with this lone nightingale's dirge!
May hearts be roused by its call of the road!
May they be reborn with new pledges of faith
May they thirst again for the same old vintage wine!

So what if my goblet is Persian, my wine is still Hejazi
What if my song is Hindi, my melody is ever Hejazi!

2. "JAWAB-E-SHIKWA": The Answer:

The Reply: "Jawab-e-Shikwa":

What is said sincerely from the heart is affective-effective
It may be wingless, but has the power of free flight!
Such speech is truly angelic, the sight is set on soaring high
Rising from the earth, it traverses the skies' spreading space!
My "Ishq" was malevolent, head-strong and cunning
My daring dirge rent the sky-airs apart!
The old sky heard and said: *"Is anyone around?"*
Spoke the planets: *"Some one is set for outer space!"*
The moon moved: *"No! There's an earth-dweller about!"*
The mikey-way was saying: *"Hidden right here
is some one!"*
If he understood my lament somewhat,
it was Heaven's guard, Rizwan
He took me for the human cast out of Paradise!
Even the angels were wondering: *"What voice is it?"*
This secret doesn't open up even to the sky-settled!
Are the heavens, now, within the human's aspirations' reach?
Has that pinch of dust learnt to soar and fly?
How negligent of decorum are the earth's denizens
How cheeky and uppish these inhabitants of steep lowlands!
So slyly impudent that he is even annoyed with Allah
He is the same human whom the angels had bowed before!
With just a little worldly knowledge,
he is hardly wise in life's secrets
Yes—he knows nothing of the spirit of humility
Humans pride on their rhetorical source and strength
But the errants don't know the manner of simple speech!
Came a voice: *"Sad and saddening is your story
Your goblet is overbrimming with restless tears!
Sky-scraping is your heady song*

Allama Iqbal: The Islamic Futurist

*How loud-mouthed is your crazy heart!
Thanks that you presented your plaint beautifully
You have put humans in touch with God, conversationally!"*

*We are inclined to benevolence, but there's no supplicant
Whom to show the way, when no one seeks a destination?
Our guidance is plentiful, but there's none worthy of it
This is not the clay to remould humanity!
On those worthy We bestow bounteous glory
And to serious seekers We even grant a new world!
Hands powerless, hearts are heavy with infidelity
The Ummah is a source of shame to the Prophet!*

Iconoclasts have gone, the remaining are idol-makers
Abraham was the forebear, the sons are Azars!
New are the revellers, new also the wine and goblets
New the Kaaba's Harem, new idols, you, too, are new!
Those were the days when the wealth of beauty held sway
The desert tulip was the source of spring's quintessence!
Every Muslim was Allah's hearty devotee
Once Your friend was this same fickle flirt!
Strike a covenant of constancy with someone settled
Localize the Millat of Ahmad, the Prophet!

How hard it is for you to rise for the morn's prayer!
Do you really love Me? Sleep is dear(er) to you!
On your libertine nature, Ramzan's captivity weighs heavy
Say frankly, is this the code of fidelity?
The nation is because of religion, if there's no faith,
you, too, are no more
Without the mutuality of gravitation,
the stars' society is scattered!
You are the sole nation in the world
which knows no skill or art
You are the nation which cares not
for its own hearth and home!

Where live lightnings you are those bereft barns

Allama Iqbal: The Islamic Futurist

You are such sinners as would sell ancestral grave-yards!
When you are notorious for trading in graves
Will you not sell stone statues if you come by them!
Who erased evil from life's leaf?
Who liberated humanity from slavery?
Who inhabited My Kaaba with prayer-prostrating brows?
Who hugged to his hearts My Quran, reverentially?
They were no doubt your forefathers! But what are you?
Sitting snugly hand-on-hand, awaiting idly, tomorrow!
What did you say? That the Muslims
contend themselves with promises!
Some sense is needed even to complain pointlessly!
Justice is the law of life from Creation, eternally
When the infidel became Muslim-like, he was rewarded
with wealth and beauty!
There's none among you to desire the bliss of Paradise
The radiance of Mount Sinai is still there,
but no Moses remains!

