

And in one of his last he repeats the claim, more quietly, but just as confidently; for he knows that the poetry of his heart speaks to the hearts of his fellow men:

خاک کا پتلا ہے آدم جو کوئی اچھی کچے
عالم خاک میں برسوں تئیں وہ بات ہے

Man was first made of clay, and if the song you sing is good
This world of clay for years to come will listen to your voice.

(VI.675.5)

A Complete Ghazal of Mir

TRANSLATIONS of ghazals or of parts of ghazals have been given on pages 128, 148, 175, 177, and 196-197. That which is most nearly complete is that on pages 196-197, which omits only three couplets from the original poem of twelve. In the originals double rhyme has been used in every case, but only in the translation on page 128 have we found it possible to reproduce this feature in translation. In one important respect none of the ghazals translated is typical, for all of them possess a unity of theme or mood which the typical ghazal does not. We have found it impossible to reproduce in tolerable English verse, preserving the rhyme scheme of the original, any more fully typical Urdu ghazal than these. In default of this we give here a whole ghazal of Mir, followed by a full description and a literal prose translation with brief explanatory notes where these seem necessary.

دیکھا اس بیماری دل نے آخر کام تمام کیا	اُلٹی ہو گئیں سب تدبیریں کچھ نہ دوائے کام کیا
یعنی رات بہت تھے جاگے صبح ہوئی آرام کیا	عہدِ جوانی رو رو کاٹا پیری میں لیں آنکھیں موند
ہم سے جو پہلے کہہ بھیجا سو مرنے کا پیغام کیا	حرف نہیں جان بخشی میں اس کی نحوئی اپنی قسمت کی
چاہتے ہیں سو آپ کریں ہیں ہم کو عبث بدنام کیا	ناحق ہم مجسوروں پر تیہمت ہے مختاری کی

سارے رندا و باش جہاں کے تجھ سے سجود میں رہتے ہیں
 سرزد تم سے بے ادنیٰ تو وحشت میں بھی کم ہی ہوئی
 کس کا کعبہ، کیسا قبلہ، کون حرم ہے، کیا احرام
 شیخ جو ہے مسجد میں ننگا، رات کو تھامنے میں
 کاش اب برق مٹھ سے اٹھادے ورنہ پھر کیا حاصل ہے
 یاں کے سپید و سیاہ میں ہم کو دخل جو ہے سواتنا ہے
 صبح چمن میں اس کو کہیں تکلیف ہوالے آئی تھی
 ساعتِ سیسے دونوں اُس کے ہاتھ میں لاکر پھوڑے
 کام ہوئے ہیں سارے صنائع ہر ساعت کی ساجت سے
 ایسے آہوئے رُم خوردہ کی وحشت کھوئی مشکل تھی
 میر کے دین و مذہب کو اب پوچھتے کیا ہو ان سے تو
 بانے ٹیڑھے ترچھے تیکھے سب کا تجھ کو امام کیا
 کوسوں اُس کی اور گئے پیر سجدہ ہر ہر گام کیا
 کوچہ کے اس کے باشندوں نے سب کو یہیں سلام کیا
 جُربہ، خرقة، کُرتا، ٹوپی، مستی میں انعام کیا
 آنکھ منڈے پر اُن نے گو دیدار کو اپنے عام کیا
 رات کو رورو صبح کیا یادن کو جوں توں شام کیا
 رُخ سے گل کو مول لیا، قامت سے سرفلام کیا
 بھولے اُس کے قول قسم پر ہائے خیال خام کیا
 استغنا کی چوگنی اُن نے جوں جوں میں ابرام کیا
 سحر کیا، اعجاز کیا، جن لوگوں نے تجھ کو رام کیا
 تشنقہ کھینچا، دیر میں بیٹھا، کب کا ترک اسلام کیا

The ghazal is from Mir's first dīvān.¹ It has fifteen couplets, and its themes include, among others, the life-long suffering which the lover must bear (couplets 1 and 2), God's injustice to man (4, 10), the poet's acknowledged pre-eminence among rakes and profligates—i.e., among mystics (5), the mystic's contempt for religious formalities and for those who uphold them (7, 8, 15), the great beauty of the beloved (11), and the beloved's timidity, elusiveness, fickleness, and inaccessibility (12, 13, 14). Thus there is no unity of theme in the ghazal as a whole; nor are the couplets on similar themes always grouped together.

