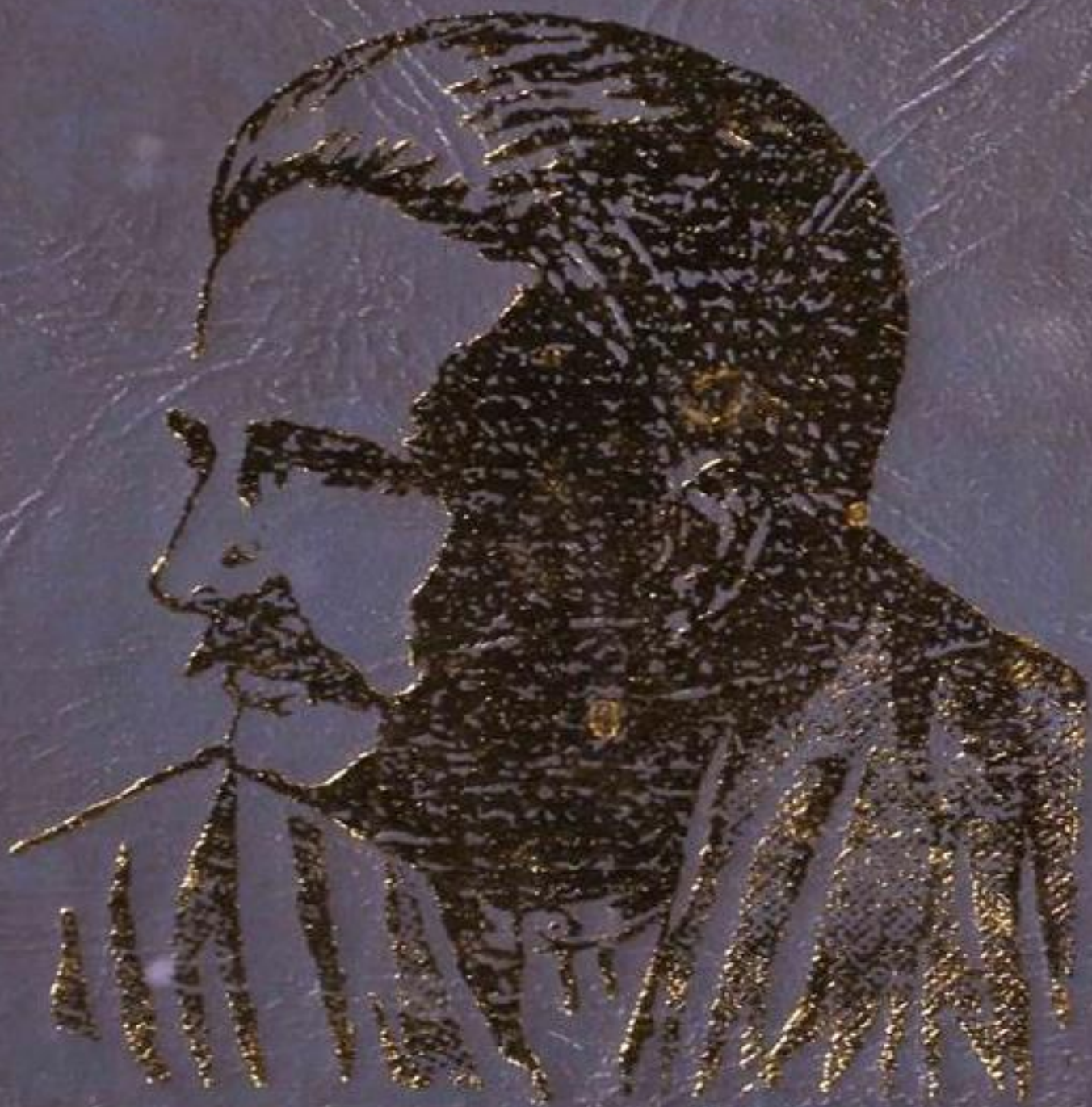


THE ROD OF MOSES

Verseified English Translation

of

Zarb-I-Kalim



IQBAL ACADEMY PAKISTAN

THE ROD OF MOSES

A Declaration of War Against the Present Age

Like the wind of morn imbibe the wish to blow,

For temper free is ever moving to and fro.

A thousand founts shall spring on path that you
have trod,

Go deep in Self and cleave the sea with Mose's
Rod.

— Iqbal

THE ROD OF MOSES

Versified English Translation

of

Iqbal's Zarb-i-Kalim



Translated by :

Syed Akbar Ali Shah



IQBAL ACADEMY PAKISTAN

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Dedicated to Nawab Sir Hamidullah Khan

Ruler of Bhopal

What Time has done or shall do with the East,
None save a prince, like you, can know the least.
You own insight and what lies in my mind,
Is not too hard for you to ken and find.
Accept from me this treasure of Spring tide,
Whose roses in your hand shall fresh abide.

To Readers

Your glass can never match the stony rock,
Unless of facts with care you take the stock.
Give proof of strength and strike a dreadful
blow,
When war is waging strains of harp forego.
The wealth of life is due to blood in veins,
O man remiss ! love pain, shun *melodious strains*.

The Prologue

(1)

In fane and shrine the Self in slumber deep is
sunk,

It seems that soul of East an opiate strong has
drunk.

If freaks of Fate with smile on lips you can not
face,

The secrets hid in firmament n'er claim to trace.

Your anguish sharp for Death you can not keep
at bay,

Because you deem that *Self* is merely made of
clay.

Time can conceal mishaps at all from you,

Alas ! your heart and soul are foul and are not
true.

The straws and thorns of East to me have been
assigned,

For flame that burns in me is rash and un-
confined.

(2)

Iqbal, you sin because the throngs you tingle,
Though keep aloof and seldom with them
mingle.

Men went to quaff extract from poppies drawn,
Have courage gained for deeds requiring brawn.

The birds, who spite of pinions rent were glad,
In nests, for azure sky now feel so sad.

You ought to be deprived of songs of morn,
Deserve to miss delight and feel forlorn.

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

INTRODUCTION

I thank God that the self-imposed duty of rendering Iqbal's *Zarb-i-Kalim* into English has been fulfilled though I had apprehensions that it might remain unrealized due to my illness. May God shower his blessings on the *Last of the Prophets* (Peace be upon him and his immaculate progeny) through whose intercession alone, a sinner like myself, can attain salvation. The readers of this rendering into English are requested to pray for the soul of the translator, when he is laid to rest after passing through the mortal travails of earthly life.

A large number of books on *Iqbal Studies* is available in the market, but some of his Urdu works are still untranslated into foreign languages, particularly into English. 'The Rod of Moses' has not been rendered into English so far and as such the translator has no hesitation in saying that the present rendering is an attempt to disseminate the message of the philosopher poet throughout the Muslim world. The translator has no ulterior motive save that of spreading the *National Poet's* message to the English knowing

people of this country as well as to those of foreign lands.

English is not my mother tongue nor I have ever been abroad and I expect that the readers will be kind enough to bear this fact in mind. I have only paved the way and if any person desires, he is quite welcome to improve this rendering. Some persons, who have a meagre knowledge of Oriental languages (Persian and Arabic), think that Fitzgerald's translation of the quatrains of *Omar Khayyam* is the last work on the technique of translation into English, though it does not bear the least resemblance to the original.

'The Rod of Moses' is the last collection in Urdu that was published during Iqbal's life time. Unlike other Urdu collections, this book is dedicated to Sir Hamid Ullah Khan, the Nawab of Bhopal. During his last illness Iqbal stayed for some time in Bhopal's *Palace of Mirrors* and also at the residence of Sir Denisen Ross Masood. The Nawab of Bhopal and lady Ross Masood were very solicitous about the health of the Celebrated Poet.

'The Rod of Moses' has a salient feature that the number of Ghazals in this collection is very small, whereas *Qit'a's* (fragments) predominate. The book is distinguished by another peculiarity i.e., it is divided into specific sections e.g. *Islam and Muslims, Education and Upbringing, The Weaker Vessel, Literature and Fine Arts, The Politics of the East and the West and Thoughts of Mihrab Gul Khan.*

It is difficult to discuss each and every topic in the introduction. I will, therefore, confine my attention only to the selected topics so that the introduction may not become monotonous.

The theme of all the poems is *Ego* or *Selfhood*. The collection is of extreme importance for reference to contemporary events. The poetry of a philosopher poet, who is determined to inculcate the spirit of strife and struggle among human beings cannot be anything else than serious. However, it is necessary to point out that the collection has two poems, *Flattery* (خوشامد) and *High Offices* (مناصب) that recall Akbar Allahbadi's sarcastic humour. Akbar's poems about the fair sex are humorous, though reformatory, whereas the poems of Iqbal on the 'Fair Sex' are composed in a very serious vein. He pays the highest tribute to the 'Fair Sex' and adds that though a woman is unable to declaim or write philosophic discourses, yet she is the procreator of all Prophets and eminent persons. He is of opinion that procreation is her first and foremost duty and the acquisition of knowledge, religious as well as worldly, is as essential for her as for men.

The philosopher poet was a great educationist and played a prominent part in guiding and framing the syllabi of two Universities, the Punjab University and Kabul University, besides working as a professor of English, Philosophy and of Arabic at Lahore. He was interested in *Jamia Millia, Delhi* also. Consequently he had a profound knowledge

of educational affairs and problems. He is critical of contemporary system of education, which was introduced by Lord Macaulay in India for the sake of producing low-salaried clerks. Iqbal says :

With free hand Nature has bestowed
On you the eyes of hawk so keen :
But bondage has replaced them with
The eyes of bat devoid of sheen.

(Rod of Moses, page 83)

For things on which schools throw no light
And keep them from your eyes concealed,
Go to retreats of mount and waste
And get them by some *Guide* revealed.

(Rod of Moses, page 83)

The schools and colleges turn out thousands of bookworms, who memorise everything without the development either of the intellect or the spirit :

Respite from books you do not get,
But *Book Revealed* too soon forget.

(Rod of Moses, page 81)

The poet emphasises the necessity of learning the *Holy Quran*, of reflecting over its teachings and acting upon its injunctions. He adds that the students are not taught the ways and means of developing the *Ego*. He ironically observes that they are not fit to learn the modes and high rank of the hawk. They have a slavish mentality :

This is the training that befits them well,
Painting, music and science of plants as well.

(Rod of Moses, page 78)

The philosopher poet is equally critical both of the teachers and the students. He observes that teachers, who ought to lead the rest of mankind, are themselves the slaves of customs and traditions. They have miserably failed to inspire the students :

Those who deserved to lead the modern age,
Have worn out brains and others hold the
stage.

(Rod of Moses, page 82)

The students are not taught the lesson of self-esteem in schools and the teachers fail to infuse the spirit of self-respect among their students :

The ways of teachers don't expand the heart,
Match stick can't light to electric lamp
impart.

(Rod of Moses, page 78)

The chapter on *Education and Upbringing* ends with three poems offering advice to his son, Javid Iqbal. In these poems Iqbal has also thrown some light on his mystic creed.

The last chapter of this collection consists of twenty stanzas on the meditations of an Afghan person, Mihrab Gul. In these stanzas, the central theme, as usual, is the *Ego* or *Selfhood*. These stanzas are full of music and charm, particularly the seventh stanza has an enchanting effect on account of its refrain, besides being didactic and instructive. The poet thinks that mountaineers and nomads are more appreciative of the beauties of Nature than

those dwelling in plains. The poet thinks that these Highlanders and *Bedouins* are very hard-working and industrious, because they have to derive their sustenance, either from rocky or barren terrain, or from sandy deserts full of dunes. These toils and hardships make them hardy and brave, which is borne out in present times by the *Afghans*. They are locked in a life and death struggle with a neighbouring super power for the protection of their homes and hearths. Nearly three years have elapsed and the invaders have not gained any foot-hold in the country. The *Afghans* will sooner or later authenticate the poet's conception about their love of freedom and *Selfhood* :

How can I quit this mountain land,
Where my sires are interred in rocks :
My exile from this land so dear,
Is full of anguish, pain and shocks ?

(Rod of Moses, page 166)

As a matter of fact, the philosophy of *Self-hood* and the definition of terms like *Faqr*, *Love*, *Dervesh-hood*, *Qalender*, *Love versus Intellect* and *Symbolism* is also necessary for the proper understanding of this collection, but these items are included in the revised preface to my translation of the first two parts of *Bal-i-Jibril* (Gabriel's Wing). If the book is reprinted, it will have the explanation of such terms and extracts from the comments of eminent scholars. Moreover an attempt will be made to

cleanse it from all sorts of defects such as errors, and defective cover which stains the fingers of readers.

The Chapter on '*The Politics of the East and West*' is very illuminating and throws great light on the guile and tricks practised by the Franks, but I have not touched it in the introduction, lest the introduction should become inordinately long. The implications of this chapter will be dwelt upon in the notes appended to the translation at the end.

Right from Homer to the present day, the poets, writers, and artists have said some thing about their respective arts. Most of the English poets, have left their theories of art in the form of essays. In the case of Iqbal, one has to rely upon his Foreword to *Muraqqa-i-Chughtai* and his poems scattered in different collections, particularly in the 'Rod of Moses' in which one complete chapter is devoted to *Literature and Fine Arts*. Actually the word 'Art' has a very wide connotation and Sculpture, Painting, Music and Prose as well Poetry can be included in it. In brief, all those arts which are based on *Mimesis* can be included in it.

When he started writing poetry seriously two theories of 'Art' were in vogue. The first was 'Art for Art's sake' and the second was *Formalism*, which attached more value to form than to its social function. He opposes both these theories and prefers *Functionalism*. According to him the

main purpose of poetry is to enrich human life so that man may successfully deal with the problems and impediments that crop up in the course of life. According to him that 'Art' is true which fortifies the *Ego* and the 'Art' that fails to do so is worthless. Music without the content of volition, emotion and ideas is no better than dead fire. He declares the 'will' as the source of sentiments, feelings, emotions, ideas and ideals.

Plato and Aristotle both subscribed to the theory of *Mimesis* or Imitation. Plato thought that 'Art' was twice removed from reality and hence the poets were excluded from his 'Republic'. He was of the opinion that poets told lies about the gods and the heroes and had a detrimental effect on the morals of young men. Like Iqbal, Plato condemns drama altogether. The poem 'theatre' in *Rod of Moses*, page 104, deprecates the drama on account of its weakening effect on the *Ego*. He agrees with Aristotle in approving poetry because creativeness is a divine quality. He, however, disagrees with Aristotle and Plato in regarding it as mere imitation. For Iqbal 'Art' is not an imitation of Nature because nature blocks the way of creativeness. He wishes that 'Art' should be freed from the shackles of Nature :

Set your craftsmanship quite free
 From Nature's chains that bind it tight :
 For men endowd with gift of craft
 Aren't prey, of hunters need no fright.

(Rod of Moses, page 115)

He wishes that a poet should rather improve upon Nature than imitate it :

To God the angels did complain
 'Gainst Iqbal and did say
 That rude and insolent is he,
 Nature he paints much gay.

(Gabriel's Wing, page 102)

While rejecting the theory of *Mimesis* Iqbal seems inconsistent in his own doctrine when he advocates the development of divine attributes in human personality. He uses the word assimilation for this development.

Opposed to those who hold the view of 'Art for Art's sake' are the *Functionalists*. They are divided into several groups and each group has its own views. The followers of Aristotle say that the purpose of 'Art' is to afford pleasure by the purgation (Catharsis) of pent up feelings. Iqbal does not subscribe to this view of 'Art'. He concedes the pleasure-giving qualities of Persian (classical) poetry but denounces it :

There is no doubt that Persian verse,
 Like music of the lute and harp,
 Is full of joy and has much charm,
 Yet sword of *Self* it makes not sharp.

(Rod of Moses, page 127)

Iqbal belongs to the second group of *Functionalists*. This group is of view that *Social Reform* is the chief aim of 'Art' and Plato is the source of this type of

Functionalism, which emphasises that 'Art' must serve ethical and instructional ends. Iqbal, though an avowed antagonist of Plato in his metaphysics, is his disciple in the theory of 'Art'. Poetry is meaningless without reference to life, man and society. Poetry keeps the field of life green and bestows everlasting life on humanity. The second aim of 'Art' is the making of men. The artist must create a yearning in the hearts of men for new ideals :

Devoid of Passion's roar
 'I' can exist no more :
 What else can be this life
 But Passion strong and strife ?

(Gabriel's Wing, page 36)

The third aim of art according to Iqbal is social progress. The poet is the 'eye' of the society. He sees the maladies of his community and interprets them for the sake of reform. Iqbal has criticised *Mullahs, Pseudo Mystics, Leaders and Politicians* in his poems :

Enough for me that I affirm
 With tongue alone my faith and creed :
 A thousand thanks for *Mullah's* claim
 That he with heart avows, indeed.

(Gabriel's Wing, page 54)

The folk who showed the track
 To stars, ere now, alack !
 Now yearn to find a *Guide*
 Who knows this desert wide.

(Gabriel's Wing, page 73)

To Lover's glowing fire and flame
 The mystic order has no claim :
 They don't discourse of aught
 Save wonders by their elders wrought.

(Gabriel's Wing, page 45)

There is yet another important aspect of Iqbal's theory of art, namely *Expressionism*. Iqbal's contemporary, Croce, has given a new interpretation to this theory, which has in fact its origin in Plotinus :

- (i) that 'Art' is an activity, completely autonomous, and free from all considerations of Ethics.
- (ii) that the activity is distinct from the activity of the intellect.
- (iii) that it consists in the upholding of the artist's personality and
- (iv) that appreciation is the re-living of the artist's experiences.

Iqbal is strongly opposed to the first part. He endorses the second part as far as intellect grasps reality only piecemeal, while intuition grasps reality in its wholeness. Regarding the remaining two parts, he is fully in agreement with Croce. It is clear that Iqbal's theory of 'Art' has more than one facet and each facet has its own significance. He is as much indebted to his predecessors as the coming generations will be indebted to him.

As regards the opinion of the philosopher poet on fine arts, one has to rely on his present work. 'Rod of Moses'. There are many poems in this book which enshrine his thoughts on Fine Arts. As has already been pointed out, he is opposed to the theory of *Mimesis*. He denounces dramatic performances in unequivocal terms :

God save that alien *Self*
 Seek shelter in your Shrine !
 The creed of idols shun,
 Don't desecrate house divine.

—————
 Forgetfulness of *Self*
 Imports the height of Art,
 But with the loss of *Se'f*
 Both joy and warmth depart.

(Rod of Moses, page 104)

in another poem entitled '*Being*', he says that an 'Art' which fails to build up the *Self* is quite useless :

Alas ! such Art, verse and music of the flute
 Are naught but source of much disgrace and
 shame.

(Rod of Moses, page 112)

The Pyramids of Egypt are one of the wonders of the world. The onlooker is amazed to see their grandeur :

The grandeur of these Pyramids
 Puts lofty heavens to disgrace,

What hand did build, design and frame
They seem attired in lasting grace.

(Rod of Moses, page 115)

In another poem, 'Creations of Art' he is much grieved to see the sad plight of 'Art' in India :

You are a corpse and your Art
The leader of your funeral rite :
In pitch dark room of the grave,
Of life, the fellow catches sight.

(Rod of Moses, page 116)

In another poem, 'The Painter' the poet expresses his feelings thus :

I feel that *Behzads* of modern time
Have lost East's rapture sweet and joy sub-
lime.

(Rod of Moses, page 133)

In the poem 'Craftsmen of India', the poet criticises the Indians and remarks that their writings are about sex only and they incite the lust of mankind for sex.

Iqbal underscores the need of strife and struggle in attaining success in Art or Craft. He desires that 'Art' must reform and instruct society. If it fails to fulfil this end, it is worthless. The poet has no sympathy for the art of dancing and feels that it leaves 'the palate athirst' and advises the Muslims to leave its twists and turns to the Franks. He believes that the poet is the creative descendant of the Prophets, and is expected to re-shape human societies and to save them from destruction.

I am much indebted to Professor Mazhar Mahmood Shirani, who has always encouraged me.

Words are inadequate to thank Dr. Waheed Quraishi who kept on urging me to complete the translation of Zarb-i-Kalim. I avail myself of this opportunity to congratulate Professor Mirza Mohammad Munawwar the new Director of the Academy.

Last but not least I am thankful to my son, Professor Anwar Hussain Syed for the help rendered by him in transcribing and proof-reading.

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* Professor (Retd.) Syed Akbar Ali Shah, M.A. (English, Persian & Philosophy) died of heart failure on May 14, 1983, while the book was under process.



DAWN

The morn that shifts so soon tomorrow new,
Whence it comes is only known to few :
The dark abode of being is shook by morn,
Which by *Muslim's Call* to prayer is born.

NO GOD BUT HE (UNITY OF GOD)

The secret of the Self is hid,
In words "*No god but He alone*".
The *Self* is just a dull-edged sword,
"*No god but He,*" the grinding stone.

An *Abraham* by the age is sought
To break the idols of this Hall :
The avowal of God's Oneness can
Make all these idols headlong fall.

A bargain you have struck for goods
Of life, a step, that smacks conceit,
All save the *Call* "*No god but He*" ;
Is merely fraught with fraud and deceit.

The worldly wealth and riches too,
Ties of blood and friends a dream :
The idols wrought by doubts untrue,
All save God's Oneness empty seem.

The mind has worn the holy thread
 Of Time and Space like pagans all :
 Though Time and Space both illusive are,
 "*No god but He*" is true withal.

These melodious songs are not confined
 To Time when rose and tulip bloom :
 Whatever the season of year be
 "*No god but He*" must ring till doom.

Many idols are still concealed
 In their sleeves by the Faithful Fold,
 I am ordained by Mighty God
 To raise the call and be much bold.

SUBMISSION TO FATE

The Koranic teaching that did bring
 The Moon and Pleiades within human reach :
 Is now explained in manner strange,
 'Twixt man and world to cause a breach.

Their mode of work has changed entire,
 Before the freaks of Fate they bow :
 They had a say in what God decreed,
 But Muslims have now fallen low.

What was so evil has by steps
 Put on the shape of good and fine :
 In state of bondage, as is known,
 The shift of conscience is quite sure.

ASCENSION

A mote endowed with strong desire for flight
 Can reach the Sun and Moon with effort slight.
 If chest of partridge fire and zeal emit,
 My friends, in fight with hawk it can acquit.

Ascension means to gauge a Muslim's heart,
 The Pleiades are the target of his dart.
 No wonder, meanings of *Najm* from you hide,
 On Moon depends your ocean's ebb and tide.

ADMONITION TO A PHILOSOPHY STRICKEN SAYYAD

If your Self had not been debased and lost,
 Bergson, his spell on you would not have cast.
 Hegel's shell is quite devoid of gem that gleams,
 His *Talisman* merely web of fancy seems.

Man's need is how this earthly life to brace,
 He yearns that *Self* may last 'yond Time and
 Space.

To have a life steadfast is his desire,
 He seeks some rules to guide his life entire.
 The source that gloom dispels, spreads light
 around,

Is *Worship Call* at morn with clarion sound.

I am by breed a pure and true *Somnati*,
 Ancestors mine were both *Lati* and *Manati*.

You hail from *Hashemite* Prophet's race,
 My origin from *Brahmans* I have to trace.

Philosophy is my body's essential part,
It is rooted deep in fibres of my heart.

Iqbal devoid of skill and craft though be,
Through every vein of thought can fully see.

The frenzy in your breast is shorn of glow,
This heart illumining point you ought to know.

Intellect leads a man from God astray,
Philosophy from grasping facts keeps away.

Dumb strains produced by calm and serious
thought,

Slay zeal for active life and achieve not aught.

True faith and creed give strength to earthly life,
Abraham and *Prophets' Seal* guide to face its
strife.

Ali's son, you are deceived by *Avicenna's* thought,
Give ears to what the Holy Prophet taught.

You can not see the path you have to tread,
So choose a guide from tribe of *Koraish* instead.

THE EARTH AND THE SKY

Perhaps the part of year that Spring you deem,
In others' view destructive Autumn it may seem.

The worldly affairs one pattern don't retain,
So pilgrim wise, think not of loss and gain.

The thing you take for sky of earthly tract,
Perhaps is soil of some other world in fact.

THE DECLINE OF MUSLIMS

Though wealth and gold provide
 The worldly needs of man ;
 But what *Faqr* can bestow
 No wealth or gold e'er can.

If youth of nation mine
 Were jealous of their creed,
 My *Qalandar's* state won't mind
 Alexander's might indeed.

With ease you can divine
 To some thing else is due :
 Penury can not cause
 Decline of Moslems True.

Wealth has played no part
 To bring my worth to light :
 My *Faqr* this spell has cast,
 The share of wealth is slight.

KNOWLEDGE VERSUS LOVE

Knowledge to me conveyed this thoughtful
 phrase
 That Love is naught but frantic craze,
 Love said that lore is vague and full of haze,
 It bade, not like a moth, in books to graze.
 Love brings Mighty God within your sight,
 But worldly lore your eyes can blur and blight.

Love's fervour great as well as ardent glow
 Maintains the gleam of world and outward
 show.

The Attributes of God through wisdom you
 can know

Love makes His glory flash and shine I vow.
 The worldly lore can't slake the thirst of soul,
 Whereas Love leads to requisite aim and goal.

