

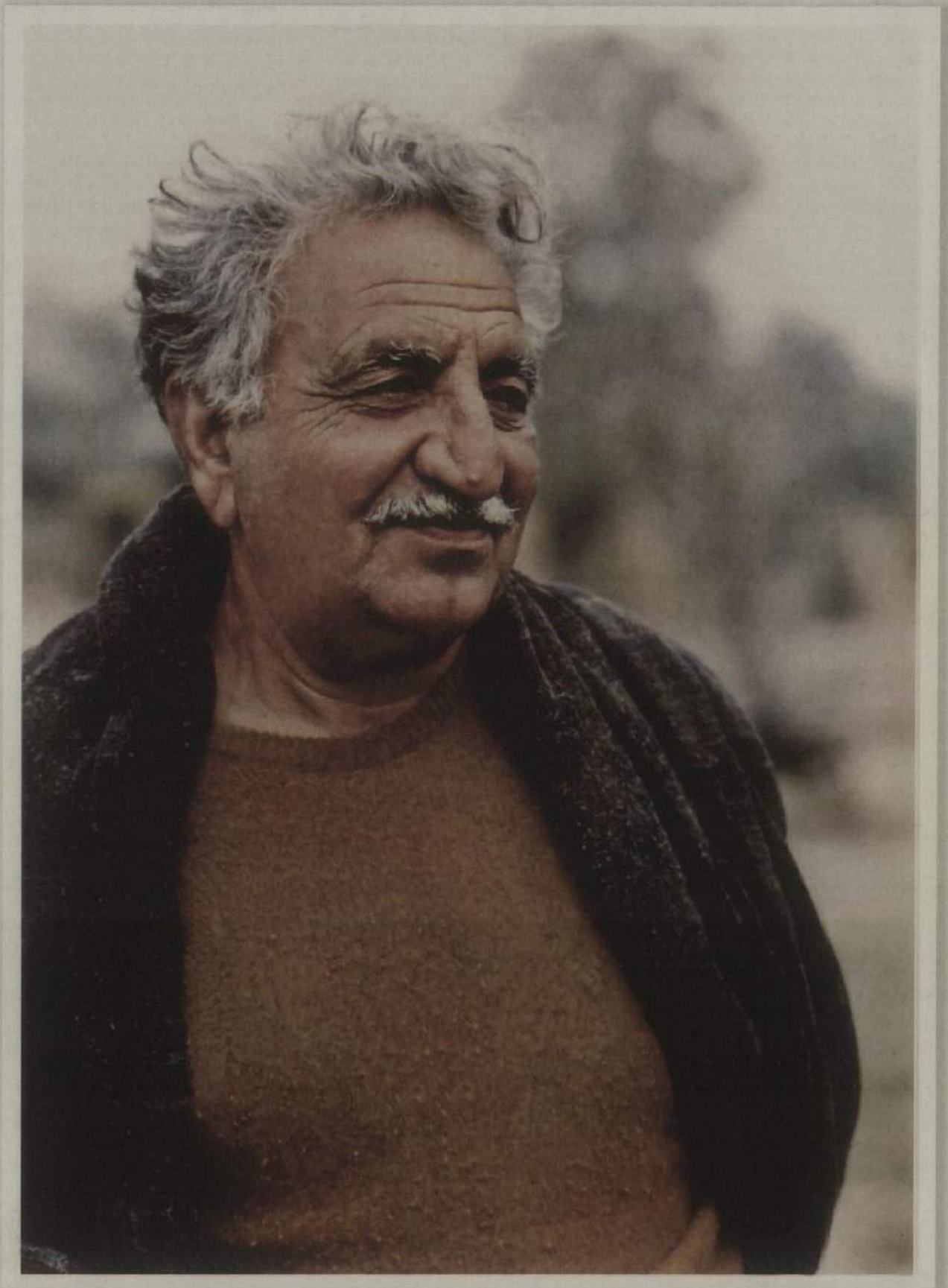


*The Pilgrim
of Beauty*

Selections from the poetry
of Abdul Ghalib Khayr



Translated from the Persian
by Justice Abdul Subhan



Photograph of Abdul Ghani Khan taken in the garden of his home, Dar-ul-Aman (Abode of Peace) in his village, Muhammad Narai, in the winter of 1979.

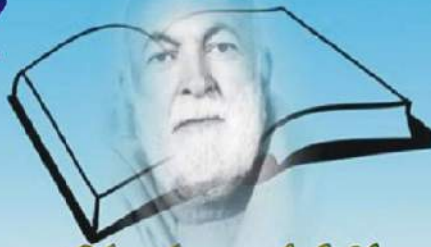
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The Pilgrim of Beauty

*Selections from the Poetry
of Abdul Ghani Khan*

Translated from the Pukhto
by Imtiaz Ahmad Sahibzada

**The Pilgrim of Beauty
Imtiaz Ahmad Sahibzada**

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To my late brother,
Umar Farooq Sahibzada,
whom I loved so much
and miss ever more



Preface

بِسْمِ اللّٰهِ الرَّحْمٰنِ الرَّحِیْمِ

For the inhabitants of the Khyber Pakhtunkhwa (previously North-West Frontier Province)¹, Federally-Administered Tribal Areas², Baluchistan³, and the *Pukhtana*⁴ of Afghanistan, Ghani Khan⁵ needs no introduction. He is well known both as the eldest son of Bacha Khan and, more so, in his own right, as an eminent poet whose poetry has captivated the hearts of all who understand *Pashto*⁶. He is, in the considered opinion of quite a few, arguably one of the three most eminent Pashto poets of the twentieth century, the other two being Amir Hamza Khan Shinwari (December 1907 – 18th February, 1994) and Qalandar Moomand⁷ (1st September, 1930 - 5th February 2003). His poetry is characterised by a choice of themes, subjects, and diction distinctly his own and absolutely inimitable.

A number of successive volumes of his verse have been published over the years. However, in keeping with the oral tradition of the *Pukhtana*, it has been principally through renderings by eminent singers⁸ that his poetry has been popularised on both sides of the Durand⁹ Line. In the rest of Pakistan, however, except for the literary circles which are peripherally aware of his work, and acknowledge him as a poet, sculptor, and painter, he is not generally known. The reason for this is that *Pashto*, the chosen language of his poetry, is spoken mainly by the *Pukhtana* and is confined to the Khyber Pakhtunkhwa, Tribal Areas, Baluchistan and southern Afghanistan.

The need for giving him a wider exposure in a language which is more commonly understood in Pakistan and abroad, has been felt for some time. The present effort of selecting some poems, which are representative of the themes he generally wrote on, and rendering them into English, is a small step in that direction.

No special claim is made for these translations or renderings, as it were, beyond the fact that they are intended to convey to the non-Pashto speakers conversant with English, the spirit and flavour of the original, with as much of its literal meaning and rhythm - without, of course, the rhyme - that could be captured by one with no particular claim to literary capability in either of the two languages.

I am indebted to a number of persons for assistance in the publication of this book: Umar Farooq Sahibzada, my late brother, for permission to incorporate the remnants of the few

poems he had translated; Salim Sahibzada, my cousin, for encouragement to initiate the work and constant prodding thereafter to complete it; Durreshawar, my wife, who, in her own quiet way, approved of what I was doing; Dr. Rajwali Shah Khattak, for some useful material on Ghani Khan's work; Azam Khan, Chairman, Pashto Adabi Board, for use of the Board's facilities; the late Farid Gul Sehrai and Mazhar Ali of the Board for the overall supervision of the Pashto version and its detailed editing respectively, and Amjad Amin, again of the Board, whose expertise in Pashto word-processing made the Pashto version in its present form possible.

For the English version I am grateful to the late Nazir Ahmad, a former colleague and consultant in the Cabinet Division, for providing access to the excellent facilities and research material of the National Documentation Centre and, above all, to the late Mirza Sadaqat Raza, its Deputy Director, Technical, who, very patiently and cheerfully, and at the cost of his leisure time, not only bore the tedium of the keying in of the text with its agonisingly numerous revisions, but also structured its final composition. To him I owe the book and a debt of gratitude which cannot be expressed in words but of which he was well aware.

This book in its present shape, was completed in 2001 and then, to use a bureaucratic phrase, was consigned to record. It would still have been there were it not for Shandana Humayun, who not only raised the required money for the purpose, but also coordinated all other arrangements for its publication. My gratitude to her goes without saying.

Finally, Muhammad Amjad, a member of my staff as the former Wafaqi Mohtasib (Ombudsman) of Pakistan, who tied up all the loose ends with regard to corrections in the typing and setting of the text. I am indeed grateful to him for his effort.

A word about the title of the book is required. To clarify, it may be noted that there is no compilation of Ghani's poetry which bears this title. It was adopted because for me the quest for beauty is pre-eminent in most of his serious poetry. He is a votary of beauty in all its forms and facets and sees in it a reflection of the Sublime Spirit permeating the universe. Irrespective of the variety of the subjects written on and their philosophic and aesthetic content, the underlying motif of each, and the unifying strand between all, as it were, is his search or "latoon" for the essence of beauty which he sees manifested in all creation. Whether in the human form or face; the flowers and colours of a riotous Spring, or those of a withering Autumn; the ever-changing landscapes of nature; the songs and variegated plumage of the birds; the grace of the gazelles; or the endearing glances of the beloved, he is engrossed in beauty. He gives it expression in his own distinctive and inimitable style; and while doing so his imagination knows no bounds and soars to ethereal heights.

*Imtiaz Ahmad Sahibzada,
Islamabad, 15th March 2014*



Acknowledgments

Special thanks are due to the Afghan Cultural Initiative of the Aga Khan Trust for Culture in Afghanistan, with support from the Royal Norwegian Embassy. As one of the great poets of the Pukhto language of the twentieth century, Abdul Ghani Khan's poetry is valued equally in Afghanistan as in Pakistan. Without the generous sponsorship provided by the Trust, this book would not have seen the light of day in this centennial year of the poet's birth. The Initiative's contribution to this publication enabled its dissemination to the Afghan public.



AGA KHAN TRUST FOR CULTURE



NORWEGIAN EMBASSY

I wish to express my appreciation for the support and cooperation of all those, individuals and institutions, who have made the publication of this book possible. Their commitment to preserving the culture and ethos of the Pukhtuns, best represented in the life and works of Abdul Ghani Khan, helped in completing this venture.

In this regard I wish to particularly thank:

Aamir Mansoor, Aftab Ahmad Khan, Ejaz Rahim, Haroon Jan Baryalay, Mehr Shah, Himayatullah Khan, Kishwar Saadullah, Mahvash Mohtadullah, Mian Qadruddin, Munawar Humayun, Qazi Humayun, Zarmina Ahsin, Zeenath Khalid, Zishan Afzal Khan, Nilofar Khalid Saadullah, M. Zarak Khan.

It was a matter of great satisfaction for me personally to have been able to convince the author to have these translations published, a task left unattended for the past fourteen years. I am grateful to him for entrusting the work to me.

*Shandana Humayun Khan
Islamabad, 24th April 2014*



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Introduction

Abdul Ghani Khan¹⁰, a painter and sculptor of repute, is in the considered opinion of quite a few, arguably one of the three most eminent Pashto poets of the twentieth century, the other two being Amir Hamza Khan Shinwari (December 1907-18th February, 1994) and Qalandar Moomand (1st September, 1930). He was born in January 1914¹¹ in Utmanzai, situated on the banks of the river Jindee - a branch of the Swat river as it debouches onto the plains of Hashtnaghar. It was then a reasonably sized village, now a bustling, populous town, in the Charsadda Tehsil¹² of the Peshawar District of the North-West Frontier. Having been separated from the Punjab in 1901, the North-West Frontier was then a Chief-Commissionerate¹¹ of British India.

His father's name was Abdul Ghaffar Khan (1890 - 20 January, 1988), a tall, spare, gaunt and bearded¹⁴ prominent land-owner of the Khwazikhel clan of the Mohammadzai tribe inhabiting Hashtnaghar. He later rose to international fame as the legendary Bacha Khan¹⁵ (King Khan) and Fakhr-e-Afghan¹⁶ (Pride of the Afghans) on account of the Afghan Jirga¹⁷ and the Khudai Khidmatgar (Servants of God) Movement¹⁸ which he founded in September 1929¹⁹, and also because of his relentless, non-violent struggle, as a leader of the All-India Congress Party, against British rule of the Sub-Continent. His mother, Meharqanda, was a daughter of Yar Mohammad Khan of the Kinankhel clan of the Mohammadzai tribe of Razzar, a village adjacent to Utmanzai, whom his father married towards the end of 1912²⁰. She died during the post-First World War (1914-18) influenza epidemic²¹, when Ghani was five and Abdul Wali Khan²² (17th January 1917-), his younger brother, was three years old and a sister, Sardaro²³, was just eight months.

In 1919, Abdul Ghaffar Khan re-married²⁴, Nambata, a cousin²⁵ of his first wife and the daughter of Sultan Mohammad Khan of Razzar. She bore him a daughter, Mehar Taj²⁶ (25 May 1921-), and a son, Abdul Ali Khan²⁷ (20th August 1922 - 19th February 1997). After the death of Ghani's mother he was looked after by his paternal grandmother who, to his misfortune, also died in 1923²⁸. To make matters worse, Nambata, Ghani's stepmother, when on a visit to Jerusalem with her husband after the Hajj of May 1924²⁹, accidentally fell down the stairs of the apartment in which they were staying and died. Though still a young man - 34 years of age - Abdul Ghaffar Khan did not marry again but devoted himself in real earnest to his life's mission of gaining freedom from British Rule.

As was customary in those days, Ghani Khan received his early education from an Imam (religious teacher) of one of the local mosques of Utmanzai. He was then sent to the National High School in Peshawar city, which was founded in 1895 by the Hindus of the Province.

After studying there for a year he went to the Azad (Free) School in Utmanzai -founded in 1921 by his father with the assistance of the Anjuman-e-Islah-ul-Afaghina³⁰ (Society for the Reformation of the Afghans). Here he obtained reasonable proficiency in Arabic³¹ and Urdu³² and passed the Punjab University Matriculation in 1927.

Soon thereafter, he was sent to the Jamia Milli (National College), Delhi, a Muslim religious institution founded in 1920 for the study of the traditional disciplines of Islamic learning³³. On the outbreak of the insurgence against the liberal-minded and progressive Amanullah Khan, Amir (1919-1929) of Afghanistan, at the instance of the conservative elements led by the Ulema (clergy), Ghani was recalled by his father from the Jamia to Utmanzai in 1928. He was to be a part of the medical mission proposed to be despatched to Afghanistan for the medical cover of Amanullah Khan's troops. It was to be led by Dr. Khan Sahib, (1882-1956), the older brother of Abdul Ghaffar Khan, and was organised by the Afghan Red Crescent Society of the N-W.F.P. - the Committee established to collect subscriptions and donations to help the Afghan government. The Mission, however, was not allowed by the British Government in India to enter Afghanistan.

Disappointed at the role played by the Ulema (clergy) in the removal of Amanullah Khan from the throne of Kabul, Abdul Ghaffar Khan, who had originally intended to make an 'Alim (religious scholar) of Ghani, decided that he should receive a western education. He was consequently sent to England on 23rd July, 1929, at the tender age of fifteen. Here, ironically, he stayed with and was tutored for a year and a half by a clergyman from a good English family. The choice of a priest was, in all likelihood, motivated by the lasting impression created on the mind of Abdul Ghaffar Khan by the selfless devotion of the missionaries to the cause of education and health of the Pukhtana during the late 19th and early 20th centuries. This was particularly so in the case of the Reverend E. F. E. Wigram, Headmaster of the Edwardes Memorial Mission School, Peshawar, in which Abdul Ghaffar Khan studied (1906-1909) from the sixth to the tenth class, and of Dr. Wigram, his brother, who looked after the Mission Hospital;

"(The example of) my teacher (Mr. Wigram) was largely responsible for the feelings generated in me of love for humanity, brotherhood, service of man-kind and love for my country"³⁴. (He)...was the son of a well-known nobleman of London. I was very much influenced by him, a young man, who had given up all his enjoyments and comforts in London and had come here to serve the Indians although they did not belong to his nationality. He charged no money, nor accepted any remuneration for his work. His expenses were borne by his father..."³⁵

Not satisfied with his stay in England, arrangements were made through Shah Wali Khan, the then Ambassador of Afghanistan to the United Kingdom, for him to go to the USA for the study of sugar technology at the University of Southern Louisiana³⁶. On account of the turn that political events took in India in the post Round Table Conference (1931) period, in which Abdul Ghaffar Khan and other prominent Congress leaders were arrested for civil

disobedience and their properties restrained, the family ran into financial difficulties. Ghani was compelled to return home prematurely without completing his course of studies for want of money³⁷ - but not without acquiring western habits of dress and behaviour.

To wean him, as it were, from what were considered to be the ill-effects of his exposure to western influences and ways of life, and inculcate in him a respect for the greatness of his own civilisation and culture, he was sent by his father to Allahabad, U.P. Here he stayed for eight months with Jawaharlal Nehru (1889 - 1964) and occupied the rooms of Motilal Nehru in the family home - Anand Bhawan (Abode of Bliss). Jawaharlal's wife, Kamala, looked after him like a son and his daughter, Indira Priyadarshini (1917 - 1984) - later Prime Minister of India (1966 - 77; 1980 - 84) - made him completely at home.

In February 1934, before his arrest, Jawaharlal arranged for him and Indira to study at Shantiniketan, a school established by Rabindranath Tagore (1861-1941) - Indian poet, philosopher, and Nobel laureate - on his estate in Bengal and inaugurated in 1921 as the Vishva Bharati University. Here, he was elected President of the Students Union with Indira as the Social Secretary. Along with journalism, he took to the study of sculpture and painting under Ram Kinkar, who taught sculpture, and Nandlal Bose, both famous and accomplished Indian artists, the latter being also the Head of the Art School. Indira, however, studied chemistry, history, English, Hindi, painting and drawing³⁸. His personal tutor was Krishna Kirpalani. His sojourn in the West and his stay at Shantiniketan had a profound effect on him. He has summed this up in his own words³⁹ as:

“My stay in the West left many imprints on my psyche. I was deeply impressed by their society, culture and politics. When I came back I had an inferiority complex about the backwardness of my country. It was in the Shantiniketan that I discovered myself and the past greatness of my own culture and civilisation which has produced several men of versatile genius, who have been appreciated by historians and scholars of the West.”

Or again when he says⁴⁰,

“Shantineketan was a whole new experience for me. From Hashtnagar I had gone to Europe. In Shantineketan, I got the opportunity to assimilate Asian philosophy, literature, and appreciate the performing and visual arts”.

Unfortunately for him, Abdul Ghaffar Khan visited⁴¹ Shantiniketan. Seeing the liberal co-educational atmosphere and the pre-occupation of his son with sculpture and painting - activities which he did not at all consider to be of any practical use in the ongoing struggle against British Rule - he decided to withdraw Ghani in mid-course from the institution. Mahatma Gandhi's (1869-1948) intercession with Abdul Ghaffar Khan, at the instance of Nandlal Bose⁴², to allow him to complete his studies proved infructuous. Ghani's withdrawal in October 1934, was considered a great loss to the world of Indian art as, even during the short period that he was at Shantiniketan, Ghani had provided ample evidence of his exceptional

talent. Indira was also withdrawn in April 1935 in mid-course but for an altogether different reason – to accompany her ailing mother to Germany for treatment⁴³.

In December 1934 he went to Bombay where, at a friend's house, he met and instantaneously fell in love with Roshan (1907 - 1987), a Parsi lady of noble birth and youngest daughter of Nawab Rustum Jang Faridoonji, of Hyderabad, Deccan. After six years of courtship she finally consented and married him on 24th November⁴⁴, 1939. A well-educated lady of great beauty, culture and sophistication, she brought almost six thousand books with her and was very supportive of Ghani's artistic inclinations⁴⁵. She bore him two daughters, Shandana (1940-) and Zareen (1944 -), and a son, Faridoon (1951 - 1987), who pre-deceased him.

Estranged from Ghani on development of differences over some intimate personal issues, she went to India and returned only when he promised to behave. Faridoon married Nageen, daughter of Pir Muhammad Khan of Utmanzai, and had two sons, Bahram Khan (5th October 1975-) and Mashal Khan (26th October 1979 -), and a daughter, Shahnai (18th May 1981 -).

From Bombay he went to Gola, near Sitapur, in the United Provinces and in 1936 took up service with the Gokarnath Sugar Mills, as incharge of the labour, where he later rose to be the Chief Chemist. In 1940 he left Gola and joined the Frontier Sugar Mills, Takht-i-Bhai, in the Mardan District of the N-W.F.P. as Technical Manager. In February 1943, on account of pressure from the Provincial Government, he resigned from the service of the Mills and went home to Utmanzai. Circumstances soon compelled him, much against his natural inclinations, to actively associate himself with electoral politics.

In August 1945, Lord Wavell, the Viceroy, decided that fresh elections to the central and provincial assemblies should be held in the winter. The Frontier Congress nominated Ghani to contest the Central Assembly seat. On 4-5 December 1945 he contested the polls and was declared successful over Mohammad Akbar Qureshi (Khaksar) - the sole opposing joint-candidate of the Muslim League, Khaksars, and Hindu Mahasabha. He was thus, at thirty-two years of age, elected to the Central Legislative Assembly of India, as its youngest member, against the sole general seat of the N-W.F.P.⁴⁶

He distinguished himself as a parliamentarian by his command over the political and social issues of the time, by the substance and articulation of his speeches and, above all, by his oratory, sparkling as it was with his inimitable humour and freshness.⁴⁷ He was greatly appreciated - the visitors' galleries being invariably filled to capacity when he spoke - and, despite his young age, was nominated as a member of eleven Advisory Committees of the Assembly.

“...On account of his exceptional talent, (he) very quickly acquired an acknowledged position of eminence and was considered to be amongst the top three orators of undivided India of the time. Though the youngest member, but when he spoke members of the Assembly would quickly hasten to their seats.”⁴⁸

In 1946 he went to Stockholm, Sweden, as a member of the Indian delegation to the FAO

conference. The same year he was nominated as a member of the Working Committee of the Frontier Congress Party and, the next year, presided over the All India Youth Conference held at Cawnpore (22nd - 23rd February 1947).

On 26/27 April, 1947⁴⁹ he founded the Zalmai Pukhtoon⁵⁰ (Pukhtoon Youth), a militant organisation of Pukhtoon youth, carrying fire-arms, the aim of which was to protect the Khudai Khidmatgars (Servants of God) and members of the Congress Party from violence feared at the hands of the Muslim League. It had no connection as such with the Khudai Khidmatgars⁵¹. The response of the Muslim League, a little later, was the organisation of the Ghazi Pukhtoon as its militant wing to cope with any situations that the Zalmai Pukhtoon might, in its turn, create.

On 22nd August 1947, the Congress Ministry of Dr. Khan Sahib was dismissed paving the way for the formation of the Muslim League Ministry under Abdul Qayyum Khan as the Chief Minister (22nd August 1947 - 23rd April 1953).

On 5th July 1948⁵², at 1:00 a.m., Ghani was arrested under Section 40 FCR for alleged subversive activities and his agricultural land was taken over by the Provincial Government. He remained in prison for six years⁵³ between 1948 and 1954. It was only because of Sardar Abdur Rashid, a friend and admirer, who succeeded Abdul Qayyum Khan as the Chief Minister of the Province, that the long period of his detention came to an end and his lands were restored to him.

“It is said that after his release someone observed to Ghani, ‘You and Qazi (Qazi Attaullah, who was the Minister for Education in Dr. Khan Sahib’s Cabinet and was also the father-in-law of Abdul Ali Khan, Ghani Khan’s younger brother) really had a raw deal!’ Ghani is reputed to have replied, ‘Not at all! For the little back-bone and honour I exhibited my Creator more than adequately compensated me through two gifts - one when I was interned for a brief while and had my family with me, that year, after twelve years of marriage, a son was born to me; and the other is (my book of verses) De Panjray Chaghar. In exchange for these two gifts the surrender of six years of my life seems like the bargaining away of an hour’⁵⁴.”

The Khudai Khidmatgar organisation was declared unlawful in mid-September 1948 and the Centre at Sardaryab (Markaz-e-Ala Khudai Khidmatgaran), built in 1942⁵⁵, was confiscated⁵⁶ by the Provincial Government.

On the literary front Ghani's first poem appeared in December 1928 in the Pukhtoon, a monthly journal launched by his father in May 1928⁵⁷ as the organ of the Khudai Khidmatgar Movement for the promotion of the Pukhto language and political and social reform of the Pukhtana. This, in the words of K. B. Narang, “...became to the N-W.F.P. what Gandhi's Harijan was to India⁵⁸”. It was printed at first in Rawalpindi, then in Amritsar and later at Peshawar⁵⁹. Its publication was suspended a number of times during the period 1927-1947 but

was always revived. After Independence, however, it was made to cease publication permanently⁶⁰.

He contributed to it (from 21st September 1928 to 17th May 1947), both in prose and verse, a humorous column called *gaday-waday* (stuff and nonsense), on social, political, and moral issues, under the pen name of *laywanae falsafee* (the mad philosopher). He was a passionate devotee of freedom to whom the slavery of foreign domination was anathema.

Every issue of the *Pukhtoon* carried on its title page these touching lines of his memorable poem entitled "Wasiat" (The Will⁶¹) - imprinted indelibly on the minds and hearts of thousands of *Khudai Khidmatgars*, as they struggled against imperial might, and also engraved on a small monument⁶² erected on the Pakistan side of the India-Pakistan border near Wagha in the Punjab.

Though tombstones fine of bluish slate
Should ornament, adorn, my grave,
But I were to have died a slave,
Come, spit on and defile them!
If my body were not bathed,
In my blood, and sanctified,
Do not ever desecrate
Precincts of the mosque with it.
And if I were not to be
Into numerous pieces hacked
By the forces of the foe,
Mother, dear, how could you
Over me lament and cry?
I shall soon this land, deprived
Both of honour and of pride,
Into Paradise transform,
Or the ranks of *Pukhtoon* youth
Decimate, their streets denude.

Ghani, during the course of his long literary career wrote extensively on all manner of subjects⁶³. The *Pathans*, his first book published in English in 1947, before Independence, is a delightful sketch of the Pathans, their social customs and practices, their superstitions, their enmities, feuds, and their attitudes to life. This was followed in 1956 by the *De Panjray Chaghar* (Chirpings of the Cage) which contains poems written between 15th October 1950 and 27th October 1953 during the periods of his incarceration. In 1960-61 there appeared from Kabul, *Palwashay* (Beams of Light) containing a number of poems from the *Panjray Chaghar* along with new compositions. *Panoos*⁶⁴ (Chandelier), containing selections from the earlier works and a number of new poems, was published in 1978. This was succeeded in 1985 by the *Kulliyat* (Collected Works) - a compendium of his published verse. Ten years later, in 1995, came *Latoon*

(Search), which contains all his poems published to date, less some reportedly desired by Ghani to be excluded, and a number of new, hitherto unpublished, ones.

In 1994 he published his sole effort in Urdu '*Khan Sahib*' which is a small compilation of the views of a rustic, unlettered Pukhtoon on a number of issues as he interacts in 'tea-house' sessions with highly educated and sophisticated intellectuals - a professor of Urdu, a budding artist, a professor of art, a medical doctor deeply interested in religion and a bank accountant who is a member of a religious political party. The issues on which Khan Sahib holds forth range from the ridiculous to the sublime and evoke characteristic responses from his interlocutors. Humour and satire of a most engaging kind are the dominant aspects of the book.

Ghani also wrote articles on different subjects in English, before independence, for the All-India Information and Publications Ltd., Bombay, which were translated into fourteen languages.

A substantial number of *Pukhto* poems - written on scraps of paper and lying in his personal effects - and some prose pieces in *Pukhto*, and English, have not yet been published. An example of the unpublished English prose is included in the notes under the title of "Prayer"⁶⁵. He also translated a few of his poems into English, three of which, under the titles of *Silence*, *The Pukhtoon*, and *Fate*, are contained in the notes⁶⁶.

At the end of *Palwashay*⁶⁷ there is a memorandum of some interest, which obviously relates to *De Panjray Chaghar*, recorded by Ghani in Haripur Jail and dated the 20th July, 1949, which states that:

"The book has come to an end but there are still innumerable verses which have not been included. I shall do something about them later. Life is a strange thing - the first verse of this book was composed in an ocean liner in the middle of the Indian Ocean and the last in a cell in Haripur Jail. Between the dates of composition of these two, whatever happiness, grief, longing, hope, fear, laughter and tears which I have experienced, are available in the pages of this book. Unfortunately, however, my tongue is not as powerful as my heart, and my expression is weaker than my perception. But, whatever its quality, it is before you. I have not tried to hide anything - on the contrary, I have made every effort to expose. This is a picture of myself - very incomplete, I admit; but whatever it contains, I can, with a clear conscience, proclaim is mine. This is a small gift distilled from my useless and purposeless life which I wish to present, for whatever it is worth, to my country and my people. Would that I within it could have made rivers of the beauty of language, understanding and perfection, flow brimful! But what can I do as I am not capable of anything more. Man is obliged to exert himself to the limits of his capability and no more. If within these thoughts there is enough beauty to enable them to live after I am gone, then I will say that I have, in actual fact, been able to discover the spring of eternal life. I have, now, brought them to life; and they will, then, bring me to life."

Although quite capable of writing in the traditional forms of Pukhto poetry, it is the Nazm, with its flexibility and freedom from the strict architectonic restrictions of the traditional forms, which suited his emancipated and prolific genius. This he excelled in and chose as the principal form of his poetic expression.

His poetry is characterised by the great variety of subjects he wrote on; the purity and simplicity of the language he used; the almost boundless flight of his imagination; the philosophic content that he injected into most of his poems, even those with the most ordinary and prosaic of subjects; the intensity of his feeling; his uninhibited expression in language that is sincere, without any artificial embellishments, and comes from the depths of the heart; the absence of any kind of cant and hypocrisy; keen observation of nature and man; refreshingly new and captivating similes and metaphors; and, of course, his inimitable humour, satire and ability to laugh at himself - characteristics which when combined make his poetry so eminently individualistic and so very clearly distinguishes him from all other Pukhto poets, both modern and classical.

Some of the major themes on which he wrote are, Pukhtoon nationalism - freedom, love of the land and the people - the mysteries of life and death, fate, belief in the existence of God, the joys of communion, the woes of separation, love - both human and divine; nature in all its aspects - insects, birds, animals, trees and flowers; the khans (major landowners); mullahs (the clergy) and, above all beauty which is the centrepiece of his feeling, thought and expression and was to him the ultimate proof of the existence of God. Writing to Abdur Rauf Benava he says,

“...I love your poetry except where you have turned into a mullah like Ulfat (a prominent Pukhto poet of Afghanistan). I think the mission of a poet in life is quite different from that of a preacher - a mullah. Man is essentially an animal. He wants food, sex and comfort and nothing else. It is the duty of us poets to turn his face to those higher centres of his being where he might see the reflection of his own perfection - and the face of his eternal Beloved - Beauty. I think a poet must worship beauty - in thought, word and deed - and force man to turn his face from the rubbish heap of his appetites to his Garden of Eden. This cannot be done by preaching. I hate people preaching at me. If we praise beauty with a sincere love, it will come alive for a second in the dull eyes of the common herd. As for suffering and pain of life, I think that is the price we must pay for the gift of creating beauty. Every artist pays this dreadful price and a few are lucky enough to produce a drop of loveliness... You have to expose yourself to the pain of living in order to produce a work of art...”⁶⁸

Or again when he says⁶⁹:

“Beauty is the truth, harmony, proportion, equilibrium. It embodies symmetry and rhythm. I believe that beauty is from God, and He is the most beautiful - *Al-Jameel*”.

He was a humanist, and man, in his view, occupied a very respectable position in the universe - to the extent that he considers him to be the meaning and soul of the universe⁷⁰.

"My poetry," he says, "is about humanism, and the search for truth. It's about self-realisation. I want to see my people educated and enlightened. A people with a vision and a strong sense of justice who can carve out a future for themselves, in harmony with nature"⁷¹.

The heart of man is to him the 'house of God' and, as a thinking individual, he seeks his God neither in the mosque nor in Mecca but, on the contrary, finds Him in the depths of his own heart⁷². For him life is one continuous movement, incessant stumbling and regaining of the feet in the struggle for attaining the objective one has set for oneself⁷³. Life without an objective has no meaning. Death is the manifestation of the kindness of the Creator for man. It is death which unites man with God and is proof of God's love and mercy for mankind⁷⁴.

He sees the world and life after death in his own philosophical context, not solely as the place in which to eat and drink in the company of hooris⁷⁵, and nor does he seek in Heaven the pleasures of the earth; but, as he puts it, Heaven is, "a thought of love and a colour of ecstasy; the music of the anklet bells of surging youth; the delicacy of the longing of the petals of the flowers; the beauty of the beloved; the river of love and of majesty, every particle of which is a moon and every drop a world."⁷⁶

A Pukhtoon nationalist to the core, he loves the Pukhtana to distraction. This does not, however, prevent him from criticising some of their morally indefensible customs and the dishonourable conduct exhibited by some of them during the course of the struggle for freedom. But those who have laid down their lives for it, he acknowledges with great love, admiration and gratitude⁷⁷. Though highly critical of the mullahs and of religious obscurantism, he was, at the same time, a muslim - though far from regular in the observance of formal prayer - with a firm belief in the existence of God and of the hereafter.

No comprehensive critical appreciation of his poetry has as yet been undertaken although a number of appraisals of considerable merit have been made by scholars and critics. Excerpts from some of these are given in the ensuing paragraphs.

In introducing Ghani, as if that were, in the author's words, necessary, Master Abdul Karim in his foreword to *De Panjray Chaghar*⁷⁸, states that:

"To my mind, in Pukhtoonkhwa today, Ghani is a poet with an imagination that is boundless and a path all his own. As a poet his greatness lies in just this that he complies with the dictates of his own heart and does not listen to others. The reins of that ecstatic heart of his are always held in his own hands. He has never imitated anyone, and nor will he ever do so. He is a poet; and for a poet to blindly imitate someone is death, and to rebel is life. Ghani's poetry can be divided into three periods - each being distinct and more enjoyable than the others. The first relates to his youth, in which his imagination had not yet achieved the capacity to attain the heights he scaled later.

In this period Ghani, like a horse, which is hard of mouth, takes the bit between its teeth and, with loose reins, gallops unrestrained - oblivious of the terrain, seeing neither the ditches nor the fences; an ecstasy which has no form and no abode; an inebriation which has no majesty or grandeur. The second period relates to the time when his pilgrimage to Europe and America had extended his understanding and life's bitter experiences had singed his breast. In this period one finds depth and vastness in his imagination. Here too, he is astride the steed of fancy, but the reins are now firmly held. He is a voice which has both feeling and music; an ecstasy which has the intoxication of drooping eyes. In this period Ghani has carved out for himself his own particular path and station in the domain of poetry. It is said that Ghalib and Tagore were walking together down a path when they passed by Ghani. They both paused, looked at each other and exchanged meaningful glances. That is the third period of Ghani's poetry in which the ecstasy of Khayyam was added to the uninhibited expression of Ghalib and the colours of Tagore and the amalgam was named *De Panjray Chaghar* (Chirpings of the Cage). However, one thing must be kept in mind. Ghani has strung together the three periods on the same string - which, in the language of poetry, is called satire and humour - and in this lies the attraction and beauty of his poetry.

Whenever, on account of lack of understanding, the reason of the masses is veiled, a poet dons the robes of a teacher and with the beams of his knowledge and understanding, rends them apart. In doing so he approaches the task sometimes from the direction of the wind and sometimes from that of the rain; subjects one side [of the veils] to blows from the staff of satire and the other to those from that of humour. Finally people get to be ashamed of themselves and become the agents of their own enlightenment. The *gaday waday* (Stuff and Nonsense) of the *Journal Pukhtoon*, is that potent melange of Ghani's which is more valuable than thousands of *Samay Damay* (Sense and Wisdom) of others."

Sulaiman Laiq, the then Minister for Tribes and Nationalities of the Afghan government, in his foreword to the *Kulliyat*⁷⁹ of Ghani states that:

"The language of Ghani's criticism is forthright. He, as a romantic, realist, is a votary of beauty and love. But in everything, everywhere and at all times, he does not forget that man is a denizen of the earth and, despite all his vices and virtues, he is at the centre-stage of his (Ghani's) poetry and provides, ...from the cradle of his pleasure and pain, inspiration for Ghani's poetry."

Sadiqullah Orakzai, in the introduction to Ghani Khan's *Panoos*⁸⁰, observes that:

"Though Ghani is old in age, his heart is still young, pure and full of love like that of a child. Ebullient and uninhibited, it is totally free from the restrictions that customs impose. Whatever is in his heart, gets to his lips; and whatever his heart desires, he does; but each action, each word, free from hypocrisy and egotism, is dipped in the

colour of the love for life and humanity. Innocence is the motivating force behind each of his actions. All this has conferred on Ghani's personality its individuality and elevated station. Just like Ghani's personality has an individuality and status peculiarly its own, so has his poetry which, to my mind, very few will be able to attain. Just as a house and hujra in a village out in the country is made from the mud and wood of the village by the local masons and carpenters, so it is with Ghani's poetry - fashioned from the adobe of the village and its society."

Dr. Rajwali Shah Khattak, is of the view⁸¹ that:

"In the development of his art, Ghani has had recourse to the pure and unadulterated passion with which he loves his land. He was a free spirit - never overawed or overcome by anything except, of course, by his love; the love which he has showered on everything of beauty in the universe, the pre-eminent symbol of which to him is the form of Pukhtoon beauty. When the different moods of his love gave expression to this symbol, it became a verse; when required to stand before his vision, it took the form of a painting; and when three dimensional form was desired, it became pieces of sculpture. This was his art; but not that simple either so as not to merit anything more than this to be said about it.

Ghani Khan had in his own life time become a legend; and if an ordinary person were to be asked, he would certainly testify to his fame. For practical purposes, however, very little effort has gone into understanding him. He is basically a poet of love and beauty. In his aesthetics, more often than not, the hedonistic aspect is most prominent; but he never allows this to get to the point where the pleasure of the moment becomes his sole purpose. His search is the search for lasting Beauty. This is the basis of his art."

Dr Syed Chiragh Hussain Shah is of the opinion⁸² that:

"In the poetry of Ghani, where on the one side there is ecstasy and happiness, on the other there is no dearth of feeling and pain; the 'mad philosophy' which permeates his poetry has created a most enjoyable balance between the two moods. In his poetry the revolutionary message of Khushal Khan; the mysticism of Rehman Baba; the ambiguity of Mirza Khan Ansari and the romanticism of Ali Khan, are all mixed together, with freedom of thought and of fancy and the best possible satire and humour being added qualities. He has made good use of political similes and has an incisive intellect and a keenly observant eye."

Begum Nasim Wali Khan feels⁸³ that:

"Each facet and angle of Ghani Khan's colourful life has so many hues that they are beyond enumeration - even the rainbow would be surprised at seeing them. They surprise poets and literateurs no less than the world at large. Ghani called himself the 'mad philosopher'; but his 'madness' was in actual fact a symbol of wisdom. His thought was an illuminating ray of light; and he had but one thought, one obsession - to gather all the colours possible."

Referring to Ghani in his overview of Pukhto literature, Ajmal Khattak comments⁸⁴ that:

“...though Abdul Ghani Khan has expressed the emotions of love and affection in the form of verse and, under the influence of nationalistic passion, has also written exceptionally fine poems, but in Pukhto literature he is known as the 'mad philosopher'; and this because he, using this pen-name, has written such outstanding humorous and satirical poems, that when anybody gets to read the Journal Pukhtoon, he straight away tries to locate the name and writings of the 'mad philosopher.'”

He wrote poetry instinctively and in moments of intense inspiration. In one of his letters to a friend⁸⁵, Naeem Ahmad Rathore, he says,

“I have been passing through a period of change or transition in my thoughts and way of thinking and, naturally, am bothered, frustrated and worried. I am re-reading my own poems and understand now, intellectually, most of the things that I wrote instinctively without a clear mental appreciation of their meaning. But then I am writing other things instinctively that I do not quite clearly understand yet. I wonder whether I would live long enough to know some of them more intimately. I am being silly - emphatic agreement from Sahibzada Sahib⁸⁶!”

In painting, as in poetry, he imitated no one but was inspired by the impressionists⁸⁷ - Monet, Manet and Van Gogh, with a particular liking for the colours of Gauguin. He evolved a style all his own - which does not strictly fall within the defining characteristics of any of the known schools - with almost exclusive focus on renderings of the human face. His chosen medium was pastels although he wielded the paint brush, pencil and charcoal just as effectively. Except for the brief stint at the Shantiniketan under Ram Kinkar and Nandlal Bose, he had no formal training in art and whatever he achieved was the outcome of sheer talent. He chose faces as the main subject of his art because of the infinite possibilities they offer for the portrayal of the entire range of human feelings and emotions in all their variety.

“I consider the human face to be the most significant. A person's thoughts, ambitions, his character, are all reflected on it. I work from memory, I have never had people modelling for me”⁸⁸.

He preferred pastels over all other modes as the principal medium because of their ability to give almost instantaneous shape to his very intense but short-lived inspiration.

“My method of working is quite erratic. I get an idea, I get the charcoal from the kitchen, or children's pencils or dry pastels, and sketch it then and there. If it's not done in one go, my mood changes, and I start writing instead”⁸⁹.

His portraits - whether of living individuals, historical personages, figures from mythology or imaginary characters - all have a dimension which goes well beyond mere visual resemblance to the subjects to include a projection of their inner feelings and personality. “I try and bring out the most predominant characteristic in their personality”⁹⁰.

His subjects, where they are not actual portraits of somebody, are, quite frequently, on paper and in colour, what Gandharan sculpture was in stone and terracotta with, of course, a major difference - they all exude warmth and great depth of emotions and feelings. Though the colours used vary, depending upon his mood and the aspects of the personality of the subjects that he wished to portray, yet the darker and more sombre shades predominate. Writing about Ghani's art, Sabah Hussain says⁹¹:

"He executes his images with dry crayons, working quickly and deftly, with nervous strokes. Complementary colours are applied side by side, for intensity and luminosity. Tiny strokes of paint on dark and buff surfaces accentuate the bone structure here and create a highlight there. Vibrant colours form a free verse on close observation, dissolving into an image at a distance. At times he combines crayons with water colours, creating tonal depths and textures. His self-portrait in gouache and crayons, is dramatic in conception. He has reduced the structures to a bare minimum. Whites create highlight emphasising the harshness and conflict behind the mask. A well-modulated mouth is the only sensuous feature. It is a rare portraiture for in most of his works eyes are the prominent aspect."

His home Dar-ul-Aman (The Abode of Peace) at Mohammad Narai, a village in the vicinity of Utmanzai, is a veritable treasure trove of art with its walls covered by portraits ranging from those of his father, members of the family, friends and relatives, to those of poets and seers of the past, characters from Hindu mythology, and some very exceptional 'self portraits'⁹².

Although a number of exhibitions of his art were held over the years both at Peshawar and Lahore, he did not sell any paintings. True to his nature and name he liberally gifted his work to those who appreciated it. His brothers, Abdul Wali Khan and Abdul Ali Khan have large collections, whereas his friend, Umar Farooq Sahibzada, also had a significant number of his paintings though he was selective about accepting what he was offered⁹³.

For his contributions to Pukhto literature and painting, the President of Pakistan, General Muhammad Zia-ul-Haq, conferred on him the prestigious award of Sitara-e-Imtiaz (23 rd March 1980)⁹⁴.

Afflicted by arthritis of the knee-joints his movement had been severely restricted for some time. To make matters worse, on the 1st of June, 1987, he fell in the verandah of his house and broke his leg. Although successfully operated upon, he never fully recovered but gradually grew weaker. His arthritis and a lung ailment compounded his physical problem and confined him to a wheel chair for the remaining years of his life.

He had taken to opium to alleviate the pain in his knees. The dosage of this he now more than doubled - an unfortunate development as the excessive intake, though stilling the pain, dulled the senses and suppressed his creativity. A few years before his death, however, he mustered enough will power to reduce the intake and regain control over his faculties. Posterity is the richer by a number of excellent poems which date to this period.

On 6th October 1987 his son Faridoon died of a liver ailment causing him great anguish. On 22nd December 1987, his beloved wife and companion of over four and a half decades, Roshan, died of heart failure in the Bolton Block of the Lady Reading Hospital, Peshawar, leaving him disconsolate and lonelier than ever. The void thus created was filled to an extent by his grandchildren, who became for him, in his old age, a source of great comfort, assurance and joy. Though this was so, to discerning friends he was never the same man.

Ghani Khan died on 15th March 1996 in the Bolton Block of the Lady Reading Hospital, Peshawar and was buried the next day, as desired by him, by the side of his mother, in his ancestral graveyard outside Utmanzai. His funeral attracted a large concourse, representative of all sections of society, from all over the N-W.F.P., Tribal Areas, Baluchistan, and Afghanistan.

His death was widely mourned as the passing away of a great poet, painter, sculptor and a leader who was for many years, in the N-W.F.P., at the forefront of the struggle for Independence against British Rule. Both the then President, Farooq Ahmad Khan Leghari, and the Prime Minister, Benazir Bhutto, visited Hashtnagar and condoled his death with his brothers, Abdul Wali Khan and Abdul Ali Khan.

Let death overtake me
Whenever it will;
It will find me prepared,
With a flower in hand,
Or mounted upon
A snorting steed;
Or a gun in hand,
Or quill and ink;
And drowned in laughter
The cares of the world;
Whatever's in store,
Is enough, no more!
Let death overtake me
Whenever it will.

In recognition of his outstanding achievements, the Government of the N-W.F. P has approved the construction of a public library and park to be built on eight acres of land and named after him as Ghani Derai (the Mound of Ghani). The site is an historical mound very near his home, Dar-ul-Aman (the abode of peace), and within the confines of his ancestral village Utmanzai, on the main highway from Razzar to Takht-i-Bhai.



Selected Poems

Roshan - visualised as a radiant crescent against a background of dark clouds.

Pastel on paper 20 cm x 27 cm.

Farooq Collection.