¹ Kulliyāt, p. 4.

It is worth elaborating a little at this point the suggestion made earlier that the contrasting close unity of form and disunity of themes stems in great measure from the oral tradition of Urdu poetry. The ghazal was composed to be recited, not to be read, and where there was a prescribed line, fixing metre and rhyme for a whole succession of ghazals (cf. above, page 4), frequent variation of theme was a necessary measure to prevent monotony. Moreover, recitation with a pause after each couplet in order for the audience to react emphasised the completeness of each in a way which the printed page does not.

The rhyme scheme of the original is one syllable of qāfia (rhyme)—italicised in the transcription below—followed by three of radīf (end rhyme), thus:

First couplet:	<i>kām</i> (a)	kiya	A
	<i>tamām</i> (a)	kiya	A
Second:	ānkhen	mūnd	B
	ārām (a)	kiya	A
Third:	qismat	kī	C
	paighām (a)	kiya	A

and so on.

The metre is that described above, page 213—basically a line of fifteen longs (seven spondees followed by a single long syllable). There is a caesura after the fourth spondee, and the beat of the rhythm falls on the first, third, fifth, etc., syllables. But in the whole poem only one half-couplet (the first half of the fourth couplet) exemplifies this pattern:

nāhaq ham majbūron par yih tuhmat hai mukhtārī kī

Elsewhere two shorts may replace a long in any of the even syllables (second, fourth, sixth, etc.) except the eighth (which immediately precedes the caesura) and the fifteenth (the final syllable of the line). Thus the possibilities of variation are considerable. A full analysis gives the following figures:

First foot:	16 spondees;	14 dactyls
Second foot:	26 spondees;	4 dactyls

In the mystic sense. The constant lover never leaves the lane where his beloved lives. We who are constant in love for the Divine Beloved hold the formalities of religion as of no account.

8. If the shaikh stands naked in the mosque today it is because he spent the night drinking in the tavern, and in his drunkenness gave his cloak and gown and shirt and hat away.

Two points, perhaps. First a jeer at the shaikh's hypocrisy. And second, an expression of praise for the power of beauty, which even the shaikh cannot resist forever.

9. If only she would lift the veil from her face *now*. What will it profit me if when my eyes are closed [in death] she unveils herself for all to see?

Also could be taken in a mystic sense.

10. What can we do with the black and white of this world?³ If anything, then only this, that we can see the [black] night out with constant weeping, and bear the toil of the [white] day until evening comes.

Perhaps a complaint to God, perhaps a more general lament on his sense of helplessness in the turbulent times in which he lived.

11. At morning in the garden she walked out to take the air. Her cheek made the rose her slave, and her graceful stature made the cypress her thrall.

So far did her cheek surpass the rose in beauty, and her stature the cypress in grace.

12. I held her silver-white wrists in my hands, but she swore [that she would come to me later], and I let them go. How raw and inexperienced I was to trust her word!

Not easily interpreted in a mystic sense.

13. Every moment I beseeched her, and this has brought all my efforts to nothing. Her proud indifference increased fourfold with every time I importuned her.

³ I.e., what power have we to influence the course of events?

14. Such a timid, fleet gazelle does not easily lose her fear of man. Those who have tamed you have performed a wonder, as though by magic power.

Praise of his beloved's timid beauty, and envy of his successful rivals, who have won her favour when he could not.

15. Why do you ask at this late hour what Mir's religion is? He has drawn the caste mark on his forehead and sat down in the temple. He abandoned Islam long ago.

The worship of God through the worship of beauty, symbolised by Hindu idolatry.