Love can effect many a wondrous deed,
 Carves kingdoms new, grants *Darveshhood* and
 creed,

The race of kings like slaves its orders heed.
 It is home, earth and Time with flitting speed,
 Love is Faith and conviction complete,
 Faith the key that unlocks the door for retreat.

In creed of Love a mansion's ease and glee
 Are things that Love ought not expect to see :
 He must forgo the coast, face stormy sea :
 He yearns for lightning, makes for crops no plea.
 The worldly lore books compiled by men do
 yield,

'Bout Faith man learns from Book by God
 revealed.

IJTEHAD

There is no place in Ind wherefrom to learn
 The tenets that the Muslim Faith concern.
 They are devoid of zeal for godly acts,
 And are not wont to seek its basic facts.

The mystics, who were keen their Faith to spread,
Are silent now and thought for them a dread.

Alas ! the state of bondage deprives of zest,
Slaves tread the beaten path and relinquish
quest.

The jurists are helpless to such extent,
Can't change themselves, but would change
Koran's content.

How sad, the jurists can't shift their outlook,
But would prefer to change the Holy Book !

These abject slaves opine and cling to creed
That Holy Book is full of flaws indeed.

They think it incomplete for this fact
Because it fails to teach the slavish tact.

THANKS CUM COMPLAINT

Though unwise, thanks to God I must express
For bonds with celestial world that I possess.
My songs fresh zeal to hearts of men impart,
Their charm extends to lands that lie apart.
In Autumn my breath makes birds that chirp in
morn,

Imbibe much joy and feel no more forlorn.

O God, to such a land I have been sent,
Where men in abject bondage feel content.

PRAISE OF GOD AND MEDITATION

These stops are for the pilgrim same,
Whose Quest to respect has many claims :
To show his rank was brought to light,
The verse "He taught him all the names".

The mystics like *Rumi* and *Attar*,
For homage to God have won such fame :
Avicenna, because of books he wrote
Has won a great renown and name.

Mind can provide the ways and means
That help in measuring Time and Space :
Who bow to God and seek His Grace,
Enjoy the highest rank and place.

MULLAH OF THE MOSQUE

I do not wonder if
To God you find approach :
You know not rank of man
For which you need reproach.

Your worship is devoid
Of grandeur, charm and grace :
Your *Call To Prayer* at morn
Leaves cold and does not brace.

DESTINY

Oft men who don't deserve get might and main,
 Anon a Person's gifts ungraced remain.
 Perhaps some rules of Logic are concealed,
 Mishaps that lie in wait are not revealed.
 There is a fact that all of us can know,
 World annals much light on this matter throw.
 Fate keeps its eye on what the nations do,
 Like two-edged sword can riddle through and
 through.

ONENESS OF GOD

There were times when God's oneness was
 A living force in world of clay :
 But subtle points by pedants raised
 Have changed the trend of times today.

If conduct dark is not illumed
 By means of bright and dazzling glow :
 It means that rank of Muslim true
 He himself also does not know.

O Marshal of this great array,
 I have descried your mighty hordes :
 They don't repeat "Say God is One",
 Their sheaths devoid of piercing swords.

The *Mullah* and Jurist both alas !
 About this fact are not aware ;
 As long as thoughts are not the same,
 The ripeness of acts leads nowhere.

The *Mullahs* who lead prayers brief,
 Don't know a nation's goal and aim.
 How can they learn a nation's weight,
 When things like this they do not claim ?

KNOWLEDGE AND RELIGION

Learning whom God has made
 The mate of heart and sight,
Like Friend of God can break
 With ease all idols bright.

Cosmos and life are one,
 The world is one and same :
 The tale of old and new
 Is merely false and lame.

A blossom can not thrive
 In meadow full of trees,
 Unless some drops of dew
 Ally with pleasant breeze.

That ken is vision dim,
 In which the wise man's lore
 And sight that Moses viewed
 Keep apart and merge no more.

INDIAN MUSLIM

Brahmans dub him as foe to native land,
 The English call him beggar on other hand.
 The Code of Prophet born in Punjab says,
 "This ancient *Muslim* owns many pagan ways".
 When and whence the call to truth shall rise,
 My humble heart is feeling much surprise ?

WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF BRITISH GOVERNMENT'S PERMISSION TO KEEP SWORD

O *Muslim*, did you ever think or feel
 What is meant by piercing sword of steel ?
 It is the first hemistich of this verse
 That God's Oneness shows in form so terse :
 My anxiety for the second half is greater though,
 May God the sword of *Faqr* on you bestow !
 If *Muslim* true can get this sword in hold
 He is *Ali* . the Lion of God, or *Khalid* bold.

HOLY WAR

It is the verdict of the *Shaikh*
 That pen is stronger than the sword :
 "The sword has lost its might and force,
 The pen has gained a firmer hold."

But does not the august *Shaikh*
 Take cognizance of this bitter fact
 That this lecturing in the mosque
 Can never make the least effect ?

In hands of Muslims of the world,
 Where can the gun and sword be seen ?
 If equipped with such deadly arms,
 To suffer death they won't be keen.

At sight of heathen's natural death,
 If one with fear and fright is filled :
 No one directs a man like that
 To get in *Holy War* be killed.

A man, whose bloody claws for world
 With risk and danger much are fraught,
 Must avoid the Holy Wars,
 To give up wars he must be taught.

The West is bent to mount a guard
 On false, untrue pretentious show :
 It is armed with weapons dread,
 Is clad in mail from top to toe.

We like to ask the holy *Shaikh*,
 Who holds the shrine in high esteem,
 If war for West is heinous crime,
 How far in East can harmless seem ?

A man concerned with truth alone
 Can never this much proper deem
 That East for sins must reckoning face,
 But crimes by West may lighter seem.

AUTHORITY AND FAITH

Autocrats like *Alexander* and *Changez*,
 Have trampled men beneath their feet,
 Not once but hundred times so far,
 They brought man down from honoured seat.

The annals right from historic dawn
 The message eternal bear as such,
 "O man, with insight great endowed,
 The wine of might is dangerous much."

Before this quickly flowing flood
 That spreads to all the tracts with speed
 Art, insight, intellect and science,
 Are carried along like straw and reed.

Divorced from Fāith, a poison strong,
 When propped by Faith and true belief,
 'Gainst poison works with speed,
 And proves a source of much relief.

FAQR AND MONARCHY

Faqr goes to War unequipped, unarmed with glee,
 It deals dire blows, if heart of sins is free.
 Its defiance and unrest, ever on increase
 Give tale of *Moses* and *Pharoah* fresh release.

O zealous *Faqr*, you will get your grandeur old,
 The Frankish soul is stained with greed of
 wealth and gold.
 Ecstatic Love forbids control of heart
 Without breeze the petals do not part.

ISLAM

The fire and light of Ego both
 The soul of Muslims together bind,
 The fire of Self is light for life,
 God's existence brings before the mind.

It fortifies the things of life,
 It is the cause of all display :
 Though Nature always hides this soul
 From eyes of mankind far away.

If *Muslim Faith* offends the West,
 Let West in its own anger burn :
 This Faith is known by other name,
 To '*Jealous Faqr*' now we must turn.

ETERNAL LIFE

Life acts just like the mother shell,
 It takes in lap the drop of vernal rain :
 Unless it change the drop to pearl
 The Shell is worthless quite and vain.

If *Self* can pick its faults, perfection seek,
 And for its perfection mount a guard :
 Such man is likely to have lasting life,
 Perhaps, death may not claim him as reward.

KINGSHIP

The lofty states of *Faqr* are known to few,
 The *Faqr* that brings the soul of *Koran* to view.
 When *Selfhood* sees its sway and upper hand,
 This exalted state the folk as kingship brand.

This rank gives verdict of a *Muslim's* worth,
 And makes him vicegerent of God on earth.
 You have got bondage as a fit reward,
 For you have failed to keep on *Faqr* a guard.
 Prostration made like moon his forehead shine,
 Alas ! the Franks have snatched that essence
 fine.

Your stars have lost their pristine glow and
 sheen
 That made them rivals of Sun and Moon so
 keen.

THE MYSTIC

Your eyes are fixed on miracles that amaze,
 But world of events strange attracts my gaze.
 No doubt, the world of thought is strange and
 queer,
 But world of Life and Death more odd appear.
 A call to you is sent by *World of Chance*,
 Perhaps you may transmute it with your glance.

BEWITCHED BY THE WEST

(1)

Your being whole from head to foot reflects
 the West,
 Her masons in you have shown their art at best.
 Davoid of Self, your frame from clay and water
 made,
 Is like a spangled sheath that has no steel or
 blade.

(2)

In God's existence you don't believe,
 You have no existence, I conceive.
 Life means to bring *Self's* merits hid to show,
 Take heed, your *Self* is quite devoid of glow.

MYSTICISM

If angelic art and celestial lore
 The ills of Muslims can not cure,
 Worthless they are and of no use,
 Of fact so true you must be sure.

Your reveries deep and rapture sweet,
 Your worship at the midst of night,
 If fail to keep a watch on *Self*
 Are useless quite and have value slight.

The intellect can cast its noose
 On the Pleiades and the Moon :
 If heart is b'reft of love for God,
 It is not a worthy gift and boon.

If wit incites a man to say
 "No God but He" it brings no gain :
 It has no worth at all I think,
 Unless affirmed by heart and brain.

No wonder great that my discourse
 With distraction unbound is fraught :
 If it won't spread like rays of morn,
 It means such talk has value naught.

INDIAN ISLAM

Oneness of thought and Faith alone
 Can make a Society last for long :
 That revelation is schism indeed
 That fails to make this bond much strong.

Oneness of thought and Faith can be
 Defended with arms robust and strong :
 The wit that God bestows on man
 Does not befriend a man for long.

O man of God, you lack such strength,
 Go seek retreat in cave forlorn,
 And sit there like a hermit old,
 Worship Almighty Lord night and morn.

Devise such faith whose mystic thought
 May have mien meek and slavish trend.
 And side by side there may persist
 Despair that has no bound and end.

The leave allowed to *Muslim Priest*
 To bow and bend, 'fore God to pray
 Makes that artless fellow think
 That Ind is free from foreign sway.

GAZAL

A heart devoid of love is dead,
 Infuse fresh life in it again :
 It is the only cure for folk
 Who suffer from some chronic pain.

Your sea is full of calm and rest !
 Is it repose or magic art ?
 No sharks and storms disturb your sea,
 Intact its coast in every part.

You are not intimate with laws
 That rule the spheres that spin around :
 The twinkling stars do not disturb
 The calm which in your heart is found.

The dormant spark that buried lay
 In my extinguished clay since long
 Has set afire your bed of reeds,
 Assuming form of morning song.

That man can only see in full
 The world of future and the past,
 Who has the luck to be endowed
 With my glance so pert and fast.

THE WORLD

The diverse hues of world I can descry,
 Here stone and gem, there moon and starry sky.
 My insight also gives this verdict clear,
 These are hills, river, earth and sphere.
 Of facts so true, I strive to hide not aught,
 You are, all else a trick that eyes have wrought.

PRAYER

In different garbs and various masks
 The idols re-appear in every age :
 They e'er retain their youth and gloss
 Though man has grown old on this stage.

Prostration 'fore God you presume
 As irksome, tedious, burden great ;
 But mind, this homage sets you free
 From bonds of men, of might who prate.

REVELATION

Poor intellect can't be fit
 To be your guide in life :
 If led by guess and doubt
 Disruption may get rife.

Your zeal infirm and weak,
 Unlit your thoughts by light :
 It is too hard to illumine
 Your life's dark dismal night.

'Twixt actions good and bad
 It's hard to draw a line,
 Unless life undertakes
 Such subtle points to define.

DEFEATISM

The mystics of the present age
 Are devoid of warrior's rage :
 The claim that they are rapt with wine
 Of *'Last* and turn from Code Divine.

The jurist has such bent of mind
 That makes to monkish mode inclined,
 In *Holy Wars* take rock-like stand,
 They are just combats hand to hand.

Man's flight from conflicts of life,
 Or escape from its heat and strife :
 If these not be abject defeat,
 What else is then a mean retreat ?

HEART AND INTELLECT

Clay-made man and angelic hosts
 All are swayed by wit and mind :
 Naught lies beyond the reach of wit,
 Bestowed by *God benign* and kind.

Its lasting grandeur holds the world
 In perpetual chains that do not break :
 The heart alone some courage shows
 And full of rage at wit can shake.

FERVOUR FOR ACTION

The mystic mode has naught except
 The inner changes of the heart :
 The talk of *Mullah* on his creed
 Is merely piece of fiery art.

The Poet's song of zeal bereft,
 Is dead and struck with frost :
 To outward eyes he seems awake,
 Though in thoughts completely lost.

Alas ! my eyes do not behold
 The Holy Knight whose fervour high
 May cause his blood to seethe and boil
 In veins that lend such might to thigh.

THE GRAVE

A *Darvesh* feels no rest at all
 Beneath the mound of clods and dust :
 Though abysmal dark the grave,
 Its rigours yet bear he must.

In dark and dismal depths of grave
 Silence of skies a man can sense,
 But there he can never find
 Environs free and Space immense.

THE RECOGNITION OF A QALANDAR

A *Darwesh* bold proclaims with main and might
 My guidance take, tread path quite straight and
 right.

Beyond your might and nerves my tumults lie,
 With caution great by *Qalandar's* dwelling hie.
 The help of skiff and guide I do not need,
 If you are swollen brook, come down with
 speed.

Has not my *Takbir* broke your charm ?

Revoke, if show of courage does not harm.

A *Darvesh* holds the reins of Time like steed,
 He brings sun, stars and moon to book with
 speed.

PHILOSOPHY

The thoughts of young both masked and plain
 From *Qalandar's* eyes can't hid remain.

I know your states for I too crost,
 These tracts in times which now are past.

The wise 'bout words do not quarrel,
 He heeds not shell who seeks the pearl.
 Men crazed with Love of God possess,
 Wit that from spark the flame can guess.
 An import complex confirmed by heart,
 Is precious more than gems in mart.
 As good as dead is science and art,
 Which take not birth from bleeding heart.

GOD'S MEN

That man alone is brave and free,
 Whose stroke is full of main and might ;
 That man is coward through and through
 Who leans on guile and tricks in fight.

From creation's *Immemorial Dawn*
 Free born men own a bent of mind,
Qalandar's traits donning cloak and crown,
 Such distinctive marks in them we find.

The spark lies hid within their clay
 Which the world to itself takes ;
 Transforms it as if by a smell
 And world-illuming sun it makes.

This life is free from ugly taint
 That makes men round the fane to tread :
 O God ! the faithful and pagan all
 Have worn on shoulders sacred thread.

THE INFIDEL AND BELIEVER

Thus *Khizr* to me did speak
 Last day on river banks.
 "Are you in search of cure
 For venom spread by Franks" ?

I know a subtle point
 Which like the sword is keen :
 Is cutting, burnished, bright
 And owns a peculiar sheen.

A heathen gets distinct
 By getting lost in life :
 Whereas a Muslim true
 Keeps 'bove its brawl and strife.

THE TRUE GUIDE

The sedent nations of the East,
 Or active dwellers of the West ;
 Are inmates of such dungeons that
 Were built by them with zeal and zest.

The priests who guide the Christian church,
 And Elders who maintain the Shrine,
 Lack newness of discourse and speech,
 Bereft are they of actions fine.

Experts in statecraft practise still
 The same antique guile and wily tricks :
 No flights of fancy the bard can claim
 To ideals low and mean he sticks.

It is time that expected Guide
 May soon appear on worldly stage ;
 His piercing glance in realm of thought
 Would cause a violent storm to rage.

BELIEVER IN THE WORLD

A man whose faith is firm and strong
 Is soft as silk in friendly throng :
 In skirmish between wrong and right
 Like sword of steel, he stands to fight.

The skies are his inveterate foes
 His war with them e'er onward goes :
 Though Muslim true of clay is born
 From earthly bonds still he is torn.

To hunt the sparrow and the dove
 He does not like and does not love :
 He much aspires his noose to cast
 On angels great and hold it fast.

IN PARADISE

The angels of this thing are sure
 That a Muslim can allure :
 But *Maids of Eden* do complain,
 From society he does oft refrain.

MUHAMMAD ALI BAB

Before assembled Muslim priests,
 Bab made a speech with apt remarks :
 That fellow could not read aright
 '*Samawats*' with its syntactic marks.

The scholars smiled with contempt
 At stupid error that he made.
 He said with courage and aplomb,
 They knew not his spiritual grade.

The verses of the Holy Book
 By desinential marks were bound :
 They were ransomed and set free
 For sake of guidance true and sound.

FATE

(SATAN AND GOD)

SATAN

O Lord of worlds, against Adam,
 No grudge or spite I did e'er bear :
 Alas ! he is a captive still
 Of late and soon, far off and near.

'Fore You, O mighty Lord of Worlds
 A haughty pose I could not show,
 It was pre-ordained by You God,
 That I to You would never bow.

GOD

Before denial or after, when did
 Across your mind this mystery dart ?

SATAN

Aft Lord, Who can by Your display
 Perfection great to life impart.

GOD

(LOOKING AT THE ANGELS)

His low grovelling bent of mind
 Has taught the wretch to argue and contend,
 He says it was pre-ordained,
 To God he would not bow or bend.

Unfettered freedom though he owns
 Yet gives it name of much constraint :
 The tyrant, though a blazing flame,
 To be mere smoke is his complaint.

INVOCATION TO THE SOUL OF MUHAMMAD

(A.S.)

The bonds that in past, like bundle knit
 The *Faithful Fold*, have now been split :
 O God-sent Guide, let Muslims know,
 What to do and where to go ?

The Arabian Sea is quite bereft
 Of stir, there rise no waves and 'crest ;
 The tempest that in me is hid
 Has no place to spread and skid.

Caravan has left the tramp alone,
 But mount or food he does not own :
 Where can the singing cameleer go,
 Who rides on hill and waste to and fro ?

O Soul, whom God for message chose !
 This secret hid to me disclose :
 Some light on this problem throw,
 Where may the guard of God's portents go ?

ISLAMIC CIVILISATION

I would to you a Muslim's life expound,
 It is the height of thought and craze profound.
 Like Sun, his rise and setting both are rare,
 He veers with Time and would e'er truth
 declare.

He is not sick of modesty like the current age,
 Black art and myths his attention don't engage.
 On lasting truths its foundations firmly rest,
 No Plato's conceit but life replete with zest.
 Like Gabriel it owns fine taste and grace,
 Has warmth of Arabs and mind like Persian
 race.

GUIDANCE

What Guidance signifies you wish to know,
 Insight, like me, may God on you bestow !
 He is true guide and teacher of your age,
 Who can with present fill your mind with rage.
 By showing the face of Friend in looking glass,
 May make your life more onerous and crass.
 He may make your blood seethe with sense of
 harm

And on *Faqr's* whetstone may to sword trans-
 form.

Such guidance means revolt 'against *Lustrous
 Creed*

That makes the Muslims bow to kingly breed.

FAQR AND MONKERY

Perhaps your Faith is so much quaint and queer,
 For *Faqr* and monkery same to you appear.
Faqr has a loathing great for monkish ease ;
 Its boat is ever tost by stormy seas.
 He yearns to put to test his frame and soul,
 Display of Self is his main aim and goal.
 Its life like touchstone acts for Cosmos vast :
 It knows what will perish and what will last.
 Ask it if things on which your eyes are bent,
 Are real or merely riot of hue and scent.
 Since Muslim true of *Faqr* has been bereft,
 No *Salman's* Faith or *Solomon's* awe are left.

GHAZAL

A restless aching heart that throbs with Love
 Is my life's only stock and hoard :
 Your joys of life consist of wealth and gold
 That worldly *Science and Arts* to you afford.

The marvel wrought by thinkers wise and sage
 Consists of problems stiff that thought provoke:
Mount Sinai, Pharoah's rout and *Moses' Staff*
 Are miracles worked by those who God invoke.

I have conferred a Muslim's name on you
 For sake of courtesy, custom and routine :
 Though your breath is quite bereft of heat
 Of *Reckoning Day* that shall emit blazing sheen.

My vest is torn to shreds and pieces since long
 And this is due to my mind's frenzy great :
 Your mind is still intact and sound,
 Wherefore impute the blame to me and slate ?

You ought to keep your words within control,
 If you seek the bounteous glance of Guide :
 When you talk with those who insight own,
 Be courteous much, by conduct nice abide.

That nation cannot come to shame at all,
 Nor shall e'er come across or face disgrace,
 Whose youth are blessed with pluck and cour-
 age great,
 And guard with zeal the prestige of their race.

RESIGNATION

The twigs and boughs this subtle point explain
 That sense of surrounding wide to plants is
 plain.

The seed is not content with dwelling dark,
 It has a craze to spire from earth like spark.
 Don't bar the path to deeds for Nature's
 claims,

Submission to Will of God has different aims.
 If there is pluck for growth, the suburbs suffice;
 O man, the world is wide, if you are wise.

UNITY OF GOD

The subtle point in God's Oneness hid
 With ease in words we can explain :
 But what about your mind unsound
 That brims with myths and idols vain ?

The Elder of the Shrine has traits
 That smack of Jurist's faith and creed :
 Much thirst for view 'No god but He',
 Among his fellows cannot breed.

None can appraise the glee one gets,
 When war is on 'twixt good and bad :
 He who can't inflict deadly blows
 And strokes in war is never glad.

Observations made by free born men
 In world with marvels so replete :
 To those who own the glance of thralls
 None can such wonders 'fore them repeat.

A *Darvesh* holds a loftier rank
 Than a monarch who wears a crown ;
 There is no cure for such a man,
 Who, like paupers, has sunk down.

REVELATION AND FREEDOM

With zeal and fervour man is fired
 By looks of man by God inspired.
 The intense heat his breath imparts,
 A blaze in park and orchard starts.
 The mode of hawks the thrush displays,
 The birds that chirp change mode and ways.
 Such man rapt with God's Love can raise,
 Low-born to rank of *Jam* and *Parvez*.
 God save from revelations of a thrall,
 Like *Chengez*, he leads to nations' fall !

SOUL AND BODY

Since times antique the mind of man
 In complex problems is involved :
 What is the source of clay-born man
 And how the soul has been evolved ?

Pain, anguish, glee and rapture sweet
 Are spiritual states that man must face :
 What is of much worth, cup or wine,
 Is knotty point you wish to trace ?

What binds the words and their import,
 What links the body and the soul ?
 It wears the cloak of its own ash
 Just like the burnt refuse of coal.

LAHORE AND KARACHI

For *Muslim* true Death has no dread
 To realm of souls, he straight is led.
 Don't ask the rulers of this land
 To grant blood price for martyred band.
 Their blood is precious and divine
 Like precincts of the Holy Shrine.
 Alas ! the Muslim has forgot
 The lesson that to him was taught.
 He was ordained to cry to none
 Save to God Unique and One.

PROPHETHOOD

A gnostic, revivalist, jurist or
 Expert in Prophet's maxims I do not claim :
 As such a Prophet's rank and state
 In terms precise I can't proclaim.

Despite these things I always keep
 On Muslim lands my watchful eye :
 To me are known the secrets hid
 In depths of this azure sky.

In present age, so full of dusk
 I have beheld this fact so stark
 That peeps like bright and full grown moon
 From sky that wears the mantle dark.

The seer, inspired by God, who fails
 to prompt to deeds of might and main,
 Is just akin to leaf of hemp
 That makes oblivious to loss or gain.

ADAM

The *Talisman* wrought from mud and clay,
 Whom we give the name of man,
 Is mystery known to God alone,
 Its essence true we can not scan.

Since *Creation's Early Morn* began
 Time is engaged in constant flight,
 Has tried to leave its trace on man,
 But has not met success e'en slight.

If you do not get much disturbed,
 To you this truth I may unroll
 That man, God's image, on the earth
 Is neither frame of clay nor soul.

MAKKAH AND GENEVA

In present age the League has been contrived,
 But sight of man from oneness is deprived.
 The aim and end the Franks before them keep,
 Has caused in several states such rupture deep.
Makkah this question to Geneva posed :
 "Is League of Man, or diverse states com-
 posed ?

TO ELDER OF THE SHRINE

O Shaikh, who tend the Holy Shrine,
 Discard these monkish modes of thine :
 Grasp what morning songs denote,
 What aim or end I would promote.

May God preserve the youth you guide,
 And may they all by Faith abide !
 Restraint and order you must teach
 To shun conceit you ought to preach.

Those who blow on glass in West,
 Have taught the youth repose and rest :
 Let them imbibe to bear the shocks,
 And cut the stones and hew the rocks.

The foreign Yoke that ran for periods long
 Has drained the blood of heart, so strong ;
 Think of some cure, panacea or aught
 To bring to end their sight distraught.

In fits of frenzy strong and great
 Of mysteries, God I start to prate :
 Bestow on my distracted brain
 Some recompense for this pain.

SUPERMAN

(THE GUIDE)

A nation's life gets much prolonged
 By lofty aims and ideals high :
 If dwellers here some zeal possess,
 They can explore the heights of sky.

The Frankish Sage by guile and skill
 New lease of life to nation gave :
 The path for birth of Superman
 By valour great he strove to pave.