پېشکش:
شاعر د خپل ماحول غلام وی. د ده مثال د یو داسې حیوان دے چې د هغه په وجود خرمن نه وی. که پوتنه د ازغی خوکه ورورې نو په کریکو خان وژنی - او که پوتنه آرام ورشی نو د خوشحالی نه بې هوشه کیږی -

وگوره انسان ته چې بادشاه د خنارو دے
دے که دهر زور وکې و تے نه شی د خ خانه
دے د خپله خانه د جهانه ورکېدے نه شی
کله د کمېې نه تاؤ شی کله د جانانپله

بنده د خپل احساس او بې حسی په فلا کېنې بند دے. او دغې ته خلق قسمت وائی - خو شپږ کاله وړاندې واقعاتو زه د خپلې لورې فلا نه راوېنکلم او په بهرو ورو ورو د خبنتو قلاگانو کېنې ئې بنديوان کړم - دغه د درد، زور او تېرې ماحول کېنې ما ته د لارې روښانه کولو صرف یوه شمع وه. او دا زما د خوانی او مستی گلونه چې په دې تور او تاریک باغ کېنې شوی دی او ما ترې نه یوه مړاوې گلدسته جوړه کړې ده، هغې فرینتې ته پېش کوم، چا چې د حېدرآباد د نواب "رستم جنگ" محل د غنی د تالا شوې جونگرې د پاره پرېښود او ما سره ئې دا د غم، درد او بې سروسامانی ورخې بهرې په خندا خوشحالی او بهادری تېرې کړې - زه چې د هغې درد ته گورم نو خپل درد رانه ورک شی - زه چې د هغې نرتوب گورم نو په خپلې بزدلی ستومانه شم - زه د بهرو نرانو نریم خو د هغې نه تر نه شوم - نو ځکه دا کتاب زه په بهر ادب او بهر مینه د خپلو بچو مور ته پېش کوم -



زما د بچو مور ته

يو خوب د شاعر په جامه انسانی
يو ساز دور دراز ښکلے خور آسمانی
يو گل د جنت په خصلت رحمانی
يو جسم ناری يو زرگے نورانی
شوله داسې پېدا د غنی دلربا
په غېرت پښتنه په خائشت ایرانی

هری پور جېل . ۱۹۵۳ .



(۱) وکړی . (۲) ښانت

Offering (Excerpt from De Panjray Chaghar - Chirpings of the Cage):

A poet is a slave of his environment - his example being that of an animal which does not have the protective covering of a skin over its body. If you so much as touch him with the tip of a thorn, he yells himself to death; and when he gets a little relief, his happiness so overwhelms him that he loses consciousness:

Look at man, the pride of beings,
Fettered in his chains, a slave,
Though he tries with might and main,
He cannot his freedom gain -
From himself and from his world!
Round the Ka'bah ambulates,
Sometimes round his love gyrates!

Man is a prisoner in the fortress of his feelings and sensitivities - and this is commonly called fate. But six years ago events extricated me from the large fortress of existence and confined me in the tiny fortresses of brick and mortar. In that environment of darkness and pain I had but one candle to light the way; and these the flowers of my youth and ecstasy, which have blossomed in this dark and dank garden - and of which I have made this wilting bouquet - I wish to offer to her, the angel who left the palace of Nawab Rustam Jang in Hyderabad, Deccan, for the thatched and pillaged hovel of Ghani, and spent with me in laughter, happiness and courage, these days of grief, pain and destitution. When I look at her pain, my own gets numbed; when I observe her courage, I regret my cowardice. I consider myself the bravest of the brave, but yet have not been able to match her bravery. That is why I dedicate this book, with great respect and love, to the mother of my children.



The Mother of My Children*

In human form a poet's dream;
A heavenly melody, ambient, serene;
A flower from heaven by nature divine;
A form pure, ethereal, the heart saintly light;
There was thus created, young Ghani's beloved-
Iranian in beauty, in honour Afghan.

Haripur Jail, 1953





ولې؟

خه رنگې شهدا شی څوک؟	څوک دې ما ته ووائی
ولې په خندا شی څوک؟	څوک چې چا ته وځاندى
غلی شان بېگا ووې	ستوری د غره څوکې ته
حسن په خندا ووې	مینې په ژړا ووې
بنکلې دلربا ووې	ما ته مسکو سترگو کبې
خه رنگې شهدا شی څوک؟	ولې څوک زړه وبائېلی؟

څوک چې چا ته وځاندى

ولې په خندا شی څوک؟

اوبنکو د لېلا ووې	سترگو د مجنون ووې
غم ورو په سودا ووې	ووې په نشه خوانی
بنکلې دلربا ووې	ما ته مسکو سترگو کبې
خه رنگې شهدا شی څوک؟	ولې څوک زړه وبائېلی؟

څوک چې چا ته وځاندى

ولې په خندا شی څوک؟



(۱) دامې د واده په شپه لیکلې وه. (۲) وونېل



*Why?*⁷⁷

Someone come and tell me how,
How is it one falls in love?
Why, when someone smiles at one,
One returns the smile anon?
Last night, to the mountain peak
Softly spoke the evening star;
Love, with flowing tears spoke;
Beauty, in loud laughter spoke;
And to me, in smiling eyes,
My beloved gently spoke -
Why does one the heart surrender?
How is it one falls in love?
Why, when someone smiles at one,
One returns the smile anon?
Eyes of *Majnoon*[™], pleading, spoke;
Luila's[™] tears, streaming, spoke;
Youth in ecstasy spoke up;
Grief obsessed in silence spoke;
And to me, in smiling eyes,
My beloved gently spoke -
Why does one the heart surrender?
How is it one falls in love?
Why, when someone smiles at one,
One returns the smile anon?

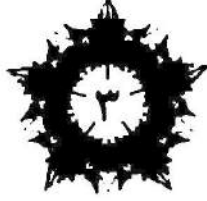


Shandana - Ghani's elder daughter.

Pastel on paper 53 cm x 79 cm.

Farooq Collection.





شانداڻه

(زما د لور شانداڻي په کېدو)

اوډه يو زړه د نورو په خوبونو د خواني کبني
 دا نري د هلال شونډې دا د هغې خوب تعبیر دے
 دا هم زه يم هم ته نې دا هم گل دے هم بورا دے
 دا چې ستا نیازبینو گتو دا گلاب نې ترې راواغشت
 دا چې زه په پتو سترگو دا مې لال تا له دلبرې!
 دا چې ما غمگینې سترگې دا زما د غم جواب کبني
 دا اښه د دوو چينو دى

شوه درياب کبني د خپشت دوه يو شغله د نور پېښلي
 دا د دوو ستورو رڼا ده چې وه ما او تا ليدلے
 هم زما او ستا خوبونه هم سازونه د بلبلي
 د ازل خانگي ته لاس کډه په نورو لومېدلے
 د مستي درياب کبني دوب شوم د تيرو راخېژولے
 په ژړا کرې بره پورته سپوږمى گل دے رالېدلے
 د درياب په طمع درومي

رښه! جوړ ترې ابا سيند کرې
 په گلونو کبني بېدلے



(۱) ښانست. (۲) کرو. (۳) راواخست. (۴) لعل. (۵) بېدلے



*Shandana*¹⁰⁰

A drop of moonlight
 Drowned in beauty's moonlit waters;
 A splash of starlight
 Woven in the dreams of youth;
 Fine lips from the crescent formed;
 Rays from two bright stars
 Spilt on an ocean of eternal love;
 The meaning of the dreams
 We dreamt together;
 Both the flower, its loving bee,
 And the nightingale's sweet song.
 When your fingers searched
 The branches of the timeless
 Tree of time;
 They located this fair rose,
 Bathed in celestial light.
 All our tears and our laughter;
 All our longings and our joys.
 The drop the new moon
 Spared us of her light
 When I, my pleading eyes
 Turned to the heavens;
 The pearl you brought
 From ecstasy's dark ocean,
 And placed, with trembling fingers,
 In the proud folds of my *turban*¹⁰¹;
 The red rose and the spring time;
 And, the dance of the butterfly;
 Little dewdrop bathed in light;
 Stolen blossom
 From the garden of the gods;
 Two streams joined in a little rivulet;
 Grow little one, become another *Abaseend*¹⁰²;
 Unwind yourself through flowering fields,
 Across your native land.

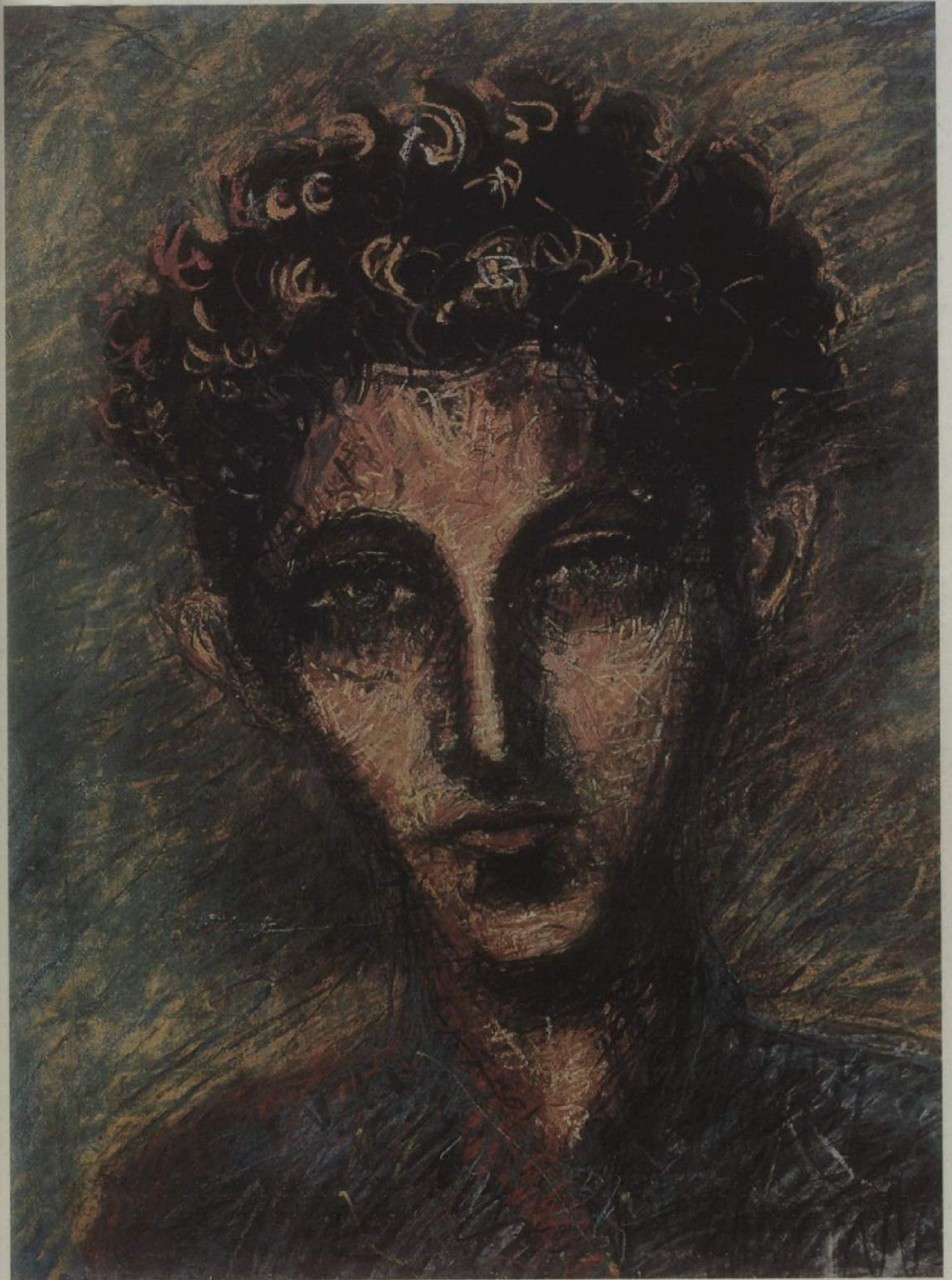


(Translated by Umar Farooq Sahibzada)

Faridoon Rustum-e-Jang - the poets only son who pre-deceased him.

Pastel on paper 50 cm x 70 cm.

Dar-ul-Aman Collection.





د فریدون د مور خط

زما د واده په دولسم کال په پینځلسم تاریخ د جون د میاشتې ۱۹۵۱ء زما صرف یو او یواځینې خوښې فریدون "رستم جنگ" پیدا شو - د هغه مور د پېښور په هسپتال کېنې وه. او زه لرې په هزاره کېنې ناچوره پروت وم - هر وخت به مې د کوټې د دروازې په مخکېنې یو تور بډرنګه ټوپک او سنگین په لاس پولیس ولاړ وه. ټول جهان تور او تاریک وه. د وجود د ناچورتیا سره مې روح هم د مایوسی آخری مقام ته رسېدلې وه. چې ناګهانه خبر راغی چې خوښې دې وشو. ما وې ښه ده غنې! ورک خوښې خو میرات خو نه نې -

د دغې ورځې د درد او د خوشحالی بیان زه نه شم کولې خو درد او خوشحالی دواړه انسان ډېر ستومانه کوی او چې آخر مې سترګې د هوش دنیا ته پټې کړې. نو څه وینم چې د فریدون مور راغله او ما ته نې یو خط په لاس کېنې کېښود - دا هغه خط دے -

ما د دوو لپو خاورې تا له ژوند او جهان جوړ کړه
 خپلې مینې داسې یورم بل مې تا له جانان جوړ کړه
 دا چې زه د وفا ډکه د جنون جهان له لارم
 دا مې لال هغلته وموند د همه لالونو ښکلې
 دا زما د غرور ښه د هغو گیلو جواب دے
 چې به تا په ماښامی کېنې ما ته کولې غلې غلې
 دا ثبوت زما د مینې د ایمان او د وفا دے
 دا زما روح چې روښان شو د ده سترګې نې کړې بلې
 دا تصویر زما د ژوند دے څه خندا ده څه ژړا ده
 د شهباز د وزر شغ دے پوست سرونه د بلبلې
 دا ثبوت د شاه د مینې. دا زاری ده د غلام



Letter from Faridoon's Mother

On the 15th of June, 1951, the twelfth year of my marriage, my only son, *Faridoon, Rustum-i-Jang*¹⁰⁰, was born. His mother was in the Lady Reading Hospital in Peshawar¹⁰⁴ and I was lying ill in prison, far away in Haripur, Hazara¹⁰⁶. In front of the door of my cell, armed with a rifle and bayonet, stood an ugly sentry on duty. The whole world seemed dark and ugly. Along with the illness of my body, my spirits, too, had reached their lowest ebb and last stage of depression, when suddenly I was informed that a son had been born to me. I said to myself, "Well Ghani! You are undoubtedly ruined, but at least now you are not without an heir!"

I cannot describe in words the pain and happiness of that day. Pain and happiness both make one extremely weary in body and mind. Finally, when I closed my eyes to the world of consciousness, what did I see but that Faridoon's mother came and placed a letter in my hand. This is that letter.

*J*ust from two handfuls of clay,
 I have fashioned for you, love,
 A new life and a new world!
 And my love so overwhelmed me,
 That a rival for your love,
 I created for myself!
 When of loyalty brimful,
 I the world of madness entered,
 There I found this bright red ruby-
 Of all rubies the most fair;
 This, the emblem of my pride,
 Is the answer to your prayers,
 Those innumerable complaints,
 That you, in the quiet evenings,
 Were so softly wont to make;
 This the proof of adoration,
 Of my loyalty and faith.
 When my soul absorbed the light,
 Both his eyes commenced to glow;
 This, the essence of my life -
 Sometimes laughter, often pain;
 And the eagle's sheer swoop;
 And the *bulbul's*¹⁰⁶ melody;
 And an emperor's proof of love;
 An entreaty of the slave;

دا انعام د ٽولو بڻڪلے د همه ؤ رنگين جام
 دا تعبير ستا د خوبونو او زما مخ د ارمان دے
 ما جوړ کړے د خپل ځانه بڼڪلے عكس ستا د ځان دے
 په صحرا مې وه خور کړے سور څادر د گلستان دے
 هره ساه کښې مې ليكلے نوم د مينې د جانان دے
 دا چې زه ستا د خوبونو د جنون تلاش کښې لارم
 ستا ځانې له مې جوړ کړے ستا نه بڼه غنډې يو خان دے
 دا چې ما ستا وزرونو کښې ارمان د عقاب وليد
 دا عقاب مې ستا نه جوړ کړ، هم عقاب هم ئې ارمان دے
 دا سرې سرې د ساقې شونډې څه مستې او څه خيام
 دا په سوز کښې رنگ د ساز دے د ممبر د پاسه جام
 دا د نيشت په شاملات کښې ما اجل ته کښېښود څلے
 دا خو ما د سبا طمعي کړې پرون سره بدلې
 دا چې زه يو رنگين خوب شوم د تلاش او د ارمان
 ستا په تور تاريخ محل کښې سپينې شمعي شولې بلې
 ما د دوو لپو خاورې تا له ژوند او جهان جوړ کړ
 خپلې مينې داسې يوړم بل مې تا له جانان جوړ کړ

An invaluable prize
Of a priceless goblet, fine.
This the meaning of your dreams,
And my longing's lovely face;
From myself I have created
A true image of yourself;
And across the wastelands, parched,
I have spread a spread of flowers;
On each breath I have inscribed,
The beloved's name and love.
And when I went out in search of,
Rapturous madness of your dreams,
There I found for your *Khanate*¹⁰⁷,
A much better *Khan*¹⁰⁸ than you;
And when I, in both your wings,
The wild eagle's longing, saw,
From your spirit I created,
This, the eaglet of your dreams,
And the longing of your life.
These two finely-formed red lips
Of the *Saki*¹⁰⁹, and red wine;
In the burning of desire,
Music's melody divine;
And atop the niche of prayer,
Goblet bubbling with delight.
In the commons of oblivion,
I have demarcated life;
Expectations of tomorrow
Have exchanged for yesterday;
And when I became a dream,
Both of longing and of search,
In your dark, benighted palace,
Radiant candles were then lit.
From two handfuls of bare clay,
Two new things have I today,
Freshly fashioned for your use;
A new life and a new world;
And my love, ever so strong,
Has compelled me to create,
Yet another love for you.
My entire life, complete,
I have wagered on just one
Of your longings; indiscreet,
To the potter I gave up
All my consciousness, to make
On the wheel, for you, a cup.

ما ڪه داو پنه يو ارمان ستا، خپل ژوندون تمام تمام
 ما خپل هوش ڪولال له ورڪه چي ترې تا له جور ڪري جام
 چي ته ٽول مجنون مجنون شوې، زه همه لهلا لهلا شوم
 چي ته رنگ شوې او خيام شوې، زه شراب، زه گل اندام
 چي ته طور شوې او موسى شوې، زه د نور پرق او رنا شوم
 چي ته شور شوې او ارمان شوې زه د وصل ڪل سام
 ته چي شوې د اور بخره زه هم سره لمبه د اور شوم
 چي ستا زره په تالاش سر شو، زه شوم لاره. زه امام
 دا چي ستا شوندي شوې ترې د مستي د سرو شرابو
 دا خو خكه زه جانانه! هم شراب شومه هم جام
 تا چي سوال د رنا وڪه. د بهار صبح صادق شوم
 ته مئين چي په تياري شوې. زه د زمي شوم مابنام
 چي تا نوم د عزي واغشت ما ڪره مرگ ته ديوه بله
 چي تا نيت د طواف وڪه نو ما وتره احرام
 ما د دوو لپو خاورې تا له نور او بستان جور ڪه
 خپلي ميني داسي يورم بل مي تا له جانان جور ڪه

بهگنوتر، ۱۹۵۰

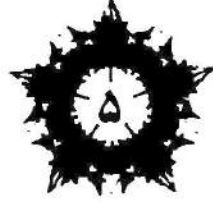


(۱) ڪرو. (۲) خپور. (۳) ورڪرو. (۴) سامان. (۵) وڪرو. (۶) د اسلام نه اول د مڪي د عربو د جنگ بت. (۷) واخست.

And when all of you became
 For *Majnoon*, another name,
 All of me was then transformed
 Into *Laila* of the night;
 When you became all colour,
 And *Khayyam*¹⁰, I then took on
 The 'flower-limbed' form of *Saki*,
 And the sparkling wine of Spring,
 And when you became Moses,
 And the Mount of *Toor*¹¹ as well,
 I became a flash of beauty,
 And a spark of blinding light!
 And when you became the longing,
 And commotion of my love,
 I became rapturous communion's,
 Perfect setting, wherewithal;
 And when you became a spark,
 Of the fire as it burned,
 I became the raging flame,
 As it crackled and it curled.
 When your heart went out asearching,
 I became the path and guide;
 When your lips thirsted for wine,
 The red wine of ecstasy,
 Then my own dear beloved,
 I became the cup and wine;
 And when you asked for light,
 I became true dawn of Spring.
 When you fell in love with darkness,
 I became a Winter's eve.
 When you took the name of *Uzza*¹²,
 Then I lighted up a candle,
 To the entity of death.
 When you expressed intent,
 To perform the rites of *Haj*¹³,
 Then I put on, instantly,
 The white robes of *Haj - Ihram*¹⁴.
 Just from two handfuls of clay,
 I have fashioned for you, love,
 A new life and a new world!
 And my love so overwhelmed me,
 That a rival for your love,
 I created for myself!



Bhagnotar, 1950



نگينه

د ژوندون په لوڼې تورتم کښې د رڼا يوه شغله
 رابنکاره شوه رابنکاره د گلونو نه خسته
 ټول جهان رڼا رڼا شو چرته وتښتېده شپه
 څه نهکي وه کرې ما دا انعام چې راکه تا
 په وجود د گلو لښته په خويونو فرښته
 مينه مينه هره سا هر قدم وفا وفا
 کله لور شي کله مور شي داسې پاکه دلرېا
 او په نوم ده نځينه ژوند لال ليدلې چا
 عجيبه نصيب زما دژړا کور بڼې خدا

د دوزخ په منځ کښې خوره

د تيرو سيند کښې رڼا

اے زما عجب خدایه د خائشت ډکه کره تا
 کله تورې تورې لري کله سره سپينه رڼا
 راشه کښېنه غني خان ته د جانان وکره ثنا
 جهانونه د خائشت دومره وړوکې خله زما
 په سجدو نه پوره کيرې ستا د مينې شکرېا
 اے زما پاکه جانانه د يو سوال جواب خورا
 څه نهکي کرې وه ما دا انعام چې راکه تا

۱۸-۳-۹۰



(۱) زما نيور (غني). (۲) بڼسته. (۳) راکرو. (۴) ساه. (۵) لعل. (۶) بڼاست. (۷) شکرېه



*Nageen*¹¹⁵

In life's gloom and intense darkness,
She appears to our view,
As a flash of light, resplendent -
So much prettier than the flowers!
The entire world's alight,
Banished somewhere is the night!
What good deed had I performed,
To deserve this lovely prize?
In her form, a bough of flowers;
In her nature, angel-like;
With each breath exuding love,
And in every step displaying,
Her fidelity and grace.
Sometimes mother's role assumes
Sometimes daughter's love unfolds,
Such a saintly, pious girl!
And by name she's called *Nageen*;
Living gem, who's ever seen!
Oh how very fortunate,
Is *Ghani* in his old age -
In a home of tears, laughter!
In the midst of Hell, a *hoor*¹¹⁶,
In a sea of darkness, light;
Sometimes dark mists, all-pervasive,
Sometimes all-embracing light;
Come and sit besides old *Ghani*,
Praise Beloved up on high.
Numerous worlds of boundless beauty,
And my lips, so very small!
No prostrations can suffice
To discharge Your debt of love!
Oh my dearest love, Beloved!
Just this question of mine answer -
Which good deed had I performed,
To deserve this lovely prize?

8th March 1990





زما نوسه بهرام خان

پینخم د اکتوبر وه. وه پینځه اویایم کال
 زمونږه کور ته راغی یو وړوکې بناپهره
 کور نه وه د تیرو او د غمونو یو صحرا وه
 هر خیال د سبا درد وه. هر اُمېد خاورې ایرې
 که باغ د گلو دک وه. بنکارېدو به رېگستان
 هر خوا وې د میرات. میرات. میرات چغې سورې
 نگین په بنکلی لاسو کېنې ژوندون او رڼا راوړه
 هر خوا رڼا رڼا شوه د سبا سبا نعرې
 بهرام او نگینې دواړو ټول کور د گلو دک کړو
 رڼا د اُمېد راغله شوې تیرې خورې وړې
 نگینې وې بابا! اوس ورته گوره خنده خنده
 دا ستا د اُمېدونو ستا د وینې بناپهره

۵ اکتوبر ۱۹۷۵



(۱) نوسه. (۲) خپرې



*Bahram Khan*¹¹⁷

On the fifth of fair October,
Of nineteen seventy-five,
There came into our dwelling,
A little fairy child.
Our house was not a home,
But a wilderness of grief;
Each thought of every morrow,
An excruciating pain,
Each hope of each tomorrow,
Was a hope ground in the dust;
Though filled with flowers the garden,
It appeared desolate.
From all sides were heard the murmurs:
"An estate without an heir!"
Then in her hands, *Nageen*,
Brought forth life and sparkling light.
All around could now be heard,
Cries of morn, light everywhere!
Both *Nageen* and young *Bahram*,
Filled the house with blooming flowers;
And the light of hope dawned on us,
And dispelled the gloom away.
And to me *Nageen* cried out,
"Baba! watch him as he plays!
This fairy prince who's moulded,
Of your hopes and of your dreams;
And watching him, let laughter
Fill your soul, and ease your mind."

5th October 1975





مشال

پیدا شو مشالے پنه شپرویشتم د اکتوبر
 پنه ډېره سخته وشو پوره دوه بجې سحر
 يو کم اتيايم کال وه او صدی ئې وه شلمه
 زمونږ د اُمېد باغ کښې نوې ونه شوه زرغنه
 نګينه پنه خندا شوه نوي گل نوي بهار ته
 وې گوره بابا! نومه گل مې راوړو ستا گلزار ته
 وعده مې کره پوره چې کومه تا او ما وه کرې
 دا لال مې درله تورو دريابونو کښې موندلے

۲۶ اکتوبر ۱۹۷۹



(۱) نَمسے، (۲) خپرې

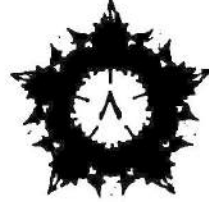


*Mashal*¹¹⁹

On twenty sixth October,
He was born into this world,
Midst many complications,
In the middle of the night.
A score was then the century,
Three score-nineteen the year,
A new sapling then sprouted,
In the orchard of our hope;
Nageena, was all laughter,
At the fresh rose and the spring;
And cried out to me, "Baba!
I have added a new flower,
To the garden of your dreams;
And fulfilled for you the promise
Made to you some time ago,
And this ruby recovered,
From the swirling waters deep."

26th October 1979





زما نوسی شانی

پېدا د یوې حورې شوه وړوکې بناپېری
 د مټي په اتلسم
 شغلي ترې نه ختلي د رنا نری نری
 دشمن کره ماتم
 دشمن کره ماتم د قاره ئې بنده شوه مری
 دنیا پرې شوه تورتم
 بی وخته ربه! مونږ کره نورونه راوړے
 خندا. په خائې د غم
 بناپېری شانی ربه! په خوی کرې د نورو نو
 هر کار کرې ورله سم
 غنی به درته تېر کرې باقی عمر په زاری
 چې دې وړو گلونو ته ته ونه بنائې غم
 او دی د نگینې په باغ ورپری رحمتونه
 پاسته لکه شبنم
 د ژوند او کور سفر له هر یو گل له کرې ملگرے
 د گل هسې صنم

۱۹۸۵-۱۱-۲۸



(۱) نوسی . (۲) قهره . (۳) راوړوې



*Shahnai*¹²⁰

To a *hour*i, there was born,
A little fairy child,
On the eighteenth of fair May;
Her face emitted beams of light,
Each radiant in its way,
Ill-wishers were displeased.
Ill-wishers were displeased
And suffocated out of envy,
The world for them was gloom;
For, out of season on our home,
Oh God! You deemed it fit,
Your bounties to confer -
Instead of sadness, smiles!
Shahnai into a fairy
Of transcendent light transform,
Oh God of all creation!
And all her tasks efficiently,
For her help to perform;
Ghani shall his remaining days,
In prayer, prostration, spend -
That You should all our little flowers
Protect, and save from grief;
And on *Nageena*'s orchard
Rain, Your bounties in abundance,
As soft as morning dew;
And for life's tempestuous journey,
For each one provide a partner,
A beloved, like a flower!

28-11-85





د گلونو بناپیری

دا اصل کښې زمونږ د دې گلونو بناپیری ده
خو ورځو لڼې د خانه جوړه کړې ده جینې
نور قام ئې دے ختن کښې دا سوچه هسنگری ده
په حسن کښې ترې کمې دی خشته پرستانی
که نه راځی باور دې د گلونو تپوس وکه
هر گل به درته وواڼی شانی بڼکلې شانی
نوسا نوسی مې ټول د ژوند د باغ تازه گلونه
بس دا مې یو ارمان دے چې ئې وگورم خوانی

۰۷-۶-۱۹۹۰



(۱) له ئې . (۲) بڼاسته . (۳) وگره . (۴) نمسا نمسی



Princess of the Flowers

She's actually a fairy,
And the princess of our flowers,
Who for a while has taken on,
A lovely human form.
Her kith and kin are residents,
Of fabled fairy land,
But she in every aspect is,
A true *Hashtnagharai*¹²¹ -
The peerless queen of beauty,
Much acclaimed in every land!
And if you don't believe me,
Ask the red flowers standing by;
Each one of them will answer:
"Shahnai! Lovely Shahnai!"
In the garden of my life,
My grandchildren are all,
The buds of fragrant flowers;
Oh would to God that I could live,
To see them bloom and thrive.

7.6.1990





شانی

شانی د گلو لبنته ده وړوکې بناپېری ده
 د مور هسې خشته ده د بی بی هسې نری ده
 دې توره توره شپه کښې وړوکې شمع ده بلیږی
 یو حسن دے چې خاندی یو رنا ده چې گدیږی
 وړه د گل غټی ده چې گلاب به ترې جوړیږی
 وړه بټکلې گوډی ده بناپېری ورته پسخیږی
 وړه بټکلې لولکه د گلونو بناپېری ده
 د مور هسې خشته ده د بی بی هسې نری ده

۱۹۸۷-۲-۱۴



(۱) بانشته



Shahnai

*S*hahnai, a branch
Bedecked with flowers!
A little fairy child;
As pretty as her mother,
And as slender as her aunt!
In the darkness of the night,
Like a candle burning bright;
Beauty, laughing joyously
And light absorbed in dance!
A smiling little rose-bud,
Which will soon become a rose;
A lovely little doll that is,
The envy of the fairies;
A fluttering little butterfly,
A fairy of the flowers!
As pretty as her mother,
And as slender as her aunt!

14.2.1987





بجیہ! چي لوئي شي

په دې به پوئي شي	بجیہ! چي لوئي شي
چي خندا وېشي	خندا به مومي
د چا د بڼي شي	چي څه د بڼي شي
هم به سپرله شي	هم به گلاب شي
هم به مېوي شي	هم به شراب شي
مينه به وېشي	مينه چي اخلي
چي کومه رېشي	هغه به اغندي
چي بنديوان شي	هله به مست شي
چي اسويلي شي	هله په خور شي
بجیہ! لوئي شي	بجیہ! لوئي شي



(۱) پسرله . (۲) خپور



*My Child When You Grow Older!*¹²²

*M*y child, when you grow older,
You will surely get to know,
That to find laughter around you,
You must first distribute smiles.
When you grow a little older,
And to others are a help,
You will then become the rose,
And the coloured, scented Spring,
And the sparkling, heady wine,
And the ripened fruit divine;
And the world to you, in love,
In delight, will ever turn.
When you reap the fruit of love,
You will love then distribute;
And your clothes shall then be sewn,
Of the cloth that you have spun.
When in love you are entwined,
You will ecstasy imbibe;
You shall waft upon the wind,
When you suffer and you sigh.
My child, you must grow older,
Yes, my child! You must grow old.





ساخت

عقل خو دوه گامه لارشی بس
 حُسن کبني هغه دليل دے ستا
 چرتہ ئي څنگه ئي کم ځائې ئي
 نوره چي هر څومره گرانه شي
 عقل، دليل او سوچ او خيال
 سپيني، خوږې د اُمېد اُبه
 هر شي کبني ساخت او تول او شمار
 لاس د استاذ صفا بنکاره
 هر شے يو تول کبني گندلے دے
 ستوري او نمر او رنا او هوا
 دغه د عقل و طول سفر
 او هسي که ځان ته مَم مَم وائي
 خيال او جمال او دلدار او ځمار

عقل يو حد او تول کبني گهر

اخواته ورک شي حېرانه شي

۱۹۹۰



(۱) کوم. (۲) جوړوي



Creation

Reason no more than two paces can take,
Thereafter loses itself in the maze;
In beauty there lies, Your ultimate proof,
Enlightening the eyes of the heart and the soul.
Who are You? Where are You? What are You?
These are the questions unanswered till now.
Logic and reason and rational thought,
Impregnable fortress of faith creates;
Clear and sweet the water of hope,
For life, in the flowers a path creates.
In everything form, and weight, and count,
Shape and colour, function and strength;
The hand of the Maker is manifest;
In all things created, in particles, stars,
To each is apportioned its proper weight,
Held in balance, in harmony,
Its place in the universe clearly thought out.
Stars and the sun and the light and air,
Each, by His hand, to their roles confined;
That is the limit of reason's reach,
The end of the journey the mind can travel,
The journey's end of logic and thought.
But if you wish to amuse yourself,
Then there is the dome, the pulpit and priest!
Thought and beauty, the loved one and love,
The red wine of ecstasy, heaven above,
The desolate world becomes verdant again!
Reason's restricted to measure and weight,
The heavens' dimensions it cannot embrace,
It soon gets bewildered and loses itself,
On the other side in the labyrinth, maze.

1990





خیام

اے خیامہ! تہ تش غم ئی، تشہ تبہنتہ تل فرار
 تہ د جام او ساقی یار ئی، یو خشتہ رنگین انکار
 عجیبہ غندی جنون ئی، ناامید او بی قرار
 ستا احساس د نن بندہ دے، پہ یو بنکلی رنج بیمار
 تہ لمبہ ئی د تلاش د لتون او د ارمان
 زردہ او فکر د خزان، بنکلی ژبہ د بہار
 سر د بحر سرے چہی وی، دوب ئی ببخ کبھی وی قرار
 تہ کشتی د گلو ہک، سرسری د کشتی لار
 انسان پلار دے د سبا، ہم بچے دے د پروں
 دا ہم جام دے ہم ساقی دے، خہ وصال او خہ بہلتون



Khayyam

*O*h *Khayyam*! You are no more,
Than life's grief personified;
You're forever on the run,
From reality of life.
You're a friend of years' standing,
Of the wine cup and the wine;
A most colourful denial,
Is your constant, sad refrain.
You're a strange obsession, always
Without hope and in turmoil,
And your consciousness, a serf
Of the present, and enthralled
In the web of some disease,
Which is pleasing to the heart.
You're a flame of constant search,
Of enquiry and of longing;
Heart and thought, a dreary Autumn,
Tongue, expression, cheerful Spring;
For the surface of the ocean,
Is in turmoil constantly,
But its depths are restful, calm.
You're a boat that's full of flowers,
On the surface of the ocean
Is your predetermined path.
Man is sire of tomorrow,
And offspring of yesterday;
He is both the brimming wine-cup,
And the bearer of the wine;

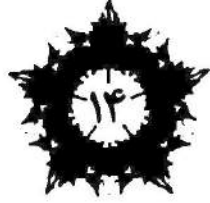
دا يو ساز دے چي روان دے، د آواز د سر کمال ته
 يو د رنگ خاڅکے چي زغلی، خان رسي ۲ د بودی تال ته
 دا ستا غم خو څه غم نه دے، چي دوبيږي په يو جام کبني
 د امهد سپورمي ده پته، تورو لرو د ماينام کبني
 په دې مست بنکلی دماغ دې تور خور ۳ شوم د مرگ جال دے
 د ساقی جمال پت کرے ستا د زره نه بل جمال دے
 يوه مسته او شيرينه عجيبه د غم نغمه ئي
 د سرو زيرو گلو ډکه يو رنگينه مقبره ئي



(۱) بناسته . (۲) رسوی . (۳) خپور

He's the moments, ever brief,
Of communion's happy hour,
And the aeons, never-ending,
Of separation's grief.
He's a tune that's playing on;
And a voice in constant search
For perfection of its notes;
Drop of colour on the wing,
To become a part again
Of the rainbow in the sky.
Your grief is but skin deep,
If it can be stilled, and drowned,
In a shallow glass of wine;
And the crescent of our hope,
Is all hidden from our sight,
By the mists of even-tide;
And your penetrating mind,
Is enmeshed and is entwined
Covered over by the net
Of inevitable death.
The bewitching, lovely face,
Of the bearer of the wine,
Has denied to your heart's sight,
Both the beauty and the light,
Of that other lovely Face.
You're a rapturous, captivating,
Plaintive, melody of grief;
And of red and yellow flowers in bloom,
A most alluring tomb!





یو جام

یو جام جام راوړه	مستانه ساقی راشه!
یو جام جام راوړه	مُسکے شه پنه خندا شه
خوانی د خوانی وینه	پیاله کنبی ده شیرینه
حسینه نازینه	رنگ رنگ مستی رنگینه
یو جام جام راوړه	مجنون یمه لېلا شه
یو باغ یم سوزېدلے	یو گل یم رژېدلے
یو آه د بلبلی	یو ساز د ژړا یم
یو جام جام راوړه	ژوندون شه زما سا شه
یو جام جام راوړه	گلفامه ساقی راشه!
نغمه یم فراموشه	یو راگ یمه خاموشه
مستی راوړه بی هوشه	خوانی می پنه غم بائېله
یو جام جام راوړه	د درد دارو زما شه
یو جام جام راوړه	مُسکے شه پنه خندا شه
چې پت کرم پرې غمونه	مست مست راکړه خوبونه
نازک د خېشت سرونه	شروع کړه د ژوند تال ته

دلبر شه دلبر با شه

یو جام جام راوړه

مستانه ساقی راشه!

یو جام جام راوړه





A Goblet of Wine

Ecstatic *saki* come and bring!
Come, the brimming wine-cup bring!
Smile, and into laughter break,
Come, the brimming wine-cup bring!
In the cup, expectant lies,
Youth, and youth's warm, surging blood;
Ecstasy of many kinds,
And of varied colours, hues;
I am *Majnoon*, turn for me
Into *Laila* of my dreams,
Bring the brimming cup for me!
I am just a withered flower,
And a garden desolate,
Melody of tears, grief,
Freezing sigh of nightingale;
Breath of life for me become,
Bring for me the brimming cup!
Come! Oh fair-faced *saki*, come!
Bring for me the brimming cup!
I'm a silent melody,
And a tune forgotten, lost;
Youth frittered away in grief,
Come! Intoxication bring,
And my senses put to flight!
For my pain the balm, become,
Bring for me the brimming cup!
Smile and into laughter break,
Come, the brimming wine-cup bring!
Raving mad, my dreams ignite,
Overcome my maddening grief;
To the rhythmic beat of life,
Strike the notes of beauty's strains,
Lover and beloved be,
Bring a goblet full for me!





زما محل

د سيند د سپينو شگو نه مې جور کرلو محل
 دې تول خرگی جهان ورته حبران حبران کتل
 قالين مې پکښې خور کرو د سرو پانو د گلاب
 وچت ئې دېوالونه وو سازونه د رباب
 بيا رنگ مې ورله ورکړو د خوبونو د شباب
 هر گل مې ورله راوستو ماليار مې کرو بلبل
 دې تول خرگی جهان ورته حبران حبران کتل
 نرگس مې په غېږ راوړو هم مهلمه مې کرو رامبېل
 د خاشکو د شبنم نه مې خېشته جور کرو امېل
 نسيم په خندا راوړل زير گلونه د چامبېل
 شراب مې ورله ورکړل بيا د اوبنکو د بلبل
 دې تول خرگی جهان ورته حبران حبران کتل



My Palace

From the white sands of the river,
I a palace slowly built-
The world in great amazement saw,
Looked on in disbelief-
And spread in it a carpet
Made of petals of the rose,
Its walls were made of melodies
Poured forth by the *rabab*¹²³,
And painted in the colours
Of the dreams of youth, galore;
Each flower I then invited,
To occupy its space,
And asked the *bulbul* over,
As a gardener for its care-
The world in great amazement saw,
Looked on in disbelief-
An armful of the narcissi,
And many eglantine,
I brought to give it scent
Invited I the *jasmine*¹²⁴ flowers,
To lend it their perfume;
From branches of the evening dew
A necklace I entwined;
The morning breeze
In laughter brought,
The yellow *jasminoides*¹²⁵
I sprayed it then with sparkling wine,
From *bulbul's* tears distilled-
The world in great amazement saw,
Looked on in disbelief!

رنا مې د سپوږمې کره د زهرې پستې غزلې
 خندا ته د تنخرو بنگلې زرکې گدېدلې
 د ستورو مستې سترگې غلې غلې رېدلې
 ورو ورو پرې مستې راغله د خدائې اور ئې که ۴ بل
 دې ټول خرگی جهان ورته حېران حېران کتل
 یواځې زه بادشاه ومه په سر مې تاج د غم
 په خوا کښې مې دلبره وه مسکې سترگې پرڼم
 په غاړه ئې امېل خشته د څاڅکو د شبنم
 ماشومه نازنینه پاکه بنگلې لکه گل
 دې ټول خرگی جهان ورته حېران حېران کتل



(۱) خپور، (۲) بناسنه، (۳) زهره، (۴) کرو

The light of the fair crescent,
The soft couplets of the stars,
The laughter of the partridges,
To these the chakor ¹²⁶ danced.

The eyes inebriated
Of the stars up in the skies,
Twinkled ever brightly,
In a trance were mesmerised;
And ecstasy begetting,
Lighted up in their own souls,
The flames of their own God -
The world in great amazement saw,
Looked on in disbelief -
I alone was then the Emperor,
Upon my head a crown,
Of dismal grief, despair;
And by my side the loved one,
With a tantalising air,
And eyes brimful of tears,
Round her neck, a necklace wore,
Of dewdrops of the morn,
Innocent and charming,
Lovely and forlorn.
The world in great amazement saw,
Looked on in disbelief!



Untitled

Presented to Qazi Inayat Ullah (July 1966) as a wedding present.

Pastel on paper 40 cm x 50 cm.





د بناپيرو شهزادگي

د سرو زرو محل کښې يو تخت وه د لالونو
 وچت د غره په سر وه يو کمال د کمالونو
 چاپېره ترې خندا وه او مستي وه مشغولا وه
 گلونه وو، سروونه وو، رنگونه وو. رڼا وه
 او ناسته دې محل کښې شهزادگي د بناپيرو وه
 چې جوړه له خوبونو خائشته نري نري وه
 ما وې اے د جنت بي بي زه ستا د در ملنگ يمه
 ډېر تنگ د دې جهان د غمونو نه ئې تنگ يمه
 لږ پټ مې کړه د غم د تورو سترگو نه محل کښې
 زر ورکه دا ذره به شي د ستورو په غوبل کښې
 او سترگې ئې راپورته کړې پستي د رڼا سپينې
 نازکې نازنينې په رنگونو کښې رنگينې



The Fairy Princess

In a palace made of gold,
Perched upon a mountain-top,
There was a glittering throne once,
Of the choicest rubies made,
In perfection's finest hour;
And around it all was laughter,
Great merriment and sport,
With flowers in great abundance,
Music's moving melodies;
And colours in profusion,
Bathed in the light of day.
And living in the palace,
Was a fairy princess, sprite,
Fashioned from the dreams of youth,
Both pretty and petite.
I said to her, "Oh princess!
I am your servitor;
And will, as a devotee,
Sit beside your palace door.
I'm weary of the world outside,
Afraid of pain in store;
Oh hide me from the eyes of grief
Within the palace walls;
Or else this little atom
Of existence shall be crushed,
Within the great commotion
Of the stars up in the sky."
She raised her eyes towards me,
Softly glowing in the light,
Gentle, very charming,
And in colours, coloured bright.

ورو غم پکښې راوخت لکه لږه د ماښام
 چا دک کرو له شرابو د سپورمې د رڼا جام
 وې واخله دا محل دا تخت دا ټول ساز و سامان
 د غمه پټېده نيشته څوک پټ به شي له خان
 څه پښو له د جانان دې دا نغمه د جهان يوسه
 څه څاڅکيه! دا درياب له يو قطره د ارمان يوسه
 ته غم ئې ته خندا ئې ته بهار ئې ته خزان
 خو ما ليدلې خوب کښې دے د حسن يو جهان
 چې ډوب به په مستي کاندې ستا غم او ستا ارمان
 ما وې سر مې لوکې شه له تا سترگې مې قربان
 راڅه چې دې د نور جهان له دواړه شو روان
 اے شرنکه د گونگرو د رباب تال او شرنک کښې ډوب شه
 او اے اوراورکيه څه د نعر په رنگ کښې ډوب شه
 وې رنگ، رڼا نيولېم ما درتلو ته نه پرېږدی
 او ما خپلې وزرې الوتو ته نه پرېږدی



(۱) لعلونو، (۲) بناسته، (۳) وټل، (۴) ژر، (۵) راوختو، (۶) نيولې يم

Then slowly they were clouded o'er,
With evening's mists of grief;
And someone filled the wine-cup -
Made of misty moonbeam light -
With vintage wine of grapes.
She said, "Come take this palace,
And this throne, all that you see!
But where will you take refuge?
From one's self one cannot flee!
Go! take to your beloved's feet,
This earthly melody;
Go raindrop! to the river take,
This drop of longing, free.
You're grief and you're laughter,
You are spring and autumn, sere;
But I have in a daydream seen,
A world of beauty, sheer;
Which in its ecstasy will drown
Your longing and your grief."
I said to her for this accept
My sacrifice supreme;
Come, let us both prepare to leave,
And see this world you've seen.
Oh music of the *anklet-bells*¹²⁷!
Come, drown your melody,
Within the mystic strains of lute,
And *tabla*'s¹²⁸ rhythmic beats;
And come oh beckoning will-o-wisp!
And lose your entity,
Within the coloured sunbeams,
As they dance upon the sea."
It said, "I am a captive,
Of both colour and the light,
And much as I would like to go,
They won't let go of me;
And nor will both my wings permit,
My body to take flight,
My soul to soar, be free."





