

ختم ہوئی بارشِ سنگ

ناگہاں آج میرے تارِ نظر سے کٹ کر
ٹکڑے ٹکڑے ہوئے آفاق پہ شورِ شید و قمر۔
اب کسی سمت اندھیرا نہ اُجالا ہوگا
بُجھ گئی دل کی طرح راہِ وفا میرے بعد
دوستو! قافلہٴ درد کا اب کیا ہوگا

47. THE HAIL OF STONES

Suddenly pierced today by the sharp lance of my gaze
Moon and sun broke at once into fragments in the sky.

Now there will be no light nor darkness anywhere;
Now I am gone the pilgrim way lies hushed as my heart:
What will become of that band vowed to love's martyrdom?

THE RAIN OF STONES HAS ENDED

- 1 Suddenly today cut by the string of my glance
Sun and moon broke into pieces in the firmament.
Now there will not be darkness or brightness in any direction;
After me the way of fidelity has been extinguished like a heart;
- 5 Friends! what will become now of the caravan of pain (anguished
love)?

KHATM HŪ' Ī BARISH-E-SANG

- 1 Nāgahān āj mēre tār-e-naẓar se katkar
Ṭukre ṭukre hū'e āfāq pe khwurshīd o qamar.
Ab kisī simt andherā na ujālā hogā;
Bujh-ga'ī dil kī ṭarah rāh-e-wafā mere ba'd;
- 5 Dosto! qāfila-e-dard kā ab kyā hogā?

اب کوئی اور کرے پرورشِ گلشنِ نعم
 دوستو! ختم ہوئی دیدہ ترکی شبِ نعم؛
 تھم گیا شورِ جنوں، ختم ہوئی بارشِ سنگ
 خاک رہ آج لئے ہے لبِ دلدار کا رنگ؛
 گئے جاناں میں کھلا میرے لہو کا پرچم
 دیکھئے دیتے ہیں کس کس کو صدا میرے بعد؛
 کون ہوتا ہے حریفِ مئے مردِ افغانِ عشق
 ہے مکرر لبِ ساقی پہ صدا میرے بعد

Some other now must tend the garden of sacrifice;
 The dew these eyes of mine have shed, friends, is used up,
 The passionate faith is stilled, the hail of stones is over.

Dust underfoot today is the hue of the loved one's lips,
 In her dear street is unfurled the pennant of my blood.
 To whom, whom will the summons come, now I am gone—
 Who dares the challenge now of the deadly wine of love?
 Again and again, now I am gone, this cry on the lips of her
 who pours.

*Now let someone else do the nourishing of the garden of suffering.
 Friends! the dew of the wet eye is finished;
 The tumult of rapture (madness) has ceased, the rain of stones has
 ended.*

The dust of the road today bears the colour of the darling's lip,
 In the sweetheart's street the pennant of my blood has spread out.
 See to whom, to whom, they give the call after me—
 'Who is the challenger of the man-overthrowing wine of love?
 Repeatedly the cry is on the lips of the Saqi after me.'

Ab ko'i aur kare parwarish-e-gulshan-e-gham.
 Dosto! khatm hū'i dida-e-tar kī shabnam;
 Tham-gayā shor-e-junūn, khatm hū'i bārish-e-saṅg.
Khāk-e-rah āj liye hai lab-e-dildār kā raṅg,
 10 Kū-e-jānān meñ khulā mere lahū kā parcham:
 Dekhiye dete haiñ kis kis-ko ṣadā mere ba'd—
 'Kaun hotā hai ḥarīf-e-mai-e-mard-afgan-e-'ishq?
 Hai mukarrar lab-e-sāqī pē ṣalā mere ba'd.'