To Guide's concept you seem averse,
 Too fed up with this thought appear :
 This view for Muslims has the weight
 That for *Cathay* has musk of deer.

If man alive puts on the shroud,
 Must we take that ass for dead :
 Or tear to pieces small and shreds
 His shroud and cast away the threads ?

A MUSLIM

A Muslim true gets grandeur new
 with moment's change and every hour :
 By words and deeds he gives a proof
 Of Mighty God, His reach and power.

To rout the foes, to grant them reprieve,
 Do pious deeds and show great might :
 Are four ingredients that make
 A Muslim Devout who shuns not fight.

With Gabriel trusted and steadfast
 This clay-born man has kinship close :
 A dwelling in some land or clime
 For himself Muslim never chose.

This secret yet none has grasped
 That Muslim Scripture reads so sweet :
 Practising rules by it prescribed,
 Becomes its pattern quite complete.

The Faithful acts on aims and ends
 That Nature keeps before its sight :
 In world he sifts the good and bad,
 In future shall judge wrong and right.

While dealing with friends and mates,
 He is dew that thirst of tulip slakes :
 When engaged with his foes in fight,
 Like torrent strong makes rivers shake.

The charm of Nature's eternal song
 In Muslim's life, no doubt is found :
 Like chapter *Rahman* of the Koran,
 Is full of sweet melodious sound.

Such thoughts that shine like lustrous stars
 My brain, like workshop, can provide :
 You can select the star you like,
 So that your Fate this star may guide

PUNJABI MUSLIM

A new born Faith invokes his taste,
 Adopts with zeal but leaves with haste.
 In search for truth he takes no part,
 As disciple stakes both head and heart.
 If comments' snare some hunter set,
 From nest on bough would drop in net.

FREEDOM

The right of thinking free, a Muslim owns,
 Is gift of God which can't be checked by
 frowns.
 He can transform the Shrine to Magian fane,
 Can deck the Shrine with Frankish idols vain.
 Can make the Holy Book the sport of boys,
 And can with ease devise new Faiths like toys.
 In India queer and odd the farce you see,
 The Faith is captive, but the Muslims free.

PREACHING OF ISLAM IN ENGLAND

The cultures that prevail in West
 Are quite devoid of Faith or Creed :
 Amongst the Franks fraternity rests
 On ties of lineage, race and breed.

If high caste *Brahman* ever chose
 To adopt Christ's faith and creed—
 His rank and state the same remain,
 To his conversion Franks would'nt heed.

If Franks embraced the Muslim Faith,
 Revealed to *Mustafa*, sundry and all :
 There won't be change in Muslim's state
 The wretch would still remain a thrall.

NEGATION AND AFFIRMATION

If seed had not upraised its head
 From dark and dismal earthly bed,
 In Space, lit by the rays of Sun,
 Foliage and fruit would have never won.

To *Negation* life is bent at start,
 At close avowal must be its part.
 It is death news if unaware,
 And God's existence won't declare.

Though odd and strange the matter sounds,
 But who can't cross *Negations's* bounds :
 Must rest assured, his death is near,
 Naught can save him from blight and sear.

TO THE AMIRS OF ARABIA

If *Amirs* of Arabian lands
 Don't take it for a slur or slight :
 This Muslim from the land of Ind.
 May speak with vigour great and might.

Who were the people whom at first
 God's apostle preached kinship close ?
 Division amongst them was infused
 By men, like *Bu Lahab* and such foes.

Their existence does not rest at all
 On borders long and deserts vast :
 Arabian lands subsist because
 Of blessings of Arabia's *Prophet Last*.

DECREES OF GOD

This problem is not hard to solve
 O man, endowed with insight great :
 Wh'r to obey dictates of God,
 Or submit to decrees of Fate.

The Wheel of Fate spins hundred times
 Within the twinkling of the eye ;
 He, who follows freaks of Fate,
 Anon is down and anon is high.

Herbs, vegetables and minerals alike
 Adhere to what Fate preordains :
 But Muslim true obeys laws of God,
 All else abhors and much disdains.

DEATH

If Self of man perfection gains
 Devoid of rest his heart remains :
 Even in the niche of grave
 Presence and Absence he must brave.

The Moon and stars shine like a spark,
 For moments few and then the dark :
 The rapture caused by Ego's wine
 Is as eternal as things divine.

If your Ego is ripe and mature,
 Your life from Death becomes secure :
 Death's angel may earthly frame contact,
 But can not harm your soul, in fact.

BY GRACE OF GOD RISE

Though change so great has swept the world,
 There is no need to grieve or smart :
 The same the earth and same the skies,
 By Grace of God rise, play your part.

The same hot blood runs in your veins
 That raised the cry "The Self is True" :
 By Grace of God rise, play your part
 And go in quest of ventures new.

Don't mourn or weep for scattered brain,
 It is a spell that Franks have cast :
 This charm with ease you can remove,
 Act, act, anew and leave the past.

EDUCATION AND UPBRINGING

GOAL

SPINOZA

On life is fixed the gaze of persons bright,
What is life ? presence, being, joy and light.

PLATO

A wise man knows that 'fore death he must
bow,
In pitch dark night, life, like spark, soon loses
glow
Both life and death deserve not any heed,
The *Self* of man is Ego's goal and need.

MAN OF PRESENT AGE

In heart of man of present age,
No Love of God is found at all :
Wit stings him like a furious snake,
His glance can not his mind enthrall.

Though man aspires to find the track
Of stars that roam in sky and tread :
Alas ! man has completely failed
To map the world of mind or head.

In intricacies of his thought
He is embroiled ; is clear and plain,
So he is not as yet aware
Of what is loss and what is gain.

Man has harnessed rays of the Sun,
 Much gain from them he has drawn,
 But he can not transform the dark
 And dismal night of life to dawn.

NATIONS OF THE EAST

Those men, who lose their eyes
 Through bondage and sheepish bent,
 Can't see the facts of life,
 Though veil from truths be rent.

How can the cult of Franks
 Revive the Muslim lands ?
 It is on verge of wreck,
 Is based on tottering sands.

AWARENESS

He, who predicts the Fate of man,
 And keeps his gaze e'er fixed on sky :
 Such man is unaware of fact
 That rank of *Self* is very high.

Those who perceive this fact so clear
 That dome of sky that spins around,
 Has not the height as *Self* of man.
 'Bout world have formed an opinion sound.

They are aware of all those things
 That charm and repel the human sight
 To them alone this fact is known
 What blackens heart, what renders bright,

REFORMERS OF THE EAST

Your vinteners have despaired me much,
 Like *Samri*, they can cast a spell :
 With empty bowls to East have come,
 What they would do is hard to tell.

No lighting new can ever flash
 In lap of clouds that float in sky :
 Of lightning old, their sleeves are void,
 How can they gain a status high ?

WESTERN CULTURE

The culture that prevails in West,
 Corrupts the heart and gaze of man :
 Its soul is full of stains and spots
 That at leisure one can scan.

If soul of man becomes defiled,
 Of conscience clean it gets bereft :
 It soon forgets high aims and ends,
 No taste refined in it is left.

OPEN SECRETS

A nation whose youth are endowed
 With *Self* as strong and hard as steel :
 No need of piercing swords in war
 Such people brave can ever feel.

The world of Pleiades and the Moon
 By natural laws is chained and bound ;
 Whereas the world in which you dwell
 Owns insight, will and mind much sound.

What do the quivering waves imply,
 Save enormous zeal and zest for quest ?
 What lies concealed in mother shell
 Is gift of God Who knows it best.

The hawk is never tired of flight,
 Does not drop gasping on the ground :
 If unwearied it remains on wings,
 From hunters' dread is safe and sound.

THE TESTAMENT OF TIPU SULTAN

If you traverse the road of love,
 Don't yearn to seek repose or rest :
 If *Laila* be your companion close
 That litter shun with great contempt.

O streamlet, onward flow and get
 Transformed to torrent strong and deep :
 If bank is e'er on you bestowed,
 Abstain, flow on with mighty sweep.

Don't lose your bearings in this world
 Because with idols it is full :
 The assemblage here can cast a spell,
 Disdain, or strings of heart shall pull.

Gabriel on *Creation's Early Morn*,
 A piece of useful counsel gave :
 He bade me not accept a heart
 Enchained by mind of man like slave.

Untruth conceals in various masks
 But Truth and God are both unique :
 There can't be pool 'twixt good and bad
 This fact is known from times antique.

GHAZAL

I don't belong to Fars or Hind,
 To *Iraq* or *Hedjaz* don't trace my breed :
 The *Self* to me this much has taught
 Spurn both the worlds and pay no heed.

You are a heathen in my view
 The same to you may seem my creed :
 To count the breath, your Faith and goal,
 While melting breath my job and deed.

Your change, no doubt, is good and well,
 And so your change of Moslem Creed :
 This Faith is meant for men, like hawks,
 It suits not pheasants' quivering breed.

Such passionate Love of God and craze,
 In wilds and wastes has not caught my sight,
 Whose magic force and rapture great,
 The faults of reason may set right.

A poet must ne'er keep aloof
 From noisy fretful stream of life :
 The bard, who shuns the facts and truths,
 can't make the nation face its strife.

AWAKENING

A man with true belief,
Whose *Self* attentive grows :
Like Sturdy sword of steel,
Can cut and sheen it shows.

The urge to shine and grow,
Within the mote concealed :
'Fore his eyes sharp and keen
Is with much haste revealed.

You have no link or bond
With men of godly brand :
You are a slave to world,
On world he holds command.

So far you have not formed
For coast a love or taste :
He knows the depths full well,
By dint of nature chaste.

UPBRINGING OF SELFHOOD

If *Self* is bred with perfect care,
Such force and strength it can acquire
That handful dust of man with ease
Can set untruths and wrongs afire.

This is the mystery we ascribe
To Moses in every age and clime :
He tended the sheep in wilds and learnt
From *Shoaib* to toil and mode sublime.

FREEDOM OF THOUGHT

Free thinking can bring 'bout the ruin
Of those whose thoughts are low and mean :
They don't possess the mode and style
Of thought that may be chaste and clean.

If thoughts are raw and immature,
No good accrues to man in least :
The utmost that such thoughts can do
Is change of man to state of beast.

THE LIFE OF SELFHOOD

Faqr is as exalted as a king,
If *Self* of man has vital flame :
The lofty rank of true *Fakir*
Isn't less than *Sanjar* and *Tughral's* fame.

On foot we can cross the bundless sea,
If *Self* is active and can tread
On mountain range and feel as if
Not stones, but carpet soft is spread.

A crocodile that is full of verve
In its own suburbs is quite free :
If dead, e'en billows of mirage
For it, like chains and fetters be.

GOVERNMENT

My talk makes *Shaikh* and *Mullah* show wrath
undue,
Though disciples can put up with what is true.
That race is soon deprived of glorious deeds,
For talk on *Being* and *Attributes* hatred breeds.

This cosmos old is wrought in such a cast
 That tavern, *Saqi* and flask don't for e'er last.
 That nation has the right to luck in life
 Whose youth for honey take worldly blows and
 strife.

INDIAN SCHOOL

About the *Self* here have no talk, o bard,
 Because with schools such sermons don't
 accord.

Much good that birds that chirp may not descry,
 The modes of hawk, its state and rank so high.
 A free man's breath can match a subject's year,
 How slowly moves the time of serfs, is clear !
 The free perform such deeds in span of breath,
 But slaves are every instant prone to sudden
 death.

The thoughts of persons free with truth are lit,
 But thoughts of slaves do not own sense a bit.
 A slave has craze for marvels wrought by
Guides

Himself a wonder 'live, his memory fresh abides.
 This is the training that befits them well,
 Painting, music and science of plants as well.

UPBRINGING

Existence and knowledge both are poles apart,
 Life burns the soul, whereas lore makes it smart.
 Joy, wealth and power all, to lore are due,
 How irksome that to *Self* it yields no clue !

No dearth of lettered men, ah few ! provide
 the bowl with wine of gnosis like *True Guide*.
 The ways of teachers don't expand the heart,
 Match stick can't light to electric lamp impart.

FOUL AND FAIR

Just like the stars that shine in azure sky,
 Thoughts have short span of life and soon they
 die.

The Realm of *Self* has its ups and downs,
 E'en here, the *Fair* and *Foul* exchange their
 frowns.

If *Self* has reached the height, its acts are fine,
 Debased, its deeds as good one can't define.

DEATH OF THE EGO

Devoid the West of inner light,
 Her soul is struck with deadly blight :

The loss of *Self* has made the East
 A leper, for germs befitting feast.

The *Arabs* have lost their former zeal,
 Their souls are shrunk, they can not feel :
Iraq and *Persia* are bereft
 Of bones and veins and naught is left.

The *Self* of Indians is extinct,
 By pinions cleft is made distinct :
 For they are pleased with prison life,
 To break the bars they wage no strife.

Demise of *Self* has made divine,
 Who keeps a watch on Holy Shrine,
 To sell the robes that pilgrims don,
 On sale proceeds he lives upon.

HONOURED GUEST

The minds of those who go to school,
 In thoughts quite fresh and new are clad :
 Alas ! there are such people few
 Who draw a line 'twixt good and bad.
 Perhaps some luminous thought may flash
 Across the inmost part of heart :
 For such inspiring thoughts one must
 Set some recess in heart apart.

MODERN AGE

Wherefrom a man can find
 Ripe thoughts in present age ?
 The weather of this park
 No ripeness can presage.

The seats of learning give
 The mind of pupils scope :
 But leave the thoughts of youth
 Unlinked by thread or rope.

The love of God is dead
 By unbelief 'mong Franks :
 Through lack of link in thoughts,
 East Shackles wears on shanks.

THE STUDENT

May God acquaint you with some gale,
Your tides no stir at all exhale !
Respite from books you do not get,
But *Book Revealed* too soon forget.

EXAMINATION

Thus mountain stream to pebble spake,
"This lowly state for height you take.
You are tread upon and suffer deal,
How nice ! my need the rivers feel.
You never clashed against a wall,
Don't know, a stone or glass to call".

THE SCHOOL

The present age, your constant foe,
Like *Ezrail* has snatched your soul :
You have imbibed much care and grief :
Pursuit of wealth your only goal.

When faced by rivals strong and brave,
Your heart beats fast and shakes with fear :
Such life is naught but Death, in fact,
When blows of life you can not bear.

The knowledge that this age imparts
Has made forget you craze and zest,
Which bade the mind to keep away
From pretexts that on truth didn't rest.

With free hand Nature has bestowed
On you the eyes of hawk so keen ;
But bondage has replaced them with
The eyes of bat, devoid of sheen.

The things on which schools throw no light
 And keep them from your eyes concealed,
 Go to retreats of mount and waste,
 And get them by some *Guide* revealed.

NEITZCHE

The subtle point that God is one,
 The German sage could not perceive :
 Clear sight and mind are both a must,
 So that this point one may conceive.

The flights of fancy, like a dart,
 Can hit the dome of azure sky :
 He casts his noose on moon and sun
 That seem so far above and high.

Although his natural bent of mind
 From stains and blemish is quite free :
 His soul this dormant fact betrays,
 He yearns for life replete with spree.

TEACHERS

If you desire to breed such ruby which is red,
 Don't beg light of sun that from course has
 fled.

The world is trapped by traditions old and hoar,
 Preceptors helpless quite, can do no more.
 Those who deserved to lead the modern age,
 Have worn out brains and others hold the
 stage.

GHAZAL

That man alone in life shall find
 To aim and end a certain sign :
 Whose eyes in pitch dark night can see,
 And like the eyes of panther shine.

The slaves can get repose and rest
 In world confined by Time and Space ;
 But men of high and noble birth
 Haven't leisure in worldly race.

The progress great that West has made
 Has bedazzled your eyes a deal :
 May *Prophet* guard your precious sight,
 To vouch him God did *Najm* reveal !

These revels do not last for long,
 Like guests they stay for a breath or so :
 The bowls of wine that glint like stars,
 Are soon deprived of gloss and glow.

The books have marred your taste and zest
 To such a great and vast extent,
 That breeze of morn has also failed
 To give you clue of rose and scent.

RELIGION AND EDUCATION

I know the modes of those who guide the creed,
 Though lacking truth, of vision boast indeed.
 The teaching that the English have devised
 'Gainst Faith and ties has great intrigue
 contrived.

That race is doomed to bondage and much pain,
 Which justice for its Ego can't attain.
 The faults of one man Nature can relieve,
 But groups for crimes no pardon can receive.

TO JAVID (1)

The present age destroys the faith and creed,
 Like pagans has a bent of mind indeed.
 The threshold of a *Saint* is higher far
 Than court of worldly king or mighty *Czar*.
 It is a period full of magic art,
 With spell so strong all play their part.
 The fount and source of life is parched and dry,
 No more the wine of gnosis can supply.
 The *Shrines* are empty of such saintly folk,
 Whose glance good manners taught with single
 stroke.
 The house, your presence illumines like a lamp,
 Has mystic trend in veins and bears its stamp.
 If essence of God's Oneness be in heart,
 The lore of Franks can cause no harm or smart.
 On rose twigs chirp, for long there do not rest,
 In *Selfhood* you must seek your home and nest.
 A man is ocean that is vast and free,
 Its every drop is like the boundless sea.
 If peasant is not charmed with life of ease,
 A seed can yield a thousand-fold increase.
 Don't sit like sluggards and indulge in play,
 It is time for your craft and Skill's display.

TO JAVID (2)

If heart with love of God is not replete,
 The life of man remains quite incomplete.
 If quarry is wise acute and bold,
 It can not be trapped by hunters old.
 The *Fount of Life* in wordly life is found,
 Provided you have a thirst quite true and sound,
 Your envy for Faith is mystic course indeed,
 For growth of *Faqr* a lot of zeal you need.
 My darling son, I see no chance at all
 That hawk will like to turn a pheasant's thrall.
 There is no dearth of goods, called verse or
 rhyme,
 There are hundreds of poets much sublime.
 My reach and might in world is this alone
 That 'neath the roof I cry, complain and groan.
 In speaking truth, I am much bold and frank,
 In eyes of men I hold a lofty rank.
 A son can not acquire his Sire's renown,
 Unless His grace by Mighty Lord is shown.
Nizami, the poet great of Persian tongue,
 Gave counsel wise to son who still was young :
 "On occasions where your greatness must
 prevail
 Your lineage there won't be of much avail".

TO JAVID (3)

The days and nights a Muslim's toils enhance
 Both creed and rule are like a game of chance.
 Men drunk with zeal for deeds nowhere are
 found,

The rest are fond of talk with idle sound.
 If you have courage great and ample force,
 Seek such *Faqr* which in *Hedjaz* has its source.
 This brand of *Faqr* such virtues great can grant
 That make man, like God, free from every want.
 His hawk-like status can spread general death
 Of sparrows, pigeons all in single breath.
 The glance of mind by its means burns and
 blazes

Without collyrium begged from *Avicenna* and
Rhazes.

If temper of *Ayaz* is free from every slavish
 trend,
 Like *Mahmud* can win grandeur which hasn't
 end.

Your world's *Sarafil* has neither taste no zeal,
 He can't blow trumpet nor can skill reveal.
 Its glance a world-wide tumult can inspire,
 In obscure mode sets right the things entire.
 A warrior who can this jealous *Faqr* attain,
 Without sword and lance great conquests he
 can gain.

It sets the Faithful free from need and want,
 Beg God that such *Faqr* to you He may grant !

WOMAN

THE FRANKISH MAN

To solve this riddle thinkers have much tried,
 Their efforts all so far it has defied.
 No doubt, to woman's faith and conduct clear,
 The Pleiades and moon do witness bear.
 This vice in Frankish way of life we find,
 Men fools and blind, can't read a woman's
 mind.

QUESTIONS

Let some one ask this question from the wise of
 West
 Whom Greece and India as their guide and
 master hold :
 Is it the highest social mode by them evolved,
 The males unemployed, fair sex to procreation
 cold ?

VEIL

Great change the lofty spheres have met,
 O God ! the world has not budged as yet.
 In man and wife is no contrast,
 They like seclusion and hold it fast.
 The sons of Adam still wear the mask,
 But Self hasn't peeped out of the casque.

SOLITUDE

Much greed for show and fame
 Has put this age to shame :
 The glance is bright and clear,
 Heart's mirror, but is blear.

When zeal and zest for sight
 exceed their greatest height,
 Thoughts soar to highest point
 And soon are out of joint.

That vernal drop of rain
 The state of pearl can't gain
 If destined not to dwell,
 In lap of mother shell.

Retreat is blessed state
 'Bout *Self* gives knowledge great :
 Alas ! this state divine,
 Isn't found in fane or shrine.

WOMAN

The picture that this world presents
 From woman gets its tints and scents :
 She is the lyre that can impart
 pathos and warmth to human heart.

Her handful clay is superior far
 To Pleiades that so higher are :
 For every man with knowledge vast,
 Like gem out of her cask is cast.

Like Plato can not hold discourse,
 Nor can with thunderous voice declaim :
 But Plato was a spark that broke
 From her fire that blazed like flame.

EMANCIPATION OF WOMEN

I know quite well that one despoils,
 While other is like candy sweet :
 I can not give a verdict true
 Which needs of *Quest* can fully meet.

I like to make no more remark
 And earn the wrath of present age ;
 Already the sons of modern cult
 'Gainst me are full of ire and rage.

The insight owned by woman can
 This subtle point with ease reveal :
 Constrained and helpless, wise and sage,
 With knotty point they can not deal.

It is an uphill task to judge
 What is more precious, lends much grace :
 Emancipation for fair sex or aught
 Or emerald-wrought superb neck-lace ?

PROTECTION OF THE WEAKER VESSEL

A fact alive is in my breast concealed,
 He can behold whose blood is not congealed.
 To wear a veil and learn new lore or old,
 Can't guard fair sex except a person bold.
 A nation which can't see this truth divine,
 Pale grows its sun and soon begins decline.

EDUCATION AND WOMEN

If Frankish culture blights the motherly urge,
For human race it means a funeral dirge.

The lore that makes a woman lose her rank
Is naught, but death in eyes of wise and frank.
If schools for girls no lore impart on creed,
Then lore and crafts for Love are death indeed.

WOMAN

Man's worth is brought to light
Without aid from the rest,
But woman's worth depends
On others at its best.

Her pain and fret for breed
This hoyful fact proclaim
That procreation is
Her first and foremost aim.

The self-same fire reveals
Hid secrets of this life :
This fire keeps aflame
Life and Death's deadly strife.

The oppression of fair sex
Has cast me down a lot :
I can not think of means
That can resolve this Knot.

LITERATURE AND FINE ARTS

RELIGION AND CRAFTS

Verse, music, rule, lore, creed and crafts
enshrine,

Pearls sublime that with lustre glow and shine.

Out from the brain of clay-born man they race,
Far higher than the stars, their dwelling place.

If they preserve the *Self*, life is ideal true,
Else life is tale or legend through and through.

When Faith and word with *Self* lose contact,
Then nations self-esteem can't keep intact.

CREATION

New worlds derive their pomp
From thoughts quite fresh and new :
From stones and bricks a world
was neither built nor grew.

The firm resolve of those,
Who depths of *Self* explore,
Transforms this stream to sea
That has no marge or shore.

The fellow same is lord
Of freaks of Fate and strife,
Who with e'ery breath he draws
Creates an eternal life.

The death of *Self* has made
The lands of East effete :
Men who God's secrets share
In these realms are deplete.

The air of waste gives out
 The smell of friendship deep :
 Perhaps there may be some
 Who may my company keep.

MADNESS

Poets and priestly class denote and show
 The shops of those who blow the glass :
 What pity ! the mad frequents the wilds and
 lanes,
 To smash these shops, this way he does not
 pass.

Few know that madness can with ease display
 A myriad crafts, accomplishments and skill,
 Provided one can completely wean it of
 The wastes and deserts, from gorge and hill.

The concourse as well as the air of school
 Accord with it and tickle its sense of joy :
 As lonely site and haunt for him aren't must,
 At school he never feels cast down or coy.

TO HIS OWN VERSE

I have a plaint 'gainst you, my verse,
 In self-display you take much delight :
 Your coming forth from inmost heart,
 My secrets all has brought to light.

Don't roam about without some end
 Having broken from the parent flame :
 In some breast which is full of warmth
 Some niche for rest and shelter claim.

LITERATURE

Now Love from mind must take the lead,
 By God bestowed on human race :
 To dear one's lane it must not go
 And bring with haste on head disgrace.

Love must infuse new soul in old
 Poetic moulds and change their course,
 Or break the chains of antique soul,
 Set it free from mimetic force.

PARIS MOSQUE

No height of art and craft I see,
 Of truth this western mosque is free,
 It is no worship house divine,
 The Franks have idols hid in shrine.
 The brigands same have built this fane
 By whom Syrians were ruined and slain.

VISION

The spring has come with tulips wild,
 They seem like *caravans* on the move :
 The youth, their charm and ecstatic joy
 Of colossal worth and value prove.

The sea that has no bound or marge,
 And azure sky that seems so high,
 When pitch dark night has upper hand,
 They gleam and glint like stars in sky.

How nice the bride-like moon appears,
 While touring sky in van of night !
 At morn, the sun presents a scene
 Much grand in sky so blue and bright.