ارنى

خان له خه بانه زه د بېگا او سبا گورمه
 خاورو کبني دې گل له د گلونو دنيا گورمه
 سترگې مې لتني چرته صحرا کبني مناره يوه
 شونډې مې لتني دعا له بنکلي ننداره يوه
 گرځم ماينامي کبني د زهری. هلال شغلي لتوم
 زه د شبنم خاڅکي له خپلوی او سلسلي لتوم
 خان له بهانه د خندا. وجه د ارمان لتوم
 شپي له د سبا زهری او ميني له جانان لتوم
 خکه کله گل کله سپرلي کله هلال له خم
 پورې ترې رنا لتوم په وازو سترگو جال له خم
 کله د رباب کله کومه د خيام تپوس
 کره د غمونو تلوسو نه د آرام تپوس
 خان له خه معنی زه د بېگا او سبا گورمه



Show Me

For myself some sane excuse
For tonight and morrow, seek;
For this flower, a world of flowers
In the world of dust I seek;
Over wasteland vast and wide,
Minarets of mosques I seek,
And for prayer my lips beseech,
A spectacle, to dazzle me.
Of an evening when I roam,
Rays of crescent and of stars
In the sky above, I seek;
For the drop of morning dew,
Ancestry and links I seek.
For myself excuse to laugh
And the cause for longing seek;
For the night, a hope of dawn,
And for love, a lover seek;
That is why, at times I go,
To meet the spring, accost the flower,
Ascend the crescent, greet the star,
And across them, stretch for light;
And, with open, knowing eyes,
Go to be enmeshed within,
Glittering web of starry sky!
Sometimes for the lute, at times
For *Khayyam*, I search and ask;
From both grief and turmoil, I,
Seek the path to peace and calm.
For myself the meaning of,
Both tonight and morrow seek;

خاورو کښې دې گل له د گلونو دُنیا گورمه
رښه! د خوانی او د مستی خوب له تعبیر لتوم
دې د نمر زرو له زه ترلو له زنجیر لتوم
رښه! زه ژوندون له او مرگی له یارانہ گورم
دې لپونی سر له د منلو افسانہ گورم
خان له خه بانہ زه د بېگا او سبا گورمه



For this flower, a world of flowers,
In the world of dust I seek!
Oh Creator and Sustainer!
For this ecstatic dream of youth,
I, interpretation seek;
For these atoms of the sun,
Chain to string them on do seek.
And for life and death, a bond,
Everlasting friendship seek;
And for this, my crazy head,
Some fable to believe beseech.
For myself, some sane excuse,
For tonight and morrow seek;
For this flower, a world of flowers,
Somewhere in the dust I seek.





جنت او دُنیا

چې مستی وی او خوانی وی او جانان وی او پک جام
 بهر گلونه، لږ یاران، او غمگین غنډې ماښام
 عشق څه اور وی او څه نور وی زړه لمبې لکه تنور وی
 په دې ژوند به زه ورڅار کړم جنتونه ستا تمام
 خو دا گټه په دې وکړې چې هېڅ رنگ له قرار نیشته
 هر ساعت، هر رنگ د ژوند، ستا د وخت بې کس غلام
 او جنت کښې ملا وائی وخت به وی زما غلام
 دے چې ورک شی او زه شته شم. تول به وړان مې شی تمام
 چې زه تول عمر خلمے یم، خلمیتوب به یو عذاب شی
 ځکه اوس راباندې گران دے، چې ئې خېشت شی زر تمام
 تل سپورمې د خوار لسمې، تل جانان د شپاړسمې
 تل خوانی، سیند د شرابو، دا دوزخ دے که انعام
 دې دُنیا پسې به ژاړم، دا تیارة هلال به غواړم



The World and Heaven

When there's ecstasy and youth,
And the goblet to the brim
Filled with vintage, red, red wine,
The beloved, a few friends,
Flowers in great abundance, hues,
And the evening's mellow grief.
Love is fire and some light,
Heart as moulder and in flames,
Like a furnace glowing bright.
For this life I shall surrender,
Your eternal Paradise.
Every moment, hue of life
Is a helpless slave of time;
And, in Heaven, says the priest,
Time, my slave is bound to be.
But when he's reduced to naught,
And I finally assume,
Complete mastery of my thought,
All the ills I now endure,
Shall be overcome, destroyed.
If forever I were young,
Youth would surely be a curse;
It is now so loved, endearing
As its beauty's like the morn,
Like a dream that quickly fades;
If the moon were not to wane,
Love were always to be young,
And youth never prone to age -
A perennial flowing stream,
Of the choicest, vintage wine-
Would this be like Paradise?
Or, more likely, shades of Hell!
This old world I'll always miss,
And remember with my tears;

هره ورخ به یادومه نری لره د ما بنام
 تنگ د حورو وفادارو، بی وفا جانان به غوارم
 ستا آدم په ذات بنکاری دے، د بنکار خوند کوی هر گام
 د مستی د سیند په غاره ثوابی روژې به نیم
 سویلی به کوم یادوم به د ساقی نیمگرم جام
 هر یو شے چې ابدی شی یو افت شی یو عذاب شی
 بس یو تا سره مزه که دا ازل، ابد، دوام
 بنده نوی رنگ محل کبې نوے نوے جانان غواری
 بیابان کبې سره گلونه، توره شپه چراغان غواری
 تل تیارة کبې دے ورکیږی، تل رنا کبې هم رندیږی
 دے بچے د تغیر دے، یو حالت کبې نه ټینگیږی
 که ده ستا جنت له یورو دا فطرت او دا وجود
 یو خو ورخو کبې به سوزی، په سرو سترگو به ژړیږی
 اے د لوڼې فضل مالکه ما له دا دنیا جنت که
 فارموله ئې ده اسانه، د درې ټکو نه جوړیږی
 لکه ونهلی مې دی سر کبې، بس جانان، خوانی او جام
 چې زما لهنه سر پرې کله کله مشغولیږی
 او هغه بل د مرگه پس مې ملاجان پسې خبرات که

And the darkness of the night,
 With its crescent shining bright,
 Will insistently demand;
 And each day I shall remember
 How the shades of evening fall,
 And, being bored of faithful *houris* ¹²⁹,
 The unfaithful loves recall.
 Man by nature is a hunter,
 Loves each moment of the chase;
 On the river bank of love,
 I shall fast, the optional fasts,
 And shall sigh, recall to mind
 My half-emptied cup of wine.
 When a thing becomes eternal,
 It becomes a scourge, infernal.
 The unending aeons of time,
 From the dawn of all creation,
 The eternal life, existence,
 Can suit You and You alone.
 Man in each new, tinted palace,
 A fresh, new beloved craves;
 Fresh, red flowers in the desert,
 Flaming torches in the night;
 He is sure to lose his bearings
 In a never-ending night;
 And in light which is eternal,
 He is sure to lose his sight.
 Of continuous change a child,
 In one state he cannot stay.
 If he enters Your high Heaven
 With this nature and this form,
 In a few days he will tire,
 And then weep relentlessly.
 Oh God of grace and bounty,
 Make this world for me a Heaven;
 It's a simple task, accomplished
 Through an easy formula,
 Of just three words and no more,
 Which I have already mentioned -
 The *beloved, youth* and *wine* -
 So that this my head, possessed,
 Can amuse itself with it;
 And, the other Heaven, promised
 After death, can be bequeathed
 To the pious, anxious priest,
 If by dreaming of it only,
 Gracious eminence can thrive!

تش د حورو په خوبونو کڼه د خوار گذاره کيږي
 ما له دلته يوه راکه غنډه، مسته، تکه سپينه
 مينه ناکه، سپينه شمع، چې لمبې وهي بليږي
 شل رنگونه ئې نظر کښي، شل مزاجه په خيگر کښي
 د سپرلي هسې خويونه، کله نمر کله ورپړي
 يو خرمنه کښي دننه، يو حرم د جينکو وي
 کله مسته او سرشاره، کله غلې شي شرميږي
 او زما دې ستري زړه کښي شل رنگونه اور لمبه کړي
 چې د اور هسې سوزيږي، د لښتو هسې گديږي
 چې په يو بې تاب نظر مي داسې مست داسې نشه کړي
 مېخاني ورته حېراني او ساقی ورته پسخيږي
 د هغې زرو بدل کښي ما له دلته يوه راکه
 د ابد توله خواني مي د خو کالو مشغولا که
 کڼه دا نه کڼه اے جانانه، خرابې حورې دې سنبال که
 نه مي هغلته پکار دی، نه مي دلته کښي ياديږي
 غټې غټې، سپينې سپينې، چې نه سوال نه بنت غواړي
 ارتې بيړتې، وږې سترگې، په بخملو به لفرپړي
 ربه! اے جانانه ربه دغه يو سوال خو منظور که
 گني لار غني دې مړ شو ورپسې ئې ژبي کيږي



(۱) بڼاست. (۲) ژر. (۳) کړی. (۴) کره. (۵) راکره. (۶) سپرلي. (۷) کوې

And for me here provide,
 Just an amply-bosomed bride,
 Fair and sexy, starry-eyed,
 Very loving, like a candle -
 Heart in flames, emitting light;
 In each glance a score of colours,
 Scores of attitudes in mind;
 Like the Spring most indecisive,
 Sometimes rain and sometimes shine;
 And within one skin containing,
 Many lovely mistresses;
 Sometimes drunk, inebriated,
 Sometimes quiet, very coy;
 Who within my weary heart,
 Sets on fire myriad colours,
 In innumerable flames,
 Which, like fire burn, consume,
 And like dancing-boys whirl round;
 And with one coquettish glance,
 So inebriates and fires me,
 That the revellers are envious,
 And the *Saki*, looking on,
 Is with envy, very green.
 In exchange for those in thousands,
 To be ours in Paradise,
 Grant me one right here on earth,
 Of the kind I have described,
 And my promised youth, eternal,
 In exchange I'll sacrifice.
 If you cannot, dear Beloved,
 My need thus satisfy,
 You can keep the big fat *houris*
 I have no need for them here,
 Nor desirous of them there -
 Sleek and oily, fair and sexy,
 Needing no requests or pleading,
 Ever willing to oblige;
 Always greedy, and reclining
 On green cushions made of plush.
 Oh Beloved! Oh Creator!
 Oh Sustainer of Mankind!
 Fulfil just this wish of mine,
 Grant Your Ghani his desire,
 Or else be prepared to lose him,
 For of pining he will die!





خیال

خیاله! لږ په خیال کښې څه
 څه چې تالی وڅېړو
 گرځه په ملکونو څه
 غلې د سرور په شان
 کيږي به وصال ماته
 خیاله! لږ په خیال کښې څه
 چې کوم بنکله کوم حلال دے
 یوښې خېشت یوښې جمال دے
 د سقراط په جام کښې زهر
 او رڼا سپینه له خوده
 یو خائشت یوه رڼا ده
 او جدا جدا دنیا ده

نن خو دې څه خیال دے
 مام اچولې تال دے
 څه په چور لکونو څه
 باغ کښې د گلونو څه
 خوبونو د وصال کښې څه
 هېڅ په پته دې پوښې نه کږم
 چې څه حسن او کمال دے
 د عیسی غمگینې سترگې
 د منصور مستی بې خوده
 په هر لاس په هر مشال کښې
 خو جدا جدا نظر دے



Fancy

*F*ancy, with some caution, care,
Go your way, proceed!
You are onto something, sure,
Let me on it too!
Come and let us take a swing,
On the swing of thought,
I have also tied a swing,
With a lot of thought!
Go and roam extensively,
Over many lands,
Whirling as you dance along,
All along the way!
Furtive, like the sound of music,
To the flowers proceed!
Meeting the beloved, leave,
Concentrate on dreams!
Fancy, with some caution, care,
Go your way, proceed!
You have not made me the wiser,
About what is beauty, right;
All that's beautiful and perfect,
Have the same perfection, beauty-
The sad eyes of Jesus Christ,
Poisoned cup of Socrates,
*Mansoor's*¹³⁰ ecstasy supreme,
And the radiance of the self.
In each hand, in every torch,
Is the same beauty and light;
But each seeing glance is different,
In each state a different stance.

خې کڼه د کمال څوکې ته سوری د جمال کښې څه
 خیاله! لږ په خیال کښې څه
 خې چې د یار کور له په مستی په چورلکونو څه
 غلې د سرور په شانې باغ له د گلونو څه
 عقل چې تمام شی نو د مینې سره تال کښې څه

خیاله! لږ په خیال کښې څه ستوری یاره لږې دی. رضا شه په گلونو
 مخ چې وی جانان ته خبر دے کڼو کښې درو کښې څه
 بل دې مناره شی تڼې پښو سره نرو کښې څه
 خې چې د یار کور ته اشفا! څه په چورلکونو څه
 مست په ژوند په عقل او نشه په اُمېدونو څه
 غم خندا دې واخله د ژوندون سره په تال کښې څه
 خیاله! لږ په خیال کښې څه نن خو دې څه خیال دے

څه چې تالی وڅېړو
 مام اچولې تال دے
 خې کڼه د کمال څوکې ته
 سوری د جمال کښې څه
 خیاله! لږ په خیال کښې څه



(۱) وڅېړوو. (۲) ما هم. (۳) ۴. بناست. (۵) سهری. (۶) تڼې

If it is perfection's peak
That you look for and you seek,
Then in beauty's shade proceed!
If it is beloved's home,
Then ecstatic, dance and whirl!
Furtive, like the sound of music,
To the flowers proceed!
And when reason exhausts itself,
Step in step with love proceed!
Fancy, with some caution, care
Go your way, proceed!
The stars, my friend, are far away,
Be content with flowers!
When the face is turned towards,
The beloved's lovely face,
Then undaunted make your way,
Through ravines and passes steep.
His minarets, let others be,
You no more than trudge along,
Kiss the dust beside the feet!
When to the beloved's home,
It is your intent to go,
Whirl away, in love proceed;
Drunk with life, and reason,
And with hopes, in hope proceed!
Take your grief and take your laughter,
Step in step with life proceed!
Fancy, with some caution, care
Go your way, proceed!
You are onto something, sure,
Let me on it too!
Come and let us take a swing,
On the swing of thought,
I have also tied a swing,
With a lot of thought!
If perfection's peak you seek,
Then in beauty's shade proceed!
Fancy with some caution, care
Go your way, proceed!





تالی

ژوند مې تال دے زه پرې خانگم
 زره د خیال په نیلی سور دے
 د قسمت پرې وږده دی
 خېژومه پرې تالی
 څه دی څه دی بد که بڼه دی
 د دېواله اخوا څه دی
 چې محراب د ملاجان دے
 که څمار د ملالی
 زه د متو په زور پر یم
 زه په وږی نظر پر یم
 زه د خان سره سیالی کوم
 زه پر نه یم په سیالی
 زه د خېشت مقام لتومه
 رنگ، آواز، خیال او نظر کښې
 لکه څاڅکے تله واخلی
 تلی زور په سمندر کښې
 که د فکر نظر تېز دے
 د قسمت دېوال محکم دے



Swing

*L*ife's a swing on which I'm seated,
The heart firmly in the saddle
Of the steed of thought, exploring
The recesses of the sky;
Both the ropes of fate are long,
I am swinging on them high.
What is it that's crying loudly,
Good or bad, the other side
Of the wall, and of the shroud?
Prayer niche of the pious priest,
Or intoxication's round?
You can hold me liable
For the effort of my arms,
For the feeling in my heart
For the poor, needy, souls;
With myself I am competing,
Unconcerned, oblivious of,
Competition with the world.
I am searching beauty's standing
In the world of colour, sound
And the world of thought and sight;
In a drop of water weighing
The unfathomed oceans, deep.
If the insights of the mind
Are as sharp as razor's edge;
If the wall of Fate, as strong,
As the granite of the hill;

دېخوا، دېخوا خو به سم کرم
 خو دا غم د اخوا غم دے
 زه پوتے د رنا شاخکے
 په يو تور او ورک جهان کبني
 د خپل خود په رنا گرخم
 د قسمت کوشي لتومه

د تال پري که پاخه وي که نري وي که وراسته وي
 زه تالی خوبه خېژومه زه تالی خوبه خېژومه



I can vouch for all my doings,
On my side of the divide;
It's the other side that's worrying
And dependent on His grace.
I am just a drop of light,
In a lost, benighted world,
Searching for my dreary path,
With the radiance of my 'self';
Searching for fate's tortuous streets,
With the flambeau of the soul.
If, both ropes of the swing I'm on,
Are as strong as they are long,
Or, are slender, frayed and weak,
I must take a swing, regardless -
Swing, as high as Fate permits!





باديوه

خني دې رپيري څه مستانه دې رفتار دے
 گوره د کاغذ نه چا جور کرے خپل څمار دے
 باد ته د عاشق په شانې خاندې خوشحالهېرې ته
 مسته سولی ماره د طاؤس هسي گدېرې ته
 بي جررو گلابه! په آسمان کبني زرغنهېرې ته
 زره دې د قسمت په تار ترلے گرفتار دے
 ټول رنگين څمارې خو مجبوره هر څمار دے
 دومره وپر آسمان کبني د خپل رنگ څاڅکي بنکاره کرې ته
 باد باندې ورسور د لاندې خاورو ننداره کرې ته
 چونگ خاوره وجود يو لهونتوب يو تراره کرې ته
 ته د بنيادم د بخت او تهنېتي يو تصوير ئې
 يو رنگين څمار په تار ترلې د تقدير ئې
 زه هم ستا په شانې کله کله په هوا شمه
 پرېږدم څاڅکي خان بس يو ارمان يوه دعا شمه
 چغه قسمت ووي راشه سر مې ستا پکار دے
 اے د آدم څويه ستا د خاورو سره کار دے



(۱) څمار ئې . (۲) ورسپور . (۳) ووهی



The Kite

With your side-locks all aquiver,
What a drunken, rapturous gait
You display, as you ascend
Up the highway to the sky;
See how from some scraps of paper,
Someone for himself has made,
Self-intoxicating wine.
Like a lover for his lass,
For the wind you wait -
In all laughter, happiness,
In a patient state,
Like a drunken peacock, you
Dance along the way;
Like a rose without its roots
You adorn the sky;
And your heart is all-enmeshed
In the web of fate;
All of you is nothing more
Than drunkenness of many kinds
But each of its own fate a slave;
In a wide expanse of sky,
Streaks of colour you display,
Mounted on the steed of wind,
You observe the static form,
Of the earth stretched out below;
And your form, a clutch of clay,
Into madness you transform.
You are a transparency
Of man's fate - continuous flight,
Drunkenness of many hues,
Tethered to the stake of fate.
I, like you, sometimes do soar,
Up into the Heavens high,
Leave my earth-bound form behind,
Longing and a prayer become.
Fate, however, intervenes
And cries out, "I need your head!
Son of Adam, made of dust,
To the dust confine yourself!"





خاورې

نه منم نه منم ياره مرگ انجام د هستي نه دے
 خلاصدل شراب په جام کبني اختتام د مستي نه دے
 چې ماينام د کومې شپې وي، نو د هغې سبا هم وي
 چې رنا وي تياره هم وي، چې تياره وي رنا هم وي
 که يو نه وي بل هم نه وي، او چې وي نو وي به دواړه
 دې درياب له چرته شته دے لرې بله يوه غاړه
 زر سحره د بهار دی يو ماينام کبني د خزان
 شل خُمونه دک د عطرو يو دانه کبني د ربحان
 چې يوه غټي شې خاورې تخم وکړي روغ گلزار له
 د خپل رنگ او بوټي پندونه سُکرانه يوسي بهار له
 دا جهان د نور او سوز، ولې ورک شي چې ساز چپ شي؟



Dust

*Oh! Away with all such nonsense,
Death is not the end of life,
As if draining dry a wine cup,
Is the end of drunken strife.
If an evening is before it,
Morning always follows night,
Where there's light there's always darkness,
And where darkness, always light.
If they come, they are together,
They cannot survive each other;
When one dies or is extinguished,
Then the other is no more;
So life's strange and silent ocean,
Has, if far, another shore.¹³¹
In an evening of the Autumn,
Lie a thousand morns of Spring;
In a single seed of basil,
Is the stuff of scores of jars
Of the finest perfume-base;
And the dying of a bud,
For a field of flowers provides,
A rejuvenated life;
And of its scent and colour,
To the new-born Spring delivers,
In profusion its thanksgiving,
And its tributary tithes.
Why is the world of light and feeling,
Lost to us when music dies?*

چي جانان پنه مستو سترگو گتې وروړي ستار له
 پنه قبرونو کبني پرته دي لاس او پبني شوندي او گتې
 شوک شي قبر جوړول د دې سرو سترگو خمار له
 جام نې مات شو مېخانه کبني لېونه ترې غلې پاخېد
 زره نې دک د رنگه يوړو دے روان کُوخې د يار له
 ساقی نوے جام راواغشت ، پنه سرو شونډو کبني مسکے شو
 بل عاشق ورته لاس ونيؤ ، سُکرانه ټولني دلدار له
 مُلا بي سره سروره تش کنډول د مرگي يوړو
 خاورې وه ، خاورو له لارو، کنده وکنوي خوار له

حيدر آباد جيل، ۱۹۲۸ء



(۱) راواخت ، (۲) ونيوو ، (۳) تولوی

In the graves lie buried deep,
Hands and feet, fingers and lips;
Who can dig a grave and bury,
Drunken glory of the eyes,
When, beloved with the plectrum,
Plucks the strings of a *Sitar*¹³²?
His goblet in the tavern,
Has been broken of a night,
And the revelling madman quietly,
Gets up to take his leave;
With his heart full of all colours,
He proceeds now to the street,
Of the loved one in the town.
Saki picks up a new goblet,
And smiles gently with red lips,
And another lover stretches,
Both his hands to beg for wine,
As thanksgiving to the loved one;
And the pious priest, oblivious
Of both happiness and wine,
Takes along with him as tribute,
Just an empty bowl of death -
Dust he was, to it returns,
Let's forget him and his kind!

Hyderabad Jail, 1948





ریدی گل

یوه ورځې یو صحرا کښې په بنکار وتره وم روان
 یو گلاب مې ولاړ ولید، پر قېدو خسته خندان
 زه خفه ئې خوا له لارم، ما وې، آه! زما په شان
 ته هم گل ئې بدنصیبه ورک د زلفو د جانان
 نه د چا نیاز بښنې گټې نرم مخ له به دې یوسی
 نه به بنکل دې کړی سرې شونډې د یار سره نازک لېان
 هغه غلې شان مسکې شو، وې خان! مه کوه خفگان
 زه به دا صحرا ورنه کړم د ایران په گلستان
 دلته زه یو او یکتا یم، هلته زر زما په شان
 چار چاپېره سپېرې خاورې، زه یواځې یم روښان
 دلته دې تور ریگستان کښې زه د رنگ او نور لمبه یم
 د خائشت چپه نغمه یم، کرشمه د لامکان
 ستا په باغ کښې په زرگونو دی گلاب زما په شان
 یو بې نومه سور دریا کښې یو بې نوم خاڅکې روان
 ته دې هم په خپل صحرا کښې خفه مه شې زما وروره
 آخر رابه شی دیدن له دې څوک سوع غنی خان



(۱) بنانسته، (۲) ونېل، (۳) بنانست



The Flower

Once, some years ago, I wandered
 In the wilderness, to find
 A rose in blooming beauty,
 Laughing gently in the wind.
 I approached it in all sadness,
 Saying, oh like me aggrieved!
 You're a flower that has no meaning
 For the loved one's tresses long;
 Nor shall someone's lovely fingers
 Hold you gently 'gainst her cheeks;
 Nor shall ruby lips e'er kiss you
 With the softness of their feel.
 It smiled gently and then whispered,
 "Khan, why should you thus grieve?
 I shall not exchange this wasteland,
 For the Persian garden green.
 Here I am one of a kind,
 There are thousands there like me;
 All around me is the wasteland,
 Only I am blooming, bright.
 Here in this parched, arid land,
 I'm a flame of blazing beauty
 And of colours of all hues;
 I am beauty, with no peer,
 Of a silent melody;
 And the miracle supreme,
 Of a timeless space unseen.
 In your garden there are myriads
 Of red roses kin to me;
 In a faceless, flowing river
 Of red roses on the surge,
 Nameless rose, one of too many,
 I shall certainly then be.
 And you too, my dear brother,
 Do not grieve in your wasteland;
 To appreciate your beauty,
 There will ultimately come,
 From a far-off place a wanderer,
 Like some wretched, *Ghani Khan!*





ورک خیال

یو خېشته غنډې ماشوم وه که یو خیال که یو خمار وه
 یو مسکے شان تا ئې وکړو د ازل د تارخانو نه
 زما خوا له غلې راغې لکه پوست قدم د یار
 که یو ستوری سترگې والې چرته لرې د تیرونه
 که د تورې کوتې ور کبې شاهزادگی د نور ولاړه
 رڼا سترگو کبې غمونه، بنکلې شونډو کبې خندل
 د ژوندون یو حرکت وه که یو رنگ د تخیل وه
 که د تال گونگرو په پښو کبې مې خوبونه گډېدل
 لکه وروکې هوسے باغ کبې په هیخ شی ئې یقین نه وی
 چرته پت پکبې یو خوب وی د صحرا او د ځنگل
 ما د مینې لاس خواره کړه، څه دعا وه څه ارمان
 ما وې اے رنگینه نوره، راشه مست که دا جهان
 زه به خپل خود ستا وجود کرم چې ته سترگو ته بنکاره شې
 خپل احساس به دې جامه کرم چې یو خېشت یو ننداره شې
 ستا مستی له او خمار له به د خانه سرور ورکرم
 ستا امېد او مشغولا له به خوبونه د طور ورکرم



Lost Thought

A child of matchless beauty,
Or a figment of the mind -
A peek-a-boo performing,
From the labyrinths of time!
He furtively approached me -
Silent footsteps on the sand -
Like a lover lightly gliding,
Seeking union with his love;
Or a star consciously winking,
From the darkness of the night;
Or in the unlit doorway,
Of an even darker room,
Stood a fairy, glowing brightly,
With her open eyes agloom,
And her lovely lips asmile;
Or life's flickering movement, sound,
Coloured rainbow of the mind;
Or a dream that goes adancing,
Feet bedecked with tinkling bells;
Or a gentle gazelle moving
In a garden, all-suspecting,
Somewhere deep in its sub-conscience,
Lie the dreams of desert sands.
I my arms in love extended,
Both in longing and in prayer,
And cried out, "Oh lord of beauty,
Come, this world inebriate!
I shall make myself your form,
So that you can then be seen;
With my feeling I shall clothe thee,
So that you can then become,
The nonpareil of beauty
And a joy for every one.
For your rapture and good cheer,
I shall contribute my joys;
For your hope and occupation,
All my dreams I shall forego;

زه به خپل ژوند ترجمان کړم ستا د ژوند د کتابونو
 زما گټې به ستار وئ، ستا د شرنگ ستا د سرونو
 يو قدم ئې که راپورته، هم راته هم ویرېده
 د صحرا عادت هوسه وه په گلزار کښې ترېده
 ما خپل زړه سترگو کښې خور که، دهر په مینه وروان شوم
 عجيبه جهان ته لارم هم عاشق شوم هم جانان شوم
 خو چې زه ئې ورتلم خوا له نو چا چغه کره چې خان
 گپو شپو له راغلي، درې څلور درله دوستان
 يو نظر مې چې ترې وارو، نو د نور بناپېرې نه وه
 چار چاپېره په تيرو کښې نه ئې نوم نه ئې نښان
 اے زما ماشومه خويه ته به گرځې کوم صحرا کښې
 د تيرو په شپه کښې ورکه، ستا خو کور دے په رڼا کښې
 ولې لارې يو ورک خوب شوې د ازل ورکه دنيا کښې
 ستا خانشت "کښې زما ژوند دے، ستا ژوندون دے زما سا" کښې
 يو نظر کښې که دې ما ته سور گلشن تور بهابان
 لېون لېون گرځم، دے ورک شوم مې جانان
 راشه راشه په خندا شه لکه ستورم په سبا کښې
 د تيرو په شپه کښې ورکه، ستا خو کور دے په رڼا کښې



(۱) بناسته، (۲) وهلي، (۳) ونهل، (۴) کره، (۵) بناسته، (۶) وهی،
 (۷) کړو، (۸) راتلو، (۹) خپور، (۱۰) واروه، (۱۱) بناسته، (۱۲) ساه

All my life, its inner meaning,
Shall, thereafter, be no more
Than an imprecise translation
Of the volumes of your lore.
And my fingers shall then pluck,
The tuned strings of the *Rabab*,
And produce from it the music
Of your symphonies galore."
He took a step towards me,
Meaning movement, yet afraid;
A gazelle of the wild highlands,
From the garden shying away.
Both my eyes and heart surrendering,
With great love I walked towards him;
A strange world I then encountered,
And most willingly became,
Both the lover and the loved.
As I quietly approached him,
Someone called out to me, "Khan!
For an evening's joyous company,
To the house have come some friends."
As I glanced away one moment,
He was nowhere to be found,
The paragon of beauty
He had left no trace behind.
Oh! my infant son, estranged,
Which new wilderness is thine?
Lost in darkness of the night,
You're a denizen of light;
Why have you left me to become,
A lost dream in eternity?
In your beauty is my life;
And your life, my breath, my soul;
In one glance you have transformed,
Blooming Spring, its choicest flowers,
Into arid wasteland, sand.
Like a raving madman, wandering,
My beloved I have lost.
Come! Come back to me and laugh,
Like the morning star, delight.
Lost in darkness of the night,
You're a denizen of light.





ورک خیال

غرمہ د اوری
 لکہ شپہ د ژمی
 یو خاموشی
 او قلاڑے خور دے
 د کور کور کو گور کو
 او چپ چاپ عالم ہو
 وخت پینہ نیولے
 پے رکاب سور دے
 دنیا دے خپل زرگی تہ غور نیولے
 د مرگ او ژوند حساب کتاب اوری
 فضا کبھی گد یو مسکیتوب شان دے
 لکہ پے خوب کبھی خوک رباب اوری
 او زہ یواخی
 پے خیالونہ کبھی دوب
 د خپل ارمان
 تلاش کبھی گرخمہ
 یو ورک
 مجبورہ
 مسافر
 یم روان
 پے زمکہ پروت
 پے اسمان گرخمہ
 ما دے ہم خپل زرگی تہ غور نیولے
 د ژوند خہ وجہ خہ نصاب لتوم



*Search*¹³³

The long unending afternoon of Summer,
Like the lengthy presence of a winter's night,
A holy silence all encompasses.
The cooing of the doves, coo coo!
The world in afternoon siesta, quiet;
Time, standing still and hesitant to move,
With one foot in the stirrup.
The world, attentive to its heart-beats, pauses,
And takes account of life and death.
The breeze blows gently, smiling
Like someone listening to the strains
Of a *Rabab* in a melodious dream;
And I, in my own loneliness immersed,
And drowned in ponderous thoughts;
Wandering, in search of some lost yearning of the heart.
A lost and tired traveller, moving on;
Earth-bound and yet the Heavens roaming.
I, too, attentive to my heart beats,
Attempt to search for, and to find:
Justification for existence and its course;

درد له او مرگ له څه سوب گورم
 ابد کښې خپل د هوش حباب لټوم
 د ولې ولې
 په درياب کښې ورک
 جام کښې شراب
 او په شرابو کښې
 په سور کتاب کښې
 د جومات د تاخ
 زه مرگ او ژوند له
 يو ترون گورم
 چپه چپيا
 او خاموشي
 کښې زه
 شرنگ د ستار
 د تال مضمون گورم
 چاپېره رنگ کښې
 شنو کمټرو کښې
 خان له جواب د خپل ژوندون گورم
 زه لېونې يم، لېونې يم رښتيا
 په مېخانه کښې افلاطون گورم
 خان ته چې سترگې مې راوړولې
 بس
 مرگ
 او نيش د عدم
 وگورمه
 زه لېونې يم، لېونې يم رښتيا
 د مرگ په سترگو کښې ژوندون گورم

The cause of pain, the means for death;
In Time and in Eternity,
The bubble of our consciousness.
In the ocean of continuous questioning, lost;
The sparkling wine, in goblet fine,
And in the wine the book,
All cloistered in the niche of a secluded mosque.
For life and death a bond I seek;
In the ethereal silence of the misty night,
The mystic sounds of the *Sitar* I crave;
The *Tabla's* beats, its eloquence I search.
In the surrounding colours of all living things,
And in the pigeons, as they coo,
The answer to my life I seek.
I am mad; a truly raving lunatic,
Seeking *Plato* in the taverns of the town.
And when I fix my gaze upon myself,
Naught else but death and non-existence do I see.
I am mad; a truly raving lunatic,
Life, ambient in the eyes of death, I see.

غرمہ د اوری
 لکہ شپہ د ژمی
 یو خاموشی یو قلاڑے خور دے
 چرتہ کنبی لری
 یو بخرے د نور
 ستورے، کہ لری د صحرا اور دے
 ما تہ وروکو پلوشو کنبی وائی
 کہ غر دے لوئی پنے سر نی لار خوشته
 خہ کہ ژوندون یو ورک ساعت دے د هوش
 یو ابدی د دہ دلداری خوشته
 د دہ، دلداری خوشته
 زرگیہ! خان تگی کہ ما تگی؟
 خنگہ خان خلاص د هر جنجالہ کری
 زرگیہ! اے تگہ زرگیہ زما
 خان کری مشغول او ما خوشحالہ کری
 خو کہ ستا نہ منم
 غرقہرہ
 سم، پنے رینتیا
 لہونے کہہرہ
 د اضطراب پنے تور دریاب کنبی زہ
 اوس سرسری یم، بیا دویہرہ
 پنے تورو ویرو کنبی ورکہہرہ
 دلته پنے خپل اور کنبی سوزہرہ
 پنے ژوندون توری خاوری کہہرہ
 پنے خپلو وینو کنبی دویہرہ

The long unending afternoon of Summer,
Like the lengthy presence of a Winter's night,
A holy silence all encompasses.
And far away, a spark of light, a star?
Or far away, a fire in the wilderness?
Accosts me in the language of the rays of light to say;
"If the mountain's far, its summit meets the sky,
There is no doubt a path to it!
What if life is a lost moment of our consciousness,
It has, at least, a Loved One in Eternity."
Oh foolish heart! Deceiving me, or just yourself?
How skilfully escaping from perplexing binds;
Amuse yourself, and in the process also humour me!
But if I do not listen and agree with you,
I drown; I drown within the whirlpool of myself,
And in reality become a raving lunatic, despised.
In the black and whirling river of anxiety,
I am no more than on the surface now,
But then, shall surely to the bottom sink;
And, in dark fears, reasoning lose;
In my own fire burn my soul;
While yet alive, to dust return;
In my own blood, asphyxiate.

غرمہ د اوری
 لکہ شپہ د ژمی
 یو خاموشی
 یو قلامے خور دے
 چرتہ کینہی لری
 یو پخڑے
 د نور
 ستورے۔
 کہ لری د صحرا اور دے
 ما تہ وروکو
 پلوشو
 کینہی وائی
 کہ غر دے لوئی
 پے سرئی لار خوشته
 خہ
 کہ ژوندون
 یو ورک
 ساعت دے
 د ہوش
 یو
 ابدی
 د دہ۔ دلدار خوشته



(۱) خیور، (۲) سپور، (۳) مزکہ، (۴) کوترو، (۵) تگوي

The long unending afternoon of Summer,
Like the lengthy presence of a Winter's night;
A holy silence all encompasses.
And far away a spark of light, a star?
Or far away, a fire in the wilderness?
Accosts me in the language of the rays of light to say;
"If the mountain's far, its summit meets the sky,
There is no doubt a path to it!
What if life is a lost moment of our consciousness,
It has, at least, a Loved One in Eternity."





ورک خیال

چرته د ورک تهر شوی غم سوری
ستا په کاکو کنبې په ماتم گوری
لکه یتیم د بل کوڅه کنبې ولاړ
بې زړه، امېد او تلوسه کنبې ولاړ
یا شرمناکه، خواره، ښکلې جینې
مینه او رحم او کرم گوری
اوه، د هوسی سترگو له چل نه ورځی
چې یا په ناز یا په ستم گوری
توره تیاره کنبې وړه سپینه شمع
د رڼا ډکه خو غمگینه شمع
چاپېره سترگې د صنم گوری
په خپلو سترگو خان له غم گوری
یا په یو مست او رنگین ساز کنبې د ژوند
نرې شان لره د غمونو راشی
یا د سپرلی په لهونتوب کنبې غلې
منه کوڅې له د گلونو راشی
یا د خندا اواز کنبې غلې غلې
ارمان خپل ساز له زیر او بم گوری
چرته د ورک تهر شوی غم سوری
ستا په کاکو کنبې په ماتم گوری



(۱) سوری. (۲) ککو. (۳) سپرلی



Longing

As of some past and long forgotten grief,
Who's shadows linger in the eyes and peep;
Or like an orphan standing meekly by -
Within an alien, unfrequented street,
Before an unknown door -
With intense desire and half-hearted hope;
Or like a poor, lovely, bashful, maiden who,
Mercy, love and kindness seeks,
And, like the eyes of a gazelle, knows not
Whether coquettishly to glance, or grieve;
Or in the darkness of surrounding night
A little candle, but so full of light;
Inwardly grieving, searching feverishly
For eyes of the beloved to augment its grief;
Or on life's rapturous melody of many hues,
The evening shades of grief slowly descend;
Or in the coloured riot of the new-born Spring,
The breeze of Autumn quietly approaches,
The abode of fragrant flowers;
Or longing, searching in the sound of laughter,
For its own melody, its treble and its bass.
As of some past and long forgotten grief,
Whose shadows linger in the eyes and peep!





مستی

رنا چي مسته شي رنگا رنگونه شي
 خاوره چي مسته شي سره سره گلونه شي
 رباب چي مست شي ژوندے شي سا واخلي
 شرتگ کبني بخري نولي هنگ ئي رنا واخلي
 عاشق چي مست شي خاڅڪے د نور شي
 يو مستانه ارمان ڊوب په سرور شي
 دعا چي مسته شي هله قبوله شي
 سجده چي مسته شي خودي بي سوله شي
 گومان چي مست شي ارمان ترې جور شي
 ارمان چي مست شي جانان ترې جور شي
 ژوندون چي مست شي نو لهونتوب شي
 غتي چي مسته شي نو سره کوکي شي
 گومان چي مست شي ارمان ترې جور شي
 ارمان چي مست شي جانان ترې جور شي



Ecstasy

When light is ecstatic,
It turns into colours.
When the Earth is ecstatic,
It produces red flowers.
When the *Rabab* is ecstatic,
Life runs through its strings,
Sparks fly from its heart,
Light covers its soul
As its melody muses,
And takes to its wings.
When the lover's ecstatic,
He becomes a drop
Of beauty and light,
A rapturous longing
Drowned in delight.
When prayer is ecstatic,
Only then is it granted.
When prostration becomes,
Ecstatic, profound,
It spreads itself,
Devoid of desire,
Devoid of greed.
When suspicion becomes
Ecstatic and raves,
It takes on the essence,
Of longing, prolonged.
When longing becomes
Ecstatic, intense,
It becomes the beloved
In every sense.

ژوندون چې مست شي نو لهونتوب شي
 غټي چې مسته شي نو سره کوکي شي
 حورې چې مستې شي نو جينکي شي
 د کرشپ خان مستي پرڅه د اوړي
 لکه موسی جوړوي بنامار د پري
 چې حاجي گل شي مست نو سترگې تورې کړي
 لکه سندا له چې څوک نکريزې پورې کړي
 مستي کني شته د مې مزه خو کله کله
 خو په شرابو مې وينځه ريره بمبله
 غني چې مست شي سر په سجده کيږدي
 د خندا دکې سترگې يار ته صدقه کيږدي
 چې زور مستي کوي لعنت د خان جوړوي
 په خان لمن رارئي بل له جانان جوړوي

۰۱۹۶۳



When life becomes
 Ecstatic, and soars,
 It soon becomes
 An enlightened dream.
 When love becomes
 Ecstatic, and floats,
 It turns into madness,
 And shuns the world.
 When the bud is ecstatic,
 It takes on the form
 Of a shapely mouth,
 Inviting and luring,
 Bright red lips.
 The *houris* with ecstasy
 When overcome,
 Turn into lasses,
 Entice everyone.
 The old Khan's ecstasy -
 Short-lived like the dew
 Of a Summer's morn.
 And when *Haji Gul*¹³⁴,
 Ecstatic becomes,
 With *collyrium*¹³⁵ he blackens,
 His lifeless eyes;
 Like someone who splashes
 A buffalo bull,
 With *henna*¹³⁶ meant
 For a damsel's feet!
 In drunkenness lies
 A pleasurable feel,
 But only at times;
 So do not in wine
 The beard bathe!
 When *Ghani* becomes,
 Ecstatic and drunk,
 He prostrates his head,
 In prayer and in thought;
 Surrenders his eyes,
 With laughter filled,
 As offering of love
 To the Friend above!

1963





لکه واخلی چي ماشوم

لکه واخلی چي ماشوم
ډک شکرے د سرو گلونو
خاندی چغی وئی غرخنی ئی
لپی لپی په موجونو
دے په غاره ورته خاندی
خر سہلاب ئی گلاب یوسی
نه په زور د سہلاب پویری
نه په قدر د گلونو
داسی ما دا خپل ژوندون
د مستی سہلاب کینی لاؤ که
په خپل لاس مې خان بندی که
د خو قسمه دوزخونو
لکه واخلی چي ماشوم
ډک شکرے د سرو او سپینو
په خندا خندا ئی نولی
په کوخو په بازارونو
غله وئی واہ واہ د نر خویہ!
خه سخی ارسلا خان ئی
دے نه زور د دولت وینی
نه دردونه د غمونو



Like a Little Child Who Plays

*L*ike a little child who plays,
With a basket full of flowers,
And in great glee and laughter,
Throws its contents to the waves;
On the shore he stands amused,
As the flood devours the flowers;
And he little understands,
The gushing water's power,
Nor the value of the flowers;
In the flood of self-indulgence,
I have thus destroyed my life,
And condemned myself to hell,
Of innumerable kinds.
Like a little child who seizes,
A basket overflowing
With silver coins and gold,
And in great amusement scatters
Them all over in the streets,
And in the market places;
And the thieves proclaim, bravo!
Generosity unheard of,
Since *Arsala Khan's*¹³⁷ demise!
But he little comprehends,
The power of glittering wealth,
Nor the pain of intense grief;

داسي ما دا خپل ژوندون
 ورك كڅ خاورې كڅ ايرې كڅ
 خان مې وتره پخپله
 د غضب په زنجيرونو
 يا دا ژوند بېلله جنگ دے
 او يا زه په لوان نه يم
 ما خو هېڅوك هم ونه ليد
 چې زورور شو په غمونو
 زه لا ويښ نه وم د خوبه
 چې زيرے مازيگرے شو
 چې ئې زه په قدر پوښې شوم
 گلزار تش وه د گلونو
 اوس نه رنگ شته نه مستي شته
 نه سېلاب شته نه گلونه
 د يو خوب لیده وو تهر شو
 ژوند شو ېك د ارمانونو
 ژوند شو ېك د ارمانونو
 باغ د گلو مې تالا شو
 د لالونو شكور مې تش شو
 دا لا واوړه! ملا جان
 كئې تنگ تنگ د حسابونو
 وخت او ژوند دغه تقدير دے
 له يو اوړه (ئې) بل له بوتلم
 دا ژوندون وه كڅ يو دام وه
 د اورونو د غمونو



(۱) ومې، (۲) غرزوی، (۳) پوښېږی، (۴) لاهو کړو، (۵) وائی، (۶) لعلونو، (۷) کوی

I have thus my precious life,
Turned to cinders, worthless dust;
And myself, securely bound,
In the chains of wrath profound.
 Either life is a lost battle,
 Or I am ill-equipped,
For to date I have not seen,
Some one over-power grief.
 I was yet barely awake,
When life's evening shades descended;
When their value dawned upon me,
Flowers no longer could be found.
 Now the colours of creation,
And the flowers of many hues,
 And the ecstasy of wine,
 And the river in full rage,
Are no longer there to see -
Little more now than a dream,
Which has quickly flitted by.
 Full of longings now is life,
 Which unfulfilled remain;
And my garden and my flowers,
Have been trampled on, despoiled;
And my basket of bright rubies,
To the bottom has been scraped.
 Yet on top of this I hear,
 The insistent priest declare,
The impending day of doom,
And the calling to account!
Time and Life constitute Fate;
 From one fire to the next,
I've been led without respite.
Was this life, or but a snare
Of raging flames and grief?





