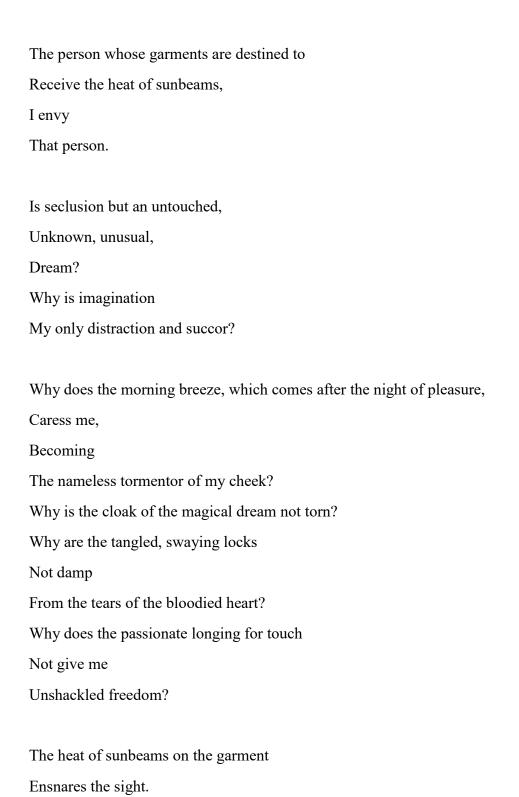
## The Washerman's Riverbank

## 1941



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