مرضوع شخن

اُن كا النجل سنه، كِدْرْخْسار، كمر بيراس. مِیْظِما تا ہے وہ آویزہ ابھی بک کے نبہیں آج پھر مُشن دِل آرا کی وُہی دھج ہوگی و می نوا بنیده کسی مانکھیں وہی کاحل کی لکیہ

12. POETRY'S THEME

Twilight is burning out and turning chill,
Night comes fresh-bathed from where the moon's spring
flows:

And now—these eager eyes shall have their will,
These avid fingers feel the touch of those!
Is that her fringed veil, is it her face, her dress,
Behind the hanging gauze, that makes it glow—
And in the vague mist of that rippling tress
Does the bright earring twinkle still, or no?

Subtly once more her loveliness will speak, Those pencilled lids, those languorous eyes, again;

POETRY'S THEME

- I Evening, numb and smouldering, is being extinguished, Soon night will emerge, bathed, from the fountain of the moon, And the eyes' desire will be fulfilled, And these thirsting hands will touch those hands!
- 5 Is it the border of her veil, or cheek, or is it her mantle?

 Something there is by which the curtain is being tinged with colour.

 There is no knowing whether in the hazy thick shade of that tress

 That earring is still twinkling or not.

 Today again there will be the same style of captivating beauty,
- 10 Those same as-if-sleeping eyes, that line of lampblack,

MAUZŪ'-E-SU<u>KH</u>AN

- r Gul hū'ī-jātī hai afsurda sulagtī hū'ī shām, Dhulke niklegī abhī chashma-e-mahtāb se rāt, Aur—mushtāq nigāhon kī sunī-jā'egī, Aur—un hāthon se mas honge ye tarse hū'e hāt!
- Unkā ānchal hai, kĕ rukhsār, kĕ pairāhan hai?
 Kuchh to hai jis-se hū'ī-jātī hai chilman raṅgīn.
 Jāne us zulf kī mauhūm ghanī chhā'on men
 Timṭimātā hai vo āweza abhī tak kĕ nahīn.
 Āj phir ḥusn-e-dilārā kī vuhī dhaj hogī,
- 10 Vuhī khwābīda-sī ānkhen, vuhī kājal kī lakīr,

رِیْک رُفْسار به ملکاسا وُه غازے کاغبار صنْدنی ہاتھ ہیہ ڈھنڈنی سی بھنا کی ا شنے افکار کی، اشعار کی وُنیا ہے ہی مُوْت اور زیشت کی روزانه صف آرا دی میں سس کھیت بھٹا بڑنا ہے بوین جن کا لِس مِلتُ أَن مِن فقط بِعُوكِ أَكُا كُرُ فِي مِنْ Dusted with that faint powder, her pink cheek, On her pale hand the henna's delicate stain. Here is the chosen world of rhyme and dream My muse inhabits, here her darling theme!

—Under the black and blood-red murk of ages How has it fared with Eve's sons all these years? How shall we fare, where daily combat rages Of death with life? how fared our forefathers?

Why must those gay streets' swarming progeny So draw breath that to die is all they crave? In those rich fields bursting with bounty, why Must no ripe harvest except hunger wave?

On the colour of the cheek that faint cloud of powder,
On the sandalwood-coloured hand the misty tracery of henna.
This only is the world of my thoughts, my verses,
This only is the soul of my meaning, this only is the darling of
my intent.

- Down to today, under the shadow of red and black centuries, What has befallen the offspring of Adam and Eve?

 In the daily battle-array of death and life,
 What will befall us, what has befallen our ancestors?
 The multitudinous creatures of these glittering cities,
- 20 Why do they keep living only in desire of death? These lovely fields, whose bloom is bursting out, Why does only hunger keep growing in them?

Raṅg-e-rukhsār pĕ halkā-sā vo ghāze kā ghubār, Ṣaṅdalī hāth pĕ dhuṅdlī-sī ḥinā kī taḥrīr. Apne afkār kī, ash'ār kī dunyā hai yĕhī, Jān-e-maṇmūṅ hai yĕhī, shāhid-e-ma'nā hai yĕhī.

- Aj tak surkh o siya şadyon ke sa'e ke tale, Adam o Ḥavvā kī aulād pĕ kyā guzrī hai? Maut aur zīst kī rozāna ṣafārā'ī men, Ham pĕ kyā guzregī, ajdād pĕ kyā guzrī hai? In damakte hū'e shahron kī farāwān makhlūq
- 20 Kyūn faqat marne kī ḥasrat men jiyā-kartī hai? Ye ḥasīn khet, phaṭā-paṛtā hai joban jinkā, Kis-liye un-men faqat bhūk ugā-kartī hai?

مِرْ اِک سِمْت پٹراشرار کڑی دِ **پ**واریں لبثع شاءكا وطن إن كيسوا أورنهس

Walls dark with secrets frown on every side, That countless lamps of youth have sunk behind; Everywhere scaffolds on which dreams have died That lit unnumbered candles in man's mind.

—These too are subjects; more there are;—but oh, Those limbs that curve so fatally ravishingly! Oh that sweet wretch, those lips parting so slow—Tell me where else such witchery could be! No other theme will ever fit my rhyme; Nowhere but here is poetry's native clime.

These harsh walls on every side, full of mysteries, In which the lamps of the youth of thousands have burned away,

- These execution-grounds, at every step, of those dreams
 By whose radiance the minds of thousands are lamps:
 These also are themes, others also like them there may be.
 But the slowly opening lips of that saucy one!
 Ah, the cursed alluring lines of that body!
- 30 You yourself say, will there be such sorceries anywhere else?

 My theme of poetry is nothing else except these,

 The native land of the poet's nature is nothing else except these.

Ye harĕk simt pur-asrār karī dīwāreń, Jal-bujhe jin-men hazāron kī jawānī ke charāgh,

- Ye harĕk gām pĕ un khwābon kī maqtal-gāhen,
 Jinke partau se charāghān hain hazāron ke dimāgh:
 Ye bhī hain, aise ka'ī aur bhī mazmūn honge;
 Lekin us shokh ke āhista-se khulte-hū'e hont,
 Hā'e us jism ke kambakht dil-āwez khutūt.—
- 30 Āp-hī kahiye, kahīn aise bhī afsūn honge? Apnā mauzū'-e-sukhan inke siwā aur nahīn, Tab'-e-shā'ir kā watan inke siwā aur nahīn.