سپرلے

وگوره جانانه! د تیرې نه رنا جوړه شوه
 نوے سپرلے راغے د گلونو دنیا جوړه شوه
 زمکه لکه شاره ابی بوره ورکه سپوره وه
 چرته مروره مستی تلې د خپل کوره وه
 پانې غټې نه وې په هر بوتی د مرگ سورے وه
 شرنگ د ژوندون غلے مېخانه ئې تشه توره وه
 وگوره جانانه! د تیرې نه رنا جوړه شوه
 یا ژوندون ارمان وه یا رنگین نشه رنگونه شو
 مینه ورو مسکی شوه په خندا ورته گلونه شو
 مست شو ساقی داسې کل جهان ئې مست بې هوشه کھ
 هره ساه امهد شوه. هر نظر کبې خمارونه شو
 هر قدم کبې تال په هره خله کبې مسکا جوړه شوه
 بیا سپورمی کاسیره شوه په سترگو اشارې کوی
 بنکلی نوې مسته شرم شرم کبې نخرې کوی
 هر خوا مینه مینه ده، شیرینه ده رنگینه ده
 رنگ او حسن یو شو مست شو خاندی مسخرې کوی
 خوب نه جوړ خمار شو د فراق نه لېلی جوړه شوه
 خاندہ غنی خانه! بیا دې وراڼه دنیا جوړه شوه



(۱) سپرلے . (۲) مزکه . (۳) سپورے . (۴) کرر



Spring

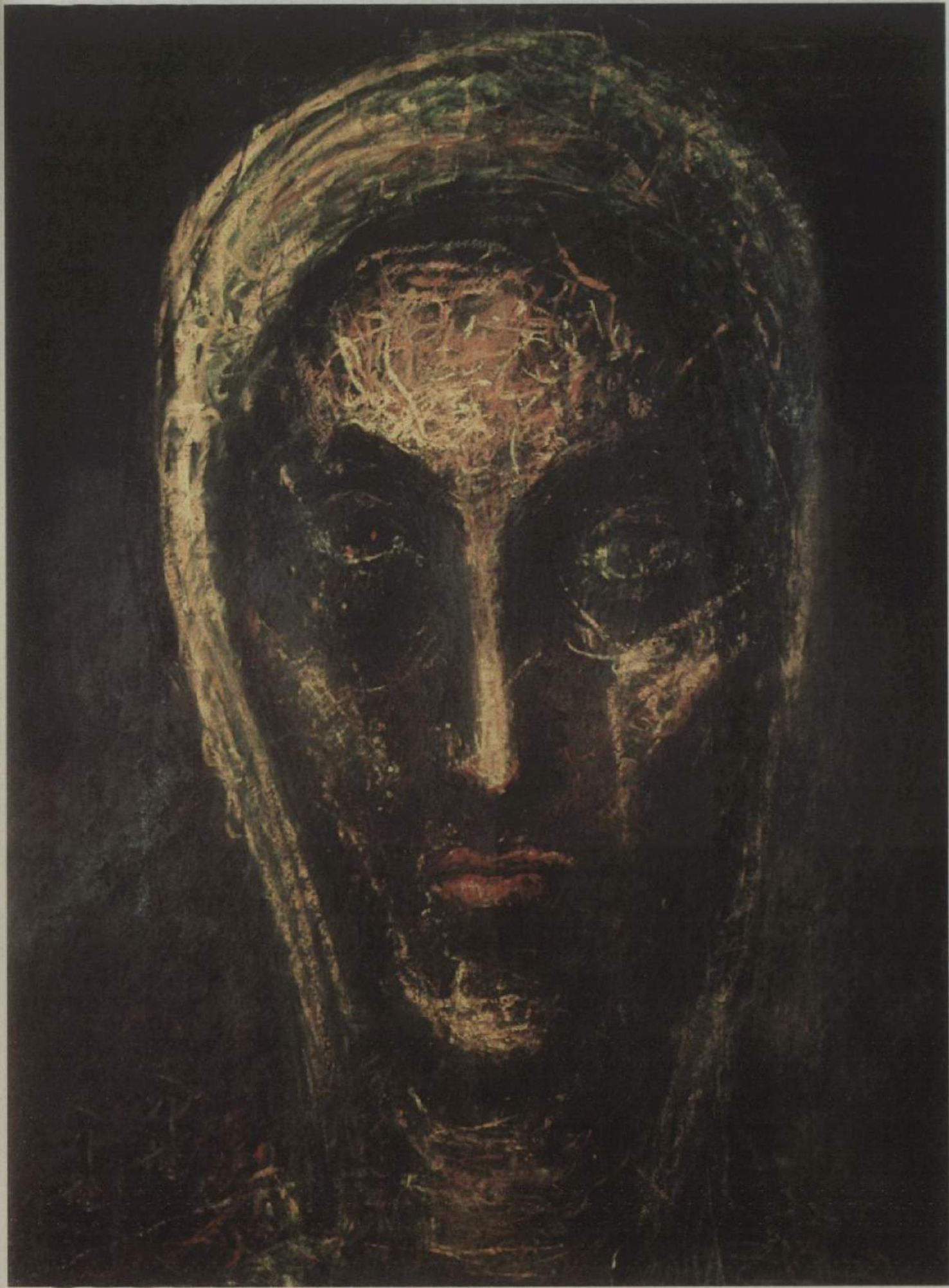
Come! Oh my beloved, see,
 From the darkness flows forth light;
 From the new-born Spring emerge,
 A world of flowers and colours, bright.
 Earth, a barren spinster, grim,
 Wrinkled, desiccated dry;
 From her home, fair ecstasy,
 Is estranged and roaming wild,
 Lost in the wild wilderness.
 Buds and leaves were nowhere seen,
 Death was shadowing all the trees,
 Life and all its music were,
 Still as death in wintry clime;
 All its taverns empty stood,
 All its goblets without wine;
 Come! oh my beloved, see,
 From the darkness flows forth light.
 Life was but a longing then,
 Now, intoxication, wine,
 Colours of so many kinds.
 Love, awakening, gently smiled,
 Flowers, in laughter all replied;
 Saki, drunk in ecstasy,
 All the world of sense deprived.
 Every breath, a hope's become,
 Every glance, is filled with wine;
 Every step a rhythmic beat,
 Every mouth a beaming smile.
 Once again coquettish moon,
 Signals, through her eyes emits,
 Beauteous, bright, in new-found shape,
 Coyly, amorous glances gives;
 Love is everywhere, around –
 Sweet, enticing, many-hued.
 Colour, beauty have combined,
 In ecstasy have laughed, entwined;
 Sleep inebriated, dreams;
 Separation is transformed,
 And beloved *Laila*, formed.
 Laugh! Oh laugh! Old *Ghani Khan*,
 Your dead world has come to life!



Untitled

Presented to Inayat Ilahi Malik on the occasion of his visit to Dar-ul Aman.

Pastel on paper 34 cm x 56 cm.





دېوداسی
(د بت وینځه)

نوت: د هندوانو په مندرونو کې خشته خشته جینکې وی. چې هغه د هغې مندر بت ته گډیږي او د مندر صفائی وغېره کوی - دا اکثر دېرې بنکلي پېغلې وی - دا ودونه نه شی کولې او د محبت وېرې وی چې خلق دې دې راځي او بت بنکلوی او ورله مېوې او گلونه راوړي - په هغه کانی د مینې باران وریږي او دې خواړې پېغلې ته هدو څوک گوري نه -

په گوگو وې گوگوشکې، توراني په تنانه
په چپو چپو مستی به د نسیم چپو راوړه
سحر راغی لکه زېرے د خندا او د رنا
غټو ټولو وې مسکا کبې "نن نسیم کبې وه نشه"
وخت یو بل پراؤ پوره که یوه بله شپه په تلو شوه
چا کره تېره د چا غېر کبې په چا تېره په سلگو شوه
ما هم تېره کره په ناستې د رنگونو په جهان کبې
هوش او رنگ به مې یو ځانې کرل جوړول مې تصویرونه
د زړه غم به مې ورڅور که د چا بنکلي په احساس کبې



Deodasi

(Maidservant of Idols)

Note: In most Hindu temples there are girls meant to dance before the idols and also look after the cleanliness of the temple. They are generally very pretty maidens who are not allowed to marry. As a consequence they are hungry for love and affection as people come in droves to kiss the idols and bring fruits and flowers for them. On the inanimate stone of the idols rain the showers of love; but nobody, unfortunately, bothers to pay any attention to the *deodasis* or the *slaves of gods*.

In goo! goo! disclosed the doves,
 All the secrets of their lives,
 And the *koel*¹⁸, in her songs,
 Music's inner light revealed.
 The morning breeze in waves,
 Bore the waves of ecstasy;
 And the morning, like a harbinger
 Of laughter and of light,
 In the morning came, as always,
 And the buds, delighted, cried;
 "The morning breeze was really
 Drunk, in ecstasy today!"
 In its never-ending journey,
 Time completed a small cycle,
 At a staging-post arrived;
 And another night was spent,
 By a few in tight embrace
 Of beloved's lovely arms,
 While for many, it was spent,
 In the sobs of grief, despair.
 I, too, spent it, sitting up,
 In the world of dreams and colours,
 Painting portraits from experience
 Of my sad, eventful life.
 Feeling deeply for a loved one,
 I oft spread my grief around,

مِراوے مِراوے بڻيَ نظر شو، سوي سوي شان رنگونه
 کڻه تصوير د لہلا جوڙ کرم د شیرين کڻه د منصور
 د هر يو سترگو کڻيَ زه یم، زما درد، زما خوبونه
 تور او سور دوه رنگه واخلم ترې چنگيز يا تيمور جوڙ کرم
 د دوي سترگو کڻيَ دا قهر، زما اور وهي توپونه
 د دې رنگ لہونتوب لور ته يو پري راغله غمگينه
 نه لہلي وه نه شهي وه نه هيرا وه نه شیرينه
 خبشت ٿي نه وه يو ارمان وه چا شاعر خوب کڻيَ ليدلے
 مِراوو سترگو کڻيَ ٿي غم وه، خُماری د چا په مينه
 هر نظر هر حرکت کڻيَ لہونے د خوانی تال وه
 تول وجود ٿي يو سرور وه، يو رنگينه خوانه مينه
 ما تڻيَ وې ”اے مصوره ما ته وگوره زه خه یم
 يوه خواره د بت وينخه د کمينو نه کمينه“
 ما وې ته د حسن لور ٿي، ته رنگينه شهزادگی ٿي
 ستا په يو سوي نظر به زر تختونه شي قربان
 ما وې اے د غم مہرمني ته د گلو بناپهري ٿي
 د خوانی په مست بهار کڻيَ دا رنگونه د خزان

And her looks would pale and sadden
 And her colours dim and fade;
 If its *Laila* whom I paint,
 Or *Shireen*¹³⁹, intense *Mansoor*,
 In the eyes of each, reflected,
 Is myself, my pain, my dreams;
 Black and red, I take two colours,
 And from them create *Changez*¹⁴⁰,
 Or the feared *Taimur*¹⁴¹ lame;
 In their eyes the flames of anger,
 Are the flames of my own wrath.
 To this world of madness, colour,
 Came a fairy, in great grief -
 Neither *Laila*, nor beloved,
 Nor *Heera*¹⁴², nor famed *Shireen*;
 And her beauty was naught else,
 But the longing of a dream,
 By a poet dreamt and seen.
 In her drooping eyes were grief
 And the ecstasy of love
 For some lover of her dreams.
 In each glance, in all her body,
 Were youth's maddening rhythmic beats,
 As she moved with grace and ease.
 All her body was a pleasure
 To behold as she approached.
 And she said to me, "Oh painter!
 Look at me and let me know,
 Who am I? a poor outcast,
 And the lowliest of the low,
 Dedicated to the temple
 And its idol, but a slave."
 I said no, you're beauty's daughter,
 And a princess, colourful,
 And for just a fleeting glance
 Of your lovely, languid eyes,
 Kings will abdicate their thrones.
 Oh my poor little maiden,
 Immersed deeply in love's grief,
 Of the flowers you are a fairy,
 But, in youth's ecstatic spring,
 Why these colours of the fall?

ستا دا شونڊې شونډې نه دی ارمانونه د مستی دی
 یوه پټه مېخانه ئې، ستا هر څاڅکي کښې طوفان
 دې نیازبین جهان کښې دومره تور او درانه غرونه
 اے د سرو گلابو څانگې لا خو لرې دے خزان
 نورې شل پردې دې پرېږده دا پرده د غم کره لرې
 چې خندا راشی گلشن ته، چې روښانه شی جهان
 بُت ته نه ئې د بُت وینځه. ستا په سترگو کښې رڼا ده
 ته ساقی ئې ته شراب ئې، ته څمار ئې ته جانان
 دومره خېشت او بې دیدنه، دومره مینه بې جانانه
 ستا خائشت^۶ چې لیدے نه شی، نوروند شوعے دے جهان
 وفا، مینه او ارمان لکه نور تا کښې خلیږی
 یو غمگین ارمان پټ کرے ستا د ژوند رنگین ارمان
 راڅه خوا کښې زما کښېنه زه هُم ستا د ارمان ورور یم
 ته هُم گل د بیابان ئې زه هُم گل د بیابان
 زه هُم ژوند یمه خوږ کرے، دردولے، ژږولے
 وینه مینه دواړه ژاری، غواړی مینې له جانان

And these lips of yours are longings
 For the ecstasy of love,
 And while yet an unknown tavern,
 In each drop of your red wine
 Many tempests, rage and storm;
 In this charming, fragile body,
 Why such mountains of dark grief?
 Oh a branch of the red-rose tree!
 Autumn's far away as yet.
 Retain all your coloured clothing,
 Grief's dark mantle, throw away,
 So that laughter to the garden
 Can return, light to the world.
 You are not a lowly maiden,
 Or a slave girl of the idol;
 In your eyes is shining brightly,
 Heaven's white, celestial light.
 You're the *saki*, you're the wine,
 You are drunkenness divine,
 The beloved of all time!
 Oh such beauty without limit,
 And not seen by anyone!
 Shoreless ocean of affection,
 Yet without a lover, love!
 If it cannot see your beauty,
 Then the world has become blind.
 Love and constancy and longing,
 Like the light, within you shine;
 And a sad and doleful longing
 Has deprived you
 From that longing, full of colours,
 Of your youth and of its dreams.
 Come, relax, and sit beside me,
 I'm a brother in love's longing;
 You and I are flowers both
 Of the wilderness around.
 I, like you, am deeply hurt
 By the prickly thorns of life,
 Grieved to tears by the pain
 Of injustice that abounds;
 Love and kinship both, in tears,
 Both demand of the beloved,
 Love, affection to survive.

ما تئې وُكتل مُسكى شوه سترگې (نې) دكې شوې له اُونكو
 تور خادر ئې خپل راغند كهُ خان له غلې شوه روانه
 خپل اُمېد او خپل ارمان ئې ورته ستورم د كاروان شو
 د سرو گلو په تلاش كېنې په صحرا كېنې سرگردانه
 د رقاصې په قدم كېنې د گل خانگې په انداز كېنې
 يو دُنيا د سوز او حُسن هوش كېنې ورکه شوه زما نه
 راتئې زره كېنې يو بل درد يو رنگين شان ارمان پرېنود
 يو زرین د نُور بخرم د نُورونو د جهانِه



(۱) بياسته بياسته، (۲) ونهل، (۳) کرو، (۴) به ئې، (۵) بياسته، (۶) ته ئې، (۷) بياسته

She looked up at me and smiled,
And her eyes flowed o'er with tears;
Her black shawl she gathered round her,
Slowly rose and walked away;
In her search for blooming flowers
In the wilderness, perplexed,
Both her hope and intense longing,
For her guidance, like the lodestar
Of the caravan, became;
In the dancer's measured paces,
And in flower-limbed loving graces
Of a loved one's graceful form,
A world of feeling, beauty
To my consciousness was lost.
To my heart she left behind,
Yet another smouldering pain,
A most colourful obsession,
And a longing to endure;
A spark of glittering beauty,
From the world of love and light,
She was gone and seen no more!





ورو

ورو یوې غټې د گلاب ووی ما ته ورو
 اورې کټه قیصه د اور، اشنا شه د ایرو
 ما لیدلی خوب کبې د راتلونکې بهار ستورے دے
 شپه کبې مې لیدلے د جانان د بنو سورے دے
 بنکلے خلدیلو د سبا په منارو
 ورو یوې چپې د نسیم ووی ما ته ورو
 ستوری خومره پاک خلیږی، شپه کبې د تیارو
 زه یم د بهار سلام، د بنهست د زره دعا
 زه د مجنون ساز او بوی د زلفو د لېلا
 وی بام د عشق وچت دے د کعبې د منارو
 ورو د سبا ستوری سحر ووی ما ته ورو
 گل خوب د بهار دے، یخه شپه کبې د تیارو
 زه د سحر خوب، د شپې اُمید یم د وصال
 زه د چا د مست زره یو بخرے یم د خیال
 نمر دے یو دریاب جوړ د شغلو ذرو ذرو
 نمر هره ذره د نمر، دریاب د دریاب خاڅکی
 بام د عشق وچت دے د کعبې د منارو



(۱) سہورے، (۲) بنانست، (۳) وانی



Softly

*S*oftly once a rose-bud
 Said to me sometime ago,
 "If you want the fire's tale,
 The cinders get to know!"
 I have in a day dream seen,
 The star of coming Spring,
 And at night the shadows of
 Beloved's lashes seen,
 Glitter as they fall upon
 The minarets of morn;
 Softly once the breeze of dawn
 Told me clearly so,
 "How piously the stars at night
 Shine in the darkness, glow!"
 Greetings of the Spring am I,
 A prayer from right within
 The heart of beauty's being;
 The plaintive tune of Majnoon
 On each longing sigh am played;
 The fragrance of the coiffure
 Of Laila's tresses displayed!
 Softly once the morning star
 In confidence confided,
 "The eminence of love transcends
 Both minarets and domes!"
 A flower is a dream of Spring
 Upon a wintry night;
 And I, a dream of morn, a hope by night
 Of union in my dreams;
 Of some ecstatic heart a spark
 Of roving fancy, free.
 The sun's a brimming ocean
 Of the rays of glittering light;
 The sun, its every particle -
 An ocean in expanse.
 The eminence of love transcends
 Both minarets and domes!



Rahman Baba - A visual representation of the 17th century mystic Pakhtun poet of the Peshawar Valley and the most celebrated poet ever of Pakhtunkhwa.

Pastel on paper 50 cm x75 cm.

Dar-ul-Aman Collection. Courtesy Mashal Khari.





سوال جواب د لہونی او مُلا

لہونیہ! مکہ خہ دہ؟
 مُلا! کور د یو عاشق دے
 کوتنی دی گنی دہرې
 د همه ؤ رب خالق دے
 لہونیہ! ایمان خہ دے؟
 مُلا! دا دے پوخ گومان
 د یو خوب پے زرہ لیدہ دی
 د وصلونو د جانان
 لہونیہ! جنت خہ دے؟
 ملا! ستا جنت پہتی دہ
 او زما جنت وصال دے
 یو خمار یوہ مستی دہ
 لہونیہ! حورہ خہ دہ؟
 مُلا! سپینہ لولکی دہ
 یوہ کربنہ د شفق دہ
 د خندا بوربورکی دہ
 لہونیہ! نشہ خہ دہ؟
 مُلا! دا پے سہل واتہ دی
 د مستی رنگین محل کبھی
 دا واتہ ننواتہ دی
 لہونیہ! چي نمونخ خہ دے؟



Pious Priest and Madman
(Questions and Answers)

*W*hat is Mecca?¹⁴³ madman tell me!
A lover's house, oh pious priest,
If you have the eyes to see,
As are dwellings all around us,
All by the Creator made.
What is faith, oh madman tell me?
Pious priest, what can it be,
But belief in His existence,
With the heart, seeing of a dream,
Both of union, and communion
With beloved's entity.
What is Heaven, madman tell me?
Pious priest, our concepts differ -
For you Heaven is no more
Than a gourmet's spread, for me
It's communion and being drunk
With the wine of ecstasy.
What's a *houri*, madman tell me?
Pious priest, a butterfly,
A crimson line on the horizon
As the sun sets on the sea;
It's a bubble quickly pricked,
Of our laughter as we grieve.
What's intoxication, madman?
Pious priest, it's an excursion -
In the many-splendoured palace,
Of an intense ecstasy,
It's to enter and to exit
At our will and at our ease.
What is prayer, Oh madman,
Would you know its entity?

مُلا! خاورې بَنکَلوږ دى
 د چانان کُوڅې ته تلل دى
 د اُمېد ارمان کهدل دى
 لهونيه! سجده څه ده؟
 مُلا! ځان خاورې کول دى
 د بستې د گلوهار
 د يار پښو کښې اچول دى
 لهونيه! ژوندون څه دے؟
 مُلا! زه يمه ژوندون
 دا زما د خوب ليدنه دى
 د سبا او د پروون
 لهونيه! وصال څه دے؟
 مُلا! خېشت! کښې دوپېده دى
 دا په ستورو گډېده دى
 په سپوږمې کښې خوږېده دى
 لهونيه! جانان څه دے
 ملا! روغ ورته نه گورى
 لېونى ئې اي له ويونى
 دتاؤ کړو بڼو سېورى
 لهونيه! حسين څه دے؟
 مُلا! لېور د خمار دے
 يو مُسکے مُسکے شان خيال دے
 يو نرے د رڼا تار دے
 لهونيه! ته ئې څوک؟
 مُلا! زه د چا ارمان
 زه يو گل د چا د گتو
 پروت په پښو کښې د جانان

دارالامان ، ۲۵ فروری ۱۹۴۴ء



(۱) بناست ، (۲) خپرېده

Pious priest, kissing the dust,
 Gaining entry to the street,
 Of the loved one's residence,
 And becoming the intense
 Longing, hope, sometime to greet
 The beloved with a smile.
 And what is prostration, madman?
 Pious priest, it's the reduction
 Of one's self to dust, and placing
 At beloved's feet the necklace
 Of the flowers of ecstasy!
 What is life? Oh madman, tell me!
 Pious priest, to me it seems,
 I am life, life is my dreams,
 Of the morrow, day before!
 And, what is communion, madman?
 Pious priest, it is the drowning
 In the shoreless lake of beauty;
 It's the dancing midst the stars
 And enveloping the moon
 With the essence of one's being.
 What is beauty and its essence?
 Madman! tell me, if you please!
 Pious priest, it is a wave
 Of our drunkenness intense
 And a faintly smiling thought,
 And a slender thread of light!
 And, what is the beloved, madman?
 Pious priest, the sane can't see him,
 The insane just barely see
 The shadow of his lashes
 Long and curled, infinitely!
 And, Oh madman! finally,
 Who are you and all your kind?
 I am just somebody's longing,
 And a flower of someone's shapely,
 Tapering fingers, *hennaed*¹⁴⁴ bright,
 Lying coyly, in repose
 On beloved's pretty feet.

Dar-ul-Aman, 25th February, 1944





وايه وايه مُلاجانه!

وايه وايه مُلاجانه!
موندل وصل كنه بيگار دے
دا دلبر دے او جانان دے
كنه قهار دے او جبار دے
دا خودی خاورې كول دی
كنه خپل خود چرتہ موندل دی
كنه يو خوب د گلاب زره كښې
نشہ شومے په بهار دے
دا سپوږمې او د سيند غاړه
د كوكو سڅي دلبر
كنه صليب دے او عيسى دے
د ازغو تاج نې په سر
كنه حسين او كربلا ده
بيابان دے او لېلا ده
كنه څه هسې مشغولا ده
څه د زره او څه د سر

دا يو دام شهbaz جوړ كړے
كنه يو ساز خان ته غږېږي
دا سپرلے دے كنه يو گل دے
ژوند تپوس دے كنه جواب دے
چې پرې خپل وزر راگېر كړي
چې دا خپل غمونه هېر كړي
لږ پټ شومے د خزانه
وايه وايه مُلاجانه!



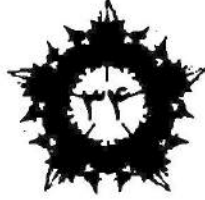
(۱) بسترے



Come and Tell Me Pious Priest!

Pious priest! Oh, come and tell me,
Is to search a means of worship,
Or just forced-labour, exacting?
Is it love and the beloved,
Or omnipotence and power?
Is it self-annihilation,
Or the finding of one's *self*?
Or a dream inebriated,
In the heart of the red rose,
In the scented, coloured Spring?
Or the waxing moon reflected
On the river's bank awhile,
And the loved one, ever generous
Of caresses and of smiles?
Or the cross with Christ upon it,
Prickly thorns upon his head?
Or *Hussain*¹⁴⁵ and *Karbala*¹⁴⁶?
Or the wasteland and *Laila*?
Or some trivial occupation,
Of the heart and of the mind?
Or a snare the falcon's knotted,
To entrap its powerful wing?
Or a self-beguiling tune,
Leaving all its woes behind?
Is it Spring or just a flower,
That's in hiding for the time,
From the autumn's searing wind?
Is life just a question mark,
Or does it have an answer?
Pious priest, now come and answer!





لر شه!

لر شه ملاجانہ! خہ دی ستا پہ کتابونو کبئی
مونر سرہ وعدی د وفا شوی دی خوبونو کبئی
مینہ می روبانہ پہ مستی او خمارونو کبئی
رحم ئی مسکے دے د گلونو پہ مخونو کبئی



(مینہ ، یاری نہ پہڑنی)

مینہ . یاری نہ پہڑنی سود او زیان له وتے دے
پوئی شوې ملنگیہ! ملا دغلته تہروتے دے
چال ئی د کمال او لومی داسی پتی کرې دی
وگوره بنکاری ته چې پخپله پکبئی نښتے دے

یوم تصادم ، اگست ۲۲





Get Away!

Get away, Oh pious priest!
What is there in all your books?
We've been promised, in our dreams,
Faithful love and constancy!
And my youthful love, so bright,
Is engulfed in ecstasy;
And His mercy is apparent
In each smiling flower's face!



Stuff and Nonsense

Love and friendship he knows not,
He's in search of profit, loss,
Understand, love's mendicant!
That is where the pious priest,
Is so obviously deceived!
And so patently at fault!¹⁴⁷
Dextrously he wends his way,
Hiding all his snares,
Look at him as he himself,
In his snares is caught as prey!!





تپوس کے جواب

واہ واہ ملاجانہ!
ژوند تپوس دے کے جواب
ژوند وصال دے کے جنون دے
کے آرام کے اضطراب
ژوند امام دے کے گلغام دے
کے ممبر دے کے محراب
کے یو مست غنڈے جہان کبھی
رنگین خوب دے دے سراب
کے لمحہ دے نور گتلی دی
دے دی تور تاریک جہانہ
ژوند تپوس دے کے جواب
واہ واہ ملاجانہ!
ژوند فرعون دے او غرور دے
کے جنون دے او سرور دے
دے نمرود دے زور تخت دے
کے رنگین مرگ دے منصور دے
دا حسین مسکے مسکے دے
کے یزید مست پے غرور دے
دا بہار دے کے گلاب دے
لے پت شومے دے تیری نہ
ژوند تپوس دے کے جواب دے



Question or Answer?

Come! Hold forth, oh pious priest!
Is life just a question mark,
Or an answer with some meaning?
Is it union with the loved one,
Or the eagerness of search?
Is it calm, peaceful existence,
Or mere restlessness and strife?
Is it priest who leads the prayer?
Or beloved's rosy face?
Or the pulpit for the sermon,
Or the prayer niche in the mosque,
For the congregation's priest?
Or, in a drunk, ecstatic world,
Coloured dream of a mirage?
Or the struggle for obtaining,
Just a fleeting glimpse of light,
For this world in darkness steeped?
Is life *Pharaoh*¹⁴⁸ and his pride,
Or just madness, joy of youth?
Or *Nimrod's*¹⁴⁹ throne of gold,
Or ecstatic *Mansoor's* death?
Or *Hussain*, with smiling face,
Or *Yazid*¹⁵⁰, drunk with his pride?
Is it Spring, or the rose hiding
From the darkness for a while?

وایہ وایہ مُلاجانہ!
 ژوند یو مست د میو جام دے
 کۛ یو مات د غم کچکول
 لہونے مخ د خیام دے
 کۛ ہونیار مخ د بہلول
 یو رنگین باغ د گلونو
 کۛ د اور د ازغو شپول
 کۛ یو تہبتہ او فرار دے
 تہبتہ دل دی لہ خپل خانہ
 ژوند تپوس دے کۛ جواب دے
 وایہ وایہ مُلاجانہ!
 ژوند یو خہشت دے چہ خورپری
 کۛ جمال چہ خاورپ کیری
 دا ساز خپل مرگ تہ کری ساندہ
 کۛ یو اور دے چہ بلیری
 د دہ تلو مقام. دمہ شتہ
 کۛ د سا نہ سا تہبتیری
 منگوتی کۛ د ارت دی
 خۛ ہکیری خۛ تشیری
 کۛ یو نور دے چہ خورپری
 ناخبرہ د خپل شانہ
 ژوند تپوس دے کۛ جواب دے
 وایہ وایہ مُلاجانہ!



(۱) بناست. (۲) خپریری. (۳) ساہ نہ ساہ

Is life ecstatic goblet,
Or grief's broken begging bowl?
Or the mad face of *Khayyam*,
Or the wise head of *Bahlol*¹⁵¹,
Or a garden full of flowers?
Or a wattle of sharp thorns?
Or a flight from grief and darkness,
From the prison of one's self?
Is it beauty reaching out?
Or returning to the dust?
Music wailing its own death?
Or a fire burning bright?
Are there resting spots around
For the journey that is life?
Or does breathlessness abound -
With life-giving breath, deserting
Fragile citadel of life?
Is it drawing-pails of water,
On a Persian water-wheel -
Some being filled as others empty,
Their sweet contents on the ground?
Or is it light spreading around,
Of its grandeur unaware?
Is our life a question, answer?
Pious priest now come and answer!





خُوكه

لرې لرې په وريخو کښې يو سپينه خُوكه بنکاري
 خو په لاره کښې دى غرونه او درې دى د غمونو
 غلے غلے مې رگونو کښې يو بنکلے اواز رپى
 پکښې تور سوي سازونه، زيرې پانې د گلونو
 ورو ورو پت پت مې خيگر کښې يو مهين ستار غرپړى
 عجب ساز د خاموشى دے لېونے ئې کرم سرونو
 او، ما ته دېره لويه لاره، د ازغو د تيرو پاتې
 خو چې دغه خُوكه گورم اور مې بل شى په رگونو
 دک د گلو کور مې گور شى، هر گلاب راته پېغور شى
 همه خېشت د ژوند کړى پتې تورې لرې د غمونو
 زره مې وئ چې پاخه پاخه غنى! خان پسې ملنگ کړه
 دغه خُوكه کښې پت پروت دے ستا مطلب د مطلبونو



(۱) بنانست. (۲) وانی



Summit

Far away in the far distance,
 Clothed in clouds of darkish hue,
 One can see the summit white,
 Of a mountain reaching out,
 To the sky in all its pride;
 But the way to it is winding,
 All across the hills and dales,
 And the gorges, ever-widening,
 Of interminable grief.
 Very softly, in my veins,
 Lovely sounds reverberate,
 Of the saddest of sad tunes,
 And the yellowing leaves of flowers.
 Gently, gently, from my bosom,
 Come the strains of some *sitar*,
 Strange new melody of silence,
 With its maddening notes of joy.
 And for me a distant journey,
 One of darkness, thorns, remains;
 But when I see that glistening summit,
 Fire burns throughout my veins,
 Spurs me on to reach the light.
 The rose garden that's my home,
 Turns to darkness of the grave,
 Every rose becomes a taunt;
 All the beauty of this life,
 Shrouded o'er with palls of gloom;
 And my heart cries out, "Oh *Ghani!*
 Go, give up the world for it!
 In that summit, hidden, lies,
 The sole object of your dreams!"

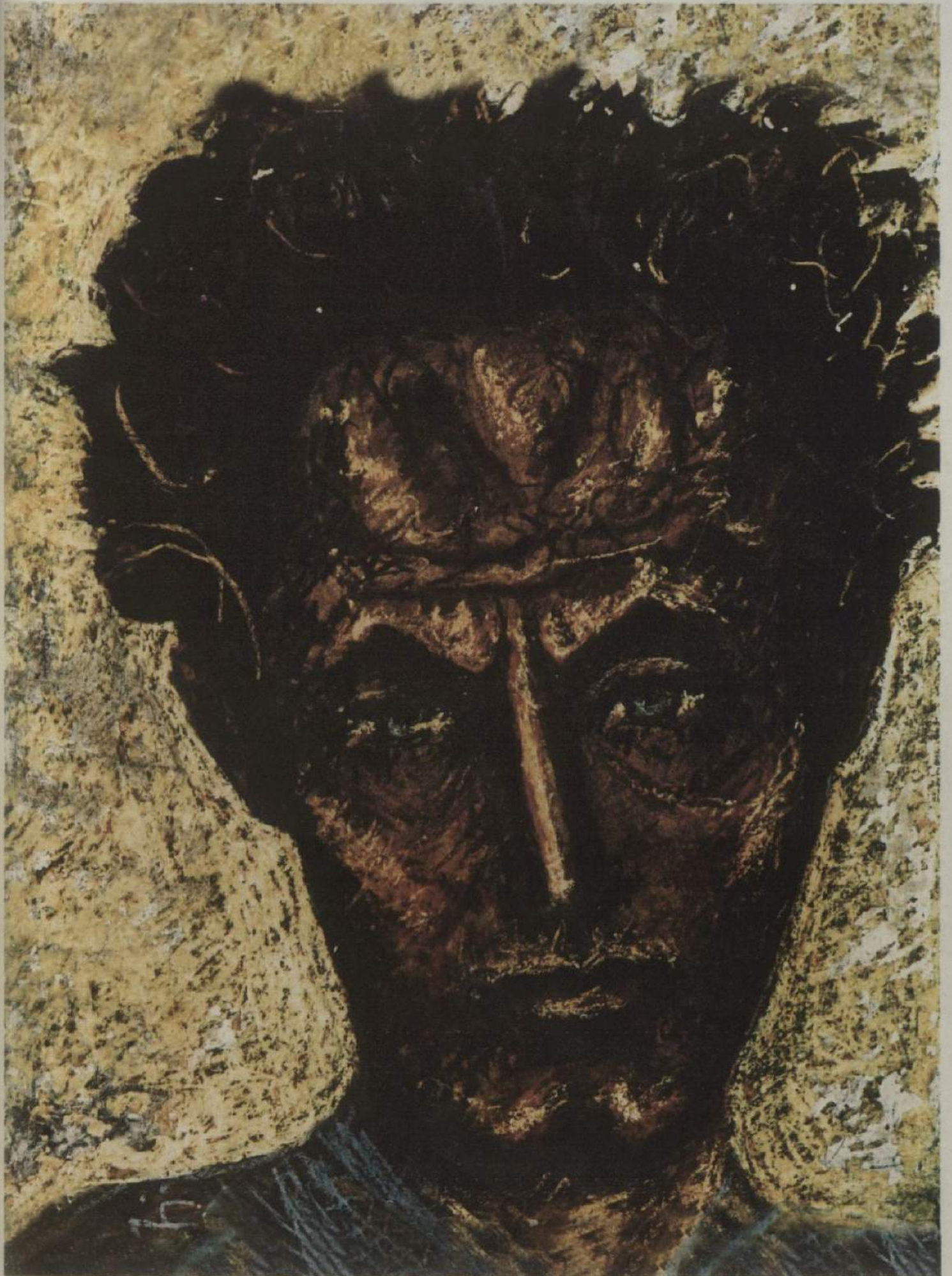


Self Portrait - depicting a tortured soul with a crown of thorns around his head.

Presented to his friend Sardar Abdul Gharri.

Pastel on paper 30 cm x 38 cm.

Courtesy Owais Ahmad Gharri.





عجبه فلسفه

(۱)

خو دا تول کرلے جنون شی	پہ دے تال کنبے خوتول زہیم
دا قیصہ کرلے مجنون شی	خومره زہیم خومره نور دی
تول خوبونه د سبا دی	پہ دے گتو کنبے مے ایبسی
د قلا د محبوبا دی	دے غبار کنبے دہوالونه
د رنا او نور قیصہ دہ	ما روند تہ شروع کرے
خہ عجبه فلسفه دہ	د جنون او د جانان دا
د جومات کُوخے لہ لارم	زہ مے واچوہ پہ تال کنبے
ما وے دامے صدقہ دہ	د ملا پہ پنبو مے کنبہنبود
پہ طہ او پہ یاسین	دا چے خومره زہ پوهہریم
پہ سجدہ زما جبین	دا چے خومره بنکتہ تلے شی
دا زما خاکسی وجود	دا چے خومره اخلی نور
شی خُکلے انگبین	دا چے خومره زماژبہ



Strange Philosophy

(1)

Spread all over on the platter
Is myself, but it is reckoned
As the madness and obsession
Of an overpowering love;
The extent to which it's I
Or someone else that's in the platter,
Is a tale that only *Majnoon*
Is aware of, can relate.
At my fingertips lie resting,
All the dreams of a bright morrow,
And within this dust, apparent
My beloved's fortress walls.
To the blind I am recounting
Tales of light and of effulgence -
And of madness, the beloved,
What a strange philosophy!
With my heart upon a platter,
To the mosque I then repaired,
Placed it gently at the feet
Of the pious priest, and said;
"This is my offering to you,
Which you cannot but accept -
From what all I comprehend
Of *Taa Haa* ¹⁵² and of *Yaa Seen* ¹⁵³,
From my posture as I bend,
From my forehead all prostrate;
From my body made of clay,
As it takes on divine light;
From my tongue as it takes in,
Taste of honey that's divine".
The priest turned his face away,
And he spurned the offer, saying,
"What is it that you have brought,
On this platter and this plate?"

نە پولاۋ دە نە فرنی دە
 وې ئې شرع ظاهر گوری
 دا د رب سره د مینې
 ویره ویره دقهار نه
 د جنون او د جانان ستا
 زبە دې کنبه پدە پە سینە کنبې
 ستا شراب دلته حرام دی
 ما خپل تال پک د خوبونو
 وړوکه لال مې راوچت کە
 ماوې اے د بنو او بدو
 دا دالی زما قبوله
 قاضی کنبهنا ستو پە تخت خپل
 پە یو لاس ئې توپه کنبه بنوه
 تله (ئې) پورته د منطق کره
 یو خوا شور وه، کمزوری وې

نە حلوانه فالسوده ده
 او ظاهره ته فاسق ئې
 تا راغشتې خه قیصه ده
 د ایمان اصلی حصه ده
 خه مهمله فلسفه ده
 دلته رنگ او لباس راوړه
 شربت راوړه گلاس راوړه
 د قاضی دربار له یورو
 تارخانې او مار له یورو
 اے د تورو سپینو خانه
 پە نامه کره د جانانه
 پە سپین سر ئې دستار کنبه بنود
 پە بل لاس ئې حصار کنبه بنود
 یو خوادے یو خو مې تال وه
 بل خوا ژمه وه، کمال وه

Neither fragrant, choice *pilau*¹⁵⁴,
 Nor the *halwa*, hot and sweet.
 The religious law divine,
 Just the outward form observes;
 And to all appearance you,
 Are an evil-doer plain!
 All your talk of love, affection,
 For your God is just a tale.
 Fear, fear of our God,
 Is essential part of faith.
 While your madness, and obsession
 With both love and the beloved,
 Is philosophy devoid of
 Any meaning and of truth;
 Put your heart back in your breast,
 For sincerity's not needed,
 Mere form here pursue!
 Your red wine is not permitted,
 Here orange juice consume!
 And my platter full of dreams,
 To the Judge's court I took;
 Like a little precious ruby,
 To the snake in darkness dank;
 And in diffidence accosted,
 His imposing legal self -
 "Oh one who can distinguish
 Between what is good and bad,
 Between black and white and grey;
 Pray, this gift of mine accept,
 In the name of one I love."
 The grave judge in all his glory,
 On the seat of justice sat;
 Placed his turban of distinction
 On the white locks of his head;
 On one hand he placed a cannon,
 With the other, fortress held;
 And the scales of logic, cool,
 He picked up to hear the case.
 In one pan was all his logic,
 In the other one my platter;
 On my side, lament and tears;
 And on his, perfection's might;

یو خوا عقل وه دلیل وه
 بل خوا روند غنډې تلاش وه
 ما وې دا لهونتوب واخله
 ما وې دا زما خمار
 ما وې اے د انصاف ربه
 ما وې اے د تول امیره
 قاضی سترگې کرلې پټې
 وې افسوس زمانه ورک دے
 زه خو زور یم د انسان
 ما دی سپین او تور راغستی
 زه تور گورم او سپین گورم
 دغه تول زما امهد دے

(۲)

فلسفی د ملک ولاړ وه
 د خود سپین مشال په لاس
 فکر تېز، نظر باریک
 د منطق په پاتکو پاتکو
 وه چاپېره ترې عالم
 جدا کول ئې زیات او کم
 دلیلونه (ئې) کلک مېخونه
 وه روان په بره سم

On one side was logic, reason -
 Neither ecstasy nor love -
 On the other, searching blindly,
 Was a lost and selfless thought.
 I said, take this madness over,
 Decimate with it your reason,
 And with this, my drunken rapture,
 Ornament your learning, thought!
 I cried out, "Oh lord of justice,
 See the goal of those who're lost!"
 And then added, "master weighman!
 Come, this scale-less weighing see!"
 The judge closed his eyes and sighed,
 And his lips were sealed and pale,
 And his face betrayed the grief,
 Of a troubled, anguished soul.
 And he said, "to my regret,
 I no longer have what you
 Now demand of me to give;
 I'm man's logic and his power
 And of passion am bereft.
 From a garden full of flowers,
 And of ecstasy, I've brought,
 Nothing more than just the power,
 To distinguish black from white;
 And in black and white, I see.
 This is all that can be read,
 Of the story of my life.
 Weighing thus is all I hope for,
 The philosophy I've taught."

(2)

And the wise man of the land,
 Stood beside me in deep thought;
 All around him milled a crowd.
 And the flaming flambeau bright,
 Of his *self* within his hand,
 He stood sifting *few* from *more* -
 Thought incisive, sight precise,
 Reasoning sure and hard as nails;
 Logic, penetrating, deep,
 Climbing upward, step by step.

ماوې اے د هوش او عقل
 يو بيې خوده لېونې دے
 ستا د پوهې د درياب نه
 څه سوب د خندا غواړي
 فلسفې كړې سترگې پورته
 خړې خړې د غم لړې
 وې اے زما غمگينه خويه
 د ده نور به هله كورې
 علم سپين روښا مشال دے
 دنور سترگې دى په زړه كښې
 سمندر د خېشت څوك گېر كړي
 د غم باد دے چا نيولے
 دې د خود په مېخانه كښې
 چې د مينې ساز پرې اوړي
 ستا نظر جدا نظر دے
 تا كښې وينه د مجنون ده
 ستا مستي وهى تالونه
 د رڼا بله مشاله
 هر يو ساز ئې د ماتم
 يو قطره د رڼا غواړي
 څه مطلب غواړي د غم
 ځله مسكه سترگې روښانه
 پكښې راغلې ناگهانه
 خېشت وجود لري نه سورے
 چې په پتو سترگو كورې
 خو پرې نه شى ليدے ستوري
 د نوروونو دنيا كورې
 د منطق په كوزنې كښې
 تول د تلې او درې كښې
 ستا د څښلو شراب نيشته
 دلته هغه رباب نيشته
 ستا جهان جدا جهان
 ستا نصيب كښې بيا بان
 په خندا د بوډى تال كښې

And I said, "Oh! Flaming torch of
 Logic, reason, comprehension
 And the brilliance of light!
 Here's a senseless madman, raving,
 In each tune, a tale of grief;
 From the ocean of your knowledge,
 Just a drop of light demands;
 And some cause for laughter seeks;
 And some meaning craves for grief!"
 He raised his glance towards me,
 Smiling lips, and eyes alight,
 As the rolling mists of sadness,
 Overtook them suddenly.
 And he said, "Oh son aggrieved!
 Beauty does not have a form,
 Nor a shadow one can see,
 Its existence is apparent
 To closed eyes, which do not see!
 Knowledge is a lighted torch,
 But with it one cannot see
 The bright radiance of the stars.
 Seeing eyes are of the heart,
 Which the worlds of beauty see.
 Beauty's wide expanse and depth,
 Like an ocean, infinite,
 Can any one confine
 In cold logic's tumbler fine?
 And the burden of our grief,
 Who can weigh in scales and pounds?
 In this tavern of the *self*,
 There's no wine for you to drink,
 No *rabab*, on which the tunes,
 Of love's passion can be played.
 Your perspective is all different,
 And your world's another world.
 In your veins is flowing freely,
 The impassioned *Majnoon's* blood;
 To your fate has been bequeathed,
 Ever-widening wastes of sand.
 And your ecstasy, in laughter
 Gently swings, and is adrift
 On the rainbow's coloured swing;

دَ هلال پنه نری خط کبھی
 لبونیہ! لبونیہ!
 خو بدل کبھی رالہ راکرہ
 ستا د اوبسکو نہ قربان شم
 چي پنه دوارو کبھی خمار دے
 تا چي مخ د دنیا وارو
 خو تا تاوان کبھی گتہ وکرہ
 چي ژوندون د خہشت تلاش شی
 خومره مست ئي هر قدم شی
 راورہ. راورہ زره دې راورہ
 هر ارمان ئي خُماری دے
 راکہ راکہ چي ژوندے شم
 ژوند ارمان دے او جانان دے
 وایہ وایہ خومره مستہ
 د جنون او د جانان دا
 وائی شوندي د جانان
 دا ټول عقل زما واخله
 یو قطرہ د خپل ارمان
 ستا دردونو ته پسخېرم
 د خوبونو د جانان
 دنیا چغې کرې پاگل دے
 مونږ پنه گتہ کبھی تاوان
 غم تش غم شی د دلبر
 هر نظر خومره روبان
 چي ئي زه پنه زرگی بنکل کرم
 مستئي هره وسوسه ده
 وئ! له مرگه ویره مرگ دے
 کف اُمید کف تلوسه ده
 د دلبر د شان قیصه ده
 خه عجبہ فلسفه ده

In the fine, exquisite script
Of the crescent's slender form,
Your beloved's shapely lips,
Give expression to the heart.
Oh one bereft of reason!
Come! My reason take away!
But in exchange provide,
Of your longing just a drop!
Your tears, all endearing,
And your pain and grief, I envy,
As they all amply contain,
The rich headiness of wine,
Of beloved's lovely dreams!
When you turned your face away
From this mundane, inane world,
It cried out, *he's raving mad!*
In your loss you've clearly gained,
We have lost out in our gain!
When life's purpose is pursuit of
Beauty's essence and its form,
And the pain of pining, only
To the *loved one* is confined,
How ecstatic then becomes
Every pace, each graceful step,
And each glance as bright as light.
Bring, oh bring your proffered heart,
So that I with mine can kiss it!
All its longings are ecstatic,
All its doubts and fears too.
Give, oh give it quickly,
So that I am thus revived;
Ah woe is me! the fear of death,
Is worse than death itself can be!
Is life longing and beloved,
Or just hope, intense desire?
Come! Pray tell me, how ecstatic,
Is the tale of the beloved's
State of majesty and love!
And of madness the beloved
What a strange philosophy!"