One must have eyes to see these sights
 Which vie with each in bloom and grace :
 For Nature is not wont to sell
 The charm appearing on her face.

MIGHT OF ISLAM MOSQUE

Now naught remains in Muslim's breast,
 His heart devoid of glint and glow :
 He avowed with zeal '*No God but He*',
 But dead and cold the zeal for show.

The Muslim's state has so declined
 That Nature fails to know at sight,
 Because the slavish acts of *Ayaz*
 Have put *Mahmud's* high rank in plight.

You have withstood the ruin of Time
 And kept your ground as firm as rock :
 Constraint has turned the Muslims weak,
 You put them all to shame and shock.

The worship of such Muslims suits
 Your structure immense and so vast,
 Who with one breath that *God is Great*
 Found truth and lies away are cast.

The Muslim's breast is quite bereft
 Of previous heat and ardour strong :
 His blessings, worship are devoid
 Of innate heat and fret since long.

His *call to prayer* is devoid
 Of lofty tones and grandeur great :
 O God, let this be known to him,
 Will you let him 'fore you prostrate ?

THEATRE

Your being's sanctum gets
 From *Self* its inner light :
 Save zeal and firm resolve
 Naught can make life e'er bright.

Its rank is higher than
 The Pleiades and the moon :
 Your essence and its gifts
 Are Ego's greatest boon.

God save that alien *Self*
 Seek shelter in your shrine !
 The creed of idols shun,
 Don't desecrate house divine.

Forgetfulness of *Self*
 Imports the height of art,
 But with the loss of *Self*
 Both joy and warmth depart.

RAY OF HOPE

The sun conveyed this message to its rays
 "What wonder great, the chang of nights and
 days !

You have been rambling since aeons in space,
 But hate among men is increasing 'pace.

To shine on sand affords no pleasure sound,
 Nor peace, like breeze in making flower's
 round.

Be lost in fount of light that gave you birth,
 Forsake the park, the waste, the roof and earth''.

(2)

The rays rise from every nook of Space,
 Make haste to take the sun in fond embrace.
 Loud roar persists, there can't be light in West,
 For smoke makes West enrobed in able vest.
 Though East is not bereft of inner light,
 Yet quiet of tomb prevails like Celestial Height.
 O sun that light the world keep us in mind,
 Hide us in breast so bright and kind.

(3)

A shameless ray as proud as *houri's* glance
 Bereft of rest, like mercury e'er at dance.
 Implored the sun to let it spread its light
 Till every mote of East grows lustrous bright.
 The dark surroundings of Hind it won't forsake
 Till natives sunk in slumber do not wake.
 The hopes of Orient on this region hinge,
 The tears that Iqbal sheds on it impinge.
 The moon and Pleiades get light from this land,
 Its stones are costlier than gems of purest
 brand.

It has produced men who hid sense can see,
 With utmost ease can cross the swollen sea.
 The harp whose music warmth to gathering lent
 The plectrum alien is, with force quite spent.
 The *Brahman* guards the fane and sleeps at gate,
 The Muslim in mosque's niche, bewails his Fate.
 Don't shun the East, nor look on West with
 scorn,
 Since Nature yearns for change of night to
 morn.

HOPE

With courage great a war I wage
 'Gainst evils of the present age :
 I do not bear a fighter's name,
 To chieftainship I lay no claim.
 I am not conscious 'bout this fact
 If it is verse or other tact :
 God has bestowed on me since long
 His praise, reflection, charm and song.
 The flood of light that makes its show
 On true and faithful Muslim's brow :
 With grandeur same is quite replete
 That fills being's soul and makes complete.
 You do not call it unbelief,
 No less it is than disbelief :
 That truthful man may get content
 With today, for change show no intent.

Don't grieve, for millenniums and aeons more
 Still lie ahead for man in store :
 The ever spinning heaven blue
 Is not devoid of planets new.

EAGER GLANCE

Contents of soul this world can not conceal,
 For every mote has longing to reveal :
 The course of life some-what distinct appears,
 If eager looks and sight become compeers.

The members of a subject race
 By dint of glance, its gloss and grace,
 Have acquired the right and claim
 To rule and get renown and fame.

The glance has might to cause defeat,
 It has the strength its foes to beat :
 We see through glance great charm and grace,
 It brings the lovers face to face.

Through self-same glance my craze imparts
 To motes and their most inner parts,
 The wont and mode of wandering tramps,
 Who pay no heed to need of camps.

If fervent glance and vision keen
 You have not met or ever seen,
 Your being is a source of shame,
 On heart and sight can bring a blame.

TO CRAFTSMEN

The sun, the Jupiter and the moon
 Shine moments few, lose light so soon.
 Your Ego's being grows much strong
 By dint of Love and lasts for long.
 The conscience of your *Sacred Shrine*
 'Twixt red and black ne'er draws a line.
 Distinction of red, white and blue
 Is source of great disgrace for you.
 In solitude with zeal pursue
 Worship and thought with respect due.
 The time your *Self* itself displays,
 The world with song and music sways.
 If bondage makes you groan and smart,
 Mere idol worship is your art.
 If you grow conscious of your rank,
 I tell in words so plain and frank ;
 "Mankind and genii shall form your host
 As chief you shall hold highest post".

GHAZAL

O fearless wave, at bed
 Of river gems are found.
 What are the gifts of coast ?
 There dust and thorns abound.
 The temper of lightning flash
 That darts, my spark contains,
 But still your bed of reeds
 Is moist and sap retains.

The age in which you live
 Is influenced by you :
 To Spheres that ever spin,
 It can, no way be due.

I have come 'cross in life
 Men with such craze and pluck :
 They could darn with much ease
 The rents produced by Luck.

That man is toper fine,
 Who owes no debt to wine :
 Such men are very few,
 They raise no cry or hue.

The East has taverns still
 Where you can find such wine,
 Which makes perception dull
 With grandeur gleam and shine.

Men with vision bright
 For West have hope so slight :
 The hearts of West aren't chaste
 For actions good haven't taste.

BEING

O man, your stay and show beneath the sky,
 Is short and brief, like spark, that parts from
 flame :

Who can make man detect this fact so clear
 That being of man enjoys high rank and name ?

If craftsmanship of man is quite devoid
 Of gift and tact the *Self* to form and frame,
 Alas ! such art and music of the flute
 Are naught but source of much disgrace and
 shame.

Schools and taverns can no morals teach
 Save the fact that you do not exist :
 Learn 'to be' for you too are a fact,
 Besides, your *Ego* thus shall long subsist.

MELODY

Whence does the zest of liquor come
 In mournful tune of hollow reed :
 Is its main-spring the player's heart,
 Or does it from the pipe proceed ?

What is the source of heart's great might,
 Wherefore to rapture it is prone :
 How does it topple with a glance
 The firm and mighty Achaemenian throne ?

Why does the heart bestow fresh life
 On nations on verge of decline :
 Why do its states have constant change,
 Are points that no one can divine ?

Why is it that in eyes of man
 On whom God has bestowed a heart,
 The realms of *Syria*, *Rome* and *Rai*
 Are fake effects in the mart ?

The day the minstrel grasps this point
 Which is hid in depths of heart,
 Take it for granted, you have traversed
 All the stages required by art.

BREEZE AND DEW

BREEZE

I could not find access to tracts
 Where stars like pendent lamps do shine :
 Tearing vest of tulips and the rose
 Was main and foremost duty mine.

I feel an inner urge so great
 To bid farewell to home and depart :
 For joyful songs of nightingale,
 No zeal or zest to me impart.

O dew, God's will has made you know
 Full well, both park and heavens high :
 What is more precious in your eyes,
 The dust of park or dome of sky ?

DEW

If thorns and straws of worldly mead
 To cause a tension in you fail,
 Then bear in mind, this lonely park,
 For heaven's dome is like a veil.

THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT

The quiet environs of this waste
 Whose intense heat scalds the heart :
 In forming only dunes of sand
 Nature has displayed its Art.

The grandeur of these pyramids
 Puts lofty heavens to disgrace :
 What hand did build, design and frame,
 They seem attired in lasting grace ?

Set your craftsmanship quite free
 From Nature's chains that bind it tight ;
 For men endowed with gift of craft
 Aren't prey, of hunters need no fright.

CREATIONS OF ART

The craftsmen by their tact have built
 Such works that Eden jealous make :
 The eyes endowed with sight can see
 States hid that stir the heart and rake.

There is no *Self* nor usual change
 Of morn and night at all is found :
 The Muslims have got rid entire
 Of combats and shun such a round.

Ah ! the infidel poor still
 Pays homage to his idols old :
 Though their broken state he knows,
 Yet on him they retain their hold.

You are a corpse and your Art
 The leader of your funeral rite :
 In pitch dark bed-room of the grave,
 Of life the fellow catches sight.

IQBAL

In *Eden Sinai* to Rumi told
 That people living in the East,
 Still eat their bread and beans from begging cups
 They have not made progress least.

Hallaj relates that thus at last
 A man in India has appeared,
 Who with efforts firm and strong,
 The webs that hid the *Self* has cleared.

FINE ARTS

Zest for sight, no doubt, is true
 O men endowed with art and tact :
 What aim or goal such sight can serve
 Which fails to see the inmost part ?

The aim of heart is to infuse
 Eternal glow in human hearts :
 What is the use of warmth that, like
 A spark, expires and soon departs ?

O vernal drop, what is the worth
 Of mother-shell and such pearl,
 If truth can not defeat untruth
 And river does not swell and swirl ?

It may be poet's verse or song,
 Or breath of one who plays on reed :
 What does that morning breeze avail
 If stead of freshness sear it breed ?

Without the aid of wondrous acts
 No nation ever can advance :
 An art that has no *Moses' Rod*
 A people's status can't enhance.

DAWN OF THE PARK

THE FLOWER

Perhaps you thought my land is far away,
O courier from the sky, I say, "Nay, Nay".

DEW

This subtle point is brought to light
That sky Isn't far from earth, by toil of flight.

DAWN

Step tip-toe in the lawn of park at morn,
Don't crush the shining gems that park adorn.
Embrace the mount and waste but caution take
That links with whirling sky you do not break.

KHAQANI

Khaqani, the author of *Tuhfatularaqain*,
Is dear to those who truths can scan.
His wisdom is so sharp and keen.
From truths he can remove the screen.
With world of meanings he is free
They dare not say "you can not see".
Ask him what does this world imply,
Where does the cause of tumults lie ?

He knows the world of requital well,
 His maxims with much wisdom swell,
 "Opinion 'bout world you can derive,
Adam dead, *Satan* still alive" !

RUMI

Your half-shut eyes still fail to see
 What subtle fact this life may be.
 Too meek to have a fondling will,
 Devoid of *Qiam* your worship still.
 For songs of *Rumi* you haven't ears sharp,
 Shapped the strings of your Self's harp.

NEWNESS

If you behold the world with gaze much bright,
 Of you the sky may beg morning light.
 The sun may beg light from gleam of your
 spark
 Your Luck may shine, from moon's brow,
 mark !
 The sea may swell with lustrous waves of gems,
 Put world to shame with art that from you
 stems.
 You beg and borrow thoughts of others' brains,
 To find approach to *Self*, don't take much
 pains.

MIRZA BEDIL

Is it a fact or delusion mere
 Which has been caused by erring eye :
 Do earth, hills, deserts vast exist,
 And is there any azure sky ?

Some aver that they do exist,
Whereas some call their being untrue :
O God, it is very hard to find
To truth or falsehood certain clue.

Bedil resolved this tangled knot
With so much skill and manner nice,
Though sages and wise men of the past
To undo this skein had no device.

“If heart of man were vast enough,
This mead would have retained no trace :
Some wine has overflowed the brim,
Because the flask had narrow space.”

GRANDEUR AND GRACE

With *Haider's* might and brawn
I feel myself content :
I wish you joy of wit,
To you by Plato lent.

This is the charm and grace
In view of mine and sight
That heavens too prostrate
Before much main and might.

Without great majestic height
Grace is not of much use :
Song is mere puff of breath,
If rapture can't produce.

I would not go to hell
 Whose fire is dull and tame :
 To suffer for my sins
 I like a rearing flame.

THE PAINTER

The death of fancy is so widely spread
 That men of Pers and Ind by Franks are led.
 I feel sad that *Behzad's* of modern time
 Have lost East's rapture sweet and joy sublime.
 O artist, of your talents I can tell,
 You know the ancient crafts and new so well.
 You have portrayed many a natural sight,
 Display your *Self* in Nature's mirror bright.

LAWFUL MUSIC

The bass and treble of minstrel's song
 Much joy to human heart imparts :
 What is the use of pleasure that
 Is e'er on wings and soon departs ?

That melodious song is still unborn
 And is concealed in heaven's breast,
 Whose intense heat may transform
 The solid stars to liquid form.

A song that may have such results
 Which set men free from grief and pain,
 And makes *Ayaz* break slavish bonds
 And learn like kings to rule and reign.

Perplexing maze of moon and stars
 May flop down, leave their course :
 O God, you shall last and the cry
 "God is Great", uttered with much force.

The song that jurists of the *Self*
 Deem lawful in their mystic creed :
 Has been expecting since a long
 A bard, who can acquit indeed.

UNLAWFUL MUSIC

My remembrance lacks the warmth
 And zeal that mystics oft attain :
 My thought is not a scale at all
 For deeds deserving meed or pain.

I wish that jurist of the town,
 Who knows the rules that *Prophet* taught
 And is adept at *Book* revealed,
 To my own point of view be brought !

If in the music or its strains
 The message of decease is hid :
 Such music of harp, reed and lute
 In view of mine is quite forbid.

FOUNTAIN

To own the flow of brook
 And meander on the earth :
 In gaze of mine hasn't charm
 And can't endow with mirth.

O dear young man, divert
 A bit aside your eye :
 The water of the fount
 By innate force surges high.

THE POET

In lands of East, the bed of reeds
 For pipe, the breath of minstrel needs :
 O poet, let me this much know,
 "If you have breath in breast, or no ?"

If nation's *Self* grows too much weak
 By chains of bondage and much meek :
 It need not hear the Persian strains,
 For these will only add to pains.

If flask of glass shines like the day,
 Or is a pitcher made from clay :
 Like sharpness of a sword of steel
 To palate must its relish feel.

There is no land or home on earth
 Beneath this spinning azure dome,
 Where one without great stress and strain
 The thrones of *Jam* and *Kai* may gain.

On Love's way numerous *Mounts Sinai* appear
 God manifests Himself so clear :
 May stage of Love for ever last,
 And may not come to end too fast !

PERSIAN POETRY

There is no doubt that Persian verse,
 Like music of the harp and lute,
 Is full of joy and has much charm,
 Yet sword of *Self* it makes not sharp.

Much good that birds which chirp and sing
 At mornings early rise and bloom,
 Give up their songs, if can't dispel
 This earthly meadow's murk and gloom.

A mighty stroke with ease can cleave
 A mountain high and big in twain :
 If fails to shake the founts of *Chosroe's* throne,
 Is useless quite and fully vain.

Iqbal much strife is needed in present age
 Which needs chiselling rocks and crushing
 stone :

Shun ease, in mirror do not peep,
 And let such things remain alone.

THE CRAFTSMEN OF INDIA

Their fancy tolls the knell
 Of Love and rapture sweet :
 Their dark and dismal thoughts
 With nations' tombs replete.

Their idol halls are full
 With prints of gloomy death :
 The art of these *Brahmans*
 Seems tired of life and breath.

They hide from eyes of man
 His state and noble name :
 They fill the soul with sleep,
 Incite the lust in frame.

Alas ! in *Hind* Sex rules
 The bards and painters too :
 Those, who write romantic tales,
 Talk of Sex through and through.

THE GREAT MAN

His contempt has no bound
 His Love's depth none can sound :
 His wrath on men of God
 Is tempered in manner odd.

Nurtured in mimicry's gloom
 To tread like sheep his doom :
 But he is much inclined
 To creative bent of mind.

In midst of surging throng
 He keeps aloof for long,
 Like lamp, he lights the hall,
 But has not mate at all.

Faqr can like sun of morn
 With light the mead adorn :
 Its speech is frank and free,
 Though meanings tenuous be.

Its views vary with the rest,
 It deems them right and best :
 Its innate states unknown
 To mystics with renown.

NEW WORLD

Decrees of Fate are not concealed
 From man whose heart throbbing seems :
 He sees the image of new world
 In slumberous state, during dreams.

When *Prayer Call* at early morn,
 Transports him to Morpheus' domain :
 He tries to build the world beheld
 With utmost might and utmost main.

The body of the dreamt of world
 Is made from his handful clay :
 "God is Great", his slogan shrill that can
 The role of soul for new world play.

INVENTION OF NEW MEANINGS

It is a gift by God bestowed,
 To coin fresh words with meanings new :
 Yet skilful artist must work hard,
 As inborn trend is owned by few.

It is the heat in mason's blood,
 Who builds structures of various forms :
 It may be *Behzad's* picture hall,
 Or house of wine where *Hafiz* charms.

Without resort to incessant strife,
 No skill or art completion gains :
 If *Farhad* does not hew the rocks,
 No sparks flash, dark his house remains !

MUSIC

A song that fails to make your face
 Glimmer and glow with joy and glee,
 Shows that minstrel's blood is cold,
 His heart of heat and warmth is free.

That player on the flute who has
 A conscience much defiled, impure :
 With puff of breath can make a tune
 Replete with poison which hasn't cure.

I have visited the meads in East
 And West, where tulips parks adorn,
 But I have not beheld a park,
 Where tulips have their collars torn.

ZEST FOR SIGHT

How lofty was that Chinese' Self
 Who for crime was condemned to death !
 On eve of his beheading, he
 Asked headsman, "Stop for a span of Breath."

He asked for stoppage many times,
 For it was a very pleasant scene :
 He wished to see for moments few
 The sword's great glimmer, glow and sheen.

VERSE

The secrets that are hid in verse
 To judge their worth I always fail,
 Though annals of the nations past
 Relate this point with much detail.

The verse that conveys to man
 The views of life that shall e'er last :
 Is either song by *Gabriel* sung,
 Or blare of *Sarafil's* trumpet blast.

DANCE AND MUSIC

The souls of *Satan* and *Gabriel* too
 From verse derive effulgence strong,
 For dance and music both provide
 Pathos and rapture for the throng.

A *Chinese Sage* has thus disclosed
 The secrets implied in this art :
 "As if verse is music's soul
 And dance performs body's part."

DISCIPLINE

It is the mode of worldly men
 Against the world to whine and groan :
 It does not suit a *Dervesh* true,
 By Fate-inflicted wounds to moan.

The wise old man explained to me,
 This subtle point in closet alone,
 That control on *Self* daring shows,
 Whereas plaints breed mere guile and groan.

DANCE

The turns and twists required for dance,
Leave to Franks who jump and bound :
When soul is in ecstatic dance,
The strokes like *Moses' Rod* resound.

A palate parched and mouth athirst
Are meeds that body's dance confers ;
Whereas soul's rapturous dance,
Derveshhood and mighty realms prefers.

POLITICS OF THE EAST AND THE WEST

COMMUNISM

From wont and ways of nations all
 These facts so clear with ease I learn,
 The Russians seem to be in haste
 To gain the goal for which they yearn.

The world is fed up with the modes
 That aren't in vogue and are outworn :
 My intellect that was tame and mild
 Much pert and insolent has grown.

These mysteries which the greed of man
 Had kept in veils of stuff so coarse ;
 Are step by step emerging now
 And coming forth by dint of force.

O Muslim, dive deep in the *Book*,
 Which was revealed to *Prophets' Seal* :
 May God, by grace on you bestow
 Politeness, for good deeds much zeal !

The fact concealed in words so far,
 "Spend what is surplus and is spare" :
 May come to light in modern age
 And make the meanings clear and bare.

KARL MARX

THE VOICE OF KARL MARX

The world does not like tricks and guiles
 Of science and wit nor their contests :
 This age does not like ancient thoughts,
 From core of hearts their show detests.

O wise economist, the books you write
 Are quite devoid of useful aim :
 They have twisted lines with orders strange --
 No warmth for labour, though they claim.

The idol houses of the West,
 Their schools and churches wide :
 The ravage caused for greed of wealth
 Their wily wit attempts to hide.

REVOLUTION

The hearts of both the East and West
 Of zeal and zest are quite bereft :
 One means the death of *Self* and soul,
 Other decease of conscience whole.

A fervour great is in their hearts,
 They wait, when some convulsion starts :
 Perhaps this cosmos old and sear
 Is in throes, its death quite near.

FLATTERY

The world and its affairs
To me are quite unknown :
These secrets are not hid
From those who insight own.

Hang on the *Ministers*,
If you desire high ranks :
New rules have been now framed
For this age by the Franks.

If a man calls the owl,
"The kingly hawk of night" :
Too hard to find this fact
Wh'r he tells wrong or right.

HIGH OFFICES

The Muslims have been charmed
By spell that Franks have cast :
Hence eyes of this *Qalender*
Shed tears much hot and fast.

May God preserve and guard
Your state and lofty ranks !
You have slaughtered the *Self*
For ranks conferred by Franks.

Though man may try his best,
Yet he can't hide the fact :
This point is known to all
Who own a bit of tact.

They don't consort with slaves
 In case of rule and might :
 They buy the wit of serfs
 To gain the ends, in sight.

EUROPE AND JEWS

Great luxury, government and trade
 Prevail in countries of the West :
 Their hearts are quite devoid of light,
 Their breasts are blank of ease and rest.

The West is dark with clouds of smoke
 That chimneys tall of mills emit :
 For God's display this *Sheltered Vale*,
 Does not suit and can never fit.

This culture, though still young and new,
 Is prey to death and spasmic pain :
 Perhaps rich Jews, who live in West,
 Custodianship of Church may gain.

PSYCHOLOGY OF BONDAGE

The wise and bards in bondage both are born,
 Of such births, the age of slavery is not shorn.
 These men of God have merely single aim,
 Their interpretation of verse, unique they claim.
 Much good to teach the lion timid deer's flight,
 None may recall the legends of lion's might.
 They make the thralls contented with their
 state,
 They make excuses, when Faith's affairs relate.

BOLSHEVIK RUSSIA

Decrees of God are sent in manner strange !
 How read the heart of world and find its range ?
 To Russians this godlessness was first taught,
 That idols and churches should down be
 brought.

This heretic news to them was revealed,
 To pull down idols in the kirks concealed.

TODAY AND TOMORROW

One who does not light and consume his heart,
 In future's joy or sorrow has no part.
 That nation can not morrow's tumult face,
 Which is destined to lose the present race.

THE EAST

By strains I sing at early morn,
 The vest of tulip has been torn.
 Breeze has been roaming since the dark,
 But has not found a single park.

In *Raza Shah* or *Mustafa Kamal*,
 No trace of it is found at all.
 East's soul is seeking body sound,
 But such a body has not found.

My *Self* deserves correction dire
 To set it right and sound entire :
 The world harbours this evil hope,
 To hang me seeks a plank and rope.

STATESMANSHIP OF THE FRANKS

God, the politics of the Franks,
 With your creative powers ranks :
 The rich alone and aristocrats
 Obey its calls and dictates.

One Devil out of fire You raised,
 For Franks a track You have emblazed :
 The West has by its guile and art,
 Filled with *Satans* the human mart.

LORDSHIP

In fact, the present age is still
 The same antique and ancient tide,
 Whether statesmen give them lead,
 Or spiritual leaders guide.

To bondage common man is wont
 Since times none can recall to mind :
 This wonder is not wrought by *Guides*,
 But by wealth's vigour blind.

When commons grow mature and ripe,
 In slavish bent and trend of heart,
 The governors can rule with ease,
 They don't face hurdles on their part.

FOR SLAVES

Both wisdoms of the East and West
 Have given to me of their best :
 Both of them to me have taught
 A point with *Elixir's* virtues fraught.

It may be Philosophy or creed,
Derveshhood or else kingly breed :
 Through sound beliefs they grow mature,
Get built on founds so firm and sure.

Of ripe beliefs, if nations' heart
 Has no share or allotted part :
 Such mortals are devoid of glow,
 Their acts are mean, debased and low.

TO THE EGYPTIANS

By *Sphinx* this subtle point to me was told,
 The *Sphinx*, whose breast holds secrets old.
 Might at once can change a nation's fate,
 But wisdom is not its match and mate.
 Change its wont e'ery age, though odd,
 Now *Mohammad's sword*, then *Moses' Rod*.

ABYSSINIA (AUGUST 18, 1935)

The vultures of Europe still do not know
 That poison in abyssinian corpse does flow :
 The old corpse may with speed to fragments go.

Advance of culture good manners can't
 maintain,
 These days by pillage nations themselves
 sustain ;

All wolves would some artless lamb obtain.

Alas that Rome has shattered in the mart
 The fragile honour of Church in e'ery part !
O Pope, this oppressive act rends human heart!

ORDERS OF SATAN TO HIS POLITICAL PROGENY

Embroider the *Brahmans* in statesmanship's maze,
Make them discard their girdle, creed and ways.
The mendicant whom death can't affright,
Take *Mohammad's* soul from his mould and expedite.

Dye Arab thought in Frankish fancy's hue,
From *Hejaz* and *Yaman* expel the Muslims true.
The *Afghan's* zeal for Faith You can assail
By exiling Muslim priests from hill and dale.
Snatch customs of those, who own Muslim
creed,
Banish musk-yielding deer from *Cathay's* mead.
My songs in Muslim hearts ignite a flame,
Turn out such singer from park for this blame.