The profit and loss of this nation are but one
The self-same is its Nabi, "Deen" and faith!
The pure Harem, Allah, and the Quran also are One
It's no big deal if all Muslims, too, become one!
Sects and schisms at some places,
castes and creeds elsewhere
Are these the ways to prosper in time and space?
Who left the Prophet's righteous constitution?
Who adopted as the criterion of action
the convenience of compromise and expediency?
Whose eyes are bewitched
by the alienation of foreign life-ways?
Whose sight has got bored with the forebears' model?

There is no aspiring in your heart, no sensitivity in your soul
You have no regard left for Muhammad's
miraculous message!

Those who row up in mosques for prayer,

are none but the poor
Those who bear the burden of fasting, are the poor!
If any one invokes Our Name, it is the poor
If anyone covers up for you, it is the poor

The rich are drunk in the languid liquor of wealth
Islam's Ummah is alive because of the spirit of the poor!

Gone is the masterly mind, true thought
of the nation's preacher
Gone is his lightning nature
and enlightening rhetoric!
The ritual of the Azan remains
but without Bilal's soulful spirit
Futile philosophy remains, not so
Ghazali's persuasive discourse!
Mosques mourn that the 'nimazi' worshippers are no more
No more are the people with the attributes of Hijaz!
The common cry is that Muslims
have vanished from the world
We say that were Muslims ever present anywhere?
In apparent behaviour you are Christians,
and in culture Hindu
Are these Muslims?—seeing whom
the Jews will feel ashamed?
As it goes, you are a Syed as well as a Mirza and Afghan
You are all this, but say, are you a Muslim, also?

The spirit of speech of the Muslim
was once truthful and daring
His justice was sterling strong, free of any allurements!

The tall tree of the Muslim's nature
was dew-drenched
in humble modesty
In courage he was an exemplar towering above all!
His wine was self-vintaged in its own quintessence
His person was freed of ego like his self-drained draft!

Every Muslim was a lancet for the evil's vein
In his life's mirror action was a glowing gem!

He had full faith and relied on his own arm's strength
You have fear of death, he had fear of God!
If the father's vision and wisdom is not suckled by the son
Then how can he be worthy of the father's heritage?
Each one of you is drunk in the desire of a life of ease!
Are you Muslims? Is this the Muslim's way of life?

You have neither Hyder's austerity, nor Usman's prosperity
What spiritual nexus do you have with your predecessors?

They were honoured in their time for being mighty Muslims
And you have been marginalized for quitting the Quran!
You are given to in-fighting, they are mutually benevolent
You are deviant and errant-eying
they condone to cover up compassionately!
All desire to dwell on astral heights
But first seek to create a pure worthy heart!

The Persian throne was theirs as also the Chinese continent
You have the gift of the gab and gossip
Have you their sense of courageous honour, also!

Self-destruction is your style,
they were proud and self-respecting
You shun fraternalism, they died for brotherhood, bravely!
You are an epitome of bragging,
they the paragons of character
You long for a lone bud, they were aligned along the garden!
Till today the world's nations remember-relate their history
Their sincerity, truth and faith are penned on life's leaf!
You, too, shone like a brilliant star on the human horizon
But also succumbed to Hindi idols, becoming Brahmanic!
In your love to fly, you also left your home-nest
Idly actionless, your youth also got alienated

from the Deen (Islam)!

Modern liberalism has libertinized them from every restraint

Uprooted from the Kabah, they are settled in the idol-house!

Qais no longer cares to endure the desert loneliness

Given to the city airs, cares not to traverse the wasteland!

He is a mad-man, he may live in habitation or not

It is essential that Laila keeps herself unveiled for him!

No complaints of oppression or cries against repression

Ishq is free, then why shouldn't beauty be also free?

The new age is lightning, setting afire every grain-stock

Safe from its onslaught is no desert or garden!

The fuel of this new fire are ancient nations

The Millat of the Last Rasool is aflame in its attire!

If Abraham's faith were to revive even today

Fire can create the systemic style of a garden!