(۳)

تورې شپې او غم له یورو	ماخپل زړه لاس کښې راغند کڼه
د سبا شبنم له یورو	د ماښام تیاره کښې ورک کڼه
د جانان د شان قیصه ده	اوس یو زه یم یو ارمان دے
یو اُمېد، یو تلوسه ده	وړوکه گل اولوښې خزان دے
د ژوندون د خېشت قیصه ده	ما مرگی ته شروع کړې
څه عجبہ فلسفه ده	د جنون او د جانان دا

بېگنوتیر. هزاره



(۱) ونهل، (۲) واروډ، (۳) راخستې، (۴) کرو، (۵) راخستې، (۶) ښانست، (۷) سپورے، (۸) مسته نې، (۹) راکره راکره

(3)

In my hand I quickly gathered,
My sad heart and then withdrew,
To the darkness and the grief,
Of a dark and wintry night;
To the glistening dew-drop, white,
Of a bright and crispy morn.
Now, it's me and just my longing
And the tale of the beloved's
State of majesty and might;
Just the little flower in waiting,
For the Autumn's hand to strike;
Only hope, intense desire
For the Spring to come around.
To the eager, waiting death,
I have just begun the tale,
Of life's beauty and its charm.
Oh of madness, the beloved,
What a strange philosophy!

Bhagnotar, Hazara



Zareen, Ghani's younger daughter.
Pastel on paper 31 cm x 41 cm.
Farooq Collection.





گلونه د ورخاری

گلونه د ورخاری د رنگ خاڅکی ولاړی

سحر په خندا پر کړی ما بنام ټول وی خفه مراوی

گلونه د ورخاری

اغستی ئې سل رنگه خندیږی څنگ په څنگه

سحر خوانی مشرنکه او ما بنام ولاړ وی ژاری

گلونه د ورخاری

خوانی دیو سحر ده ژوندون دیوې ورخې

بیا هم ما نه نران دی چې هر سحر خندان دی

گلونه د ورخاری

اوزه یو پوتې غم ته د لږ ساعت تورتم ته

ادم د اوبنکو نوم دے په گلونو پسې ژاری

گلونه د ورخاری

څه بنکلی بنکلی خاندی رنگینه دی، تابان دی

خائشت د گلستان دی

غنی ورته همپش

حبران شانې ولاړی

گلونه د ورخاری



(۱) ولاړ وی، (۲) بنامت



*Pretty Portulaca*¹⁵⁵ *Flowers!*

*P*retty *portulaca* flowers!
Drops of colour standing proud,
Spend the morning wreathed in smiles,
Wilt, and sulk as evening falls.
Pretty portulaca flowers!
Dressed in drapes of many hues,
Laughing, as they stand in line.
In the morning - youth alight,
In the evening, tears shed.
Pretty portulaca flowers!
Youth confined to morning hours,
Life no more than just a day,
Even so with courage filled,
Braver than my feeble heart,
As each morn they smile and laugh;
Pretty portulaca flowers!
While I, by just a little grief
Some moments steeped in sadness brief,
Am weighted down, and often cry.
Man, the other name for tears,
For the flowers full of fears,
For them keeps forever crying!
Pretty portulaca flowers!
What lovely smiles their faces wear,
What colourful attire don!
The beauty of the garden green!
Ghani, at them constantly
In great amazement gazes!
And never fails to be surprised,
As he looks into their eyes!
Pretty portulaca flowers!





د بُودی تال

تیاره، تندر، ورکهدل دی زه لټوم د بُودی تال
 د اُمد نه جوړومه کله رنگ کله وصال
 زه د خان کُل مرضونه خپل حکیم یم د کمال
 اے زما مغروره یاره زه خالق ستا د جمال

دا چې زه په تلاش لارم
 پوست پراؤ مقام مې وموند
 دا چې زه تری د نور شوم
 سپین ساقی او جام مې وموند

دایم زه چې کله گل شم کله نور کله وصال
 کله اور ستا د سرو شونډو کله ستا د زني خال
 اے زما د مینې جوړې ستا کمال زما کمال
 د منطق په تور جهان کبني ورک جنون او تور هلال

تیاره، تندر، ورکهدل دی
 نه بُودی شته نه ئي تال

خانپور، هزاره، ۱۹۵۲ء





The Rainbow

Darkness, deafening claps of thunder,
A perpetual getting-lost!
I am searching for the rainbow
And from hope sometimes creating
Varied colours, and at times
Trysts, communion with my love.
I'm the ultimate physician
Of all ills afflicting me;
And oh proud and vain beloved!
I'm creator of your charm;
And when I went out asearching,
A fine staging-post I found;
And when I thirsted for beauty,
Fair saki and goblet found.
It is I who sometimes get to be,
The flower, or ambient light;
The fire of your bright-red lips,
Or on your chin, the mole;
Oh you who've been created
From my everlasting love -
Your perfection is no more,
Than reflection of myself.
In the dark world of cold logic,
Lover's madness has been lost;
And the crescent has become,
A dark eyebrow in the night.
Darkness and loud claps of thunder -
A perpetual getting-lost!
There's no rainbow or its colours,
Nor its magical bright light!

Khanpur, Hazara, 1952







مینه

اوس تازہ وی او فنا شی
 سل گُلونہ ترے پیدا شی
 سرے وُسیخی فنا شی
 جہان گرم شی رنا شی
 چے ترے وینس شی لا بلا شی
 چے سرے وینس شی شہدا شی
 سرے روند شی نابینا شی
 تل جہان تہ نابینا شی
 ماشومان پکنہ جلیا شی
 لہ گناہ وجود صفا شی
 پکنہ خان ورک شی تالا شی
 پکنہ پتہ سخا دنیا شی
 کاشکی ستا عقل زما شی
 ستاد سرہ دے فدا شی

ہنہی وے مینہ یو گل دے
 ماوے یو گل چے شی مراوے
 ہنہی وے مینہ دہ اور
 ماوے اور چے چرتہ بل شی
 ہنہی وے مینہ یو خوب دے
 ماوے گورہ ژوندون خوب دے
 ہنہی وے مینہ غضب دے
 ماوے خدائی تہ بینا سترگی
 ہنہی وے مینہ دوزخ دے
 ماوے بنہ دے دوزخ بنہ دے
 ہنہی وے مینہ تیارہ دہ
 ماوے گورہ تیارہ بنہ دہ
 ہنہی وے خوہہ دلبرہ!
 غنی وے ماشومہ گلہ!



(۱) ونہل



Love

She said, "love is a flower,
Fresh and lovely for a while,
And in a while, no more."
I said, "when a flower wilts,
It gives birth to many more."
She said, "love is a fire,
Burns a lover and then dies."
I said, "when a fire's lighted,
It lights up and warms the world."
She said, "love is a dream,
When we wake up, it all seems
Like the pain's intensified."
I said, "life is but a dream,
When one wakes up, love is there
To entrap you in its wiles."
She said, "love is a scourge,
One gets blinded, sees no more."
I said, "eyes aware of God,
To the world, are without sight."
She said, "love is hot as Hell,
Lovers burn within it, cry."
I said, "hell is ever welcome,
For it cleanses one of sin."
She said, "love is like the darkness,
Which benights us and destroys."
I said, "darkness is a boon,
For it hides the dirty world."
She said, "oh dear beloved!
Would to God, your mind were mine."
Ghani said, "innocent darling!
Let me sacrifice it all for you!"





وېش

باغ کښې څوک گلاب شی څوک شی سروې څوک ورخارے
څوک د مینځ غنچه شی څوک کبل د غارې غارې
تاج د چا د زرو د چا تاج شی د غمونو
وېش د بل په لاس وی که ته خاندې او که ژارې





Apportionment

In the garden of our dreams,
Some get to be roses red,
Others, stately cypresses,
Pretty *portulaca*, too;
Some, the garden's central buds
Get to be, while others are
Grass of borders, evergreen;
Some with crowns of gold bedecked,
Others, decked with crowns of grief -
Portions are apportioned by,
Powerful hand of *fate*, on high,
We compelled are to accept,
Even though we wish, at times,
To cry out and to decry!





تقسیم

خوک لبونتوب شی	خوک لبونی شی
خوک رنگین خوب شی	خوک شی په خوب اوده
مخ په قبله شی	خوک احرام وتری
پاکه کعبه شی	خوک جلال واغندی
مسته لولی شی	خوک مست بورا شی
د گل غتی شی	خوک رنگینه نیازبینه
د غم قیصه شی	خوک یو درد تصویر
په ننداره شی	خوک ئې په مینه مینه
د خندا تهر شی	یو خو ساعته درنگ
او واره هېر شی	اخر تیاره راشی





Distribution

Some of us become insane,
Others become madness;
Some of us just go to sleep,
Others become lovely dreams;
Some the sheet¹⁵⁶ of pilgrimage,
Wear and turn towards the West¹⁵⁷;
Others don the robes of might,
Ka'bah's¹⁵⁸ purity assume;
Some, in love inebriated,
Get to be the bumblebees,
Or the drunken butterflies;
Some tend to be pretty buds
Basking in the gaze of love;
Some upon them lovingly
Set their eyes and fondly gaze;
And a few moments of colour,
And of laughter are then spent;
But, very soon darkness descends
And everything then gets to be
Forgotten!





زۀ هُم جادوگر یمه

ژوند چې یو تورتم شی د سپوږمۍ، ستورو رڼا نه وی
زۀ شمه مشال خان ته پخپله رڼا جوړه کړم
کوم جهان چې راشی یو پوتی مې د نظره چپ
ورک ئې کړم او غرق ئې کړم او بله دنیا جوړه کړم
او وگوره جانان په یو ساعت کښې یو صحرا کړی خور
او زۀ هُم ورله یاره! یو ساعت کښې لېلا جوړه کړم
تول جهان گلزار وی زۀ هُم د چا دلیر شمه
زۀ هُم جادوگر یم اشنا! زۀ هُم خندا جوړه کړم
پند د بدو واخلم د بنو پرې ترې چاپېره کړم
خومره بدمعاشی په یو خپق گېره کښې گېره کړم
دا دوه سترگې پتې کړم او ټوله دنیا هېره کړم
کښېنم د پوزی نه مې یو سور محل چاپېره کړم
گل د صنوبر شم چې وېم گل د صنوبر یمه
زۀ هُم جادوگر یم اشنا! زۀ هُم جادوگر یمه



I, Too, am a Wizard!

*W*hen life the shades of night assumes,
The moon and stars, cast o'er by clouds,
I then myself become the torch,
And light the way to my abode.
Whichever world in my esteem,
Falls, and becomes meaningless,
I destroy, annihilate it,
And another world create;
Look at the beloved, see!
In one moment he unfolds,
Wasteland, limitless and bare,
And for it I then create,
In a moment, *Laila's* love.
And, when all the world becomes
Gardens, blooming full of flowers,
I then also fall in love
And beloved's soul become;
I, too, am a wizard, Friend!
And laughter all around create.
Loads of *evil* on my head,
I bundle and with *good* tie up,
Vagrant conduct of all kinds
In a beard I confine.
Both my eyes I close, forget
All the world around me, yet,
Seated on a reed mat, I,
Palace all around it build;
When I say I am a flower,
Flower ethereal, I become!
I, too, am a wizard, Friend!
I, too, am a wizard!

بند که می اواز کری خوک زه ساز کبني ترې نه وتبتم
 خنگه سوې سوې د رنگونو دنيا جوړه کرم
 سيم او لرگه واخلم ترې ماتم، واوبلا جوړه کرم
 ډول چې په حلقو کرم، خه باغچه د هوا جوړه کرم
 رنگ او اواز دواړه د اوه اوه پردو دی جوړ
 زه د (ساز) او (ساه) نه رنگ د رنگه ژړا جوړه کرم
 زه چې په ژړا شم مست رباب لمبو کبني وژروم
 زه چې په خندا شم په شپېلی کبني خندا جوړه کرم
 نمر، ما بنام کبني زه يمه چې زېرې د سحر يمه
 زه هم جادوگر يم اشنا! زه هم جادوگر يمه
 ما ته چې زندان کبني به دا خپل جيندمه رايا د شولو
 بس شر به شو (جيندمه) به وه او شنه شنه چمنونه
 او ما ته به صحرا کبني د (بونېر) په سترگو سترگو کبني
 شگې به شرشمې شوې او زير پکبني گلونه
 ناگانه به لرې د پروچې لوبه شروع شوله
 پرق به د تمبلونو شو او سره پکبني لاسونه

When my voice is muffled, I,
I escape in music's tunes,
And in plaintive notes create,
Painful world of many hues.
Wood, and iron strings I take,
And from them produce
Sadness, permeating beings,
Madness, intense wailing, grief;
And when the drum I take to play,
Gardens from thin air create!
Colour, sound, are both composed,
Of seven colours, seven notes;
From music and from life I make
Colour, and from colour make
Tears and loud wailing grief.
And when I get to wail and cry,
Rabab, in flames then follows suit;
And when I laugh, within the flute
Laughter I create, to boot.
In the sun and evening I,
Always am reflected,
Tidings of the morn am I,
In the dawn projected.
I too am a wizard, Friend!
I too am a wizard!
When confined in prison I,
Called to mind my own *Jindee*¹⁵⁹,
Then there was but gushing water,
Jindee and the gardens green;
And, within the wilderness,
For my eyes, would desert sands,
Into green fields of *Bunêr*¹⁶⁰,
Be transformed with yellow flowers;
And in the distance, suddenly,
Someone would begin to dance,
There would then be also heard,
Music of the *tamble*¹⁶¹ played,
Pretty *hennaed* hands displayed!

مې منہ، منکر شه ترې، وئ! څنگه ترې منکر شه
ما ته ئې په شگو کبې توکولی دی گلونه
دومره خزانه چې د قارون خوب کبې هم نيشته
چار چاپېره خاورو کبې لالونه دی لالونه
زه چې په ماينام کبې د جانان د دیدن ورې شم
خان له د ایرانه شیرینی په خندا راولم
زه چې مېخانه کبې د ساز جام د رنگ وچت کرمه
مینخ د منارو له روښانی په گدا راولم



(۱) خپور، (۲) وایم، (۳) ناگهان، (۴) مه ئې، (۵) لعلونه

Don't believe Him but deny!
How can I! Oh how can I!
For within the desert sands,
For me He has sprouted flowers,
Such a lot of treasure which,
*Qaroon*¹⁶² in his prime and rich,
E'en in dreams could not have seen;
All around within the dust,
Strewn are rubies every where!
When, as evening comes, I thirst,
Hanker for beloved's sight,
For myself from fair Iran,
Shireen, in all laughter, bring;
When within the tavern, I,
Music's goblet, full of wine,
And of colour, to my lips,
Raise, to look at, kiss and drink,
Dancing light, in ecstasy,
To the minarets I bring!





دوه سترگي

کله گورم زمکې ته او کله گورم ستورو ته
 او کله گلستان کښې د قبرونو خازو تورو ته
 گورم بتخانه کښې ستا د حسن تجلې کله
 کله په سجدو کعبه کښې گورم خلقو نورو ته
 لويه هنرمنده! د هنر کمال دې وگوره
 دې غټو خبرو ته او دې شونډو کمزورو ته
 زه چې گورم نه وينم. ته گوره. چې وگورې
 دې رنگين جهان ته او زما سترگو شمکورو ته
 واوره شهزاده زما! غلام دې گيله مند دے
 خلق د غمونو قيصې کړې سترگو غمخورو ته
 تا ته يو ساعت يوه لحظه کښې سرے وواڼي
 هغه چې کلونو کښې وټيلے نه شی نورو ته
 څه خو مې لږ پوښې کړه چې ژوند ولې؟ جهان ولې؟
 څاڅکے د نور راولپږه لږ دې لږو تورو ته
 نه دې تاب د خېشت لږم او نه دې د خبرو
 ما ته به ئې وواڼي ته ووايه دې ستورو ته



Two Eyes

Sometimes at the earth I gaze,
 And sometimes at the stars above,
 And sometimes, in the fields of flowers,
 At tombstones grey, and bluish black;
 And sometimes in the temples I,
 Your beauty's bright effulgence see,
 And sometimes, lying all prostrate,
 In the *Ka'bah*, others see.
 Oh skilful Creator see!
 See the work, of Your great skill -
 Words of such immense import,
 From two lips so pale and weak!
 When I look, I hardly see;
 Have a look so You can see
 The world so full of colour, light;
 And my eyes, both semi-blind!
 Listen oh beloved *Prince!*
 I, Your slave, am sorely grieved;
 People tell their tales of woe,
 To seeing eyes, which sympathise:
 To You in a moment one,
 All one's secrets can confide;
 Secrets which to others, cannot
 Over many years be told.
 Come and make me understand,
 Just a little if You please:
 Why this life, and why this world?
 Why the universe around?
 Send but just a drop of light,
 To these mists of darkness which,
 All the world and us surround.
 I do not within me hold,
 Eyes to bear Your beauty's sight,
 Or the power to sustain,
 Majesty of Your discourse.
 They will then to me disclose,
 Come, now in the stars confide!

دوه سترگي مې دوه رنگه هر رنگ د جهان ويني
 گوري يوه زمکي ته او بله گوري ستورو ته
 په يوه کبني سرور وي، مستي وي، خندا
 په بله کبني سوز. اسويلى او ژړا
 په يوه کبني دنيا. سر سينگار د دنيا
 په يوه کبني ستم. غم. ازار د دنيا
 په يوه کبني ژوندون. د ژوندون بې خودي
 په يوه کبني افسوس او ارمان د ژوندی
 په يوه کبني جنون دے، نشه د افسون
 په يوه کبني کافر دے. فاسق دے مجنون
 په يوه کبني سپرله دے. سپورمي او جانان
 او بله کبني زيان تول دا شان د انسان
 د دوو سترگو خه ضرور وه
 چې يوه وے بنه بينا وے
 خومره بنه به ستا ادم وه
 خومره بنکلي به حوا وے

چې يا غم وے د گلونو	او يا غم د جنتونو
او مجنون ته په کعبه کبني	مُسکي سترگي دلېلا وے
تا پرې خپل کمال بنکاره کھ	او غوبل دې ما کبني جور کھ
په ژړا لېونى تا ته	خکه بانگ کبني د سبا وې
خلق د غمونو قيصي کړي	سترگو غمخورو ته
ما ته به ئې ووائى	ته ووايه دې ستورو ته



(۱) مزکي. (۲) بنامت. (۳) پسرله. (۴) کرو. (۵) ونبل

Both my eyes observe and see,
 Every thing that can be seen,
 In two colours, coloured bright.
 One eye looks upon the earth,
 While the other scans the stars;
 Within one are happiness,
 Laughter, drunken ecstasy;
 Lodged within the other are,
 Intense feeling, tears and sighs.
 Within one there lies the world
 With its beauty and its joy;
 In the other are ensconced,
 Grief, affliction, cruelty;
 Within one there is just life
 And life's drunken ecstasy;
 In the other are regrets,
 Barren longing, aimless strife;
 In one there is obsession
 And the magic of our love;
 In the other, heretic,
 And impassioned, mad *Majnoon*.
 In one, there is the coloured Spring,
 Shining moon, beloved's smiles;
 In the other there is doom,
 And destruction of mankind.
 Was there need for both the eyes?
 Just one surely would suffice,
 If it was endowed with sight!
 How then very good would be,
 Adam and how lovely Eve -
 If all concern, anxiety,
 Were to be of flowers or
 Just of heaven were to be;
 And to *Majnoon* in the *Ka'bah*,
 Smiled the smiling eyes of *Laila*!
 In creating two You have
 Demonstrated Your own skill,
 But in me has been created,
 Turmoil and confusion great!
 That is why the madman, crying,
 In the morning call-to-prayer,
 To You, with respect, proclaimed:
 "People tell their tales of woe,
 To seeing eyes which sympathise;
 They will then to me disclose,
 Come now to the stars confide!"





سینده خه! سینده بهېره!

هر سرے سیند دے روان کله مست او کله ورو
کله غر کله میدان کښې کله غلے په مېرو

د قسمت د زنجیرول دے

دا د ده رفتار د تلو

د ابو رسولو چل دے هر واښه. ونې. گلاب له
سیند خپل خېشت او غرځنگونه شکرانه وری دریاب له

سینده خه! سینده بهېره!

سینده خه! سینده بهېره!

که په شگو کښې وچېرې	که مستېرې په طوفان کښې
که مستی که شراب کېرې	که غم او گلاب کېرې
که په شگو کښې وچېرې	که مستېرې په طوفان کښې
که مستی که شراب کېرې	که غم او گلاب کېرې
چې بهېره او بهېره	دا قسمت دے د دریاب
په اواره کښې ورکېره	چې په گتو ورشې اورشه
اوبل خائې کښې غلام نه شي	چې یو خائې کښې آفت نه شي



Flow Oh River, Flow Along!

Every man is like a river,
And forever on the go,
Sometimes jubilant and frisky,
Sometimes pensive, very slow;
Sometimes in the gorges deep,
Then o'er undulating plains,
Over arid wastelands, vast,
In a quiet, easy sweep;
And the chain of fate has bound him,
To a pre-determined speed.
It's a question of conveying,
To each blade of grass, each rose,
And to each majestic tree,
Both its sustenance and life.
All its beauty and its surging,
As it dashes o'er the rocks,
Is a tribute to be paid,
To expectant ocean's floor.
If the storm makes you ecstatic,
Or the sand dries up your soul,
If you wish to be the wheat,
Or the rose, the *jasmine* flower,
Or the wine and ecstasy,
Of communion's short-lived hour.
It's the river's fate to flow,
To flow on incessantly;
Be the fire when you surge
Past the rocks as they obstruct,
And then gently lose yourself
In the undulating plains;
And take care! Do not become
Devastation anywhere,
Nor be anywhere enslaved.

تہ خوراک د کُل مخلوق شہ
 خہ دائی شہ مور او پلار شہ
 خہ چرې چرې شہ خور شہ
 او باغچې او چمنونہ
 چې ماہنام دې راخی خوا لہ
 خہ صحرا کنبې لہ جہان خہ
 چې لږ دہر شی زیر گلونہ
 پلار د وپل، مور د کبوری
 د بنامار او د چرگوری
 چې دې غارې شنہ پتی شی
 او گلونہ او گلونہ
 ہلکان غمگینې سترگې
 د ژوند زہرے شہ خورہرہ
 شنہ پتی او سرہ لاسونہ

سیندہ خہ! سیندہ بہرہ!

سیندہ خہ! سیندہ بہرہ!

بس ہم دا دی چې شریک دی
 وارہ غبر. سمی جدا دی
 چې خیالے خی پۂ کوم خیال کنبې
 چې راوی پۂ کوم خمار خی
 د ہر سیند وی خپلی لارې
 د یو سین او د بل سین
 د آمو او اباسین
 پۂ قلا جیندی کنبې کوم دے
 د نوبنار لنڈی کنبې کوم دے
 ہر یو خپل کورتہ روان دے

Go! the source of sustenance,
Of creation all become.
Sire whale, give birth to fry;
Flow! give birth to many creeks,
Across the land, give of yourself,
So that all your banks become,
Smiling orchards, gardens green,
Flowers of many scents and hues;
And each eve young swains approach you,
Love-lorn looks and mournful eyes.
Go! traverse the wasteland wide,
Leave the world, for now, aside,
Spread yourself and fertilise;
Be glad tidings of new life,
So that yellow flowers increase
In green fields, and hennaed hands,
Tapering fingers, can be seen.
At times like grief, flow deep and slow,
At times, like youth, dance all the way.
Flow, oh river, flow along!
Flow, oh river, flow along!
Only this is shared in common,
By one river with the next;
All their gorges and their plains,
All their stresses and their strains,
Are quite different and distinct -
Of *Amu*¹⁶³ and *Abaseend*¹⁶⁴;
And the pride of swift *Khiale*¹⁶⁵,
Is impossible to find,
In the sleepy, slow, *Jindee*;
Or the drunken movement we,
In the *Ravi*¹⁶⁶ always see,
Is so difficult to find,
In Nowshera's short *Landee*¹⁶⁷;
For each river has its own
Course it follows to the sea.

سینده خه! چرې چرې شه چې دې غاړې شنه پتی شی
چې ماښام دې راخی خواله عاشقان غمگینې سترگې
جینکی درته گدیږی بلې سترگې سره لاسونه

سینده خه! سینده بهېږه!
سینده خه! سینده بهېږه!
د اُمد رنگین مشال شه
بل شه بل شه وځلېږه
سینده خه! سینده بهېږه!
سینده خه! سینده بهېږه!



(۱) ښانست. (۲) Whale-دُنیا کېږي د ټولو نه لوی کب د. (۳) خپور. (۴) خپېږه

Flow! give birth to many creeks,
So that all your banks become,
Smiling orchards, gardens green,
And each eve, young swains approach,
Love-lorn looks and mournful eyes,
And, young lasses dance and sing –
Hennaed hands and sparkling eyes!
Flow, oh river! Flow along!
Flow, oh river! Flow along!
Flaming torch of hope and colours,
And of dreams, for all become;
Burn, oh torch, in brilliance burn!
Flow, oh river! Flow in zest!
To the earth give of your best!





رنگونه

سپین دے د ریا رنگ	سپین سره مې نه لگی
سپین دے د فنا رنگ	سپین دے د کفن رنگ
سپینې د سپی سترگې دی	سپین دے د تگی دستار
سپین دے د ملا رنگ	سپین ئې جال او سپین ئې دام
توره د انکار توره	تور دے د شيطان لباس
تور دے د بلا رنگ	تورې د غم سترگې دی
تورې د بؤ دارې دی	تورې د مرگ پنجې دی
تور دے د ژړا رنگ	توره د ماتم جری
د وصال او د خمار رنگ	سور دے د گلاب او
سور دے د بهار رنگ	سره ده د خوانی نشه
او د خوبونو د دلدار رنگ	سور دے د پالنگ
د حسن او رنا رنگ	سور تورو غمونو کبې
شین دے د وفا رنگ	شنې د غنی سترگې دی
او فصلونو او زارا رنگ	شین د چمنونو
شین دے د سبارنگ	شنه د امید پانه ده
د خوشحالیو او د خندارنگ	شین دے د سپرلی



(۱) زاره (تریخه). (۲) پسرلی



Colours

*W*hite, the colour I dislike,
 White, the colour of deceit,
 White, the colour of the shroud,
 White, annihilation's hue.
 White, the turban of the cheats,
 White and shameless are the eyes,
 Of the dog we all despise;
 White, the colour of the priest
 And his net, and all his snares.
 Black, the devil's clothes and wares,
 Black, denial's sword and sheath.
 Black the eyes of grief, and black
 Is the ogre and his breed.
 Black and sharp the claws of death,
 Black the demon's sharp buck-teeth,
 Black, the pall of mourning deep;
 Black, the tears of grief, profound.
 Red, the colour of the rose,
 Red, communion's joy, repose;
 Red, the joy of drunkenness,
 Red, intoxication's youth;
 Red, the colour of the Spring,
 Red, beloved's bed and dreams.
 Red, in times of darkest grief,
 Beauty's hue, the soul's delight.
 Green the eyes of *Ghani Khan*,
 Green the hue of constancy,
 Green the lawns of well-kept gardens,
 Green the smiling crops in bloom;
 Green the colour of the gall;
 Green the leaves of hope eternal;
 Green the colour of the morn;
 Green the colour of the Spring,
 Of our joys and smiles therein!







بنڃي

چا له سرې وينې له جام	چا له شراب ورکړي
چا له گل انډام	چا له خبربانو ده ياره!
پري د ماچين واخلې	څوک په ادبه باندې
دنيا کاندې تمام	څوک په چواري پسې
بوجي لکه د گري	چا له بنه خربه خوږه
شېخروکي د ابو مرع	چا له يخه پخه
چسته او رنگينه	چا له د لولکې په شان
توره او مهينه	چا له د گونگتې په شان
کرکه زره چرکه	چا له قنقتي کوکاره
مسته تکه سپينه گرکه	چا له غنده منده
لکه وچه بکيانه	چا له داسې ستغه
لکه نوې دوک بيانه	چا له دوه مسته
درنه مېښنه	چا کره صابره کورودانه
په هر چا چې شوه پېښه	چا کره سپمه کوتري
لسور بده مکاره	چا کره چلي د چلي
بنځه وي هم ياره	چا کره کمتره چې هم



Wives

To some the wine apportioned is,
 To others, in the wine cup blood;
 For some, a rustic, donkey-maid,
 For others flower-limbed lass;
 And some, for just a penny get
 A queen, from fairyland;
 While others, for a menial girl,
 Their wealth gamble away.
 For some, of nuts and jaggery,
 A heavy two-ton bag;
 For others, lifeless, cold and dull -
 Pious priestess, all too smug!
 For some, a fluttering butterfly,
 Colourful and sprightly;
 For others, but a beetle black,
 All too smooth and shiny.
 For some, a brood-hen, cackling loud -
 Old, ill-tempered, very proud;
 For others, roly-poly, fair -
 Heavy, like a log all round.
 For some, a brittle, little thing,
 Far surpassing dry *lilac*¹⁶⁶;
 For others, filly in her prime,
 Full of life and very spry,
 For some, a patient housewife, fat -
 Like a buffalo-cow immense;
 And, for others, bitch on heat,
 Caring little whom she meets.
 For some, intriguing, scheming being,
 With her charms and amulets;
 For a few and fortunate,
 Doves in love which coo and coo -
 Wife and mistress, two in one!

چا له زره خره بي خونده	بي نوره پواره
چا ته لکه سـروه	د خـندا دکه ولاړه
چا له بنه ترسـکونه	چا له بنه خوږه حلوا
يو له د نيمـبو اچار	او بل لـه مـربه
يو له خمبيـره ډوډی	پرسـمفه پـسته نـرمه
بل له د مسـورو پېتی	گرـمه گرـمه گرـمه

ورکړه د قـسمت ده

چا له ډېـره چا له کمه

خدائې دې هغه درکړی

چې وی ستا په شونډو سمه

حيدر آباد جېل، ۱۹۴۸



For some a bland, fragile, she-ass -
Old and dull, untidy thing;
While for others, cypress stately,
Laughter in her eyes and mouth.
For some, attractive, 'salty thing',
For others, pudding, cloying, sweet.
For one, of lime and vinegar
A pickle, sour as sour can be;
For another, marmalade,
Sweet and bitter, rolled in one.
For one, a loaf of leavened bread,
Soft and lazy, bloated wheat;
For the other, lentil soup,
Well-ground, viscous, very hot.
Fate, the distributor is
For some of more and others less -
May God grant to you the one
Who suits you and both your lips!

Hyderabad Jail, 1948





گوگل

دې گوگل کبني مي دننه
 هم دوزخ دے هم جنت
 دې کبني قهر او غضب دے
 دې کبني رحم او راحت
 دې کبني پروت يو سمندر دے
 د نشي او د خمار
 دې کبني پروت يو تاترين دے
 د لمبو او د ازار
 دې کشي پروت دے دومره رنگ
 د سپرلي او د خندا
 چي يو پرق نې پر جهان کري
 د مستي او د رنا
 دې کبني پروت دے دومره درنگ
 د تيري او د ژړا
 چي يو اف نې تور لحد کري
 د خندا دکه دنيا
 دې کبني دومره شجاعت دے
 چي د کل جهان مرگونه
 يو نظر کبني تار په تار کري



*My Bosom*¹⁶⁹

In this bosom lie together,
Both the deepest spates of hell,
And the gardens of the Heaven,
Of which ascetics dream;
Mountains grim as dark *Tatara*¹⁷⁰,
Teeming with unbridled passion;
And a vast Pacific ocean,
Drunken with the wine of love.
There is so much colour in it,
Of the essence of the Spring,
That a single flash illumines,
All the world with light and laughter;
And the awful darkness in it,
Hopeless tears and ebon darkness,
Is enough to shroud in sorrow,
All the world with but a sigh.

لکه بادِ وری بوسونه
 چپ پنه ویره باندې راشی
 زره ترې غت دے د منرک
 داسې ری داسې تبتی
 د ابو خاڅکے ترې کلک
 او چپ کلک شی داسې کلک دے
 لکه کانپ د فولاد
 نه پرې زر تورې اثر که
 نه پرې زر کاله فریاد
 دې گوگل کبني مې دننه
 هم دنیا ده هم قیامت
 دا هم لاره هم کاروان دے
 هم تدبیر دے هم قسمت
 پروت پنه دې کبني ټول داستان دے
 د جزا او د سزا
 خور پنه دې کبني لوڼې جهان دے
 د وصال او د وفا
 دا هم باغ دے هم خزان دے
 هم بلبل دے هم بهار
 دې کبني سره نیازبین گلونه
 او د شنو ابو شرار
 دا هم زهر هم زقوم دے
 هم گبین دے هم نبات

There is greatness in it, also
Majesty and regal splendour,
Which, dread and death before it sweep,
Like the west wind Autumn leaves.
When afraid, even the field-mouse
Shows more courage and determination.
It is firmer than the rocks
Of inaccessible *Tirah*¹⁷.
Not a thousand words can move it,
Nor a hundred thousand tears.
In this bosom lie together,
Both the well of life and death;
It is both the past and future,
Both the traveller and the road;
Hid within it is the story,
Of revenge and separation,
And a garden watered with,
Tears of conciliation.

دا هُم تور د مرگِ خادر دے
 هُم چینه ده د حیات
 دے کنبی پروت داسی شراب دی
 چے یو خاٹکے د هغی
 به بدمسته او سرشاره
 کری دا وارہ فرینتی
 دے چے خی پے برہ درومی
 شی جبریل ورته حبران
 چے پے بدو باندے راشی
 امان و غواری شہطان
 عجیبہ دے یم جور کرے
 اے زما خدایہ عجیہ
 بی د تا نہ نور د هر خہ
 د همه یم مرکبہ
 دا د اور او نور دریاب
 دومرہ لوٹی لکه اسمان
 دومرہ وروکے لکه خاٹکے
 دومرہ لنڈ لکه یو آن
 دا قیصہ د سوز او ساز
 ولے ولے خہ لہ خہ لہ؟
 خہشت او غم راز و نیاز
 ولے ولے خہ لہ خہ لہ؟

حیدر آباد جہل، ۲۳-۸-۲۸



(۱) پسرلی، (۲) مرگ، (۳) کرہ، (۴) خپور، (۵) بنامت

It's the orchard in the Autumn,
And the nightingale in Spring.
Lovely flowers blush in gardens,
In a myriad colours as,
The perennial streams beseech them,
With their whispered words of love.

Hyderabad Jail, 23rd August 1948



(Translated by Umar Farooq Sahibzada)

Note: The translation of this poem was left unfinished by Farooq, my late brother. As I felt I may not be able to do justice in completing his translation, it has been left as it is.



سپرلے

بیا سپرلے راغے بیا ئی پہغام راوړو
 د رنگونو. گلونو او رڼا
 شو ساقي مسکے دک ئی جام راوړو
 د مستی. خوانی او خندا
 یو سبا راغے یوه شپه لاره
 د تیرې. ویرېدو او ارمان
 یو زیرے گل مې ماښام ولید
 سلامونه ئی کول د جانان
 دا دماغ زما چرې نه منی
 چې د گل خالق به سقر کری جوړ
 څنگ خوږې به پرې زما کریکې لگی؟
 چا چې ما له نرگس او دلبر کړو جوړ
 دا شینکے چمن. دا گلونه سره
 دا مست مست شانی مستانه ماښام
 دا ثبوت د ساقي د مینې دے
 دا د سرو شرابو برپوره جام
 د ساقي چې سترگې خمارې دی
 دا خمار ئی ما ته جوړ کړے دے
 د جانان چې شونډې دلدارې دی
 دا سینگار ئی ما ته جوړ کړے دے
 دا سپورمی او ستوری او مست ماښام
 مشغولا زما د غمونو ده
 دا په ما مئین دے مالک زما
 ځکه ډکه دنیا د گلونو ده



Spring

Once again Spring comes asinging,
Merry airs, of love and laughter;
Smiling *Hébé* dips her goblet,
Once again in youth and light.
Lights again a welcome morning,
After dark and gruesome night.
Faded violets in the shadows,
Lift their heads again to smile,
At the nightingales returning,
To their happy haunts of old.
It's impossible to think that,
Anyone can still believe,
That the God who fashioned hell-fire,
Is the same Who gave us these.
Why should He want us to suffer,
Or be happy when we grieve -
He that gave us narcissi,
Life and comfort, love and ease?

سپرلے خُہ دے؟ جانان مست شومے دے
 هرہ ساه او ذره کبني خپل نُور خورئ
 پنه گلونو کبني خپله رنا خورئ
 پنه نسيم کبني رنگونه د طُور خورئ
 چي تر خويوه نظاره د رنگ
 د غُرخنگ. د مستي پنه انسان کبني وي
 تر هغي به دا زه ونه منم
 چي اورونه به هغي جهان کبني وي
 زه جور کرے نه يم سزا له يار
 زه ني جور کرے ياراني له يم
 ما نه مينه. خندا او مستي غواري
 که جومات که بتخاني کبني يم
 بيا سپرلے راغے بيا ني پېغام راوړو
 د رنگونو. گلونو او رنا
 بيا ساقی راغے دک ني جام راوړو
 د مستي. خوانی او خندا
 بيا ني سرو گتو کبني ونيؤ
 لهوني ته جام د غمونو دک
 د ژوندونه دک. د فراق نه دک
 د وصال د رنگينو خوبونو دک

فروری ۱۹۵۰ء



(۱) سپرلے. (۲) ولیدلو. (۳) ما له. (۴) خپری. خپروی. (۵) ونیولو

What is Spring, but the Beloved,
Happy far beyond His measure,
Strewing happiness at random,
From His never ending treasure;
Waking Flora from her slumber,
With new life and new belief;
Breathing in the breath of *Zephyr*,
New contentment and relief.
How could I then think of brimstone,
Or of Hell on other grounds,
When a spark of love still smoulders,
Or a note of music sounds?
I was not made to be punished,
I was made to live! Carouse!
Happiness is all that's wanted,
In the mosque or idol house.

February 1950



(Translated by Umar Farooq Sahibzada)

Note: The translation of this poem was left unfinished by Farooq, my late brother. As I felt I may not be able to do justice in completing his translation, it has been left as it is.

Portrait of Himayat as a Young Boy (1968)

Pastel on paper 28 cm x 39 cm.

Courtesy Himayatullah Kham.





شپه وه د سپرلی

تال د ساز ژوندون دے چې گدیږی په سرونو کښې
 شپه وه د سپرلی ژوند رپدلو په گلونو کښې
 ټول جهان روښان وه. وه تیارة زما خیالونو کښې
 او ښکلې د سپوږمۍ رڼا د مینې د اواز په شان
 روح ئې د ژوندون نیوو د حسن په دامونو کښې
 زه د ولې ولې په دریاب کښې ورک لاهو ومه
 ډوب په بې حسابه لاجوابه تپوسونو کښې
 ما وې ژوندون خه دے، یو جنجال چې معنی نه لری
 بې مطلبه درد، لرلے اور کښې او غمونو کښې
 کوز شومه چمن ته د لښتی غاړې له لارمه
 خاڅکی له د ژوند مې کته کور چله سیندونو کښې
 خهشت کښې د گلزار واره سوالونه رانه ورک شوله
 خان له مې جواب کته د حسن په دامونو کښې
 حسن باغ کښې وخنډل د هر سوال ئې جواب وکته
 ژوند شو لکه ناوې د امهد په سرو گلونو کښې
 هغه سرې غټې چې په قسمت کښې ئې سپردل نه وو
 غټې شوې د باد لارې خورې شوې په بادونو کښې



It Was a Night in Early Spring

Cycle of the rhythmic beats,
Is the life of music's notes
As they dance within each tune.
It was a night in early spring,
Life was throbbing in the buds,
All the world was glowing bright,
Darkness clouded my sad thoughts.
Soft light of the moonbeams, soft,
Like the voice of faithful love,
Was attempting to entwine,
Soul of life in beauty's snares.
I was lost and just afloat,
In the ocean deep of doubt,
And continuous questioning;
Overwhelmed by questions which,
Have no meaning, answers yet.
I said, what is life, if not,
Turmoil without meaning, sense,
Pain that has no purpose, aim,
Grief distilled by fire singed;
And, descended to the garden,
To the water channel's bank,
Seeking for the drop of life
A flowing river's home;
But in the garden's beauty
All my questions were then lost,
As I sought an answer
In the snares of beauty's wiles.
Beauty, in the garden laughed,
Answered every question posed;
Life became a fresh-wed bride,
Clothed in bright red flowers of hope;
And those buds whose fate it was
Not to bloom, attain their prime,
In the breeze were intertwined
Swept away upon the wind.

هرې زړې چغه کره چې ژوند د ژوند دیوه نه ده
 نه د غم قیصه بندی د اور په زنجیرونو کښې
 ستا د سوال جواب شته نه جومات کښې نه کتاب کښې شته
 دغه دے پت شو دے مسیری په گلونو کښې
 حُسن دے بس حُسن چې هُم خدائې او هُم جانان دے
 دې فانی مکان کښې بل مثال د لامکان دے
 یو د گلاب مخ کښې چې بنکاره کوم جوابونه دی
 نیشته یو هُم نیشته د منطق په کتابونو کښې
 مینه چې تالا شی یو اُمید شی یو ارمان شی تول
 حُسن په خلا شی تورو لرو د غمونو کښې
 ژوند او درد او غم همه کری شی د زنجیر د نور
 مرگ او قسمت دوب شی په دریاب د خمارونو کښې
 وخت بابا د تال دے، بی پایانه سمندر نه دے
 تال د ساز ژوندون دے چې گدیږی په سرونو کښې

۱۹۶۶ء



Every particle cried out -
Life is not a lamp of life,
Nor a tale of grief, confined
In the chains of raging flames;
The answer to your question, cannot,
Here, or elsewhere be found -
Neither in the numerous books,
Nor within the countless mosques;
But, here it is all hidden, and
Smiling in the numerous flowers!
Beauty, only beauty, is,
Both God and the beloved,
In this finite, transient world,
A flambeau from Eternity;
All the answers, plainly seen
In the face of just a rose,
Cannot, even one, be found,
In the books of logic cold.
Love when decimated turns
Into hope and longing, sad;
Beauty glitters, light reflects
In the twilight mists of grief;
Life and pain and grief become
Interlinked in beauty's chain;
Death and fate are drowned within
The ocean of deep drunkenness!
Cycle of the rhythmic beats,
Moulded by the hand of time,
Measured and determinate,
Unlike unfathomed ocean depths;
Cycle of the rhythmic beats,
Is the life of music's notes,
As they dance along and muse!

1966





زما مُحترَم ورور سردار علی خان
(امیر جماعت اسلام تہ)

دا چي تہ پۛ سجدہ پریوخی او زہ دک د میو جام کرم
دا هم تہ غوارې فرار، دا هم زہ غوارم فرار
تہ لتئی هغه جهان کبئی خورې سپینی گل اندامی
زہ جنت دلته لتومہ نہ شم کولے انتظار
تا پۛ قرض ژوندون ورکۛ، زہ ترې نغده سودا غوارم
دا تہ بنۛ شوې پۛ بھوپار کبئی، کۛ ما بنۛ وکۛ بھوپار
شېخه! راشہ مېخانی تہ چي مقصد زمونږہ یو دے
ستا د مرگہ پس فرار، زما دلته کبئی فرار
نور د سوال مقام مو یو دے، د ژړا خانی مو شریک دے
یو ارمان د دوارو زړہ کبئی، کئی جدا جدا اظهار
پتنگان د یوې شمعی کۛ بینا دے کۛ شمکور دے
دا خو خکۛ د حاجی صہب لہونۛ دے د زړہ یار



(۱) لتوی، (۲) ورکرو، (۳) وکرو، (۴) کوی



*To My Dear Friend, Sardar Ali Khan*¹⁷²
(Amir, Jama'at-i-Islami)

When you in prayer prostrate yourself,
And I the cup of wine imbibe,
You seek to flee reality,
And I, from my own self do flee.
You seek in the life to be,
The flower-limbed, and the fair *houris*;
While I seek Heaven here and now,
And cannot wait indefinitely!
You on credit have surrendered,
The delights of life, and pleasures,
For the promised life to come;
I expect of Him to give me,
Instant fare for payment prompt!
In the trade of life, pray, tell me,
Is it you who's better off?
Or have I the better deal?
Pious *Sheikh*¹⁷³, come to the tavern,
As our object is the same -
For you, bliss in the hereafter!
For me, bliss right here and now!
Our appeal *Court* is the same,
Source of comfort also common;
The same longing in both hearts,
But expressed in different ways;
Moths, both of the same candle,
Whether seeing or night-blind;
That is why, the holy *Haji*¹⁷⁴,
Has this madman for a friend!





دُعا

سترگو د جانان کبني زما بشکلی جهانونه دی
 وا دې خله دنیا زه وړې ستا د دنیا نه یم
 گوره د فقیر کچکول کبني تاج د سکندر دے پروت
 زه یم د سخیانو، د شومانو گدا نه یم
 زه ئې په غرور درنه د مینې په نوم غوارمه
 زه ملنگ بی نیازه ستا د ویر واوبلا نه یم
 یو د سپوږمی خاڅکے درنه تیک له د یار غوارمه
 زه یم د خوبونو، د لالونو گدا نه یم
 هغه مستی غوارم چې ئې مرگ نه شی وژلے
 زه دې د غمونو د بېگا او سبا نه یم
 او تشه دنیاگی که دې بخبني نواے امیره
 ستا شوه ستا دنیا، زه وړې ستا د دنیا نه یم



(۱) لعلونو



Prayer

*I*n my beloved's lovely eyes,
A universe of beauty lies;
Take Your world, it's Yours to keep,
I am not in need of it!
See, within my beggar's bowl,
The crown of *Alexander*¹⁷⁵ lies,
I beg from the generous,
And the misers shun, decry.
Full of pride and passion, I,
In the name of love demand;
I, the prince of mendicants,
Cannot supplicate and cry.
Drop of moonlight of You, I,
For beloved's crown demand,
I'm a beggar just of dreams,
Not of rubies, priceless gems!
I demand that ecstasy,
Which demise cannot destroy,
And your grief of evening, morn,
I cannot sustain for long!
And if just this little world,
You intend to gift to me,
Then, Oh Master! Let it be,
Yours to keep forever, aye!
I am not in need of it,
Now or ever, no not I!



**Visualisation of Ali Khan, a well-known 19th Century Poet of
Pakhtunkhwa who died of consumption.**

Pastel on paper 50 cm x 70 cm.

Farooq Collection.