LEAGUE OF THE NATIONS OF THE EAST

The West has made the wind and seas
Work through hard work, not chance :
From West, the old blue sky
May turn its gaze and glance !

The dream of such domains,
That have extensive range,
'Bout which the Franks have dreamt,
Its purport right may change !

If *Tehran* is made,
 The Geneva of the East :
 The Fate of earthly globe
 May have some change at least !

ETERNAL KINGSHIP

Though Nature has made me
 Such that I too can dive,
 Yet from statesmanship's core
 To keep aloof I strive.

Such kingship which e'er lasts
 Nature can not desire,
 Though this *Talisman* may please
 The heart of man entire.

Cleaving rocks by *Farhad*
 In hearts is still distinct :
 But Empire of *Parvez*
 From minds is quite extinct.

DEMOCRACY

By some European sage
 This secret was revealed,
 Though men endowed with sense,
 Keep points like this concealed.

Democracy means a mode
 To rule the common man :
 No doubt, they count the votes,
 But conduct do not scan.

EUROPE AND SYRIA

The land of *Syria* to the Franks presented
A *Prophet* chaste, kind, who paining man
resented :

The Franks have recompensed the *Syrian* clime
With drink, dice, troops of girls for sexual
crime.

MUSSOLINI

TO HIS EASTERN AND WESTERN ADVERSARIES

Does crime of Mussolini seem so odd to age,
Without cause all the chaste are put to rage ?
Why does pot feel offence, if kettle has a blot,
Our culture same——I kettle and you pot ?
My craze for Empire makes you sneer and
frown,
But walls of weak states, you too have brought
down.
Whose monarchy such wondrous tricks does
own,
The royal seat exists, no king or crown ?
The sons of Caesar watered reedy sands,
You did not leave untaxed barren lands.
You pillaged tents of nomads, who little own,
Ravaged peasant's crops, looted throne and
crown.
You plundered, slaughtered in culture's way,
You did it previous day—I do today.

COMPLAINT

The Fate of Hind to none at all is known,
 This lustrous gem still decks the British crown.
 Her peasant seems like corpse for want and
 dearth,
 Whose rotten shroud is still beneath the earth.
 His soul and frame to aliens have been sold,
 Alas ! the soul on lodge has lost its hold.
 With Europe's bondage you are quite content,
 No plaint 'gainst them, but I your act resent.

TUTELAGE

It is not hard to find in present age
 The place which needs culture's angelic sage.
 Where dice and drink are both by law forbid,
 And women keep their bodies fully hide.
 Although my body has a deep restless heart,
 Yet forbears' wont no disgust can impart.
 Although deprived of School's beneficial fount,
 On *Beduin's* wit and courage we can count.
 The wise 'mong Franks this verdict declare,
 Of culture Arab lands are fully bare.

SECULAR POLITICS

No truth from me can hide at all its face,
 God gave me heart awake and wise, through
 grace.
 In my view statesmanship cut off from creed,
 Is *Satan's* slave, has no qualms, but low breed.

By quitting Church, Europe has freedom gained,
 This statesmanship is, like a giant unchained.
 When their eyes on some weak domain alight,
 Their *Priests* as vanguard act to wage the fight.

CULTURE'S SNARE

Iqbal hasn't doubt of Europe's noble aim,
 To every oppressed nation lays a claim.
 The *Guide of Church* this wonder great has
 wrought
 By means of electric lamps has lit their thought.
 My heart is grieved for *Syria* and *Palestine*,
 No known device can e'er unknit this skein.
 Of cruel Turkish hold they have got rid ;
 In culture's snare they too soon have slid.

ADVICE

A Frankish Lord advised his son to seek
 Such aim that is always pleasant ne'er bleak.
 If lion's temper is to lamb revealed,
 It will entirely make its blood congealed.
 Much good, if regal point remains in heart,
 In dominating men sword plays no part.
 Pour the *Self* in culture's acid strong,
 When it becomes soft, mould it as you long.
 On this *Elixir's* efficacy you can count,
 To heap of dust can change a mighty mount.

A PIRATE AND ALEXANDER

ALEXANDER

Is your retribution shackles or cold steel,
Your violence on high seas, all sailors feel ?

PIRATE

Alas ! Alexander, you deem it void of blame,
Do men of same craft bear each other's shame ?
Your craft is blood-shed and my craft the same,
We are both bandits, in diverse fields play the
game ?

LEAGUE OF NATIONS

The League appears to be in death's tight grips,
I fear this grim news may escape my lips.
The Fate of League to all is plain and clear,
But *Church Guides* pray that safely it may steer.
Old Frank's dear mistress may remain alive,
By *Satan's* charm a few days more survive.

POLITICAL LEADERS

You can not much expect
From those who politics guide :
Their wont to play with dust,
To lowly dust are tied.

Their gaze is ever fixed
On humble ants and flies :
Their noose as frail as web,
Can't cast it on the skies.

How lucky the *Caravan*,
 Whose Chief possesses the stock
 Of lofty angelic thoughts,
 And passions firm as rock !

SYRIA AND PALESTINE

May French wine-seller's heart-illuming mart
 Always flourish, thrive and look much smart !
Aleppo made glass bowls and flagons so fine
 Are full with ruby red sparkling wine.

If jews to *Palestine* can show any right
 And for their ancient land can enter fight,
 Wherefore to Spanish land the Arab's claim
 Be deemed as sheer pretext, quite false and
 lame ?

English imperial rule is merely meant
 To sow among the Arabs seeds of dissent :
 Their real aim to something else relates,
 It does not mean *orange parks*, honey and dates.

PSYCHOLOGY OF BONDAGE

The causes that make the nations sic k
 Are quite obscure, too vague and fine :
 Although some man may try his best,
 Yet cause in full he can't define.

The chiefs and guides of slaves have sunk
 So low that it seems so much odd :
 If mode of lions is presented to them,
 They will see naught save guile and fraud.

If a *Moses* forms a secret League
 With the *Pharoah* of his time :
 For his nation such like *Moses*
 Is curse committing dreadful crime.

THE PRAYER OF SLAVES

The Turkish Knight said to me at prayer's end,
 "Why do your *Imams* prostrate for long and
 bend" !

That simple manly knight and Muslim free,
 Knew not at all what such prayer be.
 Free men have thousands of pursuits in life,
 Nations progress through great zeal and strife.
 In slave's body heat for deeds is nil,
 Always his days and nights are at stand still.
 If they prostrate for long no wonder there,
 Besides prostration, the poor have no affair.
 May God to *Muslim Priests* of India grant
 Homage that news of Life in hearts can plant.

TO THE PALESTINIAN ARABS

I know the fire that burns throughout your
 frame,
 The lands of world still fear its scorching flame.
 Your cure in Geneva or London you can't trace,
 Wind-pipe of Franks is gripped by Jewish race.
 I know that subject nations freedom gain,
 If they would nourish *Self*, display its main.

THE EAST AND THE WEST

In the East bondage and mimicry
 Have spread the germs of pain and grief :
 In the West rule of chosen mobs
 Is source of sorrows main and chief.

Neither the East is quite immune,
 Nor West from germs is fully free :
 Wide-spread the blight of heart and glance,
 A few can claim true joy and glee.

PSYCHOLOGY OF SOVEREIGNTY

This outward show of love so great,
 Is guise to hide the hunter's hate :
 New songs for rescue that I sang
 Against their stone deaf ears didn't bang.

Began to place in jail-like cage,
 Such blossoms that had dried with age :
 In mind he had this idea wrong,
 That prey might stay in cage for long.

MEDITATIONS OF MIHRAB GUL AFGHAN

THE MEDITATIONS OF MIHRAB GUL AFGHAN

(1)

How can I quit this mountain land,
Where my sires are interred in rocks :
My exile from this land so dear,
Is full of anguish, pain and shocks ?

From *Eternal Dawn* you are abode
Of kestrel, hawk and birds of prey :
There rose and tulip do not grow,
Nor warbles nightingale so gay.

Your paths that twist and turn on hills
Give Eden's pleasure to my sight :
Your clay emits an ember smell,
Your sparkling streams look bright in light.

The kingly hawk can not become
A thrall to pheasant or a dove :
How can a man destroy his soul
For his clay-born body's love ?

O zealous *Faqr*, let me know what
Is your verdict and firm intent :
Would you prefer the British robe,
Or your shirt, thread-bare, torn and rent ?

(2)

The discord that prevails among
 The nations is an eternal truth :
 This old and tyrant whirling dome
 For none of us has any ruth.

Dive into the abyss of *Self*
 And do not yield before despair :
 The wounds that world on you inflicts
 Is secret means of their repair.

If this truth that *God has no peer*
 Sinks down in inner part of heart :
 You shall excel in grandeur all,
 In world affairs shall play great part.

(3)

Your prayers can't avert
 Decrees of Fate at all :
 Your *Self* can change, but none
 Knows what else may befall.

If some tremendous change
 If human *Self* e'er shines,
 It gains perfection's height,
 Gets free of world's confines.

The wine and drunkard's cries
 May ever live and last :
 The wont and way of *Saqi*
 And gourd may change too fast.

You beg your God to grant
 Your cherished end and goal,
 I pray my God to change
 Your wish entire and whole.

(4)

The Sun, the Moon and Sphere all go astray,
 Are vagrants who still straggle on the way.
 Alexander fell on world like thunder clap,
 But death soon caught him in its deadly trap.
King Nadir plundered Delhi's hoarded wealth,
 Whereas his Chiefs put him to sword by
 stealth.

The *Afghans* and their hills e'en now remain.
 Free heroes are compelled by wont and need,
 These change a lion bold to fox indeed.
 When *Faqr* with *Self* gets free and frank,
 Both you and I attain the regal rank.
 That *Dervesh* can build up a nation's Fate
 Who never tries to seek the royal gate.

(5)

In schools the noise of games, debates,
 Great stir and animation prevail :
 This abundant joy e'ery moment breeds
 New griefs and naught else can avail.

For men of free and noble birth
 Such knowledge is a venom dread,
 Which makes them earn some barley corn
 To fill their bellies with its bread.

O fool, great wisdom and book lore
 Have not much worth nor carry weight :
 To learn a useful art one must
 Put in much strife and struggle great.

If such a craftsman likes, with ease,
 By dint of skill and magic art,
 Like dew, can make from mass of Sun,
 The rays of light proceed and dart.

(6)

In world, if man contrives a thing much sound,
 The men of every period make his round.
 Don't spoil your *Self* by blind pursuit.
 Take care of precious gem that has no suit.
 That nation is welcome to have new ways,
 Which has no thought save revels night and
 days.
 Assumption of new modes this fact betrays,
 Pretext is sought to follow Frankish ways.

(7)

The *Romans, Syrians, Hindus* too
 Have changed and made a great advance :
 O son of hills, discern your *Self*
 And sharpness of your *Self* enhance.

O *Afghan* unaware,
 Of your *Self* take much care !

If weather is fine, water quite enough
 And terrain fertile and plain,
 But peasant does not water fields,
 He is odd and can nothing gain.

O *Afghan* unaware,
 Of your *Self* take much care !

That river has no weight at all
 Whose billows do not swell and rise :
 That tempest is too weak and low,
 Whose gales by fury don't surprise.

O *Afghan* unaware,
 Of your *Self* take much care.

A person, who stire up and down
 His clay, to *Self* can find a clue :
 Kings who possess vast, mighty states,
 Can be ransomed for peasant true.

O *Afghan* unaware,
 Of your *Self* take much care !

Self-respect of unlettered men
 Your ignorance has saved from harm :
 Though scholars and *savants* sell
 Their Faith to keep their bellies warm.

O *Afghan* unaware,
 Of your *Self* have much care !

(8)

The crow says, "In your wings no charm I
 find."

The bat says, "You have no craft, are blind."

O hawk, these low-caste birds of vast expanse,
Of azure heaven's twists and turns haven't
sense.

They can't know states and rank of hawk aright,
Whose soul grows sight entire at time of flight.

(9)

Love's bent of mind is not so mean
And low like that of vicious greed :
How can the hopping fly compete
With regal hawk in flight or speed ?

To bring about a change in laws
Of park with ease one can engage :
And for the nightingale can make
The nest as irksome as the cage.

If some one is about to set
On journey that is hard and long,
He does not wait for herald's sound,
Like waves that flow without ding dong.

Though college youth appears alive,
Yet he is in the throes of death :
He has no thoughts to call his own
And lives on borrowed Frankish breath.

If you e'er keep before your sight
The nature of your inmost heart :
A casual glance of *Saintly Guide*
With much ease can perform this part.

(10)

That youth is held in high esteem
 By all the members of his tribe,
 Whose prime of life is pure and chaste,
 Dread blows to him we can ascribe.

In days of war he can surpass
 The ferocious lions of the wood :
 When peace prevails in every place,
 Like Tartar deer is fine and good.

There is no wonder, if his glow
 May set the things around a fire :
 To burn the bed of reeds one spark
 Is 'nough that from the flame does spire.

God Mighty has endowed him with
 A monarch's grandeur, pomp and show :
 His brand of *Faqr* has virtues such
 That shone on *Haider's* valorous brow.

Do not look down upon the youth,
 If his head is devoid of gear :
 This lad can claim close kinship with
 Those kings who crowns on heads do wear.

(11)

The same lamp that illumed your yesternight,
 Though gone out, once again may get alight.
 A courageless man can 'gainst Time bewail,
 Whereas the free Fate's stings, like honey hail.

That youth for noise of wars can not be fit,
 Who hearing wail of birds at morn loses wit :
 I fear that you have childish bent of heart,
 Those selling sweets in West are full of art.

(12)

In maze of Latin script and sin,
 Your bearings, no doubt, you have lost :
 Belief that *none has might save God*,
 Is cure for weak that acts so fast.

A man who likes to hunt the facts
 Must quit all hopes of West, is clear :
 Its atmosphere is full of charm,
 But one can't find musk-yielding deer.

The *Self* of man derives much strength
 From tears he sheds at early morn :
 Much good that tulip, like the dart,
 The marge of some brook may adorn.

This idol-house of hue and scent,
 Or fane so ancient, old and hoar :
 Hunts those who don't believe in God,
 On Muslims has effect no more.

O *Shaikh*, get all the rich expelled
 From precincts of the Holy mosque :
 For niche of mosque is angry with
 Them all for their much impious task.

(13)

To me upset appears the *Cosmos* old,
 But I do not know what your eyes behold.
 In breasts the morn of *Last Day* comes to view.
 Old thoughts of youth have been replaced by
 new.

Your hymns at morn can't make amends for
 Life,

O Elder of the shrine, without much strife.

The *Shrines* no strength to *Self* e'er can impart.
 Because no sparks from wet flame can depart.

(14)

Without a toper's courage, Love
 Consists of naught save trick and guile :
 A man, whose Love of God is great,
 Has brawny arms and is agile.

Alas the love of ease and rest
 Among the pilgrims seems profound :
 A man, who journey's toils may deem,
 As steed and food, is nowhere found.

O men of plains, do not think that
 I teach the beastly mode and art :
 The lonely desert and the mounts
 The man Self knowledge can impart.

This world observes traditions old,
 In world to come mere hymns can serve :
 Forge both worlds and stick to God,
 If kingly grandeur you wish to deserve.

O pilgrim, who tread mystic path,
 Your goal with ease you can attain :
 Man's Conscience can bear out this fact
 That *Faqr's* high rank isn't hard to gain.

The steel can never make or forge
 A sharp and sturdy sword at all :
 If steel is smooth and soft, like silk,
 Such toys, true sword one can not call.

If *Faqr* possesses no self esteem,
 It means God Mighty's ire and wrath :
 If respect for *Self* keeps in view,
 To riches great it paves the path.

The Franks have made you oblivious
 To *Self*, otherwise *O Believer True*,
 You are the bearer of happy news,
 And warn the sinners 'gainst their due.

The nations suffer death
 From centre if they part :
 If they have centre strong,
 Godhead it can impart.

Such *Faqr* which has a plaint
 Against the toils of life :
 Has beggar's wont and mode
 And can't bear worldly strife.

A godly man even now,
 By wondrous act can change
 To tiny mustard seed,
 A lofty mountain range.

In fight without your heat
 No zeal or zest is found :
 Where are you godly man,
 Take part in combat's round ?

O Sun, arise from East
 And sail upon my view :
 Give all the mountain range
 A crimson tinge and hue.

(17)

'Mong Muslim men, if one
 On firm belief has hold :
 His glance can set afire
 All, whether young or old.

Off and on men are born
 In waste or mountain range,
 Who by their dint of *Faqr*
 Pot-herd to bezel change.

You can build up your luck,
 If courage you can show :
 For God has written naught
 With His pen on your brow.

This azure vast expanse
That goes by name of sky :
If one has wings for flight,
In fact, is not so high.

(18)

Sher Shah explained this point with so much
grace,
Distinction of tribes leads to much disgrace.
The names of various tribes to them are dear,
The robe of *Afghániat* don't like to wear.
Their Islam is to pieces and fragments torn,
Like pagans, girdles by them still are worn.
They worship and adore their idols old,
May God help them deal blows much bold !

(19)

That glance can not be termed as true
Which draws a line 'twixt red and pale :
That sight is true which does not like
The light of Sun or Moon to 'vail.

The aim and goal of Muslim true
Is far beyond the bounds of West :
Take longer steps and walk space,
As this site is not meant for rest.

The marts that sell the wine in West
Always keep their doors ajar :
The rapture caused by knowledge new
Is removed from sin much afar.

If your frame is bereft of heat
 Which words, "*No god but He impart*",
 Then bear in mind this well-known fact,
 Your soul from body may depart.

The sons of *Khans*, who own high rank,
 Shall listen to my humble sound :
 Though I am dressed in rags and sack
 And wear no cap or turban round.

(20)

One who resides in desert waste,
 Or person born on mountains steep :
 Can keep a watch on aims and ends
 That Nature in its view does keep.

He draws no line 'twixt fair and foul
 Of culture, whose spell makes you sleep :
 His *Faqr* possesses the wealth of kings,
 Who coffers full of God do as keep.

O warbler of this earthly mead,
 Why are your songs so sweet and fair :
 Wherefore, desert hawk, you own,
 Such grandeur great and daring rare ?

O *Shaikh*, no doubt, the climate of your school
 Is so much pure and chaste :

But men, like *Salman* and *Farooq*,
 Are brought up in some desert waste.

The fire that Muslim Faith bestows
 Is as sharp as the sword of steel,
 But after thousand years is born
 Its match, who mighty blows can deal.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

Dedication :

This collection of poems was written by Iqbal when he could not carry on legal practice on account of some mysterious laryngeal trouble. Nawab Sir Hamid-ullah Khan, ruler of Bhopal, got him treated under his own supervision, but Iqbal's health did not improve and he could not resume practice. The Nawab on the basis of old ties, fixed a stipend of Rs. 500/- per month for him, though Iqbal had never alluded to it. The Nawab wanted to increase the stipend, but circumstances deterred him from increasing the stipend. Iqbal dedicated the book to him and these three verses are dedicatory. The second hemistich of the last verse is by *Talib Aqli*, a Persian poet.

Readers : The Rod of Moses is meant for nations of Asia and particularly for Muslims. The real aim and purpose of the book has been explained in these verses. The Muslims are advised to cultivate the qualities of hardship and manliness.

Prologue (1, 2)

In these poems the poet laments that the people of the East, both the Hindus and the Muslims are ease loving like addicts to narcotics and he has been appointed by God to reform and instruct them.

ISLAM AND MUSLIMS

IN THE NAME OF GOD THE BENEFICENT AND MERCIFUL

1. Dawn

In this short poem Iqbal says that it is not known wherefrom the past and future arise. He draws the conclusion that the morning which makes the dark being of life bright is born with the Prayer call of the True believer.

2. Unity of God

In this poem the basic tenet of Islam, 'The Unity of God' is discussed.

Line 5. *Abraham* was the first prophet who waged a war against idol worship and preached monotheism. His father, Azar, hewed idols and sold them in the bazar. Whenever *Abraham* (A. S.) had an opportunity, he broke the idols chiselled by his father. His father complained against him to Nimrud, the king of Babylon. A mammoth fire was lit by the orders of the king and *Abraham* was thrown in this fire, but the fire was transformed into a garden. *Abraham* is held in great reverence by all the followers of Revealed Religions. He built the Holy Shrine at Makkah.

Line 9. Holy thread : the girdle worn by the Hindus and fire worshippers

Line 26. The Muslims have not relinquished unislamic culture and civilisation. They still believe in colour, race and nation and stick to rites and customs that smack of idolatry.

3. Submission to Fate

Line 2. Pleiades : a group or constellation of seven stars.

Line 4. Breach : Monkery was concocted by the Christians themselves. Christ (A. S.) taught his followers the lesson of chastity, fraternity and forbearance, but his followers misinterpreted his teachings and started the heresy of monasticism, teaching the followers of Christianity to renounce this world.

4 Ascension

Line 4. Acquit : a weak bird like the partridge can give a praiseworthy account of itself, provided its heart is full of fire and zeal.

Line 7. The title of the Chapter of the Koran, 'The Star'. There is an allusion to ascension in this Surah (Chapter 53). In its opening verses God has vouched that what the Holy Prophet (Peace be upon him) claimed was true.

5. Admonition To A Philosophy Stricken Sayyad

This poem is about a philosophy-stricken Syed who breathed his last in 1959, after having attained a high position in Government service. He came to enquire about the poet's health. Protracted illness had made Iqbal's feelings very sensitive. The visitor put such questions to the poet which offended him and he wrote this poem admonishing not only that Sayyad but the youth of the nation, who are bewitched by Philosophy.

Line 2. Bergson : He was born in 1859. He is of opinion that Science and Logic can not pierce the husk of reality and it is intuition only that can understand reality. There is something in the Universe analogous to the creative spirit of the poet, a living pushing force, an *elan vital*. Iqbal met him in Vichy and related the Holy Prophet's tradition (لاتسبوا الدهر) "Don't vilify Time'. Though a patient of paralysis, he jumped out of his bed on hearing these words. His most well known book is *Creative Evolution*.

Line 3. Hegel : He was born in Stuggart in 1770, studied Theology and Philosophy at Tubingen. He worked as a tutor for several years. Last of all he held the Professorship of philosophy in Berlin. He died of Cholera in 1831. He was a prolific writer and won many adherents.

Line 10. Worship Call : the Call of *Muezzin* for prayer early in the morning.

Line 11. Somnath : an idol house in Kathiawar, where the Hindus go for pilgrimage. Sultan Mahmud of Ghazna destroyed the idols of this temple. The custodians of the temple offered him money requesting him to spare their idols, but the Sultan did not agree. He invaded this temple several times and broke the idols.

Line 12. Lat and Manat : these are (Baals and Dagon) the names of two idols which were placed in *Koaba* in pagan days.

Line 13. Hashemite : the name of a branch of the Qureish tribe from which the Holy Prophet (Peace be upon him) was descended. It is the name of one of the ancestors of the Holy Prophet.

Line 27. Ali : the cousin and son-in-law of the Holy Prophet. He was the first among the boys who embraced Islam. His valour, oratory and profound knowledge are proverbial. Avicenna : the name of a Muslim Philosopher (1037-1094) who insisted on the importance of Logic as an introduction to the study of philosophy and emphasized the grounding of metaphysics and the study of nature. Avicenna died at the age of 57. He was a prolific writer and left many books on medicine and other allied branches of knowledge.

6. The Earth and the Sky

Line 4. Pilgrim : it is a symbol for a person who treads the path of mysticism ; there are four stages, Nasut, Malkut, Jabrut and Lahut, through which a mystic must pass before attaining

perfection of merging with God.

7. The Decline of Muslims

Line 3. The Holy Prophet (A. S.) was wont to feel proud of his *Faqr*. A virtue of which the Prophet felt proud must be commendable. The word means disdain for the rewards, which this world or the next has to offer and which the majority of mankind covet. It makes a man spurn all delights and rewards except the attainment of worthy ends. Its accepted use is for the states of poverty and indigence. A *Faqir* is one who lives on charity. No one can extol begging which is a soul-destroying and degrading act. According to Iqbal, the term means an attitude of complete detachment and superiority to one's material possessions.

Line 7. Calender : A person who defies conventions is a *Calender*. Whatever he says carries weight. He severs himself from the rest of mankind and merges with God. Metaphorically the word is used for a rake who pays no heed to the tenets of religion and leads a free and reckless life.

Line 8. Alexander : Alexander the Great (356-323 B. C.), King of Macedonia, succeeded his father Philip in 336 B. C. and from the first showed himself fitted for mighty military exploits. He conquered in turn the Thebans, the Persian Satraps, overthrew Darius, over-ran Syria and Phoenicia, possessed himself of all the cities along the Mediterranean, conquered Egypt, founded Alexandria, and finally retired upon Babylon, where he died eleven days later.

8. Love and Knowledge

To Iqbal Love means more than a source of joy. It regenerates the Universe. It provides a solution to all the perplexities of mankind and is an antidote to all human vices. It brings forth beautiful things and thoughts into the world. Its highest achievement is the creation of values and ideals and the

desire to realise them. Love individualises the lover as well as the beloved. The seeker and the sought become individualized. Poets, mystics, and metaphysicians have underscored its importance. For Iqbal *Intellect* and *Love* are two world forces, however, he prefers Love to Intellect.

