سیامم اس طرح بنیکربراک بیٹرکوئی مندرسکے کوئی اُنجڑا ہُوا ، بے نور پرانا مندر ڈھونڈ تا ہے جو خرابی کے بہانے کبسے چاک مہرام ، ہراک در کا دم آ بخر ہے استمال کوئی پڑو ہیت ہے جو ہر بام تلے بحشم بر راکھ ملے ، مانتھ بیا رسینٹرور کے

اِس طرح سَبْ کربیس برْده کوئی ساہر سَبے جِس نے آفاق بہ تھیلایا سے یُوں سخر کا دام'

## 41. EVENING

It is as if each tree
Were an old deserted shrine,
Unlighted, long since pining
To be free to crumble away—
Each rooftop gaping, every
Portal at the last gasp;
And heaven a sort of priest,
Squatting since god knows when
Under the eaves, brow daubed
With scarlet, body with ashes,
Speechless, head hanging down;
—As if behind the curtain
There were some conjuror
Drawing such webs of magic
Over the universe,

## EVENING

- I It is as if every tree is some temple,
  Some ruined, unlit old temple,
  Which since long is seeking excuses for crumbling;
  Each roof torn, every door is at its last breath.
- 5 The sky is some priest who at the foot of each roof-wall, On his body ashes smeared, on his forehead vermilion smeared, Head drooping, is seated silent, there is no knowing since when.

It is as if behind the curtain there is some magician Who has so spread over the heavens a net of magic,

## $SH\bar{A}M$

- Is tarah hai kë harëk per ko'î mandir hai, Ko'î ujrā hū'ā, be-nūr purānā mandir, Dhūndtā hai jo kharābī ke bahāne kab se; Chāk har bām, harëk dar kā dam-e-ākhir hai.
- 5 Āsmān ko'ī purohit hai jo har bām tale, Jism par rākh male, māthe pĕ sīndūr male, Sar nigūn baithā hai chup-chāp na jāne kab se.

Is ṭaraḥ hai kĕ pas-e-parda ko'ī sāḥir hai Jis-ne āfāq pĕ phailāyā hai yūṅ siḥr kā dām, دامن و قت سے بیوشت ہے گوں دامن شام، اب مجھی شام بیٹھے گی نہ اندھیرا ہوگا اب مجھی رات ڈھلے گی نہ سویرا ہوگا

اشماں اس کیے ہے کہ بہ جادُو لو گُوٹے بُوپ کی زیجیرکٹے، وقت کا دامن جُھُوٹے دے کوئی سنکھ ڈال ئی، کوئی بایل بولے کوئی بُت جاگے، کوئی سانولی گُھُونگٹ کھولے And time's skirt and this evening's Were stitched together so close, That twilight will never end, Darkness will never come, Night never decline, or morning Ever return. . . . Heaven's prayer Is that the spell may break, The chain of silence snap, Time's skirt be disentangled—Some wailing conch-shell blare, Some jingling anklet speak, Some idol waken, or some Swart votaress lift her veil.

The evening's skirt is so joined with the skirt of time, Now evening will never be extinguished and darkness never come, Now night will never decline nor morning come.

Heaven has the hope that this spell may be broken,
That the chain of silence may be snapped, the skirt of time be freed,
That some conch-shell may make outcry, some anklet speak,
Some idol awaken, some swarthy-beauty open her veil.

Dāman-e-waqt se paiwast hai yūn dāman-e-shām, Ab kabhī shām bujhegī na andherā hogā, Ab kabhī rāt dhalegī na sawerā hogā.

Āsmān ās liye hai kĕ ye jādū tūte, Chup kī zanjīr kate, waqt kā dāman chhūte, De ko'ī sankh duhā'ī, ko'ī pāyal bole, Ko'ī but jāge, ko'ī sānwalī ghūngat khole.