منصور

خېشت ئې په اسمان لتو^(۲) زړه کښې ئې گلزار وخت^(۶)
 څه خوئې ليدلی وو ځکه خو په دار وخت
 ما په صحر اوونوکوت^(۳) ټول بهار بهار وخت
 مينه زه اومينه ته مينځ کښې دا پرده دڅه؟
 راشي خلقه! بنکل مې کړی زړه کښې مې دلدار وخت
 ماد مينې تخت که جور خېشت له د جانان دمخ
 غلې ورته روند ملا غلې لکه مار وخت

مرگ به مې تنها کړی نور
 مرگ به مې نزدې کړی نور
 مرگ نه عبادت شو جور
 مرگ د مينې کار وخت
 نه وه لېون منصور
 خود کښې وه خوشحاله وه
 څه خو ئې ليدلی وو
 ځکه خو په دار وخت



(۱) ښانست. (۲) لتولو. (۳) وخوت. (۴) کتلو. (۵) کړو. (۶) نزدې



د ژمی ماښام

اونن د ژمی ماښام
د جری شپه ده
پوست شبنمی باران
بهر ورپری
غارہ د اور او خیام
شروع قیصه ده
د شاعر سر او ستار
مهین غریپری
تنگ او تکور د ژوند
ناز او مستی د جانان
شرنگ د خوانی کښې پت
شاتار د غم وهی
خندا . مستی د ساقی
بت پرستی د ساقی
ساندې د مرگ سره
د گونگرو شرنگ وهی
اونن د ژمی ماښام
د جری شپه ده
پوست شبنمی باران
بهر ورپری
یار شروع کرې ما ته
د غم قیصه ده
کله مسکے شی
کله ژرپری





A Winter's Eve

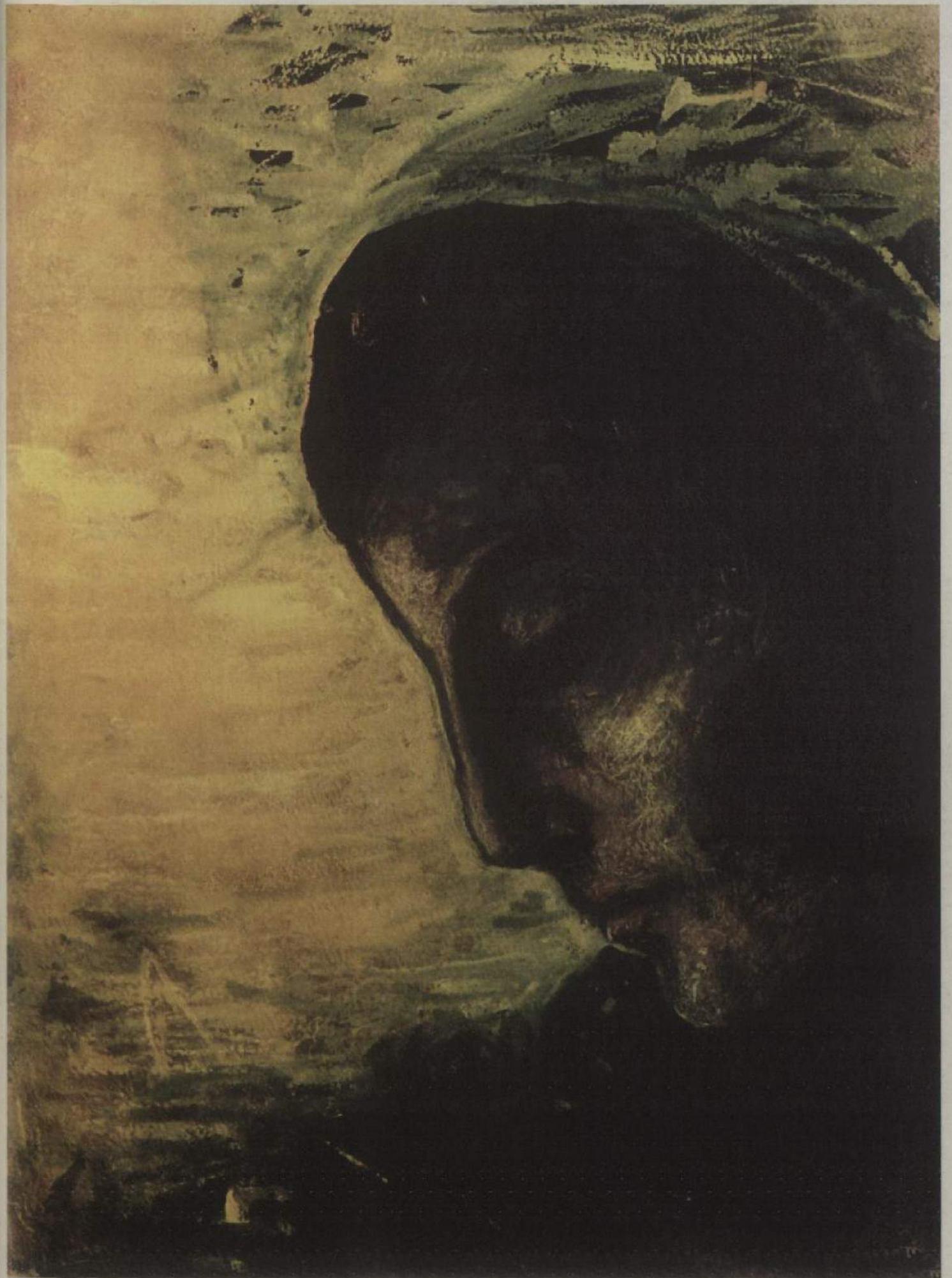
It is a winter's evening;
The incessant Winter rain,
Falls gently at the door,
Like soft dew upon the grass;
And around a crackling fire,
The bard softly sings the ballads,
Of *Khayyam* and of his times;
And, to the moving rhythmic sounds,
Of a plaintive, tuned *sitar* -
To the rhythm and rhyme,
The music of life,
The beloved's charm,
Coquettish, shy glance,
Concealed in the music,
Of youth and its passion -
He plucks with a plectrum,
The main-string of grief.
The ecstasy of saki,
His laughter and smiles,
His worship of idols,
Are moving about
With the wails of death,
To the sound of music
Of anklet-bells.
It is a Winter's evening;
The incessant winter rain,
Falls gently at the door,
Like soft dew upon the grass.
The beloved has begun
To recount to me a tale
Of misery and woe -
Sometimes in smiles,
More often, in tears.



Untitled

Presented to Imtiaz Ahmad Sahibzada as a wedding gift, December 1970.

Poster paint on paper 56 cm x 76 cm.





جانان

دوو مٺينو سترگو کڻي رنگونه په سوونو
 ما تئي جهان ٻک که د گلونو د نوروونو
 گوټ ئي د شرابو د جنت په جهان راکه
 خوب کڻي ژوندون راغی شو ژوندون ٻک د خوبونو
 سپيني د سپوږمي د رڼا لپي ٻکي ٻکي
 ونستي تا خاورو کڻي زما په قدمونو
 رب دې راته وښود پټ د ميني په رازونو کڻي
 وا دې چول جولي کڻي زما. ستوري په پندونو
 ساز د حورو اورم ستا د حسن په سازونو کڻي
 ما ته دې رب وښود پټ د ميني په رازونو کڻي



(۱) ما ته ئي . (۲) کرو . (۳) راکرو



Beloved

Yes which are in love immersed,
Myriad hues of love reflect;
And for me, they fill the world,
Full of colours and of light.
Taste of wine in Heaven brewed,
On the Earth they've given me;
In my dreams has life emerged,
And has filled my life with dreams;
White light of the peering moon,
Handfuls, to the brim filled up,
You have sprinkled in the dust,
On my footsteps and my feet;
Signs of God, so well concealed
In love's secrets, you've revealed.
In my lap you've poured in heaps,
Shining stars wrapped in moonbeams.
In your beauty's music heard,
Is the music of fair damsels¹⁷⁶,
As they dance in Heaven's ease.
Signs of God, so well concealed
In love's secrets, you've revealed!





دُعا

ستا د مینې په صحرا کښې زه سور پرق د لالا نه شوم
 ستا د باغ کشماله نه شوم، خور لوگه په هوا نه شوم
 ستا د سترگو مشغولا له ما کچکول گونگرو وانغشت
 سوداڼی خپلې سودا کرم، مجنون ستا په سودا نه شوم
 یو گوت یخې ابه نه شوم چې غرمه او کربلا ده
 هر خمار جانان جانان شو هر خمار بلا بلا ده
 زه د سرو گلو غرور شوم، د کرلو بستان نه شوم
 ستا د گتو په پردو کښې لکه سر بندیوان نه شوم
 راشه وگوره دلبره! دا ما څه په څه بدل کړه
 څه دې راکړه اے جانانه څه دې راکړه څه مې درکړه؟



(۱) لاله، (۲) خپور، (۳) وا نه خست



Prayer

In the wasteland of your love,
 I have not become the flash
 Of a tulip in red bloom;
 Nor a sage-flower¹⁷⁷ in your garden,
 Nor its fragrance on the breeze.
 For amusement of your eyes,
 I have not adorned myself,
 With the beggar's begging bowl,
 Nor his anklet bells and beads;
 With my own concerns obsessed,
 Not by love of you possessed,
 Nor a *Majnoon* in your grief.
 Nor a drop of water needed,
 For the field of *Karbala*,
 On a blazing afternoon.
 I have not become a tune,
 That's held captive in the notes
 Of your shapely, tapering fingers;
 Each incbriated moment
 Is now love and the *beloved*;
 Each inebriated moment
 Is a *demon* in disguise!
 Pride of flowers in the garden
 Have I now become, but not
 The garden for the planting
 Of red flowers and their scent;
 Nor in your pretty fingers,
 Am I held - a captive note!
 Come and see, dear beloved!
 What between us we've exchanged -
 What is it I've got from you,
 And what have you obtained?





یو خوب د شاعر د سبا د رڼا

یو خوب د شاعر د سبا د رڼا
د گل د بنائست د خوانی د هوا
د غم توره شپه کښې یو سپینه رڼا
خوانی او مستی او د زرکو خندا
دا وه جانان څه زما او څه ستا
قیصه د اُمېد د خندا او ژړا
دا څه وو چې تهر شو. دا څه وو چې راغله
د څه قافلاً. دا د چا قافلاً؟
جانانه دلیره جانانه زما
دا ستا وه یو خوب که قیصه وه زما
خبر، اے خبر، اے خبر که پرې ما
دا ستا وه نظر دا قیصه وه د چا
دا څه وو؟ دا ولې؟ دا ولې لهلا
غضب وه. رحمت وه که نور که رڼا؟
دا څه وو؟ دا څه وو؟ دا څه وو لهلا

۱۹۸۶-۱۱-۴



(۱) قافله. (۲) کره. (۳) لهلی



A Dream of a Poet

A dream of a poet,
Of morning and light,
Of beauty, the rose,
Of youth and the breeze,
In the dark night of sadness
The radiance of light;
Youth and its ecstasy,
Chakor and its laughter—
This was the beloved,
Part yours and part mine:
A story of hope, and of
Laughter and tears.
What was it that's gone,
What is it that's here
A caravan moving,
But whose, and of what?
Beloved, my sweet-heart,
My heart-throb, my love!
Was this just a dream,
Or the tale of my love?
Do tell me beloved,
Do tell me my love!
Was this just your glance,
Or somebody's story?
What was this, and why,
And for what, oh! Laila?
Was this wrath and damnation
Or mercy and grace?
Was it beauty transcendent
Or heavenly light?
What was it, what was it,
What was it, Laila?

4.11.1986





قِسْمَت

يا به د ميو جام شم او يا کوزه د جومات
يا د دهران تیکرے سوه او مات
زمانه وس شته او نه مې واک
کوم گل پليت کرم او کوم پاک
چې وس. قِسْمَت او تدبير د بل دے
خوب دے د بل او تعبیر د بل دے
نه زه د گل آقانه د نظر
نه وړې شوندي مدهوشه سر

سپرلي، گلونه او سور خمار
شرنگ او غرخنگ او رنگ ديار
نه دے خور کرے د جادو ساز
زه نه پوهېږم چې چاروبخانه
زه يو تصوير يم د بل دگتو
يا به قِسْمَت وي يا به دوزخ وي
نه شم زغملے. نه شم منلے

چې ته جلاد ئې او هم جانان ئې

خانپور جہل



زه نرمة ختہ يم لاس د کولال کني
يا ديوگي د زيارت. د مېخاني فانوس
خوانی، مستی، ژوندون د بل د لاسه دی
شېخه! په باغ کني ديار د کوره
خنک ملامته زه په گناه شم؟
خنکه ستومانه زه په خندا شم؟
دا مې گناه ده مئين په گل يم
نه مې دواک دی خمارې سترگي

ما نه دی ايبي د يار نظر کني
ما د خپل نوره نه دی جور کړي
ما د سبا په پسته رنا کني
چا جور محمود که خان د اياز
د زهرې نورکه په مخ د لال کني
بې ژبانه ختہ لاس د کولال کني
او که وی دواړه نوتہ رحمان ئې؟

(۱) خنکه. (۲) سپرلي. (۳) خپور. (۴) کرو. (۵) زهره. (۶) لعل



Fate^{17th}

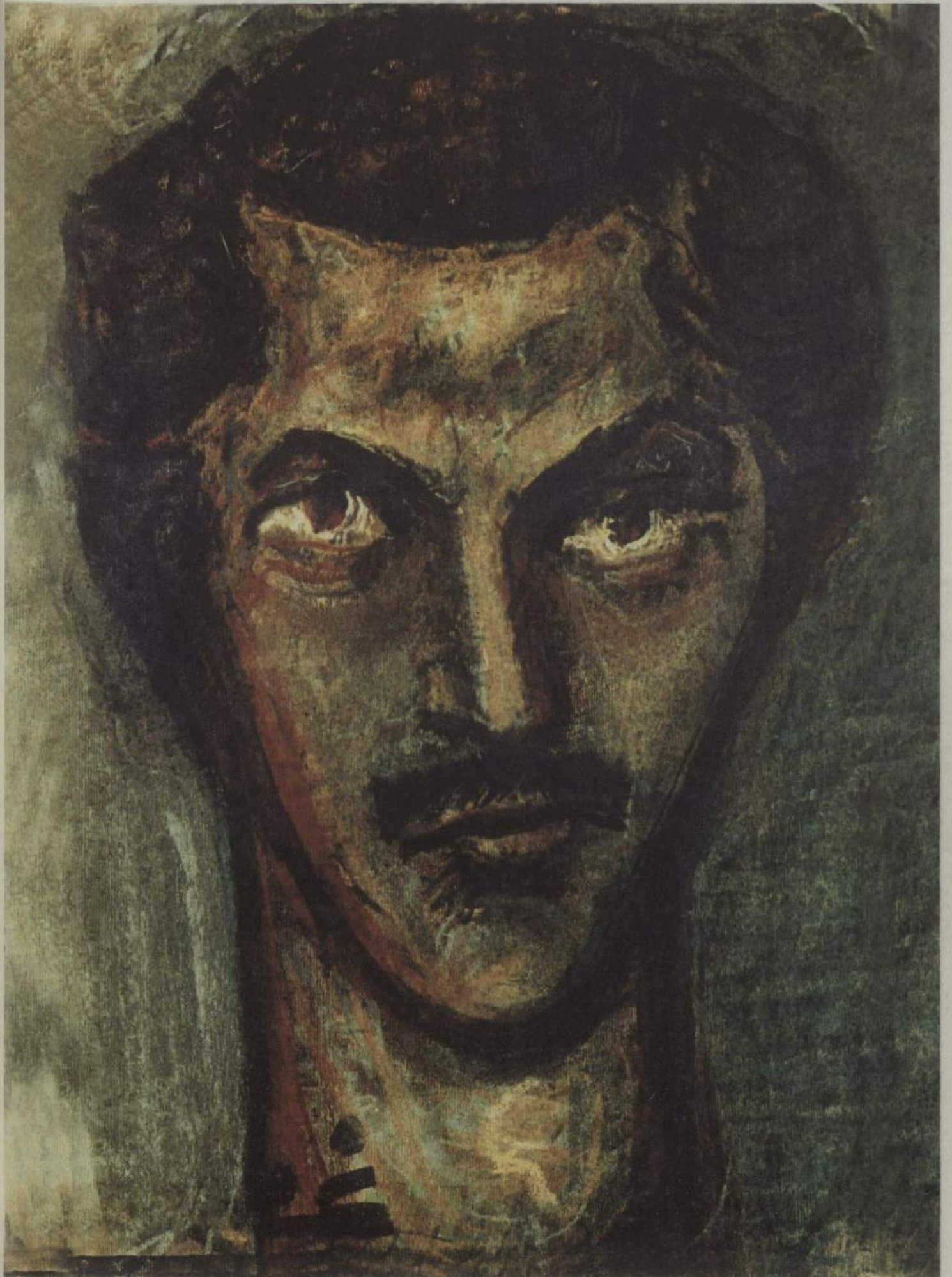
A little matter, being but pliant clay,
In unknown hands, that mould me as they will -
Perhaps into a goblet,
Of varied hue and dye,
To be kissed by drunken lips;
Or pitcher, to be touched by pious hands,
And hold but only water in my being;
Or lamp, to hold a wavering taper of a night,
And light fair revellers to a senseless state;
Or light, with unctuous glow,
Some pious shrine;
Or battered, on the dung-heap,
Midst the dust,
Lie, but another particle of dust!

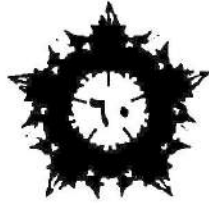
Janpur Jail



(Translated by Umar Farooq Sahibzada)

Note: The translation of this poem was left unfinished by Farooq, my late brother. As I felt I may not be able to do justice in completing his translation, it has been left as it is.





مینه او حُسن

ستوری ته آسمان کښې یوه ورځ ووی هلال
خدایې ادم له مینه ورکړه مونږ له تش جمال
زه به په خندا ورکړم دا خپل خېشت د کمال
ما له که یو څاڅکې مینه راکړې څوک په سوال
مینه حقیقت حسن سایه د حقیقت ده
حُسن له زوال شته مینه نه لری زوال



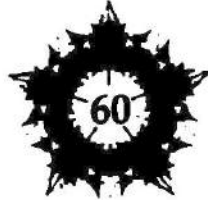
ورو ورو

(یوې پخوانۍ ادیره کښې په گرځېدلو)

ورو ورو ظالمه! دا چغې ناوړې
ورو ورو پرې پښې ږده دا نه دی خاورې
دا خو مستی دی دا خو ځوانی دی
سپینې کوکی دی لکه د واورې



(۱) وونېل - (۲) بناسټ



Love and Beauty

One evening, as I listened
To the silence of the twilight,
I heard the new moon whisper to a star:
"Allah has blessed us with unrivalled beauty;
And man, ungrateful being,
He granted love.
I would give away with laughter,
And without any regrets,
All this priceless beauty
For a drop of love -
For beauty must grow old and wane,
But love is deathless, eternal!



(Translated by Umar Farooq Sahibzada)



Gently, Gently!

Gently, gently, cruel master!
Don't you hear the wailing, cries?
Gently tread your way around,
This is not dead, lifeless clay;
These are living, throbbing hearts,
Drunk with love's life-giving wine!
These are fair, inviting mouths,
Pure, unblemished like fresh snow!





یو تکے

د لکھا زره کتابه ، مونږ دا یو تکے زده کرے
 که تک تور وی هم خشته شی ، یار چې ستا د زنی خال شی
 خته . خته ورکه خته . بی درکه بی زبانه
 د کولال گتې چې ورشی د کولال د سترگو خیال شی
 یا د چا وره دیوکه یا گلاب گتو کبني جام شی
 د خیام لونگین خیال شی ، د ساقی رنگین جمال شی



(۱) بنائسته



One Word

From countless books
Of yesteryears,
This is all we've gleaned -
E'en though black, it's beautiful,
When on your chin, a mole!
Clay, just clay, neglected clay -
Helpless, lost, expressionless,
In the potter's hand assumes,
Shapes of potter's thoughts and dreams -
Little lamp to light the way;
Rose in hand, the cup with wine;
Or the incense-scented thought
Of *Khayyam*, or better still -
Beauty of the *saki*'s form!





چې آدم خاورو کښې کښیني

سړیتوب چې لور وچت شي لهونتوب شي
چې خودی د خوده وخی نو خمار شي
چې فولاد د وینې مور په مینه مست شي
نو حبران او پریشان تار د ستار شي
چې ترې عشق او جانان دواړه وخت فنا کړي
هله پوښې سرے په شان د خان او یار شي
چې آدم خاورو کښې کښیني څه زرغن کړي
منجیله چې په دولت شي نو بنامار شي
ما ته حورې غلمان مه ځنډوه بس دے
په والله که بی له تا مې په چا کار شي
دا چې نن پکښې زه مست او مغرور گرځم
سبا خدائي خبر د چا به دا گلزار شي



When Man Mingles With the Earth

*W*hen culture attains its ultimate peak,
It turns into mockery, sanity leaves;
And when the self its consciousness flees,
It turns into drunken ecstasy!
Surfeited with blood, when steel,
Ecstatic with love's essence, dreams,
It becomes the lute string, taut,
With its plaintive notes, distraught!
When beloved and our love,
To time's reaper fall a prey,
Only then their actual worth,
Dawns upon our consciousness.
When man mingles with the earth,
Crops so green of worth emerge;
When coiled upon his wealth he sits,
Then like a viper venom spits!
Tempt me not with *hoors*, *ghilman*,
They mean nothing to me, know,
It's Your friendship, love, I seek,
And shall not be turned away!
And these gardens, full of flowers,
In which so proud, I stroll around,
Come the morrow, who can tell,
Whose shall be their bowers green!

ستا د مرگه نه یربرمه پښتون یم
خو مې تش ژوندون او خوشی مرگ ته قار شی
زړه کښې دوب د وسوسو دریاب بهیږی
جوړ به کله د اُمېد رنگین آبخار شی
دا خپل زړه ستا بې پروا نظر ته گوری
کله کله په ژړا خکه شاتار شی
ساز ژړا ده که مستی ده نه پوهېږم
هر اواز کښې کله سوز کله چغار شی



(۱) ویربرمه . (۲) قهر

Of Your death I am not scared,
Being a fearless, proud *Pukhtoon*;
But to live life aimlessly,
And to die without a cause,
Is what so enrages me!
Deep within the heart there flow,
Rivers, infinitely deep
Of grave fears, crippling doubts;
From them when will water-falls,
Of our hopes and dreams, cascade?
And, in grief, my heart observes
Your indifferent glances, cold;
That is why, it oft becomes
Main-string of the lute and harp!
What is music, wails and tears,
Or just rapturous ecstasy?
I know not, cannot surmise,
In each note is feeling, cries!





د عشق نور

د اسمان د سوری لاندې
او د ستورو مشغولا کښې
د یخ سیند په غاړه ناست وو
دوه یاران مشغول سلا کښې
د سپوږمۍ زړه شو خوشحاله
په خندا ئې لاس کره پورې
د عشق نور ئې هر خوا خور کړه
په بلبل کښې په لاله کښې
په خبرو د لېلا کښې
خوشحالی وزرې وکړې
چې د زړه د باغ سېل وکړې
او دا دواړه یاران بنکل کړې
د سرو ستورو مشغولا کښې

اتمانزی ۱۹۳۴ء



(۱) سوری. (۲) خپور کرو. (۳) لاله. (۴) لېلی



The Light of Love

Beneath the canopy of Heaven,
In the company of the stars,
On the river bank, two lovers,
By the side of waters cool,
Sat immersed in consultation.
The moon's heart flowed o'er with joy,
And broke out in peels of laughter,
Spreading light of love around -
In the *bulbul's* melody,
In the tulip's coloured bloom,
In *Laila's* soliloquy;
Sprouted happiness its wings,
The heart's garden to explore,
Kiss the lovers, occupied,
Smiling in each others' eyes,
In the company of the stars!

Utmanzai, 1934



Buddha - with the Halo of Enlightenment (1952)
Pastel on paper 53 cm x 76 cm.

Farooq Collection





د فقيرانو غزل

وروره! دے دا جهان يو مکان د فنا
 ورته مه کره ژړا ورته مه کره ژړا
 ماښام خاورې شي گل چې سحر شي پېدا
 ورته مه کره ژړا ورته مه کره ژړا
 دا چې لاندې د پښو دې دا خاورې ته گورې
 وې د چا شونډې سرې او د چا سترگې تورې
 دا ایرې معشوقې وې چې تلې په خندا
 ورته مه کره ژړا ورته مه کره ژړا
 دا مستی يو ساعت دا پستی يو گری
 دا سور شال د امیر د فقیر دا شری
 دی دا واړه خیالی بې بنیاده دوکا
 ورته مه کره ژړا ورته مه کره ژړا
 هر ذره کری صدا چې دنیا ده فانی
 د پرون بناریو کښې نن ده ویرانی
 دے يو خوب دا ژوندون دا خوانی يو نشأ
 ولې خې په ژړا ولې خې په ژړا



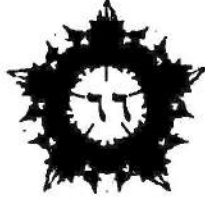
(۱) دوکه . (۲) نشه



The Hermits' Sonnet

This world is no more
Than a dwelling, whose fate
Is extinction and loss;
Why fret over it! Why fret over it!
The flower, which was born
With the light of the morn,
By the shades of the evening
Is gone and no more;
The mud, which your feet
Tread indifferently on,
Was once the red lips
Of someone whose gone,
And the eyes, deepest black,
Of a lover of yore;
These cinders were lasses,
Who moved with great pride;
This madness of love,
Is just for a while;
This falling from grace,
Is as equally short;
The red shawl of the rich,
The coarse cloth of the poor,
Are all without basis,
Deception of self.
Every atom cries out,
Life is fleeting, shall pass;
And, yesterday's towns
Are silent and still.
Life is only a dream;
And youth is no more
Than the pleasure of wine;
Why fret over it?
Is the question to ask!





وخت

تڪنہ غرمہ د لہونو د گرخبندو دے وخت
 لڙہ، تروریمی د یار د سترگو د لیدو دے وخت
 زیر مازیگرے د ژوند غمگینه شان نشہ لری
 توره شپہ د ژمی د اورولو اوریدو دے وخت
 هغه ده سپوریمی د ونو خوکو کنبی مسکی شوله
 پاخبره لالیه! اوس د باغ د گرخبندو دے وخت
 لار ساقی بوډا شو، خیام هم د برمه پرہوتو
 اے د مستی جامه دغه ستا د ماتہدو دے وخت
 مہ گوره اینہ کنبی لہلی ہسی بہ دې وژرئ
 لارہ کټ خوانی شی بیا هر وخت د ژرہدو دے وخت
 مرگ پټ ما مئین شو اوس ئی هر وختی سلام راخی
 وئ' مخ کہ' یارہ ما تہ! اوس زمونږہ د لیدو دے وخت



*Time*¹⁷⁹

The mid-afternoon of Summer -
Time for fools to take a walk!
As the twilight hours set in -
Time to get a glimpse of love,
Mirrored in beloved's eyes;
And the golden glow of evening,
Life's sad intoxication holds;
A dark and lonely Winter's night -
Time to whisper words of love,
And to hear soft replies.
There! The moon amidst the tree-tops
Smiles, and peers down at us;
Let's be up, beloved dear!
Now's the time to stroll around.
The saki has grown old, and Khayyam
Not what he was wont to be;
If break you must, now is the time
To break, oh cup of ecstasy!
Do not in the mirror look,
Laila, it will sadden you;
When our youth has passed away,
Any time, is time to grieve!
Death is now in love with me,
Frequent are its messages,
And its salutations, too;
Saying, "Let us greet each other,
Now's the time for us to meet"!

مرگه! صبر وُکره لږ شان اور مې په وجود کښې شته
 ډېر مې سوزولی اوس زما د سوزېدو دمه وخت
 هغسې مې ساز لېونې، مست نظر مستولې شي
 وينه کښې مې اور وهی ډولکې د گډېدو دمه وخت
 سوز او ساز چې لار شي تشه خاوره شم نوراشه يارا!
 در به شم سينې له دغه وخت د ورکېدو دمه وخت



(۱) آئينه . (۲) وانی . (۳) کره

“Death be patient yet awhile,
Fire still within me burns!
Many whom in love I've singed,
Now it's time to take my turn”.
Still the maddening music can,
My drunken gaze inebriate;
And the fire in my veins,
On the drums the music plays -
Time to stir and dance the Jig!
When music and feeling, call it a day,
And I am reduced to just pliant clay,
Then is the time for *you*¹⁰⁰ to come!
And hold me tight in a tight embrace,
For that shall then be the time to get lost!





ایزابیل ته

زما هېر به نه شی ستا لبان خشته
 نه د سرو زرو په شان زلفان خشته
 نه خندا ستا غلې غلې زما خوا کنبې
 ستا شنو سترگو به کرو ټول جهان خشته
 هغه لاس په لاس زمونږ د باغ سېلونه
 هغه شین د ستورو ډک اسمان خشته
 فرېننه به وې د ورځې. د شپې حوره
 چې دیدن له به دې جوړ کړه ځان خشته
 دا متل دے چې څه تهر شی هغه هېر شی
 خو ما هېر نه کړے شو ستا لبان خشته
 خدایه! بوځې دا خزان چې بهار راشی
 بیا زمونږ د مینې شی جهان خشته

لندن، ۱۹۳۱



(۱) بناسته. (۲) کرو



To Isabel

I'll ne'er forget,
Your lips so sweet,
Nor golden locks, so lovely;
Nor by my side,
Your laughter soft;
Nor eyes so blue,
Which by their smiles
Would light the world;
Nor hand-in-hand, the many walks,
We took in gardens green;
Nor clear skies, with glittering stars
Which smiled at us, from up on high.
In day-time, angel – sweet and shy,
At night, houri, from Paradise!
There is a proverb in *Pukhto*¹⁸¹,
Which I so well remember –
“That which is past, is soon forgotten!”
But I, as you can see, have not,
Been able to forget you yet!
Oh God! This Autumn take away,
Let Spring once more return!
So that the world of love can bloom,
And take away this pall of gloom.

London, 1931



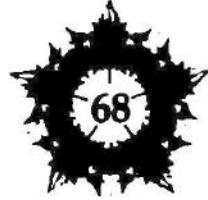


عدل

ماوې ته منصف شه
ووي بنكلي دلربا زما
دام زما هغام زما
ستام زما زمام زما
سورے زما نمر زما
مے زما او جام زما
عدل او زمام زما



(۱) دا هَم . (۲) هغه هَم . (۳) ستا هَم . (۴) زما هَم . (۵) سورے



Justice

I said, "be the Judge - decide,
What is mine, and what is thine!"
Said beloved, with a smile:
"Sun is mine, the shade is mine;
Cup is mine, and so is wine;
This is mine, and that is mine;
Yours is mine, and mine is mine,
Justice and fair play are mine!"





اے خانہ د تَنگ تَنگ

گرانہ عالمہ!

نوع کال دے د خوشحالوشہ -

السلام علیکم: تہ چرتہ کنبہنی کُہ نہ، دادریم خل دے چہ تہلیفونونہ درتہ کوم اونہ نی، نن درسی پخپلہ راغلم، خلور بجی می درتہ ددی سی (D. C.) دبنگلی نہ ہم تَنگ تَنگ وواہہ خوتہ حسب معمول نہ وی، خبر مونر دے دفتر سلام وکُہ، کُہ چرتہ دے لار خطا کرہ نوراشہ زہ ہمیشہ کوریم، نوی نوی شعرونہ بہ درتہ واوروم، ورن دار می دے خدائی خوشحالہ لری دفتر نی راتہ لری کُہ اود چایو نی ستانہ کلک ستونہ وکُہ ل، وروکی عالم راسرہ درے خلور دہری تر سکونی تر سکونی خبری وکُہ ری، رب دے درتہ لوئی کری، دہض اللہ مستری دوکان تہ خم اوبیا کلی تہ - ستاورور، غنی

اے خانہ د تَنگ تَنگ مونر لہ ہم راولہ یو تار

چہ وُرد مو اواز شی او مو تر لہ پُہ قرار

اسان بہ شی تپوس، سوال و جواب د زرہ د یار

خبری خو بنی اورو کُہ یار نہ وی خُنگ پُہ خُنگ

اے خانہ د تَنگ تَنگ

دا بحر بنہ دولہ دے خو افسوس چہ وخت دے تَنگ

اے خانہ د تَنگ تَنگ

کُہ نور کنبہنم نو کور بہ روشن کئی راسرہ جنگ

یار بیا بہ چرتہ حل شو کُہ بخت بنہ ووو غرخنگ

نو بس پاتی شاعری شوہ شو شروع د پیالو تَنگ

بی بی لہ دے رب ورکری جنتونہ رنگا رنگ

اے خانہ د تَنگ تَنگ



(۱) وکرو، (۲) کرو، (۳) بہ نی، (۴) کوی، (۵) ووهلو



Oh Khan of Ringing Telephones!

My dear *Alam*¹⁶²,

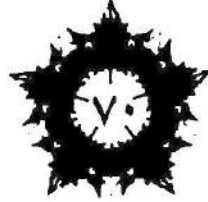
Happy new year to you!

Where on earth are you? This is the third telephone call only to find you absent. So today I decided to come personally. At four o'clock I telephoned from the Deputy Commissioner's bungalow, but you, as usual, were not to be found! Anyway I took the opportunity to pay my respects to your office! If you should at any time lose your way and chance to come by the house, you will always find me at home. I shall read out to you some of the new poems I have written. May God bless my sister-in-law; she unlocked the office for me and extended a much stronger invitation to tea than you usually do! *Alam Junior*¹⁶³ engaged me in a short but very interesting and 'tasty' conversation, as it were. May *Allah* give him a long life. From here I shall proceed to the shop of *Faizullah*, mechanic and then on to the village.

Your brother, *Ghani*

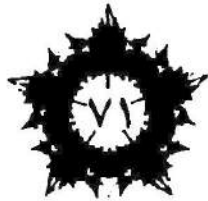
Oh Khan and lord of telephones,
 Their irritating ring!
 Extend a helping hand to me,
 And string a ringing line for me;
 So that my voice can travel far,
 And save my little motor-car!
 Inquiries after health of friends,
 Can then conveniently be made;
 And quite easily conveyed,
 Will their confidences be;
 And their voices will be heard,
 Even though they're not around.
Oh Khan of ringing telephones!
 This metre's most appropriate,
 But alas! The time is short,
 And if I tarry yet a while,
Roshan will then be cross.
 We'll meet perhaps some other time,
 If fate should so decide;
 For now, I hear cups collide,
 So let me say good-bye to rhymes,
 And concentrate on tea!
 The mistress of the house be praised,
 And in good time, to Paradise,
 May she, along with you, be raised!





زما بخت

زما بخت د شمعی بخت دے یا به مرمه یا به سوزم
یا به ببخ له د دریاب خم یا به سر په چپو خوخم
عجب زه عجیبه لاره عجیبه کاروان روان دے
ما وروستی پراؤ له بیانی که زه خمه او که نه خم



غوبنه

شین زمرے شه مدام خوره د هوسو غوبنی
کته باز شه همپش خوره د سیسو غوبنی
یا کوه تن اسانی د غنی یار شه
خوره هر کله بازاری د پیسو غوبنی





My Fate

*M*y fate that of the candle is,
To burn or be extinguished;
To the bottom of the ocean sink,
Or on its waves to surf.
Strange am I and strange the path,
Stranger still the caravan!
To the final staging-post
Of the journey, moving on,
Forcing me to go along;
Unconcerned with how I feel -
Whether to proceed apace,
Or refuse, and stay behind!



Meat

*B*e a lion! feed on meat,
Of the deer of your chase;
Or a falcon! and devour,
Meat of partridge of your swoop;
Or become a friend of *Ghani!*
And adopt the easy life,
And each day partake of meat,
From the butcher's shop procured!





ژوند

شراب خئی ترخې اُبه وی
 دا ژوندون ژوندون د خه وی
 لکه گل وی رژېدلې
 یا یو موټر د خخلې
 لکه بې مالګې طعام
 لکه پکه د خاورو جام
 لکه پته میان کبې توره
 په زنگونو شی رنخوره
 او یاری په جانداد وی
 هر تر و پرو فرهاد وی
 هله خوږ راز و نیاز شی
 بنکاره هلته کبې ایاز شی

چې خمار. مستی ترې وخی
 چې سرور. غرور ئې نه وی
 چې د مینې زړه شی پاتې
 یا شغلې یوه د نور وه
 چې په ژوند کبې سخته نه وی
 چې په خله کبې خندا نه وی
 چې خوانی کبې تکلیف نه وی
 نه ئې پرې شی نه ئې شرنګ شی
 چې آرام وی او سمام وی
 خرابانو هم شیرینی وی
 چې پرې سر په خندا داؤ شی
 چې د سپینو تورو جنګ شی



Life

When with drunkenness of joy,
 And its rapturous ecstasy,
 Wine no longer is imbued,
 It becomes just bitter water,
 So distasteful to the mouth;
 When both happiness and pride,
 Are no longer part of life,
 It becomes a cruel joke,
 Full of cringing and of strife;
 When the heart can love no longer,
 Like a withering flower it droops,
 What was once a thing of beauty,
 Is now just a heap of trash;
 When life is without its stresses,
 It's like bland unsalted food;
 When the mouth's devoid of laughter,
 It's a wine-cup full of sand;
 Youth at ease, untried by troubles -
 In a scabbard undrawn blade,
 Without sheen without its clanging,
 Blunt and rusted-over, sick!
 Where there's ease, a life of comfort,
 Friendship merely based on wealth,
 Every cad becomes *Farhad*,
 Every donkey-maid, *Shireen*!
 When life's willingly been wagered,
 Only then dear to the heart,
 Becomes love and all its secrets,
 All its amatory conceits.
 When the swords in all their sheen,
 In the battle thirst for blood,
 Then it is *Ayyaz* is seen,
 In the thick of all the fray!

دا خو سِیِ هُم شِی خَیَلِ	ژوند که تش فِهرنی خَیَلِ وی
دا غوئِ هُم شِی کولِ	که تش نسل زیاتول وی
نه دِپری د سِرو لالونو	ژوند نه خپته نه مانِی دی
نه باغونه د گُلونو	نه یاران نه معشوقِی دی
غُر خپدل او پا خپدل دی	ژوند خو تله دی په یو مخه
خه خندل دی خه ژړل دی	تکے سوز او تکے ساز دے
پلوشه ده د خُمار	ژوند په سترگو د عاشق کبِی
د اشنا د کُوخِی لار	په صحرا کبِی لټول دی

جهدر آباد جہل، ۱۹۳۸-۸-۱۱



(۱) خه وی. (۲) سامان. (۳) لعلونو

If our life is licking milk,
This the dog does to perfection;
If it's just begetting off-spring,
This the bull can even do;
Life is not just appetite,
Nor majestic palaces;
Heaps of rubies piled on high,
Nor our friends, when times are good,
Nor the loved ones, and their smiles,
Nor yet gardens in full bloom.
Life is one continuous movement,
To achieve a lofty goal;
It is stumbling, and regaining
Of the feet, as one proceeds;
It is part an intense feeling,
And part, a moving tune;
A few tears and some laughter;
And, within a lover's eyes,
It is rapture of the wine;
In the wilderness, it's searching
For the path which leads to love -
The beloved's lovely home!

Hyderabad Jail, 11.8.1948





بابا ته

دا منم كمعقل ٻهر دى
كه ته من ئي غنى سهر دے
چي حساب كتاب ته كينيني
ته به وے خان د بونهر دے
دا منم په خيال ماشوم دے
د ملك رو رواج ترې ههر دے
خوى ئي تريخ سر ئي مغروره
د خواهش غلى كيني گهر دے
خو ئي زره سپينه بكره
په يار دوست د سره تهر دے
بابا! ته مه خفه كهره
د دي زنگ لاندې شمشير دے

لندن، ۱۹۳۱ء



(۱) وائي



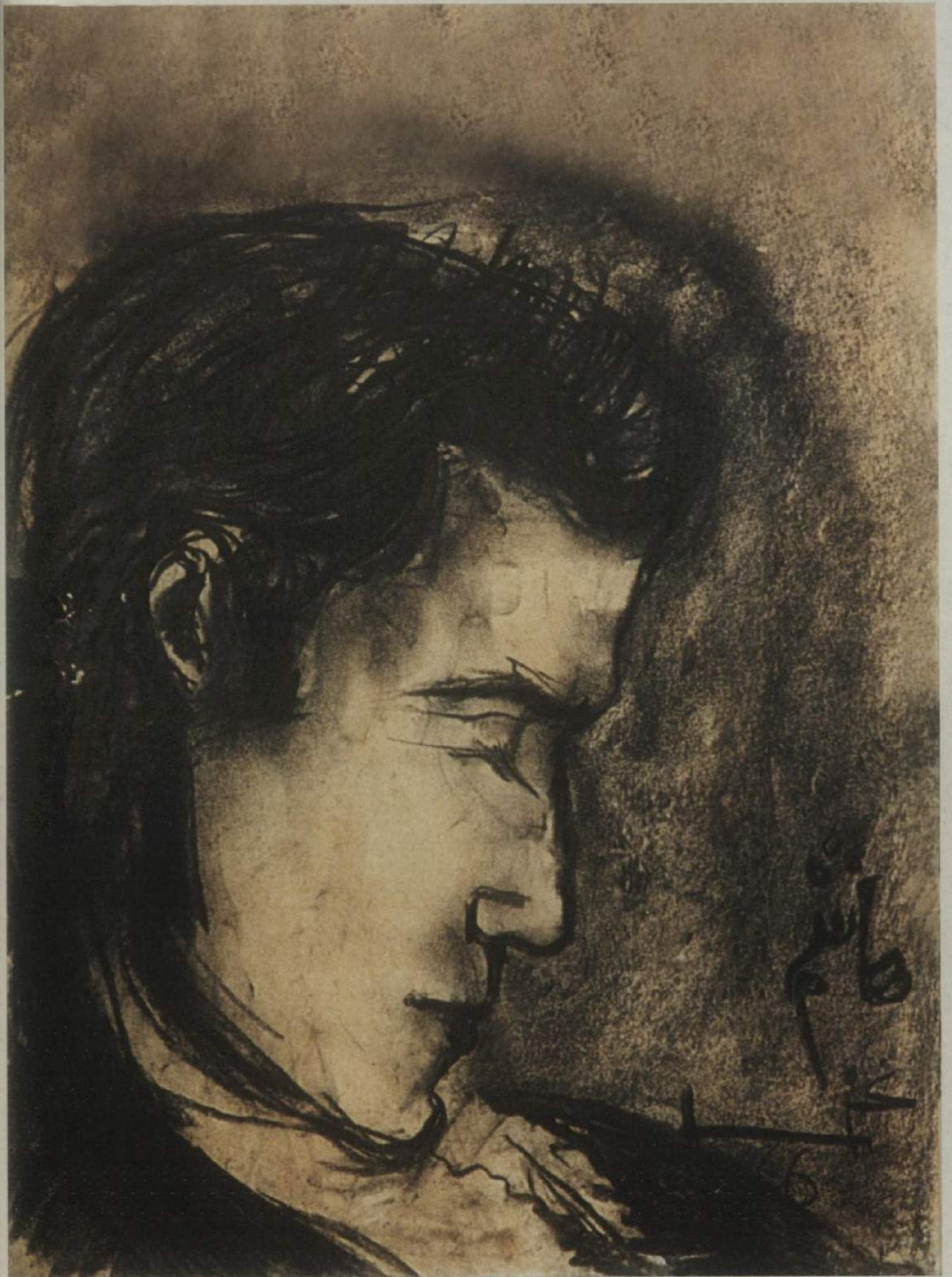
To Baba¹⁸⁴

I do admit fools are in plenty;
Where you're a *maund*¹⁸⁵, Ghani's a *seer*¹⁸⁶!
And when you take him to account,
He is no more than just a khan
From *Buner*¹⁸⁷, without a clue!
I admit *Ghani* is childish,
He's forgotten his rich past,
And his culture, way of life,
And conditions of his land;
Of ill-tempered disposition,
His proud head forever high;
He's a captive in the whirlpool,
Of indulgence and desire,
But his heart is white as flint-stone¹⁸⁸;
And for friends is ever ready,
To draw sword, lay down his life.
Baba do not grieve, feel happy,
For beneath the rust's a dagger,
Of the finest, tempered steel!

London, 1931



Portrait of Hasham
Charcoal on paper 33 cm x 40 cm.
Courtesy Hasham Baber.





سپل

خو ته اسمان ته خو	بره	خه چي لږ سپل وکړو
د نور جهان ته خو	د نور جهان ته خو	د دې تيرو له کوره
د بي خودی وزرې	د بي خودی وزرې	خه چي مستي له ورکړو
خه چي رضوان ته خو	خه چي رضوان ته خو	خه چي جنت ته خو
کړو په تيرو کبسي ورکي	کړو په تيرو کبسي ورکي	دا د خزان تيرې
خه چي بستان له خو	خه چي بستان له خو	خه چي بهار له خو
دا د ملنگ تکورې	دا د ملنگ تکورې	دا د جهان خبرې
ماه تابان له خو	ماه تابان له خو	تخت طاؤس ته خو
درباني نه کوو	درباني نه کوو	نور د رقيب د کوخي
کور د جانان ته خو	کور د جانان ته خو	مونږ مستانه لېونی
شراب خينلی دی	شراب خينلی دی	مونږ د جانان د شونډو
نن بيابان ته خو	نن بيابان ته خو	خکه مست مست مجنونان
لرې ليدلې دے	لرې ليدلې دے	مونږ يو بخرے د نور
غېرې د خزان ته خو	غېرې د خزان ته خو	دگل په شان په خندا
د دنياگی قيصي	د دنياگی قيصي	راخه چي هېرې کړو

خه چي لږ سپل وکړو

بره اسمان ته خو

۹ جنوري ۱۹۲۶





Excursion

Let's leave the world for a while,
 Ascend the clear blue sky;
 Leave the abode of the night,
 Go to the world of light;
 Let us to ecstasy give,
 The wings of drunkenness;
 Let us to Heaven ascend,
 Let us the *gatekeeper*¹⁸⁹ greet;
 Let us the shades of Autumn,
 Drown in the darkness of night;
 Let us approach the Spring,
 Let us the flowers meet;
 Concerns of life on the earth,
 The hermits lack of concern,
 Let us leave both behind;
 The peacock throne let us see,
 The full bright moon let us woo;
 And, of our rivals in love,
 No longer servants be;
 We, the ecstatic and mad,
 To the beloved must go;
 We have tasted the wine,
 Of the beloved's lips,
 Drunk and ecstatic are we;
 Therefore, obsessed like *Majnoon*¹⁹⁰,
 Let's to the wilderness go;
 A spark of light have we,
 In the far distance, seen;
 Let's like a flower with a smile
 To embrace Autumn proceed;
 Let us forget the affairs,
 Of this our everyday world;
 Turn to the sky for a change!
 And across Paradise range!