9. Ijtehad

Ijtehad means to make the Muslim Faith suit the changing times. This objective can be gained by great strife and struggle. The Holy Book and the traditions of the Holy Prophet provide guidance for Muslims, but if any such problem crops up which has no analogy, it can be solved by the consensus of *Ulema*. This effort to solve problems is called Ijtehad.

11. Praise of God and Meditation

Line 4. There is an allusion to the verse of the Holy Book (Surah Baqr) that God taught Adam all the names and then presented the same names to the angels, but they could give no reply.

Line 5. Attar and Rumi : these are the names of two renowned poets and mystics.

Line 11. When the Muslims prostrate in their daily prayers they say 'My God is chaste and pure and is the highest of all'. This is the first verse of the chapter 'The Most Lofty'. In this brief poem, Iqbal has presented the different aspects of man's perfection by meditation and remembrance.

14. Oneness of God

Pedant : one who attaches too much importance to formal matters in knowledge.

Line 11. There is an allusion to Surah *Ikhlas* or 'The Unity'. The unity of God is declared in this short chapter.

16. Hindi Muslim

Line 3. Code of Prophet : Mirza Ghulam Ahmad of Qadian claimed to be a Mehdi, a Messiah and a Prophet in 1908. With the partition of the Sub-Continent, they have shifted to a place near Chiniot, called Rabwah. His followers call the Muslims infidels. In 1914, his followers split into two groups, Lahori party and Qadiani party. The Lahori party considers Mirza Ghulam Ahmad as a revivalist. Dr. Iqbal admits that they have done much missionary work abroad, but even the Lahori party is opposed to Muslims.

17. Written on the Occasion of British Government's Permission to Keep the Sword (1935).

After the war of Freedom in 1857, British Government disarmed the Indians. In 1935, the inhabitants of the Punjab were permitted to keep the sword and this poem was written on that occasion.

Line 3 Hemistich : one half of the verse.

Line 6. Sword of *Faqr* : Iqbal prays God that He may grant the sword of *Faqr* to the Muslims.

Line 8. Khalid : The name of a great Muslim General, who participated in all the early wars waged against the infidels. The Holy Prophet conferred on him the title of 'The sword of God' on account of his deeds of bravery. He was removed from the command of Muslim armies during the Caliphate of Hazrat Umar, the third Caliph and Abu Ubaidah bin Jarah was appointed commander of the army.

In this poem there is an allusion to chapter 'Hadid' of the Holy Book : "We sent our Prophets with our portents, the Book and Balance, so that mankind might not deviate from the right path of justice. We sent iron also with it. There is a great fright and advantage for mankind in it. God also wants to know who helps Him and his messengers. No doubt, God is

Mighty and Dominating". These verses show that God granted His messengers arms, besides the Revealed Books and Balance. Muslims must be ready to fight against those who do not recognise the truth. It is their duty to put down turbulence with force, wherever it raises its head.

19. Authority and Faith

Line 1. Changez : a tyrant who hailed from Mongolia. He was very cruel. His hordes ravaged and pillaged several countries of the world and invaded India in 1221.

20. Faqr and Monkery

Pharoah : It is the generic name of the kings of ancient Egypt. Moses was sent to the Pharoah of his time with the message of God. The title of this book is derived from the miraculous powers possessed by the Rod of Moses. Moses was the first Prophet who performed miracles. On one occasion, the Israelites demanded water to quench their thirst. God ordered Moses to strike his Rod on the rock. No sooner did he strike the rock with his Rod than twelve springs welled up from the rock. On another occasion, Pharoah summoned the magicians from all parts of his kingdom, because he thought that Moses was a magician and only his counter-parts could inflict a crushing defeat on Moses (A. S.). Moses and his adversaries assembled in a big arena. Moses asked the magicians who would take the lead. The magicians took the lead and threw their strings on the ground. As soon as Moses threw his 'Rod' on the ground, it assumed the shape of a python which swallowed up the snakes. Pharoah threatened the magicians with dire consequences, but they declared that they believed in the God of Moses. On the third occasion, Pharoah chased Moses with a big army. Moses struck the sea with his 'Rod' and a dry path appeared in the Red Sea. Moses and the Israelites crossed the sea, whereas, Pharoah and his enemies were drowned in the sea. Another miracle of

Moses was that when he took his hand out of his sleeve, its light dazzled the eyes of the onlookers.

23. Kingship

Line 6. Vicegerent : assistant ; there is an allusion to the verse of the Holy Koran, "Verily I am about to set a caliph on the earth."

Line 9. Prostration : to bow before God and pay Him homage by placing the forehead on the prayer mattress.

Line 10. Essence : the extract or soul of a thing.

Line 11. Belonging to the earliest times ; original.

32. Defeatism

Line 4. last : There is an allusion to the Koranic verses of Chapter called "The Heights" which runs as follows : And when Thy Lord took from the children of Adam, from their loins, their seed, and made them testify touching themselves, 'Am I not your Lord' ? They said, 'Yes we testify'. Code Divine : the mystics turn away from the injunctions of the Holy Book on the pretext that they are intoxicated with the wine of 'Alast' and can disregard the observance and injunctions of the Holy Book. Line 7. Holy Wars : wars waged against the infidels for the sake of propagating the teachings of the Holy Koran. Line 12. Retreat : this word has several meanings ; it means the rout of an army and its running away from the battle-field ; it also means seclusion or solitude.

33. Heart and Intellect

In this poem heart and intellect are considered to be allies. These gifts are bestowed by Benign God on human beings. Man can succeed in life provided heart and wit are yoked together. Line 4. God Benign : God, Who is kind to his creation.

36. Recognition of A Qalender

In this sonorous poem, Iqbal has briefly described the virtues

owned by a true *Qalender*. The *Qalender* says that an ordinary person can not tolerate the tumults of the world and he must pass by his dwelling quickly. Though the river may be swollen, he does not need the help of a boat or the boatman. He is the rider of Time not its steed. He takes the Sun, the stars, and to reckoning. Line 1. Proclaims with main and might : declares vociferously. Line 4. By *Qalender's* dwelling hie : pass as speedily as possible by the residence of the *Qalender*. Line 8. Revoke : to annul ; to retract or to deny.

39. Khizr

Khizr is a person who gained immortality by drinking the Water of Life ; he wanders up and down in the world and is, accordingly, a sort of patron saint of travellers. *Khizr* is supposed to be the stranger in the story in the Koran (Chapter XVIII). Moses proud of his own wisdom, had to recognize that there were things beyond his understanding, when he saw *Khizr* perform three enigmatic actions, in killing a youth (who would have turned out a bad man), damaging a boat (to save it from an unjust tax), and repairing a wall (which contained an orphan's treasure).

40. True Guide

Line 1. Sedent nations : lazy and lethargic nations of the East. Line 3. Dungeons : the principal tower of a prison ; a close dark prison ; an underground cell. Line 13. *Expected Guide* : the Muslims believe that *Mehdi* will appear before the Judgement Day. He will sweep away corruption and disorder prevailing in the world. The expectation of a *Mehdi* is a very useful idea for the Muslims. So far many Muslims have claimed to be the promised ones e.g. *Mehdi* of Sudan, Mirza Mohammad Ali Bab and Mirza Ghulam Ahmad of Qadian. Bab gave out that he was appointed by God to pave the way for the promised *Mehdi*.

41. Believer in the World

The qualities of a true believer are derived from the Holy Book. In one of the verses of the Koran it is said, "True believers show their wrath against their foes, but they are compassionate among themselves." At another place the Book says, "They have a soft corner in their hearts for the Muslims, but are full of wrath against the infidels."

Line 3. Skirmish : an irregular fight between small parties.
 Line 5. Inveterate foes : rootedly antagonistic. Line 12. Angels great : the two arch angels, Gabriel and Israfil. The former brought the messages of God to his apostles and the latter would blow the trumpet on the day of Resurrection.

42. Mohammad Ali Bab

Mohammad Ali Bab, who lived in the reign of Shah Nasir-ud-Din Kajar, claimed that he had come to pave the way for *Mehdi* and that he was the gate through which *Mehdi* would have to pass. Actually asceticism and self-denial were responsible for upsetting his mental balance and hence the claim that he made. He had several adherents, among whom was Qurra-tul-Ain Zarrin, a fiery poetess and the daughter of a great religious scholar. Bab was accused of heresy by the *Shia Priesthood*. He was arrested and brought before the assembly of Priests. It is said that he could not read the syntactic marks of 'Samawat' correctly. The assembled Priests laughed at his ignorance with great contempt. Bab cleverly interpreted his mistake by remarking that the syntactic marks had been ransomed in lieu of his true guidance. He was imprisoned for his heresy and later on was shot dead in 1850. It is said that the squad that was sent to shoot him hit the rope and he was saved. The Muslim soldiers took it as a miracle and did not like to shoot him for the second time. A Christian squad was sent for and he was shot dead. His disciple and propagator of his thoughts, Qurra-tul-Ain, got her father-in-law murdered and as a punishment for this she was

strangled to death by the common people in 1852, though the king wanted to set her free on the plea that she had a beautiful face. Afterwards the mission was carried on by Behaullah who fled to Baghdad. It is an eclectic religion and the good points of all the religions are included in it. Dr. Iqbal had a predilection for this creed, but his firm belief in the finality of Prophethood, did not let him accept this creed. Line 4. Syntactic marks: Arabic has no vowels and as such Fatha, Kasra and Zamma are used to indicate the syntactical marks. They are called as desinential marks as well.

43. Fate

It is a sort of dialogue between God and Satan. The Fiend informs God that he bears no grudge against Adam, who is the captive of Space and Time. It was preordained that Satan would not bow before him. Satan tells God that this mystery was disclosed to him after his refusal to prostrate before Him. God rebukes Satan by telling him that his mean nature has taught him this argumentation. He is free, but gives his freedom the name of constraint and, though a burning flame, calls himself mere smoke. The ideas contained in this dialogue have been called, as stated by Dr. Iqbal himself, from the Spanish mystic Mohyud-Din Ibn-ul Arabi. Line 1. Adam: the progenitor of all mankind. God Mighty created him from clay and then breathed his own spirit or soul in him. God ordered all the angels to prostrate before Adam. They all prostrated before him except *Iblis*. He refused to comply with the command of God. He felt proud of his birth from fire, whereas Adam was created from clay. God drove him away from His presence for this act of disobedience. Yazdan: according to the followers of Zoroaster, there are two Gods, Yazdan the God of good and Ahriman the god of evil.

44. Invocation to the Soul of Mohammad (A. S.)

Invoke: to call upon earnestly; to implore assistance; to address in prayer.

The poem is addressed to the Holy Prophet (A.S.) and Iqbal laments the deplorable condition of Muslims. The Arabs, who were the finest sailors in the world, are idle now ; there is no stir or movement of ships and boats. The cameleers, who sang, while driving their camels on the wastes or hills, are silent now. The poet calls earnestly and solemnly on the soul of the Holy Prophet and asks what the guardian of God's protents can do ; the world has become too narrow for him and he has no place to go. Line 2. Faithful Fold : the poet wishes to convey the idea of the sectarian spirit prevailing among the Muslims.

45. Islamic Civilization.

Line 4. Veers : changes direction. Line 5. Sick of modesty : Satiated with good manners ; suavity ; politeness. Line 6. Black art and tales : a true Muslim does not believe in magic or myths and legends which are not based on truth. Warmth of Arabs : to have a warm and hospitable heart. Line 10. Mind like Persian race : the Persian race has produced more scholars in every branch of knowledge than any other race. There is a saying of the Holy Prophet that the Persians can glean knowledge from the seventh heaven even. Ibn-i-Khaldun in his Prolegomena has testified to this fact and he says, "Verily the Persian race has tackled all the problems pertaining to knowledge. They have proved their superiority in every field of knowledge and arts."

46. Guidance

In this poem Iqbal has enumerated the true qualities of a *Guide* or leader. That *Guide* is true who can make you fed up with the present age which is replete with ills of different types. A true *Guide* can lead you to the presence of God and can make your blood boil and seethe with wrath and rage against the present wicked age. He can sharpen your *Ego* on the whetstone and change it into a piercing sword. He can prevent you from

fawning upon kings and tarnishing the image of the lustrous Creed.

47. Faqr and Monkery

In this poem Iqbal warns the Muslims and tells them that *Faqr* and monkery are not identical. Monkery loves ease and rest, whereas a true Faqir is always ready to face the tempestuous sea. He knows what is perishable and what is lasting ; he can discriminate between reality and unreality. Now the Muslims have been bereft of the virtue of Faqr and consequently they possess neither the *Faqr* of *Salman* nor the grandeur of Solomon.

Line 10. *Salman* : *Salman* was a staunch adherent of the Holy Prophet. He was a Persian by birth and his ancestors worshipped piebald horses. *Salman* did not like to worship horses. He left his country in search of a true religion. He embraced Christianity and when the Priest, who had converted him to Christianity was on his death-bed, he advised him to go to Hedjaz, where the Seal of Prophets had appeared. He reached Hedjaz, where the *Seal of Prophets* had appeared. He reached Mecca, but one of the pagans made him his slave. When the Holy Prophet came to know about the matter, he ransomed him and set him free. He had an exceptionally long age and was one of the *Members of the Bench*. During the battle of *Khandaq* (ditch), it was *Salman*, who advised the Muslims to dig a trench round Medina. His enemies, the infidels, called him a follower of *Mazdak*, though the Holy Prophet considered him as belonging to his own family and he had the privilege of going to the Prophet's House, without seeking permission. *Mazdak* : *Mazdak* lived in Persia about A.D. 500 and was the Chief protagonist of a cult, founded two centuries earlier, which proposed to eradicate the causes of hatred among men by allowing property and women to be enjoyed in common. He gained influence under King *Kawadh*, but his doctrines were disliked by the rich, and after a political upheaval, he and his followers were massacred.

Line 11. Solomon : a Prophet, who held command over the genii and other creatures. His grandeur and glory are proverbial. He built the temple at Jerusalem in 961 B.C.

49. Resignation

This short poem teaches the lesson that man should utilize his physical powers as well as spiritual powers to the utmost. Having done his best, he must learn the lesson of patience. God forbid, if the result of his efforts is still negative, even then he must show stoicism and should show no wavering in his struggle. This is what is meant by resignation to the will of God.

51. Revelation and Freedom

In this poem, the poet draws a line between the revelations of a thrall and a free-born Prophet. The revelations of a free born person inspire others and spur them to perform noble acts. They make sparrows learn the ways of hawks and infuse a new spirit in them. Their teachings can raise low born men to the rank of emperors like Jamshed and Parvez. Probably Iqbal is alluding to the Qadiani Prophet, who could not teach his followers anything except the traits of the Jewish race. He gave the verdict that Holy War against the British Government was not permissible. Dr. Iqbal sought the opinion of Syed Sulaiman Nadvi about Ghulam Ahmad Mirza and he declared him a delict.

Line 8. Jamshed : a legendary king of ancient Persia. It is said that he invented a bowl which could foretell the events that were likely to happen in the future. Some Persian writers confuse him with Solomon, the Prophet. There is a mountain near Persepolis, the ancient capital of Iran, in ruins now, which is given the name of the throne of Jamshed or Solomon's throne.

52. Soul and Body

Since times immemorial, the wise men of the world have tried to find the link that binds the body and soul together. Iqbal says that he is thinking how the states of rapture, pain and

anguish penetrate the heart and mind. He has spent great energy to find whether matter has evolved from the soul or the soul from matter. Their relation is the same as that of words and their meanings. Just as a red hot coal gradually turns into ash and wears the cloak of its own ash, similarly the soul and matter are identical and there is nothing to wonder at if the body and soul get yoked together. Their origin is the same.

53. Lahore and Karachi

In this poem there is an allusion to two significant happenings at Karachi and Lahore. The Arya Smajists, according to some pre-planned scheme, started publishing books about the Holy Prophet that offended the feelings of the Muslims. An Arya Smajist of Lahore Raj Pal, published a derogatory book of this type in which he threw mud on the life of the Holy Prophet. He was sued, but Kanwar Dalleep Singh, Judge High court at Lahore acquitted him. The Arya Smajists were emboldened by the acquittal of Raj Pal and began to publish pamphlets and books in quick succession about the Holy Prophet, which aggrieved the Muslims very much. The editor of the '*Vertman*' was prosecuted by the Government and convicted. The late Sir Mohammad Shafi pleaded the case on behalf of the Government. The Muslims lost their patience. An illiterate young man, IIm-ud-Din, the son of a carpenter, murdered the publisher of '*Rangila Rasul*' in broad daylight. He was executed in Mianwali, from where his dead body was brought to Lahore for burial. A very large crowd participated in the funeral prayer. Similarly a Pathan, Abdul Qayyum, murdered the publisher of Karachi, who had published a book, slinging mud on the chaste life of the Holy Prophet (A.S). He too was executed. A book-seller of Calcutta had also published a similar book. Three young men of Lahore went to Calcutta to chastise that book seller. The third happening did not get the same publicity as the first two on account of the remoteness of Calcutta. Iqbal advises the Muslims not to beg for *Blood Price* (Kasas) from the English.

In the third verse, there is an allusion to an authentic tradition (Hadith-i-Qudsi) of the Holy Prophet which he uttered while circumambulating the Holy Shrine. He said, 'The blood of a true Muslim is more precious than Ka'ba even'. In the last verse, there is an allusion to the Koranic verse, 'Don't call others as partners of God. There is no god but He. Everything is sure to perish except God. He ordains everything and you have to return to him (last verse of 'The Spider)'.

56. Makkah and Geneva

After the 'First World War' the victors formed 'The League of Nations' with its headquarters at Geneva. The real aim of the formation of the League was that if any war broke out in future, the victors would interfere and thus end the war. Iqbal was critical of this organisation and he wrote in *Pyam-i-Mashriq* ;

I do not know more than this that some thieves of shrouds
Have formed an Organisation for the division of graves.

Iqbal desired that the centre of such a League should be Makkah instead of Geneva. He disparages the League, because it could not teach the lesson of universal brotherhood as was taught by Muhammad and Christ. The Franks have achieved their aim of causing rupture among the different states.

57. The Elder of the Shrine

This poem is addressed to spiritual, religious and political guides. Iqbal tells them to preach to the youth the lesson of sticking to their faith and shunning conceit. The education imparted by the Franks has made the youth ease-loving. They should be taught to work hard and hew rocks. The English rule has enervated the youth to such an extent that no *Elixir* can restore their health. He implores God to bestow some reward on him for disclosing the flaws of the youth of the nation.

59. A Muslim

This is one of the most melodious poems in this collection

and has been set to music and sung by several eminent singers of the country. This poem is often broadcast by the net of Pakistani T.V. and Radio stations.

Line 5. To rout : to defeat the enemy and make him run from the battle-field. Reprieve : pardon ; forgiveness. Line 7. Ingredients : constituents ; the parts that make a mixture or a compound. Line 11. Badakhshan and Bokhara : the names of two places in central Asia. Line 23. Sifts the good and bad : the true Muslim is a criterion for what is good and what is bad. Line 27. Rahman : it is a chapter of the Holy Book. Its music is very charming and enchanting to the ears.

60. The Panjabi Muslim

In this poem the traits that distinguish a Punjabi Muslim are counted one by one. His credulousness is exemplary. If there is a new Faith, he is soon bewitched by it, but discards it soon. Religious Guides or Pirs have a great influence on him. If some person interprets the Holy Book in a heretic manner, even then he falls in the trap very easily.

61. Freedom

Iqbal says that no one has the courage to check a Muslim in the exercise of his free thoughts, which he regards as a gift of God. If he desires, he can transform the Holy Shrine into a Magian temple, or can transport Frankish icons to adorn it. The exegesis of the Holy Book is a mere plaything for him and he can interpret it in such a way that he can devise new creed even, just as Mirza Ghulam Ahmad of Qadian did. A strange farce is being played in India. Islam is in chains ; whereas the Muslims are free to think as they like.

63. Negation and Affirmation

Negation is the denial of all other gods and deities and affirmation is the avowal that there is one God only. These two words form the initial part of the sentence declaring the Unity of

God. The Allama has proved this by the seed's losing itself in the darkness of the soil and afterwards shooting up into the light of the Sun. If the seed had not come out of the darkness, it would have never acquired leaves, foliage and fruit. It shows that life begins with negation and a thing that does not cross this stage suffers annihilation. That nation which fails to cross the boundary of negation is certain to perish. To declare the Unity of God is the first requisite or pillar of Islam. To declare the Unity of God with heart and tongue is essential for a Muslim.

64. To the Amirs of Arabia

In this poem, Iqbal has addressed the Arab Chiefs and tells them that this Indian, whom they probably consider an infidel, wants to ask which community was taught the lesson of universal brotherhood for the first time and who were the men, like Abu Lahb (Holy Prophet's uncle) and an inveterate enemy of Islam, who tried to sow seeds of dissension among the Muslims. The Geographical boundaries of Arabs exist through the blessings of the Holy Prophet, otherwise the Chiefs have no reality and their pride is quite baseless.

66. Death

If a person's *Selfhood* reaches its acme, Death can not destroy him. His soul remains as restless as Mercury after death even, because he is removed from his beloved, God, and sometimes feels His presence in the niche of the Grave. The light of the stars and the moon is ephemeral, whereas the intoxication caused by the wine of *Selfhood* is eternal. If a person's Self becomes mature and ripe, the angel of death can touch the clay-born body alone, but can not harm the soul.

67. By Grace of God Rise

In this poem there is an allusion to Mansur Hallaj executed in 922 A.D. on the charge of blasphemy. He was a carder by profession. He uttered the words, 'The *Self* is true' which was

misinterpreted by the Priests of his time. The mystics who followed him declared that Mansur meant that he was nothing and only God had real existence. Later on he was canonised by the mystics.

Hussain bin Mansoor, known as *Hallaj* or wool carder, was born in the same year in which the great Egyptian mystic *Dhun Nun* died (859 A.D.). From his native Faras, he went to Baghdad, the centre of mystic life and religion in the middle Abbasid period. *Hallaj* joined the group of the mystics of Baghdad, but he was not on good terms with his master *Junaid*, who is said to have cursed him. For a year or so he stayed in Makkah performing miracles. Then he embarked to India to learn *Yogi* practice. He was imprisoned in 913 A.D. The *Ulema* accused him of impiety. They identified him with the dangerous *Qaramatian* movement. *Attar* thinks his being hanged as *Ascension*. *Maulana Rumi* once compared the red rose on the bough to Mansur and in Indian mystic poetry, the gibbet of Mansoor is likened to the nuptial bed. His most well known book is *Kitab-ut-tawasin*. Dr. Iqbal says in 'Gabriel's Wing' :

The rift between the *Priest* and *Saint*
Is to the Pulpit's error due ;
For the gibbet of *Hallaj*
Appears a rival in its view

(Gabriel's Wing Part II, Ghazal No. I)

Iqbal advises the Muslims not to lose heart, though a great change has overtaken the entire world. O Muslim, you have the same blood in you that circulated in the veins of *Hallaj*, who said, 'the *Self* is true'. Rise by the grace of God and go in *Quest* of new ventures and expeditions. You are grieved on account of the spell that the Franks have cast on you, but you can cast it away easily and play your part in the world unflinchingly.

68. Education and Upbringing

Spinoza, Baruch or Benedict (1632-77), one of the greatest philosophers, was born at Amsterdam, the son of a Portuguese Jew, who had settled there as a merchant. He had a sceptical turn of mind and having expounded philosophical doctrines antagonistic to Judaism, was excommunicated by the rabbis as a heretic. He owed much to Descartes and in 1663 published his work on Cartesian philosophy. The attainment of truth was his only object in life. Indifferent to money, he spent his life in study and earned his living as a lens grinder. His writings have had an enduring influence, though during his life time some of his works, including *Ethics*, were not allowed to be published.

Plato (427-347 B.C.), great Athenian philosopher, pupil of Socrates and teacher of Aristotle. He founded a school at Athens under the name of Academy, where he taught philosophy and Mathematics. His great work is his Dialogues, which includes the *Republic*, the longest and most celebrated of them all. All Plato's known writings have come down to us, and they constitute one of the most influential bodies of work in history.

In this poem, the opinions of Spinoza, Plato and Iqbal himself are given regarding the goal a person must keep in view. Spinoza is of opinion that the chief aim of life is search for the real Beloved. Wise men always keep this *Quest* in view and get life and joy by its means. Plato says that the earthly life is transitory and just like a spark, its glow is short-lived and does not deserve attention. Iqbal says that the main end of life is the preservation and consolidation of the *Ego*.

69. The Man of Present Age

In this poem Iqbal says that the hearts of the men of the present age are quite devoid of the love of God ; they have miserably failed to subordinate their intellect to their intuition. They try to find the position of stars in the sky, but have not succeeded

in finding truth about the human brain as yet. Man has succeeded in putting solar energy to use, but has met no success in eradicating the ailments that make human life so miserable. Line 8. Intricacies : complexities ; difficulties. Line 10. Embroiled : involved ; to throw into confusion ; to distract.