Seeing the garden's pitiable plight, the gardner need not fret

With star-blossoms will branches soon brighten up!

The garden will be emptied of dry weeds and twigs

Spring will blossom forth with the martyr's red blood!

Look a little at the sky's colour—it is ravishing red

It is the rising sun's flamoyance in the horizon!

There are Ummahs in life's garden

which have garnered their fruit

Others are deprived of their harvest,

still others are autumn-blighted!

Hundreds of trees are there, some stunted, some evergreen!

Hudreds are yet hidden in the garden's extensive expanse!

Islam's splendorous tree is exemplary in its excellence

It is the fruit of centuries of devoted nurturing!

Pure-free from the home-binding dust

of any land is your garment

You are that Joseph for whom every Egypt is your Cannan!

Allama Iqbal: The Islamic Futurist

Your caravan will never be ruined at all
Your journey's sole wherewithal is the road's bell call!
You are a luminous candle-tree, with flame-delved roots
Your mind's silhouette razes tomorrow's fantasy-fears!
You will not be erased with Iran's erasure
The wine's headiness is indifferent to the goblet's worth!
Evident from the Tartars' hordes' story is that
The Kaba gained its keepers right from idol-houses!
You are the mainstay of Truth's ship in Time's ocean
The new age is a dark age, you are its dim star!

The current turmoil by the Bulgarian onslaught
For the indifferent and negligent is a wake-up call!
You think this is cause for any heart-burn or anguish
It is really a test-trial of your sacrifice and self-respect!
Why are you harassed by the neighing of the enemy's chargers
Divine Truth's torch can never be extinguished
by the enemy's blowing breath!
Hidden from the sight of nations is your reality's true worth
Life's company is in need of your companionship!
Keeps alive time and tide, your living warmth
Your Khilafat is the star of the fate of possibility!
There's no time for leisure, much work remains
The completion of the mission of Tauhid's Noor remains!
Like the flower-trapped fragrance, liberate yourself!
Haver-sack your responsibility,
spread like the garden breeze!
Though sparkless substance at present,
from a granule become a desert
From the mild melody of a wave
become a revolutionary storm!
With the might of Ishq lift the lowly to heights
Light the world with Muhammad's mighty name!

Without this flower, there would be no nightingale's song
In life's garden the smile of flowers won't be there!
If this Saqi were not there, there would be no wine or goblet
Tauhid's company would not be there, nor you any more!

Allama Iqbal: The Islamic Futurist

The sky's canopy is installed by virtue of this name
Life's pulse throbs warmly with the radiance of this name!
In the deserts, valleys and planes is it
In the ocean, wave's lap and sea storm is it!
In China town, it is also in the Moroccan desert
And hidden in every Muslim's faith it is!

Let the eyes of all nations see this scene till eternity
Confirming the sublime station of the Prophet's sacred name!

The pupil of the earth's eye, that is the dark world
That globe is given to nurturing your Muslim martyrs!

Nurtured by the sun's warmth, is (Islam's) crescent world
The loving ones call which Bilal's own world!

Warmed to life like mercury with this name
Its Noor dives like stars in liquid eyes!

Wisdom is your shield, Ishq your sword
O my Dervish! Your Khilafat is world-wide!
Your call to prayer consumes fire-like all except Allah
If you are a true Muslim, you can create your own destiny
with your (Momin's) will!
If you are faithful to Muhammad, then We are yours
What is this universe, fate's slate and quill are yours!

APPENDIX:

**THE READER IS REQUESTED TO REFLECT
ON AND RESPOND TO THE FOLLOWING
QUESTION:**

*What would have been Allama Muhammad Iqbal's
response to the NS Cover Story by Ahdal Soueif
reproduced in the pages that follow?*

The Muslim World is full of such poignant stories every day,
as in Kushmir, Bosnia and Chechnaya —because of the Global
Network of the Devil's Axis of Terrorists and War- Mongers.

