

زندیاں کی ایک شام

شام کے پیچ و خم ستاروں سے
 زینہ زینہ اتر رہی ہے رات
 یوں صبا پاس سے گزرتی ہے
 جیسے کہہ دی کسی نے پیار کی بات
 صحن زندیاں کے بے وطن اشجار
 سرنگوں، محو ہیں بنانے میں
 دامن آسماں پہ نقش و نگار
 شانہ بام پر دمکتا ہے
 مہرباں چاندنی کا دست جمیل

33. A PRISON NIGHTFALL

Step by step by its twisted stairway
 Of constellations, night descends;
 Close, as close as a voice that whispers
 Tendernesses, a breeze drifts by;
 Trees of the prison courtyard, exiles
 With drooping head, are lost in brodering
 Arabesques on the skirt of heaven.

Graciously on that roof's high crest
 The moonlight's exquisite fingers gleam;

A PRISON EVENING

- 1 *By evening's devious stars
 Rung by rung night is coming down;
 A breeze passes close by,
 As if someone has spoken a word of love;*
- 5 *In the prison yard trees, with no native land,
 Head drooping, are absorbed in making
 On the skirt of heaven images and pictures;
 On the crest of the roof is glittering
 The beautiful hand of the gracious moonlight;*

ZINDĀN KĪ EK SHĀM

- 1 *Shām ke pech-o-kham sitāron se
 Zina zina utar-rahī hai rāt;
 Yūn ṣabā pās se guzartī hai
 Jaise kah-dī kisī-ne pyār kī bāt;*
- 5 *Ṣaḥn-e-zindān ke be-waṭan ashjār
 Sar-nigūn maḥv haiñ banāne meñ
 Dāman-e-āsmān pē naqsh-o-nigār;
 Shāna-e-bām par damaktā hai
 Mēhrbān chāndnī kā dast-e-jamīl;*

خاک میں گھل گئی ہے آبِ نجوم
 نور میں گھل گیا ہے عرش کا نیل
 سبز گوشوں میں نیلگوں سائے
 لہکتے ہیں جس طرح دل میں
 موجِ دردِ فراقِ یار آئے

دل سے پیہم خیال کہتا ہے
 اتنی شیریں ہے زندگی اس پل
 ظلم کا زہر گھونٹنے والے
 کامراں ہو سکیں گے آج نہ کل
 جلوہ گاہِ وصال کی شمعیں
 وہ بچھا بھی چکے اگر تو کیا
 چاند کو گل کریں تو ہم جانیں

Star-lustre swallowed into the dust,
 Sky-azure blanchd into one white glow,
 Green nooks filling with deep-blue shadows,
 Waveringly, like separation's
 Bitterness eddying into the mind.

One thought keeps running in my heart—
 Such nectar life is at this instant,
 Those who mix the tyrants' poisons
 Can never, now or tomorrow, win.
 What if they put the candles out
 That light love's throneroom? let them put out
 The moon, then we shall know their power.

- 10 *The sheen of the stars has dissolved into the dust,
 The blue of the sky has dissolved into light,
 In green corners dark-blue shadows
 Waver, as if into the heart
 A ripple of pain for separation from the loved one were coming.*
- 15 *A thought continually says to my heart:
 Life is so sweet this moment,
 The mixers of tyranny's poison
 Will not be able to be successful today nor tomorrow.
 The lamps of the bridal-chamber of union,
 20 Even if they have put them out, what then?
 Were they to extinguish the moon, then we should acknowledge them.*

10 *Khāk meñ ghul-ga'i hai āb-e-najūm,
 Nūr meñ ghul-gayā hai 'arsh kā nīl,
 Sabz goshōñ meñ nilgūñ sā'e
 Lahlahāte haiñ, jis tarah dil meñ
 Mauj-e-dard-e-firāq-e-yār ā'e.*

- 15 *Dil se paiham khayāl kahtā hai
 Itnī shīrīñ hai zindagī is pal
 Zūlm kā zahr gholne-wāle
 Kāmrañ ho-sakeñge āj na kal.
 Jalwagāh-e-ṣāñāl kī sham'eñ
 20 Vo bujhā bhī chuke agar, to kyā?
 Chāñd ko gul kareñ to ham jāneñ.*