72. Reformers of the East

Line 1. Vinteners : wine sellers. Line 2. Samri : During the absence of Moses (A.S.) on the Mount Sinai, *Samri*, who was a magician, collected gold from the Israelites and prepared a calf from gold, which could look like a living calf. The Israelites began to worship the calf. When Moses returned from the Mount Sinai after forty days, he was very angry with his brother, *Aaron*. Moses dispelled the magic of Samri and guided the Israelites to the right path.

The reformers of the East can bring about no change. They can only cast a spell, like Samri, on their followers. They have brought empty bowls to the East. They are quite void and blank of old knowledge as well as new sciences and can't recognise the true status of man.

73. Western Culture

In this short poem, Iqbal has peyorated the Western Civilisation, because it corrupts both heart and vision. If the soul is bereft of chastity, a person can not retain clean conscience, lofty aims and refined taste.

74. Open Secrets

A nation whose youth have a strong Self, does not stand in need of swords in war. They possess a free will, whereas the moon and stars are bound by natural laws. The waves of the sea are always restless and are in search of new shores. What lies in the mother shell is a gift of God, which is not known to human beings. The hawk is never tired of flight and does not drop

breathless on the ground. Similarly, if the youth of the nation fortify their *Egos*, they can never suffer defeat at the hands of their foes.

75. The Testament of Sultan Tipu

The real name of Sultan Tipu was Fateh Ali Khan. His father, Haider Ali Khan, paid a visit to the mausoleum of an eminent Saint, Mastan Shah, and prayed for a son. His prayer was accepted and God granted him a son. Besides calling him by the name of Fateh Ali Khan, he started to call him Tipu Sultan to invoke the blessings of the Saint and he became known by this surname. He took the rule of Mysore in his own hands on the demise of his father, which was the largest state of the Deccan after the uprising of 1857. Haider Ali Khan was the first prince, who judged the true and correct consequence of the British rule and he dedicated his life to the extermination of this danger. He fell a martyr on the battlefield. Tipu Sultan inherited the enmity of the English alongwith the rulership of the state. He spent each and every moment of his reign in opposing the English. The Sultan left no stone unturned to seek assistance from within India and from abroad as well to thwart the growing menace of the English. No power showed readiness to join him in this *Holy War*. The *Nidham* and the *Marhattas* joined the English. The Sultan made up his mind to fight to the end and was martyred on 4th May 1799, while fighting against the English. The English wished to win him over to their side, but he was aware that the acceptance of this offer would divest the country as well as his own person of true freedom, therefore he laid down his life for the sake of freedom. He used to say that a single day in the life of a lion was superior to hundred years of a jackal's life and he endorsed his maxim with his own blood. The verses of this poem are not the rendering of any testament of the King, but are the impressions of the Sultan's life on Iqbal.

A person, who walks on the road of Love, must continue his journey without caring for rest or other allurements. The stream is counselled to continue its flow and swell into a river that sweeps everything before it. Man is advised not to lose his bearings in this life and though the assembly lends warmth to the heart, yet he must spurn it. The archangel Gabriel advised the poet on the Primordial day not to accept a heart which was slave to intellect. Falsehood has several aspects, whereas truth is only one, therefore, there can't be any alliance and partnership between the two.

76. Ghazal

In this poem the poet teaches the lesson that the Muslims are not tied to one country. They are indifferent to both the worlds. Iqbal addresses the Muslims and says that they are infidels in his eyes, whereas he is an unbeliever according to them. Their life's main aim is the counting of breath, while his task is to melt the breath. It is good that they have changed their way of life, because the ways and modes of the hawk cannot suit the partridge. He has not come across such love of God in wastes and deserts that might set intellect right. A poet should not keep aloof from the strife of life, for if he does so and loses interest in the facts of life, his verses crush the soul of the nation.

Line 2. Don't trace my breed : don't trace my genealogy or pedigree. Line 12. Pheasant's quivering breed : the pheasants belong to a species of birds which are timid and begin to quiver with fear on seeing a hawk.

78. Nourishing of Selfhood

If the Ego is nourished properly, it can consume the wrongs and untruths easily. *Moses* tended the sheep of Hazrat *Shoaib*, whose headquarter was situated on the road that ran to Egypt and Arabia. When *Moses* left Egypt, he stayed with *Shoaib* for

some time and married one of the daughters of *Shoaib*. Before the appointment of Moses by God as apostle, *Shoaib* gave full attention to the education of *Moses*. When *Moses* left for Egypt with his family, God nominated him to reform Pharoah and emancipate the Israelites. Line 5. Attribute : ascribe. Line 8. Mode sublime : lofty manners ; courteous behaviour.

79. Freedom of Thought

Freedom of thought is the source of disaster for such people who do not possess the accomplishment of thinking and pre-planning. If the thoughts of a person are unripe and immature, the freedom of thinking can give him no help. The utmost that such free thinking can do is that it can transform a human being into an animal. Line 6. Accrue : to come as an accession ; increment ; product.

80. The Life of Selfhood

Line 4. Sanjar and Tughral : the names of two Seljuq kings whose glory and grandeur was very exalted ; the Seljuk Turks settled in Bokhara and Samarkand. When the Government of Ghazna became weak after the death of Mahmud, the Seljuqs defeated Masud under the command of Tughral (died 1063). Their reign continued from 1037 to 1256. The government became weak after Sanjar (died 1157) and the Ghoris family established themselves in the North and East. Sanjar's reign is considered to be the golden age of Seljuq period. Line 10. Suburbs : surroundings ; environment ; atmosphere. Line 11. Billows of mirage : an appearance of objects raised or depressed, erect or inverted, single or double owing to the varying refractive index of layers of hot and cold air, the sky often simulating the appearance of water ; illusive waves of the sea.

81. Government

Iqbal says that his talk is disliked by the Sheikh and Mullah, though their followers don't take it ill. That community soon

loses the capital of good deeds whose members wrangle with each other about God's Essence and Attributes. The tavern, Saqi and flask do not last for long in this life. Only the youth of that nation deserve luck in life, who welcome the blows and buffets of life as honey.

82. Indian Schools

In this poem Iqbal has criticised the Indian schools for their apathy to develop the *Ego*. The students of these schools are merely like sparrows and it is not proper to teach them the ways and modes of a hawk. Free men can perform a work in a short span of time, though the slaves do the same work in a year. The thoughts of free persons are illuminated by truth. The free person himself is a living miracle and is not credulous like the slaves, who are easily misguided by the pseudo mystics. At the end of the poem the poet suggests that painting, music and botany are enough for the students and they don't need the lesson of self-respect.

83. Upbringing

Life and knowledge are two different things ; one consumes the heart, whereas the other sets the brain afire. Knowledge can provide wealth and riches, but the trouble is that it can not guide a person to the *Self* as can be done by a true *Guide*. There is an abundance of educated men, but they can't give a bowl full with the wine of gnosis. The teachers of the present age are unable to impart broad views to their pupils and the taught remain narrow-minded. Line 1. Poles apart : remote from each other like the North and South poles. Line 5. Lettered men : educated men. Line 6. *True Guide* : a saintly person whose one glance is enough to bring about a change in the life of a person.

84. Foul and Fair

In this brief poem, Iqbal has drawn a line between good and

bad. He says that just as the stars appear and disappear, similarly the thoughts of mankind are always in a flux. A duel is always going on between good and bad in the heart of man. If the *Self* of a man is developed and has attained the nadir of perfection, his actions can be called good, but if his *Self* is base, his actions don't deserve the name of good.

85 Death of the Ego

The poet says that the West is bereft of the light of the Ego, and the East is suffering from leprosy on account of its demise. Its lack has reduced Persia and Iraq to mere bones. Its death has made the Indians, whose wings are broken, reconciled to a life of bondage. The death of *Ego* has made the *Custodian* of the *Holy Shrine* sell the garments worn by the pilgrims and live on their sale proceeds. Line 4. A leper : one who suffers from leprosy. In this disease the joints and bones get decayed and rotten. Sometimes wounds also appear on the body. It is an incurable disease and is contagious. Pinions Cleft : torn wings
Line 11. Pilgrim's don : the white robe or mantle worn by the pilgrims, while circumambulating the *Holy Shrine* at Makkah.
Line 11. Sale proceeds : on the money he gets by selling those garments.

88. The Student

The poet deploras that the hearts of the students are not stirred and animated by any high goals or ideals. He prays that their hearts may imbibe the spirit of forming lofty aims and ends. The attention of the students is occupied in cramming, from which they get no spare time ; consequently they can not learn the *Holy Book*.

90 The School

The present age is the enemy of man, because it has snatched his soul, like the angel of death. Man's only concern is how to earn his living. The man of today cannot face the

tumults of life : the bludgeons of life make him quiver like a quail and the lesson that this age has imparted to him has made him forget fervour. Nature bestowed upon him the sharp eyes of the hawk, but slavery has replaced those bright eyes with the eyes of a bat, which can not see during the day.

91. Neitzche

Neitzche, Fredriedrich Wilhelm (1844 to 1900), German philosopher, in his younger years greatly influenced by the work of Wagner and Schopenhauer. His 'Superman' philosophy is expressed in many writings, i.e. thus spake *Zarathustra*, *Beyond Good and Evil*, and *The Will to Power*.

The German Sage, Neitzche, inspite of his great sight and wisdom, could not realise the *Oneness* of God. His imagination was very high and he could cast his lasso on the Sun and the Moon. He was chaste by nature, but his soul betrays this hidden fact that he longed for a life full of joy and pleasure. In 'Gabriel's Wing' also, Iqbal has mentioned him thus :

If that Frankish Sage,
Were present in this age,
Him Iqbal would teach
God's high place and reach.

(Gabriel's Wing, Ghazal 33 Part II)

Despite his great philosophical acumen, he could not realise the Unity of God and remained an atheist. Iqbal refers to him on several occasions. Line 7. Noose : lasso. Line 11. Dormant : hidden ; concealed. Line 12. A bout of drinking : revel ; carousal.

92. Teachers

Such teachers, who are unacquainted with the tenets of Islam, cannot guide the students to the right path, because if the Sun (teacher) deviates from the right path, it can't breed rubies

(students) of Badakhshan. The world is caught in the snare of old traditions and customs. The preceptors are quite helpless and their efforts can not wean the world of their old habits. As a matter of fact, the teachers, who ought to have guided others, possess worn out brains and are reconciled to be led by others. Line 1. Badakhshan : a place in Iran from which rubies are quarried. In India Golkanda (near Hyderabad Deccan) is well known for the production of rubies and mausoleums of ancient kings.

93. Ghazal

Only a keen-sighted man can find a clue to true aim and end. In worldly life, only slaves can find repose and rest, whereas the free have no spare time on account of their strife and struggle against the vicissitudes of life. The great progress made by Europe has stupefied your sight. The poet prays that the Holy Prophet, to endorse whose claim, the chapter *Najm* of the Holy Koran was revealed, may protect your sight ! There is an allusion to the Koranic verse, "Neither his eyes deviated nor went astray." The verse testifies to the Holy Prophet's Ascension. The joys and revels of this world are short-lived ; they do not last long and the beaker and flasks soon lose their lustre. The books studied by you have marred your taste so much that even the scent of the rose can not guide you to the rose.

94. Religion and Education

The religious leaders boast that they possess insight and can give true guidance to the Muslims. The system of education introduced by Lord Macaulay (1802 to 1857) is a great intrigue against Muslim Faith. A community that fails to bring to light the hidden powers of the *Ego*, can not be pardoned. Nature can pardon individuals, but communities can not expect any reprieve from it.

95. To Javid

The next three poems are addressed to Iqbal's son, Dr. Javid Iqbal. He advises him to shun the company of great men, for the bounteous glance of a true *Saint* can work wonders. There is no lack of famous poets. It is only through God's grace that his own poetry has found favour with the world. He advises him not to boast of his lineage and quotes a verse from *Nidhami Ganjwi* to this effect. He counsels him to acquire the brand of *Faqr* which has its source in *Hedjaz*. Such *Faqr* can inspire mighty upheavals in the world. If a warrior can get this brand of *Faqr*, he can fight against his foes without sword or lance. Iqbal advises his son to beg such *Faqr* from God Mighty.

To Javid No. 2

Jami : His full name was Mullah Abd-ur-Rahman. He was born at Jam in the province of Khorasan in 1914, where his ancestors had settled after shifting from Isfahan. Jami was devoted to Sheikh-ul-Islam Jam and, therefore, he selected his *nom-de-plume* as Jami. Besides acquiring the current knowledge, he was initiated into mysticism in Herat. In the last days of his life, he gave up writing poetry and started the investigation of religious matters. He died in 1942 and was buried in Herat. According to Dr. E. G. Brown, his ghazals can hold their own against eminent Ghazal writers like Sa'di and Hafiz. They have a charm of their own and are full of pathos. His panegyrics praising the Holy Prophet (A. S.) are the product of a true and sincere devotee. Iqbal himself had a great admiration for them and often prayed that he might get the style of Jami in this genre of poetry.

Anwari : His original name was Auhad-ud-Din and was born at Budna, a town of Abiward. His study was very vast and had enough knowledge of Arabic language as well. There is no consensus of opinion about his death or birth. He gained access to the court of Sanjar and became his stipendiary. When Sanjar

was defeated by the Guzz Turks (1154) and Khorasan was ravaged, he shifted to Balkh. The inhabitants of Balkh attributed a satire to him and so he was forced to flee to Naishapur. In the last days of his life, he renounced the world and became a recluse. He is famous for his panegyrics.

Nizami Ganjwi (1141-1203) was born at Ganja in Adharbaijan. He lost his parents while he was still a child. He was brought up in orthodox Sunnite surroundings. He is famous for his five Mathnawis (Khamsa) written by him. He was a self-respecting poet and was not attached to any court. Many poets have tried to write Khamsa, but none of them can rival him. Besides these five Mathnawis, he wrote *Skandar Nama* in imitation of *Firdausi*.

To Javid No. 3

Rhazes : the most illustrious name beside Avicenna in the history of medicine is Abu Bakr al-Razi (Rhazes), a native of Ray, near Tehran (died 923 or 932).

WOMAN

99. Solitude

The present age is very covetous to display itself and this greed has blurred the heart of mankind. When man's frame for manifestation reaches the highest point, the things get out of joint and disorder ensues. The rain drop can not become a pearl unless it finds a hospitable place in the lap of the mother shell. Seclusion is quite essential to get true knowledge, but the trouble is that it is not to be found either in the fane or shrine.

100. Woman

This world derives its glory and grandeur from the presence of women only. She is the lyre (musical instrument) that gives warmth and passion to the heart of man. Though she is unable to declaim (debate) and discourse like Plato, yet all Prophets and

wise men are the gems of her cask. She is the procreator of mankind, and has a very lofty rank and status.

101. Emancipation of Women

Iqbal says that he can discriminate between poison and honey, but can give no decision regarding the emancipation of women: they can decide it themselves. The devotees of the modern civilization are already annoyed with him (Iqbal). He wants to leave this knotty problem to the women, who possess enough insight to find a solution to this problem. If they want emancipation (freedom), they will have to forgo the demand for a superb (nice) neck-lace made of precious emeralds (zamuraad). They must form a firm decision to which of these two things (emancipation or neck-lace) they attach greater importance. After emancipation, they won't have a right to demand a superb necklace.

104. Woman

A man can display his worth and value without relying upon others, whereas a woman cannot show her worth and value without the help of man. A woman always shows a great concern and anxiety for her children. From this concern it is obvious that her maternal instinct is very strong. It is through women only that existence, non-existence, the strife between death and life continue. If she had been devoid of this fiery element, human race would have come to end. She is a creator and preserver of mankind from utter ruin. Iqbal is grieved to see her slavery, but is helpless and can think of no solution to this knotty problem.

LITERATURE AND FINE ARTS

105. Religion and Crafts

Poetry, music government, religion and crafts are all the productions of human brain. They are as bright and lustrous as gems. The main purpose of these is the preservation of the *Self*,

but if they fail to do so, life is merely a tale told by an idiot. When religion and crafts or statesmanship sever their relationship, the nation can not preserve self esteem. Here Iqbal is criticising the West, because there is a cleavage between religion and statescraft among the Franks. They think that religion is a private affair, whereas Muslims think that they are the two sides of the same coin. Line 1. Enshrine : embody ; enclose. Line 3. They race : they jump out of the brain of man. Line 7. Intact : whole or complete.

106. Creation

New worlds are not created out of bricks and stones but are built by the thinking and pre-planning of wise men. Such people have a firm determination and they dive deep into the depths of the *Self*. They can transform the *Self* to a boundless sea. Only that man can overcome the freaks of Fate, who creates a new everlasting life with every breath. In the East, the death of the *Self* has made the lands effete of such men. As a result those men who partake of the secrets of God are not to be found anywhere. However, Iqbal is not completely disappointed and is hopeful that some man living in the desert may keep him company. Line 9. Freaks : uncertain behaviour. Line 14. Effete : exhausted ; worn out. Line 16. Deplete : empty : missing.

107. Madness

Our poets and Muslims are just like the workshop of those who blow the glass. They are unaware that a mad person also possesses many accomplishments, provided he is made to quit the mounts and deserts and is allowed to pass by the shops of these glass-blowers, because these shops serve no useful purpose and require smashing. The lunatic feels at home among big throngs and feels happy. It is not necessary that he should wander alone in lonely places. Even the climate of the seats of learning is congenial to him and he feels neither coy nor dejected in these

seminaries. Iqbal wants to clarify that the poets and Mullahs of the present age are merely hypocrites and their shops need to be razed to the ground and this can be accomplished by some mad person.

109. Paris Mosque

The mosque built by the Parisians is not built on the founts of piety, but is only a hypocrisy. The Franks have imported idols in the mosque. The same brigands have built this mosque, who ravaged Syria and slew its inhabitants. They have built the mosque to show that they are the well-wishers of Islam, whereas actually they are the enemies of Islam.

110. Literature

Love and Intellect are two world forces which God has bestowed on man. Love must accept the lead from Intellect. The Lover should give up frequenting the street of the beloved. Doing so will spare him the disgrace and ignominy that he brings on his head. Love must breathe a new spirit in the old moulds of poetry and set it free from imitation. The old type of poetry does not suit the present age. Such poetry is needed these days that may consolidate the human *Ego* and benefit society.

111. Vision

This poem celebrates the beauty of Nature in Wordsworthian manner. Iqbal has acknowledged the debt he owed to Wordsworth and Dr. Annemarie Schimmel writes in her book, 'Gabriel's Wing' that the great romantic poet, Wordsworth, prevented Iqbal from becoming an atheist. God Himself says in the Holy Book, 'There are many tokens in the earth and skies. The people bypass them without paying any heed to them.' It is the spring season and the wild tulips look like a *Caravan* on the move. The youth, who themselves are blessed with comeliness and charm, enhance the beauty of natural scenes. The boundless sea and the azure sky glint and shine like stars in the pitch dark night. The moon, which is gorgeously clad like a bride, moves

through the sky in the litter of night. The simili used here for the moon creates an enchanting atmosphere. The scenes presented by Nature compete with each in beauty and grace. As alluded in the preceding lines to the verse of the Holy Koran, Nature does not sell her charms but bestows them gratis on mankind, if they pay heed to them and don't ignore them (This poem was written in Riaz Manzal, the residence of Sir Ross Masud, Bhopal). Line 4. Colossal; a gigantic statue ; especially that of Appollo (the sun god) at the entrance of the harbour of Rhodes. Line 10. Van : carriage. Litter is the word used in the Urdu text of the poem.

112. Might of Islam Mosque

Now the Muslims have lost their fervour and zeal for their faith. The Muslims do not avow, "No god but He" with zeal and strength. The Muslims have declined to such an extent that even Nature can not recognise them easily. The slavish modes of Ayaz have jeopardised the state of Sultan Mahmud. Time has wrought no change on your firmness, but slavery has made the Muslims as weak and brittle as glass. Only such Muslims are eligible to offer prayer in your precincts who can dispel falsehood by their Takbir (God is the most high). The blessings and prayers of Muslims are devoid of heat and warmth. The Muslim's *Call to Prayer* lacks grandeur and lofty tones. Do you like the prostration of such Muslims ?

The construction of this Cathedral Mosque was started by Sultan Kutb-ud-Din Aibak in 1192 after the conquest of Delhi. *Kutb Minar*, which is one of the wonders of the world, was one of the minarets of this mosque. Sultan Ala-ud-Din Khilji laid the foundation of the other minaret, but it could not be completed. Only one relic of Ala-ud-Din's reign, the entrance door to the mosque, is still intact and is known by the name of Alai gate.

113. Theatre

The body of a human being gets light from the *Self*. It enjoys a loftier rank than the Pleiades and the Moon. You should not let the foreign *Self* enter the sanctum (holy place) of your body. If you take part in theatricals and perform the part of another person, it means that you are identifying yourself with some one else, whose role you are playing. This destroys your own identity. The greatest success in drama is achieved by one, who forgets his own *Self* and imitates the *Self* of the person whose role he is performing. From this poem it is manifest that Iqbal had a great aversion to dramatic performances, because they weaken the *Ego*.

114. Ray of Hope

In these poems (three) Dr. Iqbal symbolises himself as a ray. The sun addresses its rays and remarks that they have been wandering since a long time in the parks and making a round of flowers, but mankind has not forsaken hatred against one another as yet. The rays rise from every corner and proceed to the Sun to embrace it. They say with one voice that there can't be light in the West owing to the smoke emitted by the tall chimneys. Although the West is totally bereft of Spiritual light, yet there is no commotion or stir among the people of the East. They are as lethargic and lazy as before. The rays wish that the Sun may take them back in its bosom. However, one ray (the poet himself) which was quite pert asked the Sun to let it remain in India, as it wanted to arouse the people of India from their deep slumbers. The hopes of Asia depend on India and Iqbal sheds tears on account of India's bondage. Their thralldom is not due to any lack of intelligence : it has produced men who could easily understand the most abstruse things and could cross the tempestuous seas with ease. Slavery has crushed the spirit of its natives and the harp that used to warm the hearts of the people has grown unfamiliar with the plectrum.

115. Hope

Although the poet is neither a warrior nor a Chief, yet he is always ready to wage a war against the evils that prevail these days. God has blessed him with His praise, reflection and song. The same grandeur that manifests on the forehead of a true Muslim, fills the conscience of being. To be a captive of the present tantamounts to unbelief. There is not the least reason to worry, because there are still more planets and epochs for man.

116 Eager Glance

If eager glance and sight become companions, they can easily read the heart of the Universe. Subject nations can gain freedom through it. It can inflict defeat on its enemies and put them to rout. It (*Faqr*) possesses so much strength that it can bring about the union of the Lover and the Beloved. It is by means of his glance that the poet can teach the motes the wont and mode of vagrants, who pay very scanty heed to camps and wander wherever they like without any restraint. If you are unacquainted with eager glance and sharp sight, you are to be blamed for this shortcoming.

117. To Craftsmen

The sun and other planets shine for a short time and disappear. Your *Ego* is strengthened by means of Love. Muslims make no distinction between colour and race. When you are alone, worship your Creator with due respect. When your Self displays itself, you can make yourself merry. If bondage makes you smart and groan, it means that your craft is nothing more than idol-worship. A man, who becomes cognisant of his own high states and rank, becomes the Chief of mankind as well as spirits.

118. Ghazal

A person seeking gems must dive deep into the sea, because the sea coast can not yield any gifts except dust and straws. The

Allama says that his songs can set men afire, but the trouble is that the reed-bed of the listeners still has some sap, which prevents the spreading of fire. Man is the architect of his own Fate and it does not depend either on the spheres or stars. There is no dearth of men who can repair the harm caused by Fate. That person is true toper, whose ecstasy does not depend on wine, but is due to his love of God. Topers of this type do not create noise and turbulence. There are still taverns in the East wherefrom one can get the wine of gnosis, which makes dull perception (vision) sharp. There is not the least hope for the people of the West, because they have no relish for good deeds.

119. Being

Though the life of man is short-lived as a spark, yet his status is very high. If a craftsman fails to modify the *Ego* and strengthen it, his craft is quite useless. The seminaries and monasteries do not teach morals or good manners. They teach that man does not exist. You must learn to exist and thus your *Ego* will get an eternal life.

120. Melody

This poem has some resemblance to the opening verses of the Mathnawi of Maulana Rumi. A question arises in the heart how the hollow reed can impart the intoxication of wine. Does the music spring from the musician's heart or from the hollow wood? Why is the heart of man prone to ecstasy and how does it overthrow mighty Empires? Why does heart bestow new life on nations on the verge of decline? It is also hard to detect why its states are constantly undergoing change. A man whom God has endowed with a true heart, does not show much heed to the domains of Syria, Rome and Ray. He attaches no importance to them and considers them worthless goods in the world. When the minstrel grasps the fact hidden in the heart, rest assured that he has traversed all the stages required by 'Art'.

121. Breeze and Dew

This poem is a dialogue between Dew and Breeze. Dr. Iqbal, though antagonistic to Plato, is his disciple in several respects. In Iqbal's theory of art it has already been pointed out that he is a disciple of Plato. Both of them subscribed to the theory of *Functionalism*. Plato also pressed dialogue into service to clarify philosophical problems.