9 January, 1946





په اويا كاله ژوندون كښې

عجيبه دا يارانه ده په فراق مټينېدل دى
 راشه وگوره لېلا ده نه ئې كور نه استانه
 په اويا كاله ژوندون كښې چونگ ازغى مې راپېدا كړه
 دوه څلور داسې سوالونه نئې مطلب شته نه معنى
 داسې ډېر زما په شانې ستا تلاش كړى
 د اُمېد د سيند په غاړه بس ژړا ژړا ژړا
 د نورو سپوږمو خانه! زره خاوره كښې به څه وى
 څومره شپه څومره رڼا څومره بڼه څومره گنا
 دې ذرې له تا جوړ كړى دريابونه د اورونو
 اے دريا به د رحمت ستا د مينې نښه دا
 اے د ستورو سپوږمو خانه په نورې ډوډى ئې خرڅ كړې
 دغه خلقو كښې پېدا شوم ستا د حُسن كرم قيصه
 اے زما جانه جانانه اے د نور او حُسن خانه
 چرته خوب كښې دې غنى خو په دې ملا وتپوه



(۱) نه ئې . (۲) كناه



Of the Three Score Years and Ten

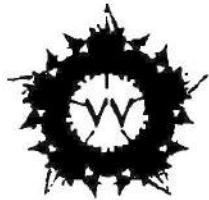
How very strange this love-affair,
To fall in love and never meet!
Come and see, it is *Laila*,
Without a home, a fixed abode!
Of the three-score years and ten,
Of my thoughtful life, intense,
When I take account and reckon,
This is all I have to show -
An assorted clutch of thorns,
A few questions to no purpose,
Without meaning, without sense!
There are many who like me,
Search for you but never find;
On *hope's* flowing river's bank,
They just sit to wail and weep!
Oh of light and moons the master!
What is there that can be found,
In a particle of dust?
How much darkness,
How much light,
How much virtue,
How much sin?
For this little sod of earth,
You've created all the fire
And the brimstone that can be!
Ocean boundless of pure mercy,
Is but this sign of your love?
Oh of moons and stars the Master!
For a morsel just of bread
Is Your name sold for a pittance!
Your name is sold for bread to eat,
Within a people such as these,
Have I been born, Your beauty's bard!
Oh my life, Beloved dear,
Lord of beauty and of light,
In a dream sometimes consider,
Patting *Ghani* on the back!





په دې زړه کښې مې پټ پروت

په دې زړه کښې مې پټ پروت
يو تصوير دے د جانان
داسې حسن عجيبه دے
چې ئې نه کيږي بيان
د هر چا د سترگو پټ دے
خو ښکارېږي هر زمان



لار سبا شو

لار سبا شو لاره د ژوند بله شپه
څه په اکوبکو کښې او څه په پو شپو کښې

۱۹۹۱





Deep Within My Heart

Deep within my heart, but hidden
From the eyes of every one,
Is an image of the loved one,
Of such beauty and such power,
That it cannot find expression,
In the language of the tongue;
Though from everybody hidden,
Every moment it is seen!



One More Morn

One more morn
Upon me dawns,
One more night
Has run its course -
Frivolous and meaningless,
Part in jest and part in tales!

1991





هوش او علم

هوش دې د علمونو نه جدا جدا روان شو
خدائېگو لېونیه! جورې سم لېونې کېږې
مرگ کښې رابنکاره راته ژوندون یو جاودان شو
زه ورپورې خاندنم دنیا! ته ورته ژرېږې



ساز او حسن

ساز چې خېشت سره جوړه شی
یا چې نور په رنگ کښې یو شی
زه که زر برخو کښې پټ شم
ژوند مې لوت کړی زړه مې یوسی



(۱) بناسنت



Consciousness and Knowledge

Consciousness and knowledge -
Both, are now parting their ways;
By God! My little madman,
You, are really getting mad!
In death, I see emerging
An eternal, lasting life;
I embrace it laughing,
While the world looks on and grieves!



Music and Beauty

When music and beauty
Their forms unite;
Or when light and colour
Their souls combine;
Then, even though I try to hide,
In a thousand parts divide,
My life and soul they captivate,
Transport the heart to unknown heights!





گفتار د لېونو کښې

گفتار د لېونو کښې وی گنجونه هم ماران
قطار د لېونو کښې بهر ولاړ اهل عرفان
پروا ئې غنی نه کړی که ئې سپک تلې که دروند
تُف! خه به دا جهان وی او خه تول د دې جهان





The Speech of the Insane

The speech of the insane contains
Both treasures, poisonous snakes;
The queue of the insane includes
A host of visionaries!
Ghani is least bothered,
As to how he's graded, weighed -
A man of wisdom, honour,
Or dishonourable fool!
Fie! what on earth is this our world,
And what on earth its scales!





لاره كه خوانی شی

د اختر په څلورمه ورځ په یکم تاریخ زه خپله برنده کښې راپرېوتم. گسه پښه مې ماته شوه او نلې مې یو اته
انچه مات شو - څلور بجې مې درز خورلې وه او د چارسدې هسپتال ته د شپې یوولس بجې راورسېدو - دغه
اوه گهنټې ما په دوزخ کښې تهرې کړې -

لاره كه خوانی شی ده خوانی جانه! د تللو شه
لار كه بنكله رنگ شی. بنكله رنگ دې د بهللو شه
څه كه ژوندون خلاص شی. دې ژوندون د خلاصېدلو شه
خوب د عشق اور د مستی ټول د یخېدلو شه
حسن او سپرله. گلونه ټول د ورکېدلو شه
هر څه له فنا ده. تخت كه تاج وی كه جمال وی
بخت ئې اخر خاوره. كه جمال وی كه کمال وی
واره دا فانی دی بی فنا د عشق سازونه دی
عشق به تل ژوندې وی څو چې زمکه اسمانونه وی
مینه یا د مینې خاوره نه ده ورکېدې نه شی
نه دی چې د خاورې جوړ هغه خاورې کېدې نه شی

۰۱۹۸۷



(۱) پسرله. (۲) مزی



If Our Youth Passes Away

On the first of the month*, and the fourth day of *Eid*, I fell in the verandah of my house and fractured my left foot and leg. I fell at four o'clock in the afternoon and it was not until eleven o'clock at night that I was able to get to the hospital at *Charsadda*. Those seven hours I spent in Hell!

If our youth passes away,
Do not fret, it has to pass;
If the colour of our cheeks,
Fades away, it has to fade;
If our life, upon the wing
Swiftly flies, so let it fly;
Sleep of love, ecstatic embers,
If they cool, they have to cool;
Beauty, Spring, the flowers around –
All are things which do not last;
Whether throne, or whether crown,
Beauty or perfection's hour,
Fated are to pass away,
And to destined dust return.
Love and its sweet melodies,
Only these immortal are!
Love shall live and be around,
Till the world and heavens last!
Things which are not made of mud,
Cannot into dust descend!

1987

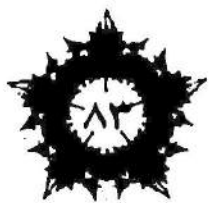


* This corresponds to the 1st of June, 1987



لکه بُت بینا بنکار پریم

لکه بُت بینا بنکار پریم رُوند شمکور یم
عشق دا رنگه کانې وُکرې په ما باندې
غنی! جام د جدائی مخمور پاگل کرې
که راپرېوتې د عرشه سر د لاندې



د عاشق مخمورې سترگې

د عاشق مخمورې سترگې که د یار مشکورې شونډې
که غُټې دی د نرگسو په سرو گُټو کښې راغُندې





Like a Statue Feigning Vision

*L*ike a statue feigning vision,
I am blind and cannot see -
Love has so afflicted me!
Has the wine of separation,
Ghani, so affected you -
That you're drunk, on madness verging!
Or, have you from empyrean heights,
Head on heels descended down?



Are These Lover's Drunken Eyes

*A*re these lover's drunken eyes
Or beloved's grateful lips;
Or the buds of narcissi,
That are held within the tips
Of some fingers *henna-dyed*?





په توره شپه د غم کښې

په توره شپه د غم کښې یو بخره د رڼا
زرغن په بهرانه کښې خسته بوتج د لالا
د ویرې تور ځنگل کښې یوه زرکه په خندا
یو څاڅکې د امېد د نامېدو په دنیا
رنگین د بوډی تال د تورو شگو په صحرا
مستی ده که خوانی ده که دلبر دے که الله



ژوندون

دا ژوندون دے دوه ورځې
خلاص به شی او تېر به شی
دا غنی به خاورې شی
ورک به شی او هېر به شی
دا شونډې تودې خوږې
دا د غم صنم قیصې
دا کاروان روان روان
څی په مخه تېر به شی





In the Dark, Long Night of Sadness

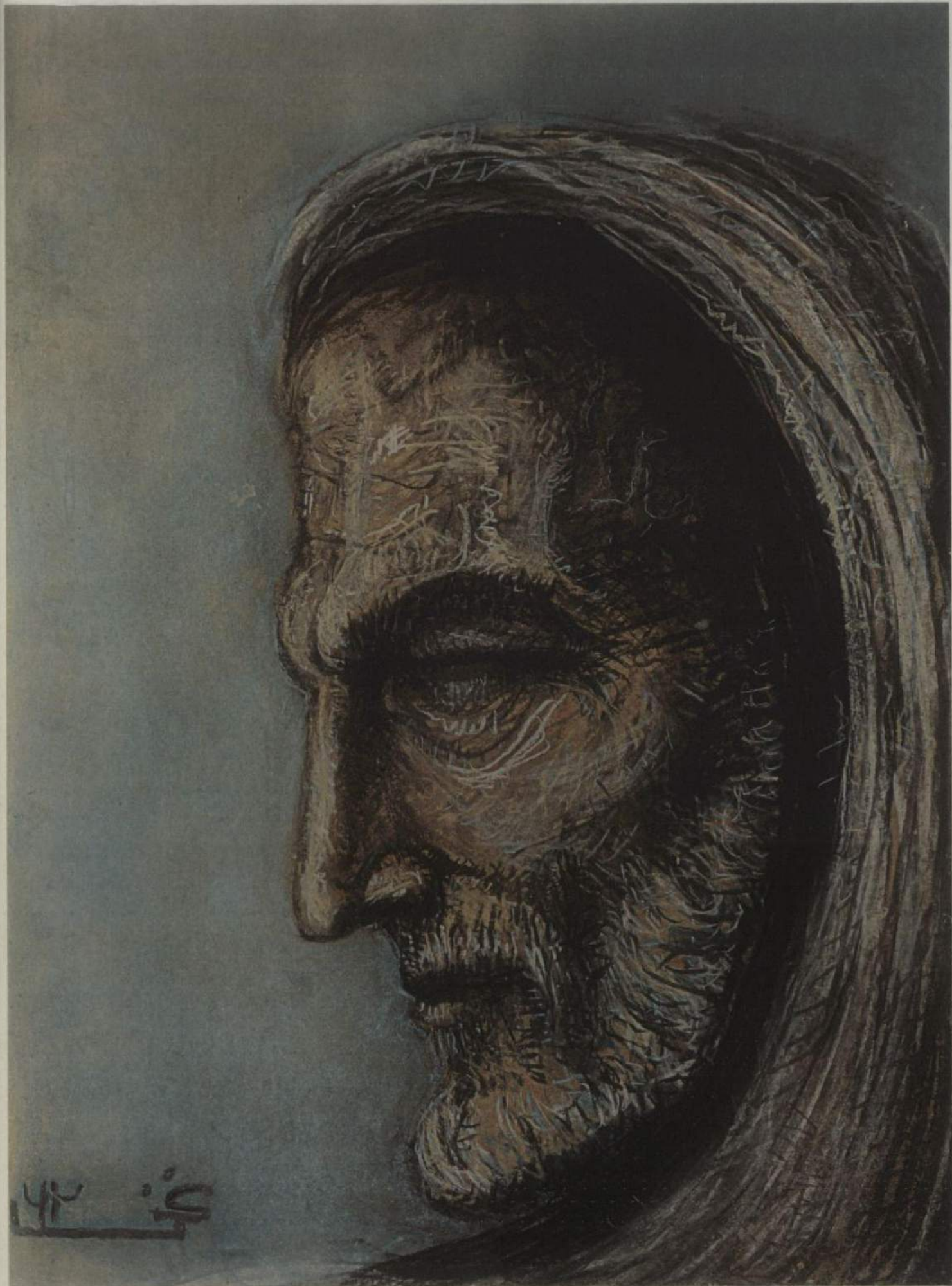
In the dark long night of sadness,
A bright ray and spark of light;
Upon the village dungheap,
A lovely tulip flower;
In the dark jungle of fear,
A *chakor*¹⁹¹ in laughter loud;
A ray of hope, resplendent
In the dark world of despair;
The coloured rainbow, arching
Over desolate, desert sands;
Is it ecstasy or youth,
The beloved or *Allah*?



Life

Life is for a few days only,
And will soon be over, spent;
Ghani shall to dust return,
Be extinct, forgotten soon;
And these lips, so hot and sweet,
And these tales of love and grief -
On the move, a caravan,
From the world shall soon move on!





25
10



په مردان مارچ د باچا خان

اے خالده وگوره	راشه اے خوشحال بابا
دا تماشاه وگوره	پاخه علی مرتضیٰ!
توپ او نه تفنگ لری	جنگ له دے منصور روان
نه د زغرو شرنګ لری	نه د تورو پرق لری
داسی لپونه روان	زور د دشمن نه وینی
دا د مسستانه و خان	دار او رسن نه وینی
خه بادشاهی رنگ لری	دا د پینستنو ملنگ
توپ او نه تفنگ لری	جنگ له دے منصور روان
دشت، بیابان نه وینی	سپین مخ د لہلا وینی
غم او ارمان نه وینی	زړه ئی له ارمانه دک
مینہ رنگارنگ لری	سرې د باتور سترګې ئی
توپ او نه تفنگ لری	جنگ له دے منصور روان



Bacha Khan's¹⁹² March on Mardan¹⁹³

Come oh *Khushal Khattak*¹⁹⁴, see!
 Come *Khalid*¹⁹⁵ and testify!
 Up oh *Ali*¹⁹⁶, prince of war!
 This spectacle see, and cry;
 To the battle now proceeds,
 This *Mansoor*, without a cry;
 Wears no armour, bears no arms,
 Bare-head and with out stretched arms,
 Marches on into the fray!
 Seeing not the might of arms,
 All against him, well-arrayed;
 And, oblivious of all harm,
 Marching on in *madness* strong!
 Seeing not the gallows high,
 Nor the rope around his neck;
 He's the undisputed king,
 Of ecstatic souls, deprived;
 Harbinger of love and peace,
 Beggar-prince of proud *Pukhtoons*¹⁹⁷,
 What a splendoured state displays!
 He sees not the wilderness,
 With its trials and its thorns;
 Just the face of *Laila* sees,
 Heart aflame with one desire,
 Unconcerned with other things;
 Red eyes as the eagle's, hold
 Love of many different kinds;
 To the battle now proceeds,
 This *Mansoor* without a cry,
 On his head a crown of thorns;
 Like *Majnoon* in ecstasy

زوئي دے د پښتون روان
 څه غبـرت او ننگ لـري
 توپ او نه تفنگ لـري
 مرگ لئي سـينه ورکـرله
 خپله وينه ورکـرله
 والله هر څه چي ملنگ لـري
 توپ او نه تفنگ لـري
 دا مبدان مو هېر نه شـي
 هغه خان مو هېر نه شـي
 دا مکان مو هېر نه شـي
 خدانېگو ډېر په تاسو ننگ لـري
 توپ او نه تفنگ لـري
 نه د زغـرو شـرنګ لـري

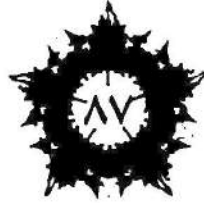
نوم د پښـتونو گـټي
 نـر، دا د نـرانو خان
 جنګ له دے منصور روان
 سر ئي کښېښود خاورو کښي
 ده د قام د سر صدقه
 وي هر څه مي د قام دي
 جنګ له دے منصور روان
 اے د پښـتونو بچو
 سپين سر ئي د وينو ډک
 پروت وه دلته خاورو کښي
 پاڅي ننگ پرې وکـري
 جنګ له دے منصور روان
 نه د تـورو پـرق لـري



(۱) له ئي، (۲) ونهل

He proceeds into the strife;
Pukhtoon honour, *Pukhtoon* pride,
 Vindicating, marches on,
 This tremendous, great *Pukhtoon*,
 Brave, and of the brave a *Khan*,
 What tremendous will displays!
 To the battle now proceeds,
 This *Mansoor* without a cry,
 Wears no armour, bears no arms,
 Marches on into the fray!
 In the dust he lays his head,
 Bares his breast, and welcomes death.
 Offering as a sacrifice
 For his nation, his own blood;
 Stating plainly, everything
 That this *prince of beggars* owns,
 To my people all belong.
 To the battle now proceeds,
 This *Mansoor* without a cry,
 Wears no armour, bears no arms,
 Marches on into the fray!
 Oh children of proud *Pukhtoons*!
 Don't you ever dare forget,
 This well-known encounter, great,
 Battle-field of blood and pain;
 And his blood-soaked, matted hair,
 As he braved *imperial* might;
 Lying in the blood-stained dust,
 Don't ever forget this sight!
 Rise! His honour vindicate,
 As he vindicates your pride.
 To the battle now proceeds,
 This *Mansoor* without a cry,
 Wears no armour, bears no arms,
 Marches on into the fray!





شهيد

دا آخري شعر د هغه ملگرو په نوم دے چې په غرونو، درو، په جبلونو او کورونو کښې ټول
د مينې په رنځ مره دی. او د خپل ژوند هوسونه ئې د دغې تصور صدقه کړی دی. د کوم
په تلاش کښې چې مونږ ټول روان يو-

اے شهيد اے عاشقه اے بچيه د منصور
په خندا جانان له لارې ډوب درياب کښې شوې د نور
نادانان دريسې ژاړې ماشومان درته مجنون وي
لهوني درته پسخيري اے ايرې د کوه طور
ننگياليه! سر دې ورکه د يار پښو کښې دې لوگه که
اوس ئې گوره مسکې سترگې بنکلې ډکې د غرور
ما راوړې تا له نه دی د سرو گلو امپلونه
د جنت بلبلان څه کي د دنيا د باغ گلونه
تا کړې خپلې سترگې خاورې چې زما پرې شي روبنانه
تا قيصه زما د درد بره يوره تر اسمانه



The Martyr

This poem (of *De Panjray Chaghar*) is dedicated to those friends who in the mountains, valleys and plains; in jails and in their homes, have all died of the disease called love (of liberty and freedom). They have sacrificed their lives, and the desires of their lives, for the sake of that dream (freedom) in search of which we are all out on the road.

Oh martyr! and oh lover!
Oh off spring of *Mansoor*!
In laughter you departed,
This earthly life and state,
To meet with your beloved,
And to drown yourself within
The sea of radiant light!
The ignorant are mourning,
Your departure from the world,
While the children all equate you
To ecstatic, mad *Majnoon*;
And the madmen envious of you,
Oh the ashes and the cinders
Of the sacred mount of *Toor*!
Your proud head you have surrendered,
And laid at the loved-one's feet;
Now gaze and feast upon her eyes,
Lovely, smiling, full of pride.
I have brought no offering for you
Of a necklace of red flowers,
For the nightingales of Heaven
Of what use are earthly flowers!
Both your eyes you have deprived
Of their light, so mine can see;
You have carried the sad tale
Of my woe up to the sky;

ستا د وينې څاخکې څاخکې چې تا توې کړو د ارمانه
 ما ته سرې ديوې بليږي په کوڅه کښې د جانانه
 د دنيا تاجونه خار شه ستا د بخته ستا له شانه
 د لهلي په زنگون پروت شي د مجنون خيري گربوانه
 ما راوړي تا له نه دی د رامبيلو امبلونه
 د جنت بلبلان څه کي د دنيا د باغ گلونه



(۱) وانی . (۲) ورکړو . (۳) کړو . (۴) کوی . (۵) جانان

With your dripping blood you've lighted,
Lamps to light the way towards,
The beloved's cherished street.
All the worldly crowns are worthless
Now before your stately state;
On the knee of *Laila* lie now,
Raving *Majnoon's* tattered shirt!
I have brought no offering for you
Of a necklace of red flowers,
For the nightingales of Heaven
Of what use are earthly flowers!





اے زما وطنہ

اے زما وطنہ د لالونو خزانہ زما
ستا ہرہ درہ کبھی دی د تورو نبنانی زما

سترگی مہ لوگے شہ ستا د خاورو د کورونو نہ
عقل مہ ایری شہ ستا د پارہ د فکرونو نہ
خار شہہ قربان شم ستا د غرونو د سیندونو نہ
ستا ہرہ درہ کبھی دی د تورو نبنانی زما
اے زما وطنہ د لالونو خزانہ زما

زہ یم ستا لہ خاورے تہ زما د مینہ جورے ئی
تہ مہ د غہرت او د پُنتورنگینہ جورے ئی
تہ مہ د نیکہ او د بابا د وینہ جورے ئی
ستا زرہ کبھی اودی دی تولی تللی زمانہ زما
اے زما وطنہ د لالونو خزانہ زما



Oh Motherland!

Land beloved above all others,
Treasure trove of priceless gems!
Every valley, gorge of yours,
Witness to my feat of arms!

Glory to your modest dwellings,
Made of native clay, adobe;
I shall reason turn to cinders,
Seeking answers to your pains.

Glory to your mountains high!
To your rivers and your rills!
All your valleys, gorges steep,
Bear the scars of unsheathed swords,
As we fought invading hordes.
Land beloved above all others,
Treasure trove of priceless gems!

I've been fashioned from your clay,
You have by my love been shaped;
All your soil has watered been,
By the blood of my forebears -
Father and grandfather, both.
In your bosom, resting, lie,
All my bygone ages great.
Land beloved above all others,
Treasure trove of priceless gems!

ستا عزت چي نه وي زه به نوم او عزت خه كرمه
ته چي خوار و زار ئي زه به خوب او راحت خه كرمه
ستا سر چي وي تيب نو زه به شان او شوكت خه كرمه
مسته به دې خاوره كرم په ويني مستاني زما
اے زما وطنه د لالونو خزاني زما

يا خو به دې سيال كرمه وطنه! د جهان
يا به ستا په پينو كيني تورې خاورې كرمه خان
زه به درې ورې شم خوتا به كرم ودان
نر يمه پښتون يم تا ته يادې افساني زما
اے زما وطنه د لالونو خزاني زما



When you have no honour, pride,
Of what value then to me
Are my standing and my state?
When you're weak and trampled on,
Of what value then to me,
Is my comfort and my ease?
When your head is bowed and shamed,
Of what value then to me,
Is my might and majesty?
Rapturous I shall make your mud,
With my own ecstatic blood;
Land beloved above all others,
Treasure trove of priceless gems!

Either equal of the world,
I shall make you, motherland!
Or in trying so to do,
At your feet, the dust become!
I will death, destruction, brave
But shall make you prosperous, strong!

I am proud, a brave *Pukhtoon*,
You remember well my feats!
Land beloved above all others,
Treasure trove of priceless gems!





اے زما وطنہ

سوے باغ، تالا گلشن دے
 مراوے گل، خاورے چمن دے
 نہ بلبل نہ لولکے شتہ
 نہ نرگس نہ یاسمن دے
 دا گلاب دے ایرے شوے
 کہ پے اور سوے ختن دے؟
 اے پُنتونہ ستا وطن دے
 اے پُنتونہ ستا وطن دے
 د دے باغ خاورے راواخلہ
 ترے نہ نوے بستان جور کرہ
 اے د سوی باغ مالیارہ
 د نوروںو جہان جور کرہ
 اے چے بنکتہ بنکتہ گورے
 نن پنے ابلہ سر سرتورے
 تہ خبر نی چے تہ خوک وے؟
 تہ د مینخ اسمان وے ستورے
 ستا شملہ چے بہ شود پورته
 شوے بہ بنکتہ شملے نورے
 پے مستی او ننگ بہ سر وے
 ستا دا تیتے سترگی تورے



Oh Young Man!

Like an orchard, withered, dry;
Garden, flower beds, trampled on;
Wilted flowers; the lawn once green,
Seared, looking Autumn brown;
No nightingale to sing its song,
Nor butterfly to float upon
The morning breeze in early Spring;
No narcissi to give their scent,
No *Jasmine*¹⁹⁸ flowers and perfumed air;
Is this a rose to ashes turned,
Or a burnt-out fairyland?
Oh *Pukhtoon* this is your land!
Oh *Pukhtoon* this is your land!
Come collect the dust again,
Of this orchard, once so fair;
From it once again create,
Scented flowers and perfumed air.
Oh gardener of a blighted land,
A world of colours recreate!
Oh one with downcast eyes of shame,
Barefoot, and uncovered head!
Do you know what you were once?
Brightest star of firmament!
When the *turban* graced your head,
Others, deferentially,
Bared their covered heads to bow;
Filled with honour and with pride,
Were your eyes, so downcast now.

اے د تیتو سترگو خوانہ
 پاخہ ہنہ جہان جور کرہ
 د دے باغ خاورے راواخلہ
 ترے نہ نوے بستان جور کرہ
 اے دوران خپر مہرمنی
 اے دوری بچی پلارہ
 بی درکہ سرگردانہ
 اے د سوی باغ مالیارہ
 اے چہ نن بریند بچی ستا
 د خوراک پے کشالہ دی
 ستا د لاس ماننی ولاہے
 پے دھلی پے بنگالہ دی
 اے د بل د در مرئیہ
 پاخہ ہنہ دوران جور کرہ
 د دے باغ خاورے راواخلہ
 ترے نہ نوے بستان جور کرہ
 اے پے غرہ پے سردرو کنبی
 پے باغونو پے مہرو کنبی
 پے جندول کنبی پے تیر کنبی
 زما لال پت پے ایرو کنبی
 اے د زرکو پے خندا کنبی
 د تنخرو پے نارو کنبی
 د شہر شاہ نازبینہ خویہ!
 تہ ئی پروت تورو تیرو کنبی
 کرہ د غم تیرے راغندے
 ترے د مینے داستان جور کرہ
 د دے باغ خاورے راواخلہ
 ترے نہ نوے بستان جور کرہ



(۱) لعل. (۲) نعرہ

Oh young man with downcast eyes!
 Rise! Create that other world;
 Once again collect the dust,
 Of this orchard, once so fair;
 From it once again create,
 Scented flowers and perfumed air.
 Oh young mistress of the hovel!
 Oh young father of the child -
 Who for want of food is hungry
 In a land that can yield plenty -
 You're distressed, pre-occupied;
 And today your many children,
 Are bare-bodied, without clothes;
 And their energies are focussed
 On the source of their next meal;
 Yet in *Delhi*¹⁹⁹ and *Bengal*²⁰⁰,
 There are monuments, which boast,
 Of your power and your might!
 Oh the slave of others' hearths,
 Rise! Relive that time again!
 Once again collect the dust,
 Of this orchard, once so fair;
 From it once again create,
 Scented flowers and perfumed air.
 Oh in mountains and in vales,
 And in orchards and in plains;
 In *Jandool*²⁰¹ and in *Tirah*²⁰²,
 Oh my ruby, covered o'er,
 By the ashes of the fire,
 Which across the land is raging!
 In the bubbling partridge laughter,
 In the *chakor*'s calls thereafter,
 Oh beloved child of great *Sher Shah*²⁰³,
 You're benighted in the darkness.
 Garner darkness of your grief,
 And create from it a tale
 Of great honour and of love!
 Once again collect the dust,
 Of this orchard, once so fair!
 From it once again create,
 Scented flowers and perfumed air!





وصیت

که خازې شنې مې په قبر وی ولاړې
که غلام مړ وم راځئ توكې پرې لاړې
که پخپلو وینو نه وم لمبېدلې
په ما مه پلټوئ د جومات غاړې
چې قطرې قطرې مې فوخ د دُښمن نه که
مورې! ما پسې په کوم مخ به ته ژاړې
یا به دا بې ننگه ملک باغ عدن کرم
یا به کرم د پُښتنو کوڅې ویجاړې



(۱) توكړئ، (۲) کړی



The Will

Though tombstones fine of bluish slate
Should ornament, adorn, my grave,
But I were to have died a slave,
Come, spit on and defile them!
If my body were not bathed,
In my blood and sanctified,
Do not ever desecrate
Precincts of the mosque with it²⁰⁴.
And if I were not to be
Into numerous pieces hacked
By the forces of the foe,
Mother, dear, how could you
Over me lament and cry?
I shall soon this land, deprived
Both of honour and of pride,
Into Paradise transform!
Or the ranks of *Pukhtoon* youth
Decimate, their streets denude.





نومے سیاست

د هُونبیارو لارې مې دهرې زده
 خو زما د شان دغه لار نه ده
 زه د زرو صحراوو ارمان یمه
 زما بخت کنبې کوڅه د گلزار نه ده
 زه یم خاوره خو دهره بې تابه یم
 ما موندلې لمحہ د قرار نه ده
 دا د دروغو مندې ده د سود او زیان
 دے زمونږه د ورکو یو بل جهان
 دلته ښے به یو او خرڅے به بل
 دا بازار تگ او کوته سامان
 دلته مینه، وفا او غبرت او رښتیا
 چې بې سوده ئې کړې نو خرتوب دے
 دا قیصه بس د چرگ او دهران ده
 خو پرې نوم د وچت سریتوب دے



(۱) ښانې. (۲) خرڅوې



New Statecraft

Well-known to me
Are the ways of the wise!
Not one, however,
That suits my state!
For I am the yearning
Of countless wastes,
And not in my fate
Is the garden of flowers!
I am no more
Than a sod of earth,
But restless my soul,
And pining my form;
Not a moment of calm
Is my lot in life.
This is a market
Of profit and loss,
And we, who are lost,
Have a different world.
Here, never is sold
What is always shown -
A market of cheats
And shoddy ware!
Here, loyalty, truth,
And honour and love,
Pursued without motive
And not for one's self,
Are always considered
As folly and jest.
This is no more
Than a rooster's tale -
As upon a dunghill
He pecks and crows -
But brazenly called
The culture of class!





د بچو ترانه

خوږ دے ما ته ملک زما
خوږ له کُل جهان
زه به خم په جنگ د قام
زه چې شمه خوان
وينه ده تاوده زما رگونو کښې د ننگ
سر که مې قام غواری زه بڼې نه کر مه په څنگ
زور دے ما لیدلې هم د توپ هم د تفنگ
زور مې د غبرت دے د همه زورونو خان
زه به خم په جنگ د قام
زه چې شمه خوان
سر څه د سپی سر وی چې فدا نه وی په قام
نر څه بنخونږ وی چې شهیدا نه وی په قام
نوم ناموس ئې څه وی چې ئې نوم وی د غلام
دا نوم به بدل کړم یا به کړم بدل جهان
زه به خم په جنگ د قام
زه چې شمه خوان



The Children's Anthem

Dear is my land to me,
Dearer than the world combined,
I shall for the nation fight,
When my manhood I attain!
Through my veins is coursing, hot,
Blood that is in honour steeped;
If my head my people need,
I shall never hesitate.
I have seen the strength of arms,
Both of canon and of gun,
But the strength conferred by honour,
Over every force prevails!
I shall for my people fight,
When my manhood I attain!
Oh one's head is little more,
Than a dog's, if unconcerned,
Uncommitted to the tribe;
And a boy is just a girl,
If he does not sacrifice,
All he has, as well as life,
For the honour of the tribe;
Of what use is his standing, state
If he is another's slave;
I shall now my name disown
Or I shall the world transform!
I shall for my people fight,
When my manhood I attain!

زه پښتون بابا د خپلو وینو پېدا کړه
 زه پښتنې مور په غېرتې پښو لوڼې کړه
 مونږ په پلار نیکه دی د مردی کارونه کړی
 زه به غلام نه شم که غلام شي ټول جهان
 زه به خم په جنگ د قام
 زه چې شمه خوان
 زه به په وجود یمه کوتله وزیر اس
 کوم به د کاروان خبرداره لکه جرس
 یم به د ظالم سترگو کښې تل د سترگو خس
 زه به لکه باز یم د نرتوب مرد مېدان
 زه به خم په جنگ د قام
 زه چې شمه خوان
 زه به لوڼې زرگه لکه شهر شاه د بنگالې لرم
 مت به ابداله لرم همت به روپله لرم
 سر به ښکته نه کړم که زرگونه کشالې لرم
 ربه! ښکته مه کړې چا ته سر ته د افغان
 زه به خم په جنگ د قام
 زه چې شمه خوان



(۱) به نې

I'm the offspring of the blood,
 Of a *Pukhtoon* father's pride,
 I've been nourished on the honour
 Of a *Pukhtoon* mother's milk;
 And from immemorial times,
 We have deeds of valour wrought;
 I shall never be a slave,
 Even though, the world around,
 Everyone, becomes a slave.
 I shall for my people fight,
 When my manhood I attain!
 In my body I shall be,
 Compact, like *waziri*²⁰⁶ horse,
 For the tribe shall vigil keep,
 Like the ever-ringing bell,
 Of the moving caravan;
 In the eyes of cruel might
 I shall be an irksome twig;
 I shall like a falcon be,
 On the field of bravery;
 I shall for my people fight,
 When my manhood I attain!
 Large hearted I'll always be,
 Like *Sher Shah of Sehsaram*;
 Strong-willed like the famous king,
*Ahmad Shah, the Abdali*²⁰⁶;
 Courage and determination, both,
 Of *Rohillas*²⁰⁷ shall be mine;
 And my head shall be erect,
 Though I'm bogged in troubles deep.
 Oh Creator! Grant this prayer –
 Do not let an *Afghan*²⁰⁸ down;
 Never let him supplicate,
 Nor to any power prostrate!
 I shall for my people fight,
 When my manhood I attain!

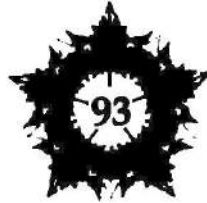




خه زما بچیه خه!

ستا کرم تا به (ئی) خان کرمه	یا بـــــــــــــــــه دا تالا وطن
خاورې په مېدان کـــــــــرمه	یا به دا مـــــــــروره ســـــــــر
بـــــــــــــــــکلی ازمریه خه!	خه زما بچــــــــــــــــیه خه!
نه خي پـــــــــــــــــتانه په شا	خوب کبني هم په شا نه شي
خان بچي د خان کـــــــــرمه	یا به هر پـــــــــــــــــتون بچي
دا به پرې قربان کرمه	نور خه دی دا سر مې دے
توپ وهی لمبې وهی	وینه کبني مې اور دے
دا وړانې به ســـــــــمې کړی	متو کبني مې زور دے
توره په مېدان کـــــــــرمه	زه چـــــــــــــــــي کله وتی يم
یا به خاورې خان کـــــــــرمه	یا به دشمن خاورې کرم
بیا شين گلـــــــــــــــــستان کرمه	یا بـــــــــــــــــه دا تالا وطن
خاورې په مېدان کـــــــــرمه	یا به دا مـــــــــروره ســـــــــر
بد خوئي د لومبېرې دے	هر چلی دشمن زما
تل مې دے خورلے دے	زه د غرونو پـــــــــرانگ يمه





Go My Child! Proceed Apace!

Either of this ravaged land,
 I shall make a *khan* of you,
 Or this head of mine, so proud,
 On the field of battle give!
 Go my son, proceed apace,
 With a tiger's courage, grace;
 E'en in dreams, do not retreat,
 And never accept defeat,
 Never do *Pukhtoons* withdraw!
 Either every *Pukhtoon* child,
 I shall make a *khan* of, or,
 What is there to choose from now,
 But to sacrifice my life!
 In the effort lose my head.
 Forcefully, the blood in me
 Surges searing hot as flames;
 Both my arms are powerful, strong,
 And shall set right every wrong!
 On each field that I have fought,
 Deeds of valour have I wrought.
 I shall either put to flight,
 All my foes from off the field,
 Or my life upon it, I,
 Shall with pleasure sacrifice.
 Either this our ravaged land,
 I shall once again transform
 Into flowering gardens green,
 Or this head of mine, so proud,
 On the field to dust return!
 Wily is my life-long foe,
 Offspring of the wily fox!
 I'm a panther of the hills,
 And have always preyed on him!





وروره قلندرہ!

قلندرہ!

خُنه پنه پونه شوې چې دا بنکته خې که بره
دې کبني خه واره شته چې سره وکړي خبره
لسو بلاگانو کبني ده کومه بلا غوره
او وروره قلندرہ!

ما نه خفه شوم، که خفه (نې) د هشنفره
کله کله مونږ له هم راخه د پېښوره
بڼه وي چې ياران وي د سړي تکره غاوره
نوم، ناموس، او خوئ او همه خونه معتبره
خو يو پکبني پکار دے دا زما غنډې بې سره
دا پکبني کُنجکه چې ساتي مو د نظره
او وروره قلندرہ!

دا ناتار خبره

کتې د زندان او قلا دواړه د يو غره



*Brother Qalandara!*²⁰⁹

Brother Qalandara!
Have you to the bottom got,
Of this our sorry state,
And is there any reason now,
For us to speak, debate;
Ten most evil ogres²¹⁰, shrewd,
All too eager to deceive,
Which of them should we support,
Which of them receive?

Brother Qalandara!
Have you got annoyed with me,
Or are you disinclined
To visit *Hashtnagar*²¹¹?
It is only fair to ask,
Come visit me at times,
Visit me for old times sake,
From not so far Peshawar.
It is only proper, that
Our friends are strong and proud,
In family and lineage,
In attitudes, are sound;
But one like me is needed too,
Who's unacknowledged, weak,
To function as the sea-shell
Which, averts the evil eye.

Brother Qalandara!
What a devastating thought!
From one quarry extracted, are,
The stones of dungeon, fort.

او وروره قلندرہ!

دا خو څوک د مته غواری څوک ئې د خيگره
 زه کمزورے بنه یم وی کمزورے بی ضرره
 مونږ نه بل وژلے شو نه خان له لرو زگره
 او وروره قلندرہ!

دېرو کښې ضرور چرته کښې ورانه شی خبره
 بس دے نور به چپ کرم خو بس دا پکښې د سره
 دا څنگه سیندونه دی هم بنکته څی هم بره
 هغه صاحبزاده ته وایه یه پیره کافره!
 خلاص دې مریدان شه له تاتاره له بربره
 ستا قیمت به دېرو وی هم یاران دې بی نمبره
 سر د اشنا نه څارئ یار څوک د خان د سره
 او وروره قلندرہ!

نره فقیری ده بادشاهی نه دېره غوره
 خو داسې فقیری چې فقیر تاج کوز کړی له سره
 او وروره قلندرہ!

نوره که څه ورانه وی نو تښې کره برابره
 او وروره قلندرہ!



(۱) زما محترم دوست قلندر مومند چې په ۱۹۷۰ کښې د ورځپاڼې شهباز اهدیترو و. دې شعرونو کښې
 هم د دغې کال الېکشن ته اشارې دي. (۲) عمر فاروق صاحبزاده (مرحوم) د کوتې. (۳) څاروی. (۴) ته ئې

And, oh brother *Qalandara!*
Some on strength of arms demand,
While others just desire;
I am better off as weak,
The weak attract no ire;
I neither can another kill,
Nor armour, mace, require.

Brother *Qalandara!*
Talking on without a pause,
Can tend to botch results;
So let me stop and serve the cause,
But this openly ask –
Don't you think it rather strange,
How the rivers of the land,
Flow both down and up the range,
In this wonderland!!!

And tell the young *Sahibzada*²¹²,
Oh tremendous saint to be!
Though loudly are your praises sung,
In far off Barbary,
Away with all your followers,
Both here, and Tartary;
Your value may be priceless,
Your acquaintances, too, many,
But should one sacrifice a friend
To please the powers that be?
And never find the time to see,
The lonely *Khan*, called *Ghani!*

And brother *Qalandara!*
Self-respecting penury, is infinitely better,
Than kingship and great wealth amassed,
Through fraud and through deceit.
But better still than both of these,
But rarely to be found-
The beggar who rejects the crown,
When placed upon his head!

And brother *Qalandara!*
If in this analysis some slight defect remains,
Perhaps you will correct it and set the record straight.





کوچی خان

ما وې کوچی خان ته خان! راشه سبق ووايه
 خم د فلسفو به شي هر څوک به دې کي مدار
 کوچيه! کيميا ده دا جسو نه پاسه جوړي
 ته به وے اړنگ دړنگ دا ترې فلسفه جوړي
 بيا به يا وزير او يا سفير او يا کونسل به شي
 فوج کښې دی مزې بي بزه بوزه فيلډ مارشل به شي
 بيا به مېنگو چتني خوړې ياره د گونگړو سره
 قوت به انگرېزي کښې کړې خان له د بيو سره
 بوگی ووی، چاچا دا پکښې لا بله ده
 خپله چې سمبال وی کور خوند کي د پردو سره
 خوښ مې ملا جان دے خو سترگه ئې غله غله ده
 حورو نه ئې يو طمع او غلمان نه بله ده
 الله هو او الله هو دا پکښې لا بله ده
 پتي خزاني دی په پلاتونو پرمتونو کښې
 جمع دولتونه د بي بي په نوم بېنکونو کښې



Neddy Khan

To little Neddy, "Khan!" said I,
 Come and study, literate be!
 Fount of wisdom you'll become,
 All will then give you respect.
 Neddy dear! Literacy,
 As you know, is alchemy,
 Baser metals turns to gold;
 All the nonsense which you spout,
 Will be deemed philosophy!
 A Minister you'll then become,
 Ambassador or Consul too!
 Join the Army and have fun,
 Field Marshal you'll soon become
 Without ever joining battle,
 Or a skirmish having won!
 Mango-chutney you will eat,
 With the boiled and coarse chick-pea,
 And in English you'll converse,
 With your mother, peasantry!
 There'll be dances, games and fun –
*Boogie woogie, cha-cha,*²¹³
 This is just another one!
 When one's wife is safe at home,
 It's a pleasure and a joy,
 Others' company to enjoy!
 I am of the pious priest,
 Fonder than most people think;
 But his eyes are covetous
 Of the *houri* and *ghilman*²¹⁴.
 Hidden treasures, plots and permits,
 Civil-servants, most defame;
 Ill-got gains in bank accounts,
 Stashed away in ladies' names!

ما وې كُوجى خان ته خان! خه چې وزيران شو يار
خېته مې چارېبېتې وئ اوري د دوډو تپار
كُوجى وې قربان قربان، گل دې خله، گلاب بيان
نه شى كولې دا خدمت، هېخوك هم زمونږ په شان



(۱) ونېل . (۲) كوى . (۳) جوړوى . (۴) وانې .
(۵) Boogie Woogie او Cha Cha دوه مشهور دانسونه دى . (۶) وانې

To little Neddy, "Khan!" said I,
"Come! Let us contest the polls;
Come! Let us portfolios hold;
I am famished as can be,
And can hear nothing else,
But the sound of bread being baked!"
Neddy said, "Agreed! Aye! Aye!
That's a fine proposal made!
No one can the public serve,
Half as well as you and I!"





غبرتی

لالا مې افلاطون دے د تقریر او د تکرار
 لالا مې پاس په ستهج کړی د زمري په شان غرار
 چې وخت او بخت ئې خپل وی هم ئې خپل وی تانهدار
 بیا بس د ده یلغار دے هم په بنار هم په نوبنار
 (خو) چې وخت د غلبلی شی لالا مراوی کړی غوړونه
 قرقر ئې مدام خيژی په خوار ولگی دستونه
 مرز دے بی غبرته پت په بده بنه چغیږی
 کوترے د کشمیری دے په کوته پاس بنه غپیږی
 وزیر چې کلیوال وی د ده خپل حکم چلیږی
 چې پورته شی ممبر ته د نوچی هسې گدېږی
 چې غم شی او تکلیف شی لالا خی د بی بی ترخ له
 وئ راشه محمدینه! اوس تپله ورکوه وخ له
 سر پت کړی د بی بی د لمن لاندې په ژړا شی



*The Chivalrous and Honour-bound*²¹⁵

My cousin is a Plato
 Of profound and rational thought,
 And when he mounts the stage to speak,
 The lion he outroars!
 When time and fate are favourable,
 So is the *thanedar*²¹⁶,
 Then he is in the forefront
 Of each raid upon Peshawar!
 But when fortune forsakes him,
 And the tide against him turns,
 Crest-fallen, with his ears adroop,
 His stomach freely flows!
 A chicken-hearted quail achirp
 Most loudly when concealed,
 A pie-dog barking bravely
 From the safety of its home!
 When the minister is friendly,
 A co-villager to boot,
 Then he proudly rules the roost,
 And orders all around!
 And when he mounts the stage to speak,
 A *nautch*²¹⁷ girl puts to shame.
 But when troubles descend, he makes
 A bee-line for his mother,
 And to himself he mutters,
 "Let us compromise, play safe!"
 He hides himself within the folds
 Of mother's baggy shirt;
 His tears flow profusely
 As with great fear he quakes;
 And calls upon his revered saint
 To come to his assistance.