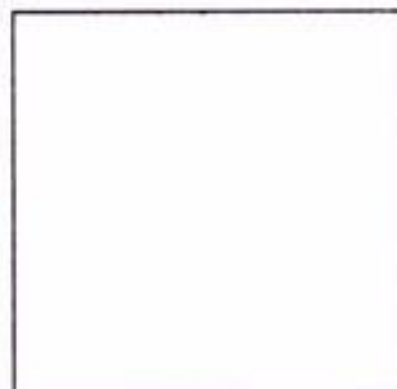
(—Ikram Azam).

(i). IN THE MIDDLE EAST, YOU WILL HEAR THE WORST STORY EVER TOLD

Source: 18 newstatesman 4 November 2002

NS Cover Story

*No-praying zone: an Israeli
soldier attempting to move along a
Palestinian at prayer in a street
in the West Bank city of Hebron
Picture: AFP Photo/Hazem Bader*



For the award winning Egyptian novelist Ahdaf Soueif, the looming war in Iraq provides a tragic narrative of ancient enemies and bloody revenge, in which the most likely victims are her fellow Arabs.

The two musicians seated on the rug on the low platform could have come from an illumination in a Mughal manuscript. A tall window opened on to a mild October night and the passer-by outside would have heard, flowing out into the quiet Kensington street, the melody from the sitar, carrying with it the longings of all our hearts: English gents in black tie, and kids in jeans, a couple of dog-collars, white women in saris and Indian women in tailored suits. The book we were launching, William Dalrymple's *White Mughals*, tells a remarkable love story; a story of India before the Raj, and India where the newly arrived British mixed with the Indians. What today would be called "cultural exchange" took place until commercial interests got too big and politics took over; with them came segregation, rigidity and talk of "superior" cultures. In Leighton House, where the launch was held, Turkish and Persian tiles line the walls and paintings from the time of Burne-Jones hang companionably above them.

Later, we watched President George W Bush on television and my mother, from across the kitchen table, said, "All those cities that one associates with poetry, with art, now...." I let her

sentence tail off. She's 75 and we're close to midnight. But the names loop through my head: Baghdad and Basra and Kufa, Kabul and Kandahar, Mazar-I-Sharif and Jalalabad, Bethlehem, Nazareth, Jerusalem.

In the morning, a Jordanian friend tells me a joke over the phone: "King Abdullah says to George Bush, 'You know I watch Star Trek every day and there are white people and black people, Spanish, Chinese, every sort of people. But no Arabs. Why are there no Arabs?' And Bush says, 'Because it's set in the future, stupid'."

We have all feared—deep in our hearts—that it might come to this. It affects, infects, your every moment. My children are half Scots. Should I encourage them to forget their other half? My half? Forget Arabic, forget their family in Cairo and Alexandria? Forget Egypt and the Nile and Fairuz and 'am Ahmad in the grocery on the corner of our street? Should I plug them into MTV and save them?

In the streets of London, hundreds of thousands march against the war; peace demonstrations in Washington and San Francisco draw tens of thousands. Analysts and commentators analyse and comment.

What is a novelists to do? Martin Amis, writing last June, questioned the relevance of fiction in the post 9/11 days: "After a coupe of hours at their desks, on 12 September 2001, all the writers on earth were reluctantly considering a change of occupation." More than 20 years ago, Philip Roth observed that "the actuality is continually outdoing our talents".

I open my e-mail to an appeal from the children of al-Khalil (Hebron) to be allowed back to school, a letter from a friend trying to help with the olive harvest near Ariel settlement on the West Bank, describing "armed settler militias that are seemingly out of control", an appeal from Radio Tariq al-Mahabba ("Road of Love") in Nablus to help keep it on the air because it is the

people's only method of communication after 100 days of curfew, an interview with Archmandrite Dr. Theodosios Attallah Hanna....

It is impossible to close your eyes to the black spectacle mushrooming before us and concentrate on making things up. But novelists work with patterns, with the logic of an unfolding narrative, with the motivation of characters, with the telling detail. It's all there: the dramatic curve, the characters, the context. It's being written, but we can't afford to wait. So, for what it's worth, here's one novelist's interpretation of the narrative unfolding before us now and where it's likely to end.

