## نِندال کی ایک صبیح

## 34. A PRISON DAYBREAK

It was still dark, when standing by my pillow
The moon said to me 'Waken, dawn is here:
The share poured for you of this night's wine of sleep
Has sunk from brim to bottom of the cup.'
—I took farewell of my love's image, and gazed
Out over the dim coverlet of the night's
Slow-ebbing flood, where here and there a dance
Of argent ripples flickered, while the stars,
Like lotus-petals fallen from the moon's hand,
Came sinking, floating, fading, opening out;
Daybreak and night lay long in each other's arms.

## A PRISON DAYBREAK

- There was night still remaining when coming beside my pillow The moon said to me 'Waken, morning has come; Waken! the wine of sleep that was your portion this night Has sunk from the lip of the cup to the bottom of the cup.'
- Taking leave of the image of my sweetheart I lifted my glance
  To the black coverlet of the night's lingering flood:
  Here and there whirlpools of silver began to come in a dance;
  From the moon's hand lotuses of stars falling, falling,
  Sinking, swimming, kept fading, kept opening;
- 10 Night and dawn for a long time were embracing.

## ZINDĀŅ KĪ EK ŞUBĻ

- r Rāt bāqī thī abhī jab sar-e-bālīn ākar Chānd-ne mujh-se kahā 'Jāg! saḥar ā'ī hai; Jāg! is shab jo mai-e-khwāb tērā hiṣṣa thī Jām ke lab se tah-e-jām utar-ā'ī hai.'
- 5 'aks-e-jānān ko vida' karke uṭhī merī nazar Shab ke ṭhahre hū'e pānī kī siya chādar par: Jā-ba-jā raqṣ men āne-lage chāndī ke bhanwar; Chānd ke hāth se tāron ke kanval gir-girkar Dūbte, tairte, murjhāte-rahe, khilte-rahe,
- 10 Rāt aur ṣubḥ bahut der gale milte-rahe.

جیل کی زمیر بھری جؤر؛ صدائیں جاگیں

Golden in the jail yard my comrades' features
Slowly emerging, a glow against the darkness,
Washed clean by oblivion's dews of brooding grief
For loved face lost, or care for native land;—
A far-off drum sounding, a shuffle of feet
Of pallid famished guards starting their rounds,
And arm in arm and on and on with them
The angry din of prisoner and complaint.
Light winds still drunk with dream-delights are stirring;
With them, ghostly, a prison's bodeful noises:

In the prison yard the golden faces of comrades,
Shining out from the surface of darkness, grew little by little;
The dew of sleep had washed away from those faces
Grief for country, pain of separation from the face of the beloved.

15 Far off there has been a drum, feeble steps have begun to move about:

Yellow, oppressed with hunger, the sentinels— With whom the frightful, resounding laments of the people of the prison

Arm in arm keep moving about.

Breezes drunk with the pleasure of sleep have awakened,

The jail's poison-filled, broken sounds have awakened:

Şahn-e-zindān men rafīqon ke sunahre chěhre Sat'h-e-zulmat se damakte hū'e ubhre kam kam; Nīnd kī os-ne un chěhron se dho-dālā thā Des kā dard, firāq-e-rukh-e-maḥbūb kā gham.

Dūr naubat hū'ī, phirne-lage bezār qadam, Zard, fāqon ke satā'e hū'e pahre-wāle:
Ahl-e-zindān ke ghazabnāk, kharoshān nāle Jin-kī bāhon men phirā-karte hain bāhen dāle.
Lazzat-e-khwāb se makhmūr hawā'en jāgīn,

Jel kī zahr-bharī, chūr, ṣadā'en jāgīn.

دُور درُوازه کھلا کوئی ، کوئی بند بھوا ڈور خیلی کوئی زنچیر، میل کے روئی

A distant door opens, another shuts, A distant chain scrapes sullenly, scrapes and sobs, Far off a dagger plunges in some lock's vitals, A shutter rattles, rattles, beating its head.

My mortal foes have risen again from sleep, Grim monsters welded out of stone and steel, Fast in whose talons daylong and nightlong wail Those gossamer spirits, my empty nights and days, Captives watching and waiting for their prince Whose quiver holds the burning arrows of hope.

Far away some door has opened, some other has closed,
Far away some chain has grumbled, and after grumbling w
Far away a dagger has sunk into some lock's liver,
Some window has begun to bang its head again and again;—
25 As if the enemies of life have roused again from sleep,
Heavy demons cast from stone and steel,
In whose grasp are making lament night and day
The delicate fairies of my useless nights and days;
These prisoners are watching for their prince,
30 In whose quiver are hope's burning arrows.

Dūr darwāza khulā ko'ī, ko'ī band hū'ā,
Dūr machlī ko'ī zanjīr, machalke ro'ī,
Dūr utarā kisī tāle ke jigar men khanjar,
Sar paṭakne-lagā rah-rahke darīcha ko'ī;—
25 Goyā phir khwāb se bedār hū'e dushman-e-jān,
Sang o faulād se ḍhāle hū'e jinnāt-e-girān,
Jinke chungal men shab-o-roz hain faryād-kunān
Mere be-kār shab-o-roz kī nāzuk paryān;
Apne shahpūr kī rāh dekh-rahī hain ye asīr
30 Jiske tarkash men hain ummed ke jalte hū'e tīr.