

ہارٹ اٹیک

دردِ اِثنا تھا کہ اُس راتِ دلِ وحشی نے

ہر رگِ جاں سے اُلجھنا چاہا،

ہر جُنِ مُو سے ٹپکنا چاہا،

اور کہیں دُور، ترے صحنِ چمن میں گویا

پتتا پتتا مرے افسردہ لہو میں دھل کر

حُسنِ مہتاب سے آرزوہ نظر آنے لگا؛

میرے ویرانہ تن میں گویا

سارے دکھتے ہوئے ریشوں کی طنابیں کھل کر

سلسلہ وار پتا دینے لگیں

رخصتِ قافلہ شوق کی تیاری کا؛

53. HEART-ATTACK

There was such pain that night my maddened spirit
Was on fire to wrestle with every living fibre,
Gush out through every pore.
It seemed as if far off in your green bower
The leaves all dripping with my agonized blood
Were sickening of the moon's beauty—
As if this body were a desert,
All these racked nerves its tent-ropes,
One after one slackening, warning
Of life's caravan making ready for departure.

'HEART-ATTACK'

- 1 The pain was such that that night my wild heart
Wanted to wrestle with every vein of life,
Wanted to drip away through every hair's root;
And somewhere far off (it was) as if in your garden courtyard
- 5 Every leaf, washed in my miserable blood,
Began to look weary of the moon's beauty;
As if in the desert of my body
The tent-ropes of all my aching nerves had loosened
And begun one after the other to give notice
- 10 Of preparation for the departure of the caravan of zest-of-living;

HEART-ATTACK

- 1 Dard itnā thā kē us rāt dil-e-vaḥshī-ne
Har rag-e-jān se ulajhnā chāhā,
Har bun-e-mū se ṭapaknā chāhā;
Aur kahīn dūr, tēre ṣaḥn-e-chaman meñ goyā
- 5 Pattā pattā mēre afsurda lahū meñ ḍhulkar
Ḥusn-e-mahtāb se āzurda naẓar āne-lagā;
Mere vīrāna-e-tan meñ goyā
Sāre dukhte hū'e reshon kī ṭanābeñ khulkar
Silsila-wār patā dene-lagīn
- 10 Rukḥṣat-e-qāfila-e-shauq kī taiyārī kā;

اور جب یاد کی بجھتی ہوئی شمعوں میں نظر آیا کہیں
ایک پل، آخری لمحہ تری دلداری کا،
درد اتنا تھا کہ اُس سے بھی گزرنا چاہا
ہم نے چاہا بھی، مگر دل نہ ٹھہرنا چاہا

Somewhere in memory's dying candle-light
A momentary vision, last glimpse of your tenderness;
But even that, there was so much pain, I wanted to be done
with
—Or I wanted to stay, but my spirit would not.

*And when in memory's expiring candles came in view somewhere
For one instant the final moment of your loving-kindness,
The pain was such that one wanted to pass by even it—
I indeed wished, but my heart did not wish, to stay.*

Aur jab yād kī bujhtī hū'ī sham'ōn meñ naẓar āyā kahīñ
Ek pal, ākhirī lamḥa tērī dildārī kā,
Dard itnā thā kē us-se bhī guzarnā chāhā—
Ham-ne chāhā bhī, magar dil na ṭhahrnā chāhā.