Our narrative can begin, if you like, in March this year with US Vice-President Dick Cheney's unsuccessful attempt to drum up Arab support for a war against Iraq; or it can begin with the terrible events of 11 September 2001 and the ensuing "War on Terror". It can begin with the intifada of the Palestinians in September 2000, when they realised that seven years after the Oslo agreements they were further than ever from independence; or with the creation of the State of Israel in 1948. At whatever point it begins, the narrative will keep harking back to the beginning of the 20th century: in the Zionists' choice of Arab Palestine as a home for the Jewish people and in the defeat of the Ottoman Empire in the First World War and the subsequent division of Arab lands by Britain and France. A carve-up that, through the British Mandate of Palestine, realised the Zionist dream. It will also take in the discovery of oil in the Arabian peninsula and the west's growing dependence on it during the course of the century.

Why attack Iraq now? In the US administration, as we all know, a rift has opened up between the vice-president and the Department of Defence on the one hand and the State Department on the other. This is generally presented as hawks versus doves. In fact, both departments seek to secure the USA's position as the only global superpower for the foreseeable future. This through the strategic positioning of

military bases and friendly regimes, securing oil and weakening or fragmenting potential rivals or threats. But while the State Department seems to favour working on the Palestinian issue, the Pentagon group takes the view that the road to "real" security and peace runs through Baghdad.

In 1998 Donald Rumsfeld, now the defence secretary, and Paul Wolfowitz, now his deputy, wrote to Republican leaders in Congress warning that with weapons of mass destruction, Saddam Hussein could become "the driving force of Middle East politics." In 2000, a report by Cheney, Rumsfeld and Wolfowitz, published by the Project for the New American Century, revealed that the Iraqi president is an excuse for action: "While the unresolved conflict with Iraq provides the immediate justification, the need for a substantial American force presence in the Gulf transcends the issue of the regime of Saddam Hussein."

When Rumsfeld came to office in the current administration, he appointed Richard Perle (a director of the right-wing Jerusalem Post) as chairman of the US Defence Policy Board. In 1996, Perle had co-written an advisory paper for Benjamin Netanyahu (then new Likud Prime Minister of Israel), calling on him to break with Oslo and reassert Israel's claim to the West Bank and Gaza.

The other quarter preparing for war is the Israeli government. Raanan Gissin, an aide to Prime Minister Ariel Sharon, was reported by the Associated Press as saying, last August, that **Israel was urging US officials not to delay a military strike against Saddam Hussein.**

On the last school run of the week, on Friday afternoon, I switched on the car radio and caught Andrew Motion mentioning the "sliver of ice" in the heart of every artist that makes him or her able to fashion art out of the saddest things. Yes. But every night, private and public losses mingle; I dream of my husband, who died last year, and of Naseer, who died 30 years ago, and

wake with a cold fist tight around my heart. The book I'm writing on Cairo is on hold. How can I write about my beloved city when my friends in Ramallah, Nablus and Bethlehem are under curfew in theirs?

Why does Sharon want war on Iraq? Why now? Speaking in London two months ago, Azmi Bishara, an Arab member of the Knesset, warned against talking of "transfer"—the deportation of Palestinians. Once you talk about something, you make it closer to happening. I share that caution, but "transfer" is now openly discussed. **And Sharon is on the record as saying that Israel's "dirty work" is not yet done and that he is not afraid of doing it. He has been doing it, in Qibya, in Beirut, in Sabra and Shatila. As the US started to bomb Afghanistan, he moved his army into the West Bank and Gaza.**

If this were a novel—let me use that sliver of ice—Sharon would be waiting for an extraordinary circumstance under cover of which he would start driving people out of the West Bank, out of Jerusalem. But he needs somewhere to drive them to. And may be he also needs a justification.

