

The Washerman's Riverbank

1941

The person whose garments are destined to
Receive the heat of sunbeams,
I envy
That person.

Is seclusion but an untouched,
Unknown, unusual,
Dream?
Why is imagination
My only distraction and succor?

Why does the morning breeze, which comes after the night of pleasure,
Caress me,
Becoming
The nameless tormentor of my cheek?
Why is the cloak of the magical dream not torn?
Why are the tangled, swaying locks
Not damp
From the tears of the bloodied heart?
Why does the passionate longing for touch
Not give me
Unshackled freedom?

The heat of sunbeams on the garment
Ensnares the sight.

On the morning after the night of pleasure, the breeze from fragrant locks
Never becomes
Pledged to the dawn.

Why shouldn't he wash the stains of the sullied garment
Intoxicated with happiness?
Why shouldn't the heat of sunbeams
Become an unbound reflection of the colors of the night of pleasure?

O you, bound to such a torment!
Accept that the spectacle of this reflection
Gives you the relish of a winecup that has been tasted,
Why are you considering:
Has this cup been drunk from?
Have you ever witnessed
A virgin happiness in this age?

The heat of sunbeams on the fanned out garments
Is the fervor of the locks of life,
The world only grants this person a living
From his washing of sullied garments
Consider this!

Mīrajī kī Nazmeiñ