



کبھی کبھی یاد میں ابھرتے ہیں نقشِ ماضی مٹے مٹے سے
وہ آزمائشِ دل و نظر کی، وہ قربتیں سی، وہ فاصلے سے
کبھی کبھی آرزو کے صحرا میں آ کے رکتے ہیں قافلے سے
وہ ساری باتیں لگاؤ کی سی، وہ سائے عنقاں وصال کے سے
نگاہ و دل کو قرار کیسا، نیشاٹ و غم میں کمی کہاں کی

18. AT TIMES

At times, at times, in remembrance faintly old scenes reviving,
Things once so near and so far—heart-vision, eye-vision
striving.

At times, at times, in desire's parched sands, caravans come
halting,
With tokens laden to seal all bargains of lovers' driving.

For eye or heart what repose, what slaking of joy and anguish?

GHAZAL

- 1 Sometimes, sometimes, images of the past swell up again, very
faintly, in memory,
Those contests of heart and sight, those as it were nearnesses and
farnesses;
Sometimes, sometimes, in the wilderness of longing, things like
caravans come and stop,
All those things as it were of affection, all those symbols as it
were of union.
- 5 How can there be rest to eye and heart, where any lessening of
joy and grief?

GHAZAL

- 1 Kabhī kabhī yād meñ ubharte haiñ naqsh-e-māzī miṭe
miṭe-se,
Vo āzmā'ish dil-o-naẓar kī, vo qurbateñ-sī, vo fāṣile-se;
Kabhī kabhī ārzū ke ṣaḥrā meñ āke rukte haiñ qāfile-se,
Vo sārī bāteñ lagā'o kī sī, vo sāre 'unwāñ viṣāl ke se.
- 5 Niḡāh o dil ko qarār kaisā, nishāṭ o ḡham meñ kamī
kahāñ kī?

وہ جب ملے ہیں تو اُن سے ہر بار کی ہے اُلفت نئے سرے سے
 بہت گراں ہے یہ عیشِ تنہا، کہیں شُبک تر کہیں گوارا
 وہ دردِ پہناں کہ ساری دُنیا رفیق تھی جس کے واسطے سے
 تمہیں کہو رند و مُحتسب میں ہے آج شب کون فرق ایسا
 یہ آکے بیٹھے ہیں مکیڈے میں وہ اُٹھ کے آئے ہیں مکیڈے سے

Each time I see her love springs anew by some fresh contriving.

This lonely pleasure is hard to bear; that was kinder torment
When inward grief kept a bond of kinship with all men
thriving.

Between stern censor and rake what gulf can be found this
evening?

One left the tavern just now, the second is just arriving.

When she meets one, every time love of her has a new beginning.

*Very heavy is this solitary pleasure; much lighter, much more
agreeable,*

*That hidden pain thanks to which the whole world was a comrade.
You yourself say, is there any so great difference this night
between profligate and censor of morals?*

10 *This one has come and sat down in the wineshop, that one has got
up and come from the wineshop.*

Vo jab mile haiñ to un-se harbār kī hai ulfat'na'e sire se.

Bahut girāñ hai ye 'aish-e-tanhā, kahīñ subuktar, kahīñ
gavārā

Vo dard-e-pinhāñ kē sārī duniyā rafiq thī jis-ke wāṣṭe se.

Tumhīñ kaho rind o muhtasib meñ hai āj shab kaun farq
aisā,

10 Ye āke baiṭhe haiñ maikade meñ, vo uṭhke ā'e haiñ maikade
se.