Did he hope that the war in Afghanistan would provide it? Within hours of the attacks of 11 September, he rushed to identify the terror the USA had just suffered with the "terror" Israel was enduring. Was he paving the way then for his final solution? But the Taliban caved in more quickly than anyone had expected, and the huge and diverting spectacle of the war in **Afghanistan was over too soon. A war on Iraq now could give him the cover he needs. It could also provide him with the locale of the banishment. He cannot use Sinai; southern Lebanon is guarded by Hezbollah, Jordan—a friend of the US—already has a huge Palestinian population and would be destabilised by more. How about driving the Palestinians out through Jordan and into a compliant Iraq?**

It is likely that the story Israel tells about itself does not allow for it to relinquish the West Bank. Under the premiership of Yitzhak Rabin the step was discussed—and he was murdered for it. For if the claim of Israel to the land of Palestine is biblical, then it is a claim not to Tel Aviv and Haifa but to Judea and Samaria. Indeed, it's a claim to "Eretz Yisrael", which stretches from the Euphrates to the Nile.

Hence Israel has talked peace but built settlements, has talked stopping terror but demolished houses and torn up olive groves. This is why it has to dehumanise the Palestinians, to speak of a society in the grip of fanaticism, of a cult of death. In recent interview in Ha'aretz, the Israel Defence Force chief of staff, Moshe Ya'alon, described the Palestinians as a "cancerous manifestation"—although Ehud Barak, the former prime minister, demurred at this and said they were more like "a virus".

This is why it is possible for the pro-Israeli writer David D Perlmutter to publish a piece in the Los Angeles Times last April, saying: "If in 1948, 1956, 1967 or 1973 Israel had acted just a bit like the Third Reich, then today Israelis would shop, eat pizza, marry and celebrate the holy days unmolested. **And, of course, Jews, not sheikhs, would have that Gulf oil.**"

An interesting plot complication here arises from the fact that Israel is indeed a democracy—for its Jewish citizens. And so there are Israeli characters who stand like heroic figures against the current. The wise Rabbis for Peace, who believe in the equality of all men. The soldiers who refuse to serve in the Occupied Territories. Scholars such as Ilan Pappé or the historian and one-time deputy mayor of Jerusalem Meron Benvenisti, who warned in Ha'aretz of "the possibility of a mass transfer of Palestinians in case of war in Iraq". Architects who have spoken of the "vertical" occupation. The members of Gush Shalom who ran an ad last month to tell the world that "**in the imminent chaos created in the Middle East in case of war, Sharon hopes to implement his old scheme to expel the**

Palestinians from all of Palestine. For this end, he is ready to inflict a disaster upon all of us."

Can these people influence the plot? So far, it seems not. And their calls to their countrymen appear to have gone unheeded. A telling phrase in a recent article by David Grossman in the Guardian says, "The Palestinians begin their timeline for the conflict in, at the latest, 1948, when the state of Israel was founded. Israelis, for the most part, place the starting point of their timeline at September 2000 {the beginning of the intifada}." A crucial difference. But the dissidents add tragic depth to our narrative. And they can provide justification for an outside power to refuse to implement Sharon's plans.

In March of this year, Crown Prince Abdullah of Saudi Arabia proposed a peace plan that included full normalisation of Arab relations with Israel. President Bush endorsed the plan at first, but Cheney and Rumsfeld argued that fighting terror meant supporting Sharon. On 4 April, Bush said that "moral clarity" required an attack on terror in all its forms. So far, it seems that the Pentagon is winning the day. And the Pentagon is, by this analysis, is not merely "hawkish" in promotion of US interests but committed to the ambitions—the world-view-of Israel.

And it is Pentagon officials who we find liaising with possible replacements for Saddam Hussein's regime. One possible leader, admired—we are told—by Richard Perle, is Ahmad Chalabi. Chalabi is an interesting character: some 20 years ago he set up—with the support of (then Crown) Prince Hassan of Jordan—the Petra Bank which collapsed with debts of some \$57m, leaving Chalabi a wealthy man. It was said that two warrants were out for his arrest, the standard Interpol one and one personally signed by King Hussein. It was also said that he evaded these warrants by hiding out in south Lebanon. A few years ago, he relaunched himself as the head of the Iraq National Congress, one of the various groups that have set themselves up as "Iraqi opposition in exile"



IQBAL ACADEMY PAKISTAN