وئ الله د بونبر غوڻه! راروان دے اوس به راشی
 بی بی وائی خاوند ته، کڙه دا ستا بلا زما شی
 دا لاس دې ولې رپی، پڻه سلگو دې ولې سا شی
 دا زیر دې پڻه لہنگو باندې دی بنکته خڻه روان
 پروں دې خواره ډہر وو جور خورلی شاتوتان
 لالا وائی بی بی ته، د دې نوی وزیر تره
 خو ستا د مور د خور د زوڻی تربور دے د نیکه
 ورخم چي راله وکری د وزیر سره کاتہ
 زما نه خو زوہرگی ډہر زیات د ویري وواتہ
 ورخم چي د وزیر سره اقرار او زبان وکرم
 او خان له د دې شر نه د وتو خڻه سامان وکرم
 لالا غریب روان شی مراوے خت مراوی غورونه
 وزیر ته ډہر پڻه مینه تعظیم وکری سلامونه
 بیبا و خوری لس طلاقه دوه درې سوه قسمونه
 وئ جناب! ما ته معلوم شو ایله ستاسو صفتونه
 زما نوم هم کره لیک د تابعدارو رجستر کبني
 دا سر مې شه قربان ستا د ملگرو پڻه لہنگر کبني
 وزیر ورته مسکے شی وئ بنه ولیکه بیان
 چي اوسه پورې سپر وڻه، خو اوس شومه انسان

His wife to him, in diffidence,
Proclaims, "Oh lord and master!
Oh would to God that I could take,
Your troubles on myself!
Oh why are both your hands aquake,
And sobs disrupt your breathing?
Why is your stomach all upset,
And funny sounds emits?"
He softly to his wife confides,
"The new minister's uncle,
Is kin to your aunt's cousin's son,
And, therefore, kin to me;
I'll go now to approach him,
To arrange for me to see,
The minister for talks to end
This dangerous confrontation -
For out of fear many moans
From me have emanated!
I go forth now to pledge to him,
My word and every deed,
And find a way out for myself,
From this, a one-way street."
With drooping ears, wilted neck,
The minister he meets,
With feigned affection, courtesy,
Humility, he greets,
And offers his respects!
Then swears upon the holy Book,
Innumerable oaths,
And says, "My lord, I've just perceived,
Your qualities galore!
My name also inscribe within
Your register of those,
Who've pledged you their allegiance;
And count me too as of the horde
Which will your battles fight!"
The minister looks down at him,
Upon his lips a smile,
And says, "all right! in writing give,
Your statement to the press,
That up to now you were a dog,
And only now a man!"

لالا غريب پنه بده ووي دین، غبرت، ایمان
 زر لاس پنه نامه کیردی، وئی قربان شمه قربان!
 بیان؟ یو بیان خه دے لس به وکرم بیانونه
 جناب! ستا پنه صفت به وکرنگومه اسمانونه
 ما بنام ریديو ووي چي یو بل غريب دووس شو
 یو بل د شهباز زوئي د جنگه وتنبهد تپوس شو
 یو بل گلزار ایري شو، ورک شو خاورې شو، بوس بوس شو
 یو بل پښتون شو سپک، دوب ئي د پلار نيکه ناموس شو
 یو بنکله سر شو تیت، یو ننگياله پښمان پنه ننگ شو
 عجبه ناکرده شوه چي پښتون پنه پښتو تنگ شو
 نامرده لالا! واوره یو خبره د غني نه
 پښتو، غبرت او مینه، پنه پښتو او غبرت مینه
 دا هر خوک خان له کوی، دا خوک چا له کوی نه
 دا ژوند دے د روح ژوند دے، لکه ژوند د وجود وینه

The poor soul conveniently,
 Forgets his faith and pride,
 With hand on breast and great respect,
 And unabashed, proclaims -
 "What! just a statement and no more?
 One statement surely's not enough,
 Innumerable I'll make,
 And with your praise
 The heavens shake,
 To register my faith!"
 The evening bulletin declares,
 Another stalwart's fallen,
 Another eaglet's fled the field,
 Become a carrion kite!
 And another field of flowers,
 Trod on, decimated lies;
 And another proud *Pukhtoon*,
 Stands in *favour*²¹⁸, but deprived
 Of his name and honour, pride.
 A head erect is now bowed down,
 The chivalrous and honour-bound,
 Now regrets the life he led;
 A strange event has come to pass,
 Its mystery is beyond us -
 Fed up of his code, *Pukhto*²¹⁹,
 There is a strange *Pukhtoon*!
 Spineless elder, come and listen
 To advice from young *Ghani*;
 Our code of life, our honour, pride,
 Our pride in arms, our feats of arms,
 Our love, our life's decree -
 Each one must for himself uphold,
 They cannot ever be,
 Upheld for anyone.
 In life when you uphold these norms,
 The essence of your soul transforms;
 Becomes the blood that life sustains,
 Becomes the frame that *self* maintains.

دا هغه فلسفه ده چې خليل تنې^٦ اور ڪه^٧ نور
 دا هغه مست شراب دی چې ځکلی وو منصور
 ارمان دے غېرتی! څه عجیبه دې سودا وکره
 د خپلې حیا غل شوې. له خپل کوره دې غلا وکره
 چې شپه شوه د معراج تا د خوبونو دعا وکره
 چې وخت د خندا راغے تا شروع په ژړا وکره
 یا خیال د بادشاهی یا دې شروع کرې بنگری واتې^٨
 لالا نامرد زر مر شی، خو زاری ئې شی تل پاتې

حيدر آباد جہل



(١) وائې، (٢) وخت، (٣) ساه، (٤) ووهی، (٥) ژړ، (٦) ووانی، (٧) ته ئې، (٨) کرو، (٩) د جینکو یوه لوبه

When *Abraham*²²⁰, the friend of God,
Defied the flames, which turned to flowers,
And *Al Hallaj*²²¹, the gallows braved,
This was the code, philosophy,
Which both endorsed, and both upheld!
What a pity, elder dear!
What a bargain you have struck!
Your own honour you have stolen,
And your own house you have robbed!
And when *Ascension*'s night set in,
You prayed for sleep and slept!
And when the time for laughter came,
You commenced to cry!
And from great thoughts of sovereignty,
You came down to singing songs,
Ditties that the girls prefer!
Soon the spineless elder dies,
But his cowardice and cries,
Live on after him for long!

Hyderabad Jail





سوداگر

عجبیه دا سوداگر دے
 شنه قبا ئی د امام ده
 په خيگر لکه چنگېز دے
 په خله خوږ د گلو باغ دے
 غرمېده لکه زمړه که
 پنجې ډوبې په سرو وینو
 ما ته وئ چې خوانه! راکه
 راته وئ غهرت دې پرېږده
 وئ سر تیت که گنې کرم به
 وئ هوبسيار لکه ابليس يم
 ته راکوز شه بنکته کبېنه
 يا ما خدائي که سجده وکه
 په لاس تبغ په سر قرآن
 کلکې سترگې د شېطان
 چلولی لکه هامان
 په زړه سخا لکه ډېران
 غرمېده لکه حیوان
 سر ئې بره په اسمان
 ستا پښتو، توره او ننگ
 شه زما د درملنگ
 په تا ملک د الله تنگ
 زه خونخوار لکه پلنگ
 ما له را د یار پالنگ
 يا زما او ستا دے جنگ



*The Merchant*²²²

How very strange this merchant!
 On his head the Book²²³, in hand
 Is a spear burnished bright
 Like the glistening grains of sand.
 The green cassock of the priest
 And the devil's glaring eyes;
 Ruthless, merciless and harsh
 Like the fabled *Changez Khan*;
 Full of treachery and guile
 Like the counsels of *Hamaan*²²⁴.
 Sweet like honey in his talk,
 In his thoughts he's stinking high
 Like the dung-heap and the sty.
 Roaring louder than a lion,
 Like a fox he is as sly!
 With his paws reeking with blood,
 Has his head up in the sky.
 And he says, young man surrender
 Both your honour and your pride,
 And the code which is to you
 More invaluable than life;
 And in doing so, become
 But a beggar at my door.
 He says, bow your head and lower
 Both your eyes to me, or else
 I shall make your life as bitter,
 Or much worse than life in Hell.
 And he says, I am as wily
 As the devil when he tempts;
 And as ruthless, when I'm thwarted,
 As the panther of the hills.
 Get off the lover's bed,
 Take your seat upon the floor,
 Let me have your place instead.
 Either make of me a god
 And prostrate yourself to me,
 Or be prepared to face me
 In a never-ending war.

ستا د ژوند اختيار زما دے
 د دې گتو بنسکار زما دے
 دېر تېرۍ گوزار زما دے
 اوس راغله وار زما دے
 په ده دېر اتبار زما دے
 چې خورلے (ئې) وار زما دے
 گورۍ دا د زرو تخت
 خوشحالېره په خپل بخت
 مسندونه د زربفت
 ستا د سپينې خوانې وخت
 بل خوا اور د اوره سخت
 که دا سره سينه بالخت
 څنگ ژوند ورکړم جهان واخلم؟
 او چشمې د مرجان واخلم؟
 د لالونو دېر ان واخلم؟
 څنگه دين او ايمان ورکړم؟
 بې خودی او جانان ورکړم؟
 په سجده کښې پر دم غلام ته؟
 څنگه وښاييم خيام ته؟
 کړم چوکه د مستې جام ته؟

وئ دا توره زما لاس کښې
 ستا څمار، غېرت او مينه
 دا شمله د ننگ که تېته
 د فرعون، چنگېز وار تېر شو
 شه غلام د دې غلام
 خاورو ختو کښې پراته دی
 که زما شوې زما خوانه!
 پاس په دې د پاسه کښې نه
 دا جامونه د شرايو
 دا سپرلے دا پېغلې مستې
 دا جنت دا عېش او زور
 خوانه خه! ساقی له ورشه
 ربه! څنگه سو داگر دے
 څنگ نظر د سترگو ورکړم
 څنگ بهار او سپوږمۍ ورکړم
 د دې سرو د طوق بدل کښې
 د رېبار د ويړې څنگه
 دا د نور او مستې دک سر
 د قصاب د چيچرو مينه
 څنگ د بل د تالی پاتې

With this sword within my hand
 I have power over your fate;
 Of your drunken joy and pleasure,
 Of your honour and your love -
 I am in supreme command;
 And this plume of pride and honour,
 Of the turban on your head,
 You must lower now before me,
 Or face severance of your neck.
 Both the *Pharaoh* and *Changez*
 Are no more, it's now my turn.
 Do submit, become my slave,
 Or prepare to meet your fate.
 If you do submit and bear
 To me true faith and allegiance,
 Then upon this throne of gold
 You shall sit, in fortune smile
 And enjoy the choicest wines,
 Sit on cushions of brocade.
 This fair Spring and lovely maidens,
 And your youth's burning desires!
 Young man go, get to the *saki*!
 Let her sleep upon your breast.
 God! How very strange this merchant!
 How can one, one's life surrender
 For the sake of worldly goods?
 How the sight of both the eyes,
 Give up for spectacles
 Made of precious gems and gold?
 How the Spring and moon surrender
 For a dung-hill of bright gems?
 How religion and faith give up
 For the bondman's yoke of gold?
 And for fear of the rival
 Leave the loved one, abdicate?
 How this head, brimful of madness,
 Overflowing with the light,
 In prostration, at the feet
 Of the slave, submit, surrender?
 And the butcher's love for tripe,
 Flaunt before Omar Khayyam?
 How left-overs from the plate
 Of some other person's meal,
 With wine's ecstasy partake?

ځنگ دلداری په دنیا ورکړم
 د جانان خپشته سر څنگه
 د کارغه د پرمهرونه
 نه د لیدم سوداگره!
 په تبت سر باندې نه بنائې
 د سرو زرو تخت قربان شه
 تیتو سترگو کبښې وچیرې
 ستا شراب د زهرو گوت د مے
 ستا ساقی د چکلې دمه
 څه ورکېږه سوداگره!
 ته ئې وېږم د لالونو
 نه ئې دم نه ئې دارو شسته
 ته مغروره په خپل زور ئې

راشه وگوره فرعونه! دا دوه دملنگانو

په دې خاورو کبښې خورې "دی کپړی د بادشاهانو

هری پور جېل . ۱۹۴۸ء



(۱) کړی، (۲) وائی، (۳) راکره، (۴) وکره، (۵) اعتبار،
 (۶) پسرل، (۷) بالبت، (۸) لعلونو، (۹) بنانسته، (۱۰) لیدل، (۱۱) خپړې

How beloved, in exchange
 For just worldly gain surrender?
 And the rival elevate
 To beloved's balcony?
 How, beloved's lovely face
 On the feet of *Pharaoh* place?
 How the wings of soaring eagle
 Substitute by those of crow?
 You have never seen, oh merchant!
 Passionate surging of free blood;
 On a bowed head it's a shame
 Honour's *turban* to put on!
 Throne of gold is worthless dust,
 To be sacrificed and spurned,
 For the tattered, patched-up cloak,
 Of a beggar who is free.
 In the down-cast eyes of shame,
 Hardly ever to be found,
 Is the ecstasy of passion,
 Music's elevating sound.
 Just a gulp of bitter poison
 Is your proffered cup of wine,
 Which, of honour and of faith,
 Those who drink, help to deprive;
 And your *saki* is no more
 Than a common dancing girl,
 Over-valued for a dime!
 Go get lost, oh evil merchant!
 We are *slaves* of the beloved!
 You are hungry for just gems,
 We are seeking *drunken joy*!
 And afflicted by a *passion*
 Which no medicine can cure
 Or the charms of priests affect.
 You are proud of your *brute strength*,
 While with *love* we are replete!
 Come and see oh proud *Pharaoh*!
 This, the most humble retreat
 Of the mendicants of love –
 In the dust beneath our feet
 Lie, spread out, the skulls of kings!

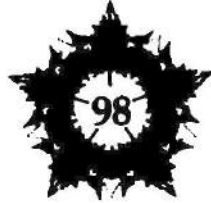
Haripur Jail, 1948





یو وائی خرکُوچے دے

یو وائی خرکُوچے دے غنی بل وائی ہونبیار دے
یو وائی بنہ ستار دے بل وئی تش د سیمو تار دے
چنہی وئی وابی دے قیصی مونرِ پسی ہر خائی کبھی کری
او داسی حرامی دے چہ کنخل پے عربی کبھی کری
اوس داکو مرگو شوم خانہ! دا پکبھی لا نوپ شوہ
شپہ جوڑی پخہ شوہ پورته چغہ د بگوپ شوہ
دا دے ہشنفر ہرہ کوخہ قیصہ خانہ دہ
ہر خائی کبھی جنده د ہر چا خپلہ ترانہ دہ
دلته نہ ربتیا شتہ نہ دروغ یو بل نصاب دے
ہر چا سرہ موتی کبھی خپل سوال او خپل جواب دے
زہ خو بنہ بنکارہ درتہ ولا ریم دے کتاب کبھی



Some Say He's a Little Ass!

Some say he's a little ass,
 Other's don't think so;
 They feel he's a clever chap,
 And much, that he does know.
 Some say he's a tuned *sitar*,
 Melodious sounds outpours;
 Others, that he is no more,
 Than just a jarring note!
 And the student at the mosque,
 Loudly to the world proclaims,
 "He is a *Wahhabi*²⁵,
 Criticising us in verses,
 And such a confirmed scoundrel,
 That in Arabic he curses!!"
 And listen to this one as well -
 As dacoit and murderer,
 He also is now labelled!!
 The night, it seems, is in its prime,
 As the furtive vixens call;
 This is *Hashtnagar*, my friend!
 In each street, a *street of tales*²⁶,
 And atop each house, a flag,
 And from every other mouth,
 There are different anthems sung.
 There's no truth or falsehood here,
 Syllabus is all revised,
 Tightly held in every fist
 Are all questions and their answers;
 But, within the clear print
 Of this book, to scrutiny,
 I expose myself to all -
 In its every question hidden,
 In each answer well revealed!

دې کښې ښې ښکاره ښکاره زما د سفر لارې دی
دی زما خبرې که کم عقلي که هوبنیارې دی
”شولې“ که ”ډډم“ یم د قسمت خپل لوگرے یمه
زه ساده پښتون یم څه که خان هشنفرے یمه



(۱) وائی . (۲) وائی . (۳) وهایی ، (۴) قصه خوانی بازار د پېښور

In it fairly evident,
Are my journey's winding paths.
Even though what I have said,
Is considered meaningless,
Or discourse of great import,
Whether paddy or *sorghum*^{zz},
I must reap what I have sown;
I am just one more *Pukhtoon*,
Though of *Hashtnagar* a *Khan*.





نور خه دی هشنغر کنبی

دوست دے که دبنمن
دا حقیقت هر خوک منی
نور خه دی هشنغر کنبی
یو گنی او یو غنی



د هشنغر مغرور ملنگ

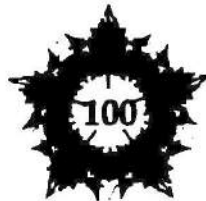
د هشنغر مغرور ملنگ
په نم غنی په جیب لپنگ
سترگی د پیش، خر ئی رنگ
مدام لیکي ارنک درنگ
د خپل جهان، خانه تنگ
تل وسی د خان سره په جنگ
د هشنغر مغرور ملنگ





*What is There in Hashtnaghar?*²²⁸

Whether friend, or whether foe,
Everyone has to agree -
What is there in *Hashtnaghar*,
But sugar-cane and old *Ghani*!



The Proud Hermit of Hashtnaghar

Proud hermit of *Hashtnaghar*,
In name, *Ghani*²²⁹, but deep in debt²³⁰!
With green eyes of a wild tom-cat;
And writing stuff, which has no sense.
Of himself and of the world
Fed up as no other is;
With himself perpetually
He's in conflict, everywhere,
This hermit of *Hashtnaghar*!





خاورې

تر اوسه پورې مو د ژوند درنې درنې مسټلې وارولې راورولې . د کومې ورځې نه چې ادم له قدرت هوش ورکړے دے . دا سوالونه د هغې ورځې راروان دي ، هر سرے ورله د خپل طاقت او پوهې په مناسبت جوابونه گوري . انسان سره د هر سوال جواب شته ولې د مرگ جواب نه لري . د جهان اکثري فلسفې او ټول مذهبونه د عزرائيل د شاهنشاهيت برخلاف بغاوت دے ، ټول د دغې تورې کندی نه تبتی . څوک يو گز څوک يو ميل او څوک زر ميله . څوک د غصې چغه ووهی . لکه ما چې په خوانی کښې يوه ورځ وهلې وه -

چغې وئ 'اجل ، ملا! ته آوري که ناوري'
تسه خاوره نه دے غنی څنگه به شی خاورې



(۱) ومی . (۲) نه آوري



The Dust

The Birds²³¹ (Introduction)

Up to now, we have tossed about the weightier issues and questions of life. These questions have been with us from the day that the All-Mighty bestowed consciousness on man. Everyone seeks to find answers to them according to the extent of his knowledge and understanding.

Man has an answer for every question, except those relating to death. Most of the world's philosophies and all its religions are rebellions against the imperialism of the angel of death. Everyone runs away from the dark chasm of death - some a few yards, some a mile, and yet others a thousand miles.

Some cry out in anger like I did one day in my youth:

*P*ious priest, old fate is calling,
Though you might, or might not hear,
Just of dust he is not made,
How can then young Ghani Khan,
Turn to dust, be pulverised!



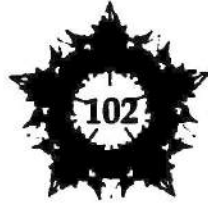


مرگے

و یا بله ورخ چپ د لحد پنه تور درز مپ د مستی سور شال ویر کرے وه-

چپ کله (نپ) وس وی	مرگے دپ راشی
او یا به اس وی	گل به مپ لاس کنبی وی
یا به قلم وی	یا به توپک وی
د دنیا غم وی	دوب به خندا کنبی
دومره به بس وی	چپ خه موبخت وی
چپ کله (نپ) وس وی	مرگے دپ راشی





Death

Or another day when on the darkness of the grave I spread ecstasy's red shawl:

*L*et death overtake me
Whenever it will;
It will find me prepared,
With a flower in hand,
Or mounted upon
A snorting steed;
Or a gun in hand,
Or quill and ink;
And drowned in laughter
The cares of this world;
Whatever's in store,
Is enough, no more!
Let death overtake me
Whenever it will





جام کبني گوت گوت شراب کميري

ولي آخر سرے سترے شی . او دا ومني چي :

په جام کبني گوت گوت	شراب کميري
سپرله خلاصيري	گلاب کميري
رنا د شمع کبني	د سحر نور راغے
کور د بلبلو ته	نوم د باتور راغے
ستار کبني شرنک هغه	د ماينام نيشته دے
سرور په سترگو کبني	د خيام نيشته دے



د يتکلی نه بنکله . د مست نه مست . د سور نه سور گل آخر خپلي جهراني او غمژني سترگي د خزان
يخو او بي رحمو بادونو ته پورته کړي . او د خپل ژوند د شروع او خلاصېدو تپوس ترې وکړي . او دغي ته
وايو موتر فلسفه -

(۱) سپرله



Ebbing Life

But ultimately, one gets tired, and admits that:

Drop by drop the goblet empties,
The red wine of ecstasy
To the dregs is drained;
Spring with each successive day,
Ebbs its throbbing life away;
In the dying candlelight,
Mingles light of dawning day;
On the nightingale's abode
Swoops the falcon for its prey;
And, the music of the lute
Lacks the melody there was
Of the evening that's no more;
And the bright eyes of *Khayyam*
Lack the happiness of yore.



The most beautiful, colourful, and ecstatic of flowers finally turns its eyes to the cold and unmerciful wind of autumn for an answer and asks it about the commencement, meaning and termination of life. This is what we call philosophy.



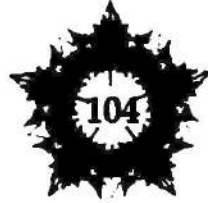
مور

زۀ مرگ يوه ورځ په مخه کړم، او د خپلې مور د سينې نه ئې د خاورو هغه ډېرې له بوتلم، کوم ځانې چې په يو دشت او بيابان کښې د هغې هډوکي پراته وو، ما چار چاپېره وکتل. ستغ درب، سره خاوره او شنه کاني وو، دلته نه د گلونو چمن وه، نه د بلبلو باغ، دې د بدرنگي په سمندر کښې د حسن يوه قطره هم نه وه، زۀ د خاورې د يو ډېرې خوا کښې ودرېدم، يوه ماته شنه خازه وه، شل ډېرش کاني بڼکته پراته وو، نورې تولې وچې وړې ترې خاورې وې، مرگ هم راورسېد او شاته مې د آسمان نه وچت ولاړ وه. خو ما سر وچت کۀ او د مرگ خالق ته مې ووې:

زۀ د هغې لال زۀ د هغې د سترگو تور ومه
 زۀ به د هغې په سينه تل وده نسکور ومه
 اوس ئې بڼکته بڼکته د مزار کانو ته گورمه

خاورو کښې هغه ده چې ئې زۀ د زړه هلال ومه
 هغه لال شو خاورې چې ئې زۀ وړوکۀ لال ومه

لاړمه آسمان ته ما وې ۱۱ اے د جهان مور سپوږمې
 زور د مرگي زيات دے کۀ دے زيات د مينې زور سپوږمې!
 اورى په لحد کښې څوک د سوي زړگي شور سپوږمې!



Mother

One day I fled death from the bosom of my mother to that mound of mud where in the wilderness her bones lay. I looked all around – the coarse grass, red mud, and grey stones lay everywhere. Here, there was no garden of flowers, nor an orchard frequented by nightingales. In this ocean of ugliness, there was not a speck of beauty. I stood by the side of a mound of mud; there was a broken, bluish-grey tombstone of slate and a few stones lying around. Everywhere else there was nothing but dry and thirsty earth. Death also arrived and stood towering behind me, taller than the sky; but I raised my head and thus addressed the Creator of death:

I was her red ruby,
 And the apple of her eye,
 And on her bosom always slept
 Content, without a sigh;
 And now upon the tombstone
 Of her grave I gaze today.

She was the large ruby
 Who is now no more than dust;
 And I, her little ruby,
 Look around most helplessly.

I made my way up to the sky,
 And asked the knowing moon,
 Oh mother of the world below,
 Is the power of death greater,
 Than the force of love, Oh Moon?
 And does anyone hear
 In the grave the wails of love,
 Which the grieving heart outpours?

موتج خاورې ځنگه پټ د حُسن يو جهان كړی
 يو پوك د باد دا چمن ځنگه بيابان كړی
 ځله مې نه جورپړی چې ظالم ووايم رحمان ته
 خو مرگ چې د جهان بادشاه كرم څه ووايم خان ته
 ولي دروازه د علم لر نه شوه انسان ته
 سيال ئې د خان ولي كرم چې زه د خاورو سيال ومه
 هغه لال مې څه شو چې ئې زه وروك لال ومه



خو د ژوند خائشت^۱ دا دے چې تول عمر انسان سره د ده د خلاصېدو فكر نه وي. كله كله ئې دا
 تولې غټې غټې خبرې هېرې شي او په خپل ماحول كېنې د وړو وړو ځيزونو په تماشه شي او د وړو وړو شمعو په
 تالاش كېنې خان د هغې لوڼې تاريخي نه وتبنتوي -
 د حېدرآباد سنده په جهل كېنې زما د توتې توتې مستقبل نه علاوه ډېر نور څه هم وو، د
 چكي د دروازي په خوا كېنې د مېړو جالې وې، كله ناكله به زمونږ د احاطې په كېكر كېنې كمترې كېنېناستې،
 كله به مو نيمه شپه كېنې د تارو چرچق واوړيد، كله به تور كارغه لکه د يو جمهوري وزيراعظم د شور او چل نه
 ډك په دېوال كېنېناست، د بمبې خوا له به ماينام كېنې چيندخه راغله، د دېوال د پاسه به د اوښ پر بر راغې،
 او په نغه ورځو كېنې زه ډېر وېرې تېرې او يواځې وم، نو ما به دې ټولو سره خبرې كولې، مېړو ته به مې خپل د
 تېلو پوخ ساگ غرځوه، او كمتره ته به مې خپله د باجرې ډوډۍ چوري كوله - دا راروان شعرونه ما د هغوی په
 مجلس كېنې ليكلي دي، كه زه د هغوی په طبيعت نه يم پوښ شوم نو معافي غواړم، زه د انسان هېوكي لرم او
 د چيندخ په خرمن كېنې نه شم ننوتې -

(۱) كړو - (۲) وونېل، (۳) لمل (۴) ونېل (۵) بناست، (۶) كوترې، (۷) كوترو

How does just a little dust,
The world of beauty smother?
And how does just a puff of air
Transform, a blooming garden,
Into an arid waste?

How can I to the Creator
Ascribe anything but mercy?
Why did not the door of knowledge,
Give access to man?

Why was I an equal made,
When I was nothing more,
Than just a dweller of the dust?
And where is the large ruby,
Whose beloved I was once?



But the beauty of life lies in just this that one is never continuously concerned with the fear of it coming to an end. More often than not, the basic issues and questions recede into the background and minor things in the environment of one's daily life become the focus of attention; and, in the search for small candles one flees from the darkness of the bigger, more fundamental, issues.

In the prison of Hyderabad²⁷, where I was incarcerated, besides the innumerable shards of my shattered future, there were also quite a few other things. Very near the door of the grindstone cell were anthills; and, sometimes in the acacia trees, situated within the compound, pigeons would come to roost. Sometimes in the middle of the night we would hear the cries of the black partridge. Sometimes the black crow, full of noise and stratagems, like the prime-minister of a democracy, would come to perch on the wall. Sometimes in the evening, the frog would approach the water tap near my cell. Over the perimeter wall would come the grumblings of a complaining camel.

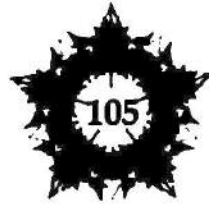
Those days I was in a miserable condition and very lonely; so, I would get to talking to all these visitors. To the ants I would throw portions of my daily fare of far from appetising spinach cooked in oil; and to the pigeons, crumbs of the stale bread of millet and rye that was then my lot in life. The poems that follow were written in the company of these welcome visitors. If I have not understood their true nature, I should be forgiven; for I possess the bones of a human being and cannot penetrate the skin of a frog.



مج

دا دې څه څرېشې رېنځ دے؟
 ته به وے د بنگرې مېنځ دے
 نه دې خوب شته نه قرار
 والے ئسې د چا ازار
 نابللے بسې عزته
 نه په سوک او نه په لسته
 تيارخور ئې، مردارخور ئې
 په هر شې د پاسه سور ئې
 که غورې وى ستا پکار وى
 که خاشسنه وى که انار وى
 د مړ وروړ وینه څتې
 اے غازی د پراتې

شغ شې چائې کبې راغته شې
 پکبې داسې چورلک وخورې
 وږې ژبه دې شه خاورې
 په تروو سوتو مئینه
 د هر چا کره مېلمه ئې
 نه په شرپ باندې جاروڅې
 تور دې مخ بې شرمه سترگې
 بد دې خوى سخا دې ډوډى ده
 که بنوروا وى ته پرې مړ ئې
 ستا پرې بې صبره غتې وى
 بې غېرته خو ئې دومره
 اے شه هیده د کبابو



The Fly

*W*ith a swoosh you're in the tea-cup,
What an awful habit this!
And you spin around in style,
As if doing the Highland Fling!
Curse be upon your wretched tongue,
May you sicken soon and die;
For you never seem to tire,
Never sleep, keep all awake,
And earn everybody's ire.
With the dirty dung in love,
In the filth most at your ease;
Without ever being invited,
You're a guest in every home;
With a slap, nor with a kick,
With a fist, nor with a stick,
Do you ever take a hint
To retrace your steps and leave.
Black your face, and shameless eyes,
Always eating others' kill,
Loving most the carrion stink.
Evil-natured; crawling on
Everything there is in sight;
If it's gravy, you adore it,
If it's butter, you're stuck on it;
Numerous dives you undertake
To partake of dung, or cake,
Or the tempting tea-bone steak.
Martyr of the chine of beef,
Warrior of the morning bread!

تە د خـپـلە خـویە ناوړې
 شـرپ شی زیره خېته واورې
 د لینگو پورې لـرـلـې
 چې پرون دې وه خورلې
 ستا پولاؤ، فرنی، حلوا ده
 ستا دې شونډو کبني بلا ده
 ستا دا خله اوزگارہ نه شی
 ستا کولمه قلاړه نه شی
 تور وربوز به دې چیچر شی
 دا کولمه به دې پاپر شی
 تود شربت او خوړې گړې
 توره مچہ! تہ بام مـرـې

که پنخوس خپلوان دې مره شی
 وائي "دا سرد خېتې خار شه"
 بدې بدې دې پاپـی دی
 خله دې زیره په لاوڼ ده
 سخا مېوه لېقـرـی بدبویه
 ستا دې خېته کبني دوزخ دے
 توله ورخـی چې چپه
 د دنیا گندونه خلاص شی
 خېر دے ژمے راروان دے
 چینگه خله به چرتہ پروت نې
 زه به خـورمه په قلاړه
 دا بوډی نیا به دې مـرـه وی



(۱) وائي. (۲) وهلے. (۳) سپور. (۴) تہ به هم مر نې

And though fifty of your kin,
Die in satisfying greed,
You your habit cannot change -
Saying, "for the stomach's sake
Let the head be sacrificed!"
And within no time at all,
You lie dead upon the floor!
Awful are your scrawny legs
To the groins messed up in grease;
And your mouth, displaying stains
Of the gravy you devoured
As your fare the night before.
All the rotten things of life
Are delicacies for you;
In your stomach there is hell,
In your lips the kiss of death,
As you munch the day away.
All the offal of the world
Is exhausted, but your need
Never, ever's satisfied.
Never mind! the winter's near,
And your black and ugly face
Shall soon shrivel, disappear;
Somewhere lifeless you will lie,
And the world will heave a sigh
Of relief, and be well rid
Of your antics for a while.
I shall certainly rejoice,
Eat my tasty meals in peace!





کَـمَـتَـرَـه

دَ جَنَتِ مَرغِي كَمَتَرِي !
 كَه سَـپَرِ لِي "وِي كَه خزان
 شَـپَه او وِرْخ پَه بَقَبَقُورِي"
 د يَارِي.. مَسْتِي قِيصِي كَرِي
 دَوَه دَانِي كَرِي چَرْتَه پُورْتَه
 د پَـيَرِيَانو پَه كوهِي كَنبِي
 اَمِ د مِينِي لَهونِيه
 د مَحْرَاب د پَاسَه تَاخ كَنبِي
 پَنبِي دِي هَرَه وِرْخِي سَرِي وِي
 تَل نَشَه نِي بِي شَرَابو
 خُوش قَسَمْتَه بِي خَبَرَه
 د نَسَبِكُو د ثَوَابونو
 دَه كوكو لَه جُورَه شَوِي
 سَتَا سَرَه سَرَه نَرِي نوكونه
 د غَم دَرْدَه بِي خَبَرِي
 سَتَا وِي مَسْتِي بَازِيگَرِي
 د اَشِنَا پَه نَنْدَارَه
 د جُومَات پَه مُنَارَه
 بِيَا مَسْتِي، غُوبَمِي شَرُوع كَرِي
 لَمغَرِي د بِنَسَاپَـيَرُو كَرِي
 بِي گَنَاه او بِي اَزَارَه
 كوكِي اَخْلِي د دَلدَارَه
 هَرَه وِرْخ پَه تَا اَخْتَر دَمِ
 مَدَام خُوا كَنبِي دِي دَلبِر دَمِ
 د دُوزْخ نَه، د مَلَانَه
 د شَرْمُونو د گَنَاه نَه
 سَتَا مَبْنِي وَكَه بِي اَزَارَه
 پَك د خَبَشْت اَو د سِينگَارَه



*Pigeon*²³³

*Y*ou are Heaven's choice of bird,
Unaware of grief and pain;
In the Spring or russet Autumn,
Somersaulting in the sky.
Day and night is spent in cooing,
And engaged in endless wooing,
Making minarets of mosques,
Cosy rendezvous of love.
With a few grains just of rye,
Such a big scene you create,
As if drunk, to heaven's high,
On the choicest wine from grapes!
In the dovecotes of the genies,
Aping antics of the sprites!
Oh one madly in love -
Harmless, innocent of guile -
In the space above the prayer-niche
Of the mosque, you choose to woo!
Henna-red your feet each day,
For each day's a feast to you;
Drunk forever without wine,
With beloved by your side.
Very fortunate, oblivious
Of the priest and of his tribe;
Unaware of fires of Hell,
Or the theory of good deeds,
Nor the concept of grave sin.
For the gentle kiss, created
Is your chiselled, harmless beak.
Your red, well-manicured nails,
In the height of fashion painted.

نُه دې جنگ شته نُه دې غم شته
 ســـــــوچه مینه بې نفرته
 نُه دې چل نُه دې دوکه شته
 یاری پاکه بـــــــی علتہ
 الواتہ دې هُم د ســـــــہل دی
 د مـــــــستی د بازیگرو
 کُہ بودا شې هُم پھینـــــــی کړې
 د وړوکو توتکـــــــرو
 غُنْدې سترگې دې معصـــــــومی
 د رتہ، اتبیارہ د کـــــــی
 پھمانې د سرو شـــــــرابو
 د خندا د یارہ د کـــــــی
 کاش چې زہ هُم ستا پُہ شانې
 اے کمترہ مســـــــتانه وے
 چې نُه غم وے نُه ارمان وے
 بس خـــــــندا او یارانہ وے



(۱) کوترہ . (۲) بې خیر نې . (۳) پسرلے . (۴) بقبور نې . (۵) گناہ . (۶) بناست . (۷) اعتبارہ

Neither enmities, concerns,
Plague your placid, peaceful state;
Love as pure as can be got,
Is your standard stock-in-trade.
Deceit, subterfuge and snare,
In your make-up has no share;
Friendship pure, without pretence,
Your unchanging attribute.
It's a treat to watch your flight,
So unerring, full of pride,
Drunken joy and somersaults;
And though old, you imitate,
All the antics of the swallows,
As they twitter and gyrate.
Sinless, beady, gimlet eyes,
Ever trustful, full of light;
Goblets red of vintage wine,
Full of laughter, and beloved.
Ah! If only I could be,
Pigeon, something like yourself -
Full of maddening joy of love;
And there was no grief or longing,
Only laughter, love, beloved!





بورا

تہ مومند ئی کٔ ختکٔی؟	توره بورا توره!
دا ارمانونه د لولکٔی؟	زره کبٔی د گونگت
بابا دٔی تٔ رابان	مور دٔی گل اندامه ده
او طبیعت د شاه جهان	رنگ دٔی د شاخپل
فلسفه دٔی د خیام ده	بنگ دٔی د بمبر دے
خکلٔی خوا د جام ده؟	تور گونگتہ! تا کوم خانی
د چا پٔے سٔتار واورید؟	تا د رنگ او حسن ساز
د مینٔی او یار واورید	تا د چا د خلی داستان

اے توره دہچکیہ تا کبٔی مے د شیراز ولی؟

اے خفہ ماہنامہ تا کبٔی نور او گداز ولی؟



Bumblebee

Oh black and shiny bumble-bee,
 What are you by tribe?
*Khattak*²³⁴ of the harsh highlands
 Or *Moomand*²³⁵ of vales.
 In your beetle's-heart there lie,
 Longings of the butterfly;
*Gulandama*²³⁶ is your mother,
 And your father, *Turabaan*²³⁷;
 Complexion of the menial slave,
 Attributes of *Shah Jehan*²³⁸.
 Hum, that of the two-toned wasp,
 Feelings of *Omar Khayyam*.
 Where did you the taste for wine,
 Cultivate, and, in which clime?
 Heard the tune of love and beauty,
 Played on whose *sitar*?
 And from whom the tale of love,
 And the lover, hear?
 Oh black-kettle, simmering hot,
 How do you, within you, hold,
 Vintage wine from fair *Shiraz*²³⁹?
 And, oh doleful evening, sad,
 How is there in you,
 Light and feeling, love intense,
 For the flowers of every hue?

خو واوره ياره ! تا کښې مې
 ستا دا کوڅه ډب شانې
 اے هرجائی عاشقہ
 د مینې نوم دې سپک کټ
 هره لمحہ ، لحظه کښې
 او پټه مذهب د مینې ته بې وفا ئې
 پټه رنگ او بوئ مټینه !
 خوانی ، مسکتی بنکلوي
 د فراق تور غمونه
 هېر دې دی وچ سپندونه
 د زیرو گلو شان کښې
 د نن پټه شوق مسکتہ !
 داسې بې توله ته ئې
 ته د هغه ئه بوري

يو صفت ډېر بدی شی
 مې عادت ډېر بدی شی
 د يو گل يار ته ئې
 د يو دلدار ته ئې
 نومے خمار لټئې
 پروون د بل وې او نن زما ئې
 جانان دې هېر دے
 خزان دې هېر دے
 ژړا ، افسوس او ماتم
 زړه خوانی ، نومے غم
 مرگ ، ورکېده دې دی هېر
 سببا راتله دې دی هېر
 خنک بې پایان چې زه يم
 د چا انسان چې زه يم

تا کښې رټا او تياره
 سپين شته او تور شته
 چې ته بنکاره شې وایم
 زما هم ورور شته



(۱) خنک ئې . (۲) هغه دېو چې پټه گل اندامه بنايېری مټين وه . (۳) واورېدلو . (۴) کرو . (۵) لټوي

But, one of your habits friend,
Which I thoroughly despise,
Is inconstancy in love -
Of all flowers you are enamoured,
Never faithful to just one;
And thereby, the sacred name,
Of pure love defile.
For each fleeting, separate moment,
Ever searching for fresh wine.
In your love of scent and colour,
The beloved you forget;
In pursuit of youth and madness,
Autumn's withering winds forget;
And the grief of separation,
With its wailing loud regrets,
And the ebbing flows of rivers,
And the old flames and the new,
You invariably forget.
In the majesty of yellow,
Scented flowers of the Spring,
Death, extinction, you forget.
Your lack of balance is like,
My lack of knowledge and depth;
You, as a bee, belong,
To Him whose being I am;
Within both you and I,
There is both darkness and light,
As also black and white.
When you appear, I cry;
I have a brother, don't I?





تورانی

داسې تکی په پښتو ژبه کښې نېشته
 تورانی! چې پرې زه ووايم ثنا ستا
 دې د خاورو جوړو شونډو کښې څنگ ځانې کرم
 خوشحالی، مستی، ځوانی او خندا ستا
 د غمو پرق څنگ په تکو کښې ښکاره کرم
 څنگه گېره کرم سپوږمۍ د ژبې دام کښې
 څنگه ونیسم په گټو کښې سرور ستا
 څنگه واچوم د نور درياب په جام کښې
 څنگه خوب د ځوانی کرم بندۍ د خاورې
 په څه وتلم رنگونه د وصال
 څنگه نور د یار د سترگو لاس کښې واخلم
 څه رنگ وټرم پندوکی کښې هلال
 نادیده غلام دربار کښې د سلطان
 داسې زه ولاړ ستا حسن ته حېران
 دا ده بس چې مجبوری مې خپله وښوه
 تورانی! نه شم کولې ستا بیان



*Cuckoo*²⁴⁰

Language lacks the words, oh bird!
 With which to sing your praises.
 How shall I within these lips,
 Made from mud, now find a place,
 For your happiness and youth,
 Laughter and the joys of love?
 How the lustre of the gems,
 In the light of words, expose?
*How the beauty of the crescent,
 Capture in a lettered noose"?²⁴¹*
 How, ethereal happiness,
 With material fingers hold?
 How the rivers of celestial light,
 To a glass of wine confine?
 How the dreams of youth enslave,
 Within earthen jars?
 And with what, the colours weigh,
 Of communion's joys?
 How from the beloved's eyes,
 Capture light and hold it tight?
 How within a package wrap,
 New-born crescent's shapely sight?
 Like a rustic slave who's dazed,
 In a glittering court,
 I astounded stand, amazed,
 By your beauty's sight.
 I cannot but admit and say,
 It's beyond me to describe,
 Matchless beauty of your form,
 And the sweetness of your call!

خو چي ستا پېغام د نوي سبا واورم
 لکه گل چي د سپرلي واورى پېغام
 تياره هېره کرم په طمع د رنا شم
 په لحد کښي وځکم د مستي جام
 اُمېد وېښ شي ژوند ته بل خشته مشال کړي
 د مرگي د مخه تاؤ د ژوندون شال کړي



(۱) سپرلي، (۲) ښانسته

But when your message of new morn,
 Past midnight I hear,
Then like flowers which sense the signs
 Of approaching spring,
 I forget the darkness, dense,
 In the hope of light;
And, in the darkness of the grave, drain dry,
 The goblet of love's maddening joy;
 Hope comes to life; for life lights up
 A light-dispensing flambeau, bright;
 And covers up the face of death,
 With the silken shawl of life.





تارو

وگوره يو ورخي تور تارو په سجده پرپوتو
 وئي كړله رب ته عجيبه غندي دُعا
 وې ۱ تور وې تنخرم دے او خړه وې زانه
 وې يو باتور، يوه گنجی، يوه هُما؟
 زه به تل حُسن یم او بِنكاری به تل یزید وی
 لاس كښې كله دام، كله توپك، كله لينده؟
 پر د بورا یوسی تور بورا د گلو مینخ له
 پر وړی گنجی غریبه بوی له او دهران له
 پر وړی لولكه، لكه باد د گلو پانې
 پر وړی پتنگ رڼا له، سوز له او تاوان له
 پر وړی مېرے د تورانی، بنارو مینوكې له
 پر وړی كوركوړه د شهباز او شكري نوکې له
 پر كارغه په گند، پتنگ ورواچوی په اور



*Black Partridge*²⁴²

One day, the black partridge
 To the Maker bowed his head,
 And sent a prayer to Heaven
 Which was strange, not heard before.
 "Why is the partridge black," he said,
 "And grey, the vulture, crane and hawk?
 And why must I be always
 So attractive for the hunt?
 And like *Hussain* be always,
 At the mercy of *Yazid*?
 And why should the keen hunter,
 Be forever armed with gun,
 The snare and catapult?
 The wings of humming bumblebee,
 Take him to woo the flowers;
 And those of the bald vulture,
 To the carrion and the stink?
 And wings carry the butterfly,
 Like wind, rose petals soft;
 Wings carry the moth in love,
 To candle light and death;
 Wings carry the ant towards,
*Myna's*²⁴³ and the *cuckoo's* beak;
 Wings carry the doves towards,
 Claws of falcon, sparrow-hawk;
 Wings carry the crows to filth,
 And the moth to flames;
 Wings for soaring eagle prove,
 Source of pride, respect;
 While they are for filthy skunks,
 Source of biting taunts;

پر عقاب له فخر او تپوس له شی پېغور
 پر یو پنه باغچه کښې د صحرا د درد لېواله کړی
 بل له جام د ژوند شی، جام د زهرو د منگور
 پر د عقاب لوڼې شو ربه! ولې د تنخرو
 ولې هر مارغه کښې نیشته تله د توتکرو
 ولې هغه ملک دې د شهباز، د شکرې کور کڼ؟
 کوم ځانې چې درانه گرخی سېلونه د کمترو
 یو تنخرمے بس وه ستا کمال بنکاره کولو له
 بنکله له طاؤسه، خوش زبانه له کمترو
 بس چې یو مارغه وے، یو ئې پر وے او یو ته وے
 بس چې تل باجره وے، خاورې دُورې وے، وابنه وے
 بس چې تل سپرلے وے، زیر گلونه وے، سبا وے
 بس چې بس یو ته وے، یو ارمان وے او یو زه وے
 ټول جهان خاموش شو د خپل زره آواز ئې واورېد
 زیر لکه غلام، د بادشاهانو راز ئې واورېد

In the garden, wings provide,
Means of hankering for the wilds;
And for some they do become,
Wine-cups full of lively life;
While for others they are just
Venom of the viper's sting.
Wing-span of the eagle proud,
Why does it exceed, oh God!
That of the poor partridge?
Why do flights of different birds,
Lack the beauty that is found,
In the flight of little swallows,
As they twitter in the Spring?
Why have You made the abode
Of the falcon, birds of prey,
Fells, in which are to be found,
Coveys in abundance of,
Pigeons, partridges and doves?
Just the partridge was enough
Evidence of Your great skill -
Prettier than the peacock bright,
Eloquent and well-behaved,
Better than the pigeons mild.
If only there was just one bird,
Just one wing-span and your Self;
And succeeding seasons sprouted,
Crops of millet and of rye,
And juicy grass between!
If only Spring were year-round,
And yellow flowers in bloom;
And there was only morning time,
No evening, afternoon!
If only there could just be You,
My longing and myself!"
All the world fell silent,
Heard the beating of its heart,
And like an old, attentive slave
Heard secrets of the king.
All the world was silent,

ٲول جهان خاموش وه؁ يو ادم وه چي گويانه شو
 مينې داسې يورو؁ بي خبره د خپل خانه شو
 وي؁ زر لكها سوالونه ژوند؁