The Breeze says that it has remained busy in making the rose and tulip bloom and has failed to reach those regions of the sky where stars are suspended like lamps. The Breeze adds that it is willing to bid adieu to the park as well as the meadow, because the songs of the nightingale fail to please it. The Breeze likes to know what is more precious in her eyes, the dust of the park or the dome of the sky.

Dew replies that if the toils and hardships of this world fail to produce a state of tension in you, then remember that this worldly park is also one of the veils of heaven. Line 2. Pendent : hanging ; suspended.

122. The Pyramids of Egypt

These Pyramids are situated on the banks of the Nile at some distance from Cairo, the capital of Egypt. Actually they are the sepulchres of ancient kings of Egypt. They were built four thousand years ago. They are one of the wonders of the world. The passage of Time has made no effect on them, nor they have ever been repaired. Their majesty and grandeur inspires awe in the hearts of onlookers. It is said that one of the kings tried to pull down one of the smallest Pyramids, but the labour employed by him could not remove the plaster even. They are one of the seven wonders of the ancient world.

Nature has displayed her art in this scorching desert by forming dunes of sand. The Pyramids are so grand that they put the sky also to shame. They appear to be dressed in eternal

beauty. The poet wonders at the skill and dexterity of masons who built them. Iqbal advises the craftsmen to set themselves free from copying Nature, because they are hunters and not prey and as such they need not fear the hunters. Line 2. Scalds : burns ; scorches. Line 3. Dunes : mounds of sand ; in the Panjab such dunes can be seen in the newly created district, Leih.

123. Creations of Art

The craftsmen have built such things which put Eden (Paradise) to shame. A person, whom God has granted insight, can easily see the different phases of the heart. The Muslims are bereft of the *Self* and are ignorant of the change of morning and night. The Muslims have become so timid and cowardly that they can not bear the struggle and strife of life. The infidel, despite the knowledge that idols can give him no help, still adores them. The artist is a carcass and his craft is the conductor of his funeral rites. He takes pleasure in painting gloomy pictures.

127. Khakani

Khakani's name was Afzal-ud-Din Budail or Ibrahim. He was born at Sherwan in 1106. His father, Ali, was a carpenter and his mother was a convert to Islam from Christianity. His life was full of hardships. His uncle made him learn Arabic, medicine, astronomy and philosophy. His uncle died when he was about 35 years old. After his mother's death, he had to suffer the loss of his young son and wife. He was very fond of travel, but his enemies got him imprisoned by his patron, Manu Chihr Shervan. On his return from second pilgrimage, he met the Abbasid Caliph, who offered him a post in his court, but he rejected it. He wrote a very pathetic panegyric on seeing the ruins of the palace of Chosroes at Madain. He died in 1135 and was buried at Tabrez. His most well known book is 'Tuhfatul-Araqain', which he wrote after performing the second pilgrimage. In this Mathnawi he has described the happenings and the places

that he visited. He was self respecting and had a great love for the Holy Propnet. His panegyrics show that he was a great scholar of Persian and Arabic.

Khaqani has a great mastery over words and his insight is so keen that he can find the implicit meanings of words easily. The words can not say to him, "You can not see us" as God told Moses. He is fully aware of the causes of corruption and disorder. He is acquainted with the next world, where mankind will be punished or rewarded according to their deeds in this world. He thinks that *Satan* who defied God is still alive, but *Adam* who obeyed and acted upon God's injunctions is dead. Line 6. You can not see : there is an allusion to the Holy Book ; God told Moses that he could not see Him. Line 9. World of requital : the next world, where men will be rewarded or punished for their actions in this world.

130. Mirza Bedil

Mirza Abdul Qadir, Bedil, Azimabadi is scarcely known to European readers and his poetry is intrinsically difficult, is more admired in Afghanistan and Central Asia than in Persia. He is typical exponent of 'Indian Style' which interlaces most complicated similies and unexpected turns: but at the same time Bedil is more than a player with words, he is a genuine mystical philosopher, as Professor Bausani, the only European who has investigated carefully his writings was able to prove. Mirza Bedil lived during the last period of Moghul rule and he died in 1721.

The poet can not decide whether the world exists or does not exist. Different people have different opinions about this matter. It is very hard to penetrate to the core of this intricate problem. Mirza Bedil says that if the heart of man had been wide enough, there would have been no trace of this world, but as the flask of man's heart was narrow, so some wine overflowed and this world which is the reflection of God came into existence.

131. Grandeur and Grace

These are the two comely attributes of God (Grandeur and Grace). Iqbal does not desire to possess the wit of Plato and feels contented with the valour of Ali, the lion of God. He is convinced that even the heavens bow before strength. He would not like to go to such Hell even for punishment, whose flames do not produce a roaring noise and are tame.

132. The Painter

The imagination of the Indians and Persians is dead. They imitate the Franks in every matter. The painters of modern age have lost sweet ecstasy and unbound joy. Dr. Iqbal says that he is quite aware of the mental qualities of the painters, they know the old as well as the new crafts. He advises the artists to show their *Selves* in the mirror of Nature. Line 3. Behzad : the name of a classical miniature painter.

133. Lawful Music

There is no doubt that the rise and fall of the Singer's music charms the heart, but its magic does not last long. That song is still unborn which can transform the stars into a liquid form and can dispel grief from the hearts of mankind. Such a song can make *Ayaz* give up slavish modes. This kind of song can make the moon and stars leave their tracks and fall down. The cry, 'God is great' shall last for ever and all else shall perish. So far no poet has been born who may perform such a function.

134. Unlawful Music

Iqbal regrets that his remembrance of God lacks the fervour which the mystics can attain. His thoughts are not a criterion for good and bad deeds. He desires that the *Mullah* of the town, who claims to be well-versed in understanding the Revealed Book, may have the same views as he has. In his opinion, such music is forbidden, which fails to infuse a fresh spirit among the

listeners. A song should not act as a dope for the listeners and make them oblivious of their surroundings.

135. Fountain

The poet advises the youth of the nation to divert their eyes to the fountain. Its water rises high in the air on account of its inner force. He compares the fountain with the stream which flows in a serpentine manner on the earth. The sight of the fountain gives pleasure to the eyes of the onlooker, but the sight of the streamlet rubbing its forehead on the earth can afford no pleasure. Iqbal wants to inculcate the lesson of developing the *Ego* among the youth of the nation by the comparison of the brook and the fountain. Line 8. To meander : to flow in a serpentine manner. Line 8. Surges high : rises high in the air.

137. Persian Poetry

Doubtlessly, classical Persian poetry is as sweet as the strains of harp and lute, but it does not strengthen the *Self*. If the birds that chirp early in the morning, can not dispel sorrow and griefs of mankind, their chirping is quite useless. A strong blow can cleave a big mountain, but if it fails to shake the throne of Chosroe Parvez, such stroke is meaningless. A great strife is essential in the present age for the preservation of the *Self*, therefore, the youth of the nation are advised to shun repose and avoid looking into the mirror, which is an effeminate habit.

138. The Craftsmen of India

In this poem, Iqbal has admonished the craftsmen of India, who can portray nothing except gloomy images. Their temples are full of pictures that depict death. It appears that the Brahmans are fed up with life. They try to conceal man's high rank from him. Sex rides astride on their nerves. The painters, writers and poets have no other theme except sex. They excite lust for crime among men by their works.

141. Invention of new meanings

The coining of words with new meanings is, no doubt, a gift of God, but a poet or artist must strive incessantly to improve his art, because the gift of spontaneity is possessed by very few. Even the great poet Virgil had to pass through travail in composing verse and then had to lick them to give them gloss and finish. The builder, the poet and the painter need warmth to perform their respective jobs successfully. If Farhad, the lover of Shirin, does not work hard, no sparks rise and his cottage remains dark. In this poem, Iqbal wants to drive home the lesson that hard work is essential for poets, artists and architects, because there are very few artists endowed with unpremeditation. They must work hard to gain their targets. Even a poet like Hafiz Shirazi must strive to make his poetry intoxicating, like liquor. *Hafiz*: His name was Shams-ud-Din Shirazi. He was born, according to the investigations of Agha Nafisi, from 1226-1329. His ancestors had shifted from Isfahan to Shiraz. He was still a child, when his father died and the burden of supporting the family, besides getting education, also devolved on his shoulders. The period in which he was born was period of disorder. The Timurid Empire was in its throes and petty dynasties were coming into existence. The destruction and ravage caused by Timur did not fail to cast its shadow on Hafiz. He has praised several rulers of his time. He saw many kings enthroned and dethroned in his life and he has pointed to these revolutions in his poems. In such conditions, there is a mushroom growth of mystics. He has made fun of such hypocrite mystics in his verses :

Hafiz, sip wine and act like a toper and spend your life happily,

But don't transform the Holy Book into a snare of hypocrisy. He loved his native town very much and, therefore, never left Shiraz, though he was invited to India. No other poet can

rival him in the writing of Ghazal. He became famous during his life time and his *Diwan* has been translated into several European languages. He died in 1389 and is buried at a site, called *Mausalla* in Shiraz.

142. Dance

Iqbal seems to have a great aversion to dance, balls and theatricals that prevail in the West. He advises the Muslims to leave the twists and turns of the body to the Franks. These dances show immodesty. He adds that if the soul of man can acquire a rapturous mood, it can deal as strong blows as the *Rod of Moses*, which possessed miraculous powers. Some of the miracles performed by Moses have been dealt with in detail in the preceding notes. Dance confers nothing on man except a parched palate. On the other hand, ecstatic soul can grant *Derveshhood* and kingship.

Line 4. Resound : reverbrate ; to produce a loud noise.

Line 5. Palate : the roof of the mouth, consisting of the hard palate in front and the soft palate behind.

THE POLITICS OF THE EAST AND THE WEST

148. Communism

When communism was in its early stages, Iqbal thought that it would solve some of the problems with which humanity was faced. However, he was soon disillusioned and realised that it could not help mankind. Only a social democracy could solve the problems of mankind. Iqbal says that the Russians appear to be in haste to achieve their aims and ends. The world is fed up with old modes of government. Man had concealed those mysteries, but they are coming to light gradually. The Muslims are advised to read the Holy Book carefully and ponder over its meanings. If the Muslims act upon the poet's advice, they can easily understand the meanings of the first verse of the Surah, *Anfal* (the plunder). (يسئلونك ماذا ينفقون - قل العفو)

O Prophet, the people ask you what they should spend. Tell them to spend whatever is spare. The poet is hopeful that the Russians may introduce equality and brotherhood. However, Iqbal's expectations were belied, when he found that communism counted the bellies and paid no heed to the spiritual needs of human beings.

KARL MARX (1818-1883)

149. The Voice of Karl Marx

Karl Marx addresses the economists that throw the dice with great dexterity and conduct discussions and adds that the world is tired of their tricks, and disdains old thoughts. O economist, the books which you write, serve no useful purpose. The instructions and orders given in them are such which can not be complied with. They claim to be the helpers of labour, but they have no regard for labour at all. The synagogues, spacious schools and churches of the West try to hide the great ravage caused by the Capitalists. Instead of condemning them, these institutions endorse the policies adopted by the Capitalists.

Karl Marx, Heinrich Carl (1818-1883), German philosopher and socialist and life long partner of Engels with whom he collaborated in writing many important works on Socialism and in developing the theories of dialectical materialism. After being expelled from the continent, he settled in London, where he wrote his monumental work, *DAS CAPITAL*. Communism is based on the teachings of Marx.

151. Flattery

This poem was written in 1935, when the new constitution framed by the British granted provincial autonomy to the sub-continent. However elections were held in 1936 and the members and ministers were inducted to the provincial Councils in 1937. The Unionists won the elections in the Panjab.

Dr. Iqbal ironically alludes to these newly elected councils and remarks that he has not enough insight to know about the affairs of this world. If any person wants a high office, he must flatter the ministers to gain his object. In fact these ministers don't possess any authority. To call them ministers is synonymous with calling the owl as the hawk of night, because no real authority is vested in these ministers.

152. High Offices

Dr. Iqbal is grieved that the English have succeeded in bewitching the Muslim majority of the Punjab. The Muslims have butchered their *Egos* for the sake of getting high offices. However, he prays that these offices for which they have bartered their *Egos* may last for long. This fact is known to all who possess some tact that the British don't like to make the Indians their compeers. They only want to gain their ends and so buy their intellect. This poem also refers to the newly formed ministries. These two poems are reminiscent of the humour of Akbar Allahbadi.

153. Europe and the Jews

Great luxury, government and commerce prevail in the countries of the West. The only thing they lack is spiritual light. The countries of Europe are dark on account of the smoke emitted by tall chimneys. This Sheltered Vale (وادی ایمن) is not fit for the Epiphany of God. Though the culture of the Franks is new, yet it is likely to perish soon. After its complete destruction, the rich Jews, who have the jugular vein of Europe and America in their grip, may become the custodians of European Church.

Line 7. *Sheltered Vale* : there is an allusion to the valley, where God manifested Himself to Moses. Line 12. *Custodianship* : guardianship.

157. The East

My morning songs have torn the vest of the tulip, but the

breeze is still roaming since the dark and has not found any park as yet. The people of the East had attached their hopes to Mustafa Kamal and Raza Shah Kabir, but their expectations were belied by them. They started westernising their countries. Dr. Iqbal's thoughts about Turkey were always fluctuating. In one of the poems (*The Rod of Moses*, page 175), he admonishes Mustafa Kamal for introducing Latin Script and godlessness in Turkey. Raza Shah Pehlvi also wanted to westernise his country. The clergy of the country did not want to exchange their turbans for Pehlvi cap, because they thought the wearing of the turban as a *Sunnah* of the Holy Prophet (A. S.) and hundreds of them were massacred ruthlessly. In the concluding verse Dr. Iqbal says that the people of his age are in search of a plank and rope to hang him for his bluntness like *Hallaj*.

Mustafa Kamal (1881-1933), builder of modern Turkey. A fine soldier, he defended the Dardannels against the British in 1915 and drove the Greeks out of Turkey in 1922. President of the Turkish Republic, and virtually dictator 1923-32.

Raza Shah was an ordinary soldier in the reign of Mohammad Ali Shah Qajar, the last king of the Kajar dynasty, who was exiled from the country while still a boy. Raza Shah rose to the position of commander-in-chief and later became the king in 1925. Persia was defeated in the Second World War by the English after four days brief war and Raza Shah was exiled from the country. His young son Mohammad Raza Shah was placed on the throne by the victors. After many vicissitudes, he too was ousted from Iran by *Mullah Khomeini*, who has set up a theocratic state in Persia. The deposed king died of cancer in Egypt, where he had sought asylum. Imperialism has been brought to end in Iran after thousands of years.

161. To the Egyptians

Iqbal says that the *Sphinx* told him the subtle point that wisdom can not match might. It can change the fate of nations

easily. Might displays itself in different garbs. Sometimes it manifests itself as the sword of Mohammad (A. S.) and sometimes as the 'Staff of Moses'.

Sphinx : A monster of Greek mythology, with the head of a woman and the body of a lioness, that proposed riddles to the travellers, and strangled those who could not solve them. This epithet is applicable to enigmatic and inscrutable persons or a similar monster.

162. Abyssinia (August 18, 1935)

The Muslims in the heyday of their power even never thought of invading Ethiopia. They spared it on account of its being the first asylum for the Muslims under the leadership of Hazrat *Jaafar Tayyar* (A. S.), when the infidels of Mecca persecuted them. The Negus summoned the Muslims to his court and asked *Jaafar Tayyar* to recite some verses from the Holy Book. He recited the chapter 'Mary' of the Koran. Tears welled up in the eyes of the Negus and he kissed the Holy Prophet's epistle. It is said that the Holy Prophet prayed for the eternity of their kingdom.

During the Second World War, the Italians invaded Ethiopia and occupied Addis Ababa. Haile Selaissie (b. 1891), Emperor of Ethiopia and a protege of the British Government, which had conferred many titles on him, had to flee from his country. He was Emperor of Ethiopia, April 1930 to May 1936 and since May 1941. He was deposed in a coup and died in the prison.

In this poem Iqbal has admonished the Italians, who under the Fascist Government of Mussolini, occupied the country. He tells them that they have shown a meanness in attacking their co-religionists. Iqbal first admired Mussolini, but this happening disenchanted him.

163 Orders of Satan to his Political Progeny

Line 1. Embroil ; involve ; ensnare. Line 3. Mendicant : a beggar ; here the word is used for the Muslims who are often indigent. Line 10. Cathay's mead : meadows of Khutan (ancient name for China and East Tartary) where the musk yielding deer is found.

166. Democracy

In this brief poem, Iqbal ironically insinuates that Western Democracy is a mere hoax. They count the votes for election to the Parliament, but pay no heed to the conduct of the representatives elected for the Parliament.

167 Europe and Syria

The boundaries of Syria were very extensive before the two major wars, but the land was truncated and the machinations of the Franks reduced its area by carving new kingdoms. In olden times Jordan, Palestine and some parts of Lebanon were included in it. After the first world war, the *Sharif* of Mecca was given Iraq as reward for his treachery in helping the Franks in expelling the Turks from the Holy Land. Jesus Christ was born in Bethelhem, which is in Jordan these days. Iqbal says that the land of Syria gave the Franks a chaste and forbearing Prophet, who disliked to inflict pain on others, but the Franks have recompensed the Syrians by spreading debauchery in that land. They have introduced gambling and sexual crime in the country by sending troops of whores (prostitutes) there.

168. Mussolini

(To his Eastern and Western adversaries)

Mussolini Benito (1883-1945), Fascist dictator of Italy, 1922-43, adopted an aggressive policy in 1935 towards Abyssinia, Spain etc. At first he was successful and in June 1940, he entered the Second World War on the side of Germany. The

defeat of Italian arms in North Africa and the invasion of Sicily caused the collapse of his government, but he was rescued from imprisonment by parachutists. He was executed two years later by his own partisans.

In this poem Mussolini tells his enemies that he has not committed a more serious crime than his adversaries who accuse him of indulging in the desire of expanding his empire. They did it in the past and he is doing it today to propagate his idea. It is not fair for the kettle to call the pot black.

Line 9. Sons of Caesar : Italians are the descendants of Caesars, the ancient Emperors of Rome. Watered reedy sands : they were fond of music and such like amusements and did not direct their attention to the expansion of their Empire.

169. Complaint

No one can tell the ultimate fate of India. For the present she is a part of the British Empire. The Indian peasant appears like a corpse disgorged from the grave, whose rotten shroud is still beneath the earth. The natives of India have sold their souls to the British and are reconciled to their state of bondage. Iqbal does not like to complain against the British, but he is pained to see India satisfied with her thralldom.

170. Tutelage

It is not difficult to ascertain the places, where the angel of culture is needed. There are very few places in the world, where gambling and drinking are forbidden by law and where the women keep their bodies properly hidden. Though the poet's soul is restless and unfathomable, yet he is not fed up with the wont and ways of his ancestors. The Beduins of Arabia, despite the non-existence of schools there, possess daring and intellect. However, the verdict of the Franks is that the Arab lands are devoid of vision and insight.

172. Culture's Snare

When Palestine and Syria formed a part of the Turkish empire, the Europeans repeated several times that the Turks were meting out a cruel treatment to the natives of Palestine and Syria. These countries gained freedom from the Turkish rule, but France and Britain took possession of those countries and put thousands of Arabs to sword. No such blood-shed had been witnessed in these countries during four hundred years of Turkish rule. In this poem Dr. Iqbal has brought to light the cruelties perpetrated by the Franks in the name of culture. Line 6. Unknit this skein : there is no device or contrivance to solve this tangle or knotty problem. Line 8. Slid : it is the second form of the verb slide ; it means to slip.

176. Syria and Palestine

The French vinteners have filled the Aleppo made bowls and flasks with sparkling wine. Dr. Iqbal says that if the Jews can lay a claim to Palestine as their ancestral home in ancient times, why can't the Arabs make a similar claim to Spain. English imperialism has no other aim than that of sowing the seeds of dissension among the Arabs.

179. The Prayer of Slaves

A Turkish deputation of *Red Crescent* visited Lahore and offered their prayers in the *Royal Mosque*. At the end, the leader of the Turkish deputation asked Iqbal the reason for the long prostration of the Muslims of India. That free-born man remarked that a person has many other engagements in life. Iqbal explained to him that the slaves have no other pursuit save that of prostration. The slaves don't possess any zeal for brave actions.

180. To the Palestinian Arabs

Iqbal addresses the Palestinians in this poem and says that he knows the zeal that burns in their breasts. He advises them

to seek the cure for their troubles from somewhere else than Geneva or London. The treatment that can prove efficacious for them can be found in the cultivation of the Self. If they cultivate the Self assiduously, they can achieve their aim and goal.

181. The East and the West

Neither the people of the East nor of the West, can enjoy true peace of mind. In the West the rule of mobs is a great source of sorrow and pain. The malady of heart and vision is so wide spread in the world that neither the East nor the West is free from it.

182. Psychology of Sovereignty

The British have no love for the people of India and their show of love is a mere trick. The songs sung by Iqbal fail to make any effect on the hearts of these slaves, inured to the state of bondage. Now the Franks have started to place withered and dry (constitution) flowers in the cage so that the slaves may get reconciled with their imprisonment.

THE MEDITATIONS OF MIHRAB GUL AFGHAN

It has been pointed out in the Introduction that Mihrab Gul Afghan is an imaginary name. Something has been said in the Introduction about Allama's great expectations of the Afghan nation. In the notes that follow, there will be no comments and the meanings of difficult words or allusions alone will be touched upon so that the notes may not become unwieldy.

Stanza 1. Line 5. Eternal dawn : Primordial day ; the day the world was created. Line 6 Kestrel : a small eagle or hawk; a bird of prey.

Stanza 2. Line 9. God has no peer ; God has no partner or compeer.

Stanza 3. Gourd : a large hard-rinded fleshy fruit characteristic of the cucumber family ; its dried skin is used in monasteries for storing wine or other liquids.

Stanza 4. Line 3. Like thunder clap : Alexander fell on the world with the quickness of (thunder clap) lightning. Line 4. King Nadir Shah Afshar took possession of the throne from the Safwis in 1736. His reign was very brief and short-lived. He was as great a brigand as Timur or Chengez. He looted Delhi and took away the famous Peacock Throne with him. He died in 1747.

Stanza 5. Line 7. Barley corn : it means that the education that is imparted in the present day seminaries makes the alumni get very low salaries and they can hardly make both ends meet with such low income and can procure only a handful of barley to fill their bellies.

Stanza 6. Line 2. Make his round : the people respect him very much ; they circumambulate round him in the same manner as the pilgrims do on the occasion of pilgrimage. Line 7. Assumption : adoption of new ways and modes.

Stanza 7. Line 12. Can be ransomed : redemption from captivity by the payment of money ; here it means that kings can not match such peasants, who work hard and provide sustenance for the whole world. Line 13. Savants : it is a French word and means profound scholars.

Stanza 8. Low-caste : untouchables ; the Hindus are caste-ridden ; Iqbal has called the crow and bat as low-caste birds as they can't compete with the hawk.

Stanza 9. Line 11. Herald's sound : an officer whose duty is to proclaim announcements. Line 12. Ding dong : the ringing of bells ; the bells are rung when the *Caravan* moves from one place to the other.

Line 16. Borrowed Frankish breath : the college students have no thinking powers and live on borrowed thoughts ; in other words they cram everything without developing the intellect.

Stanza 10. Line 3. Prime of life : the period of youth.
Line 4. Ascribe : attribute. Line 8. Tartar deer : the deer found in the region known as Tartary ; now it is divided between East Turkestan and West Turkestan.

Line 14. Gear : a cap or turban ; it is an abbreviation of head-gear.

Stanza 12. Latin Script : there is an allusion to Mustafa Kamal of Turkey and Raza Shah Pehlwi : both of them tried to westernise their countries.

Line 18. Precincts : the inner part of a Shrine.

Stanza 14. Line 6. Pilgrim : it is a symbol for a person who professes mysticism.

Line 14. Hymns : Songs sung in the praise of God (Munajat).

Stanza 17. Line 7. Pot-herd : a broken fragment of earthen or China ware.

Bezel : a precious gem or stone embedded in a ring.

Stanza 18. Line 1. Sher Shah Suri : His real name was Farid Khan and he attached himself to a Chief. Once he killed a lion and his patron conferred on him the title of Sher Khan. He established a small state in Bihar (India). Later on he became the Emperor of India by defeating Hamayun, the son of Babar. He did many works for the welfare of his subjects. He got the Grand Trunk Road constructed, which runs from Lahore to Peshawar. He built wells and inns on the road for the travellers. The empire founded by him lasted for fifteen years only.

Stanza 19. Lines 9-12 : in these lines the poet says that the West keeps the door of the Universities open for all ; the acquisition of new knowledge is not a sin ; however, one must not forget his own Faith.

Line 15. Farook : his full name is Hazrat Umar bin Khattab and he was the third orthodox Caliph of Islam ; he was a great statesman and during his Caliphate many countries were conquered and Islam spread to the remotest parts of the world ; he brought about many reforms for the welfare of the Muslims : he was slain by a Persian slave. His Caliphate may be called the golden age of orthodox Caliphs.

Salman Farsi : a detailed note about him has been given in one of the poems and, therefore, there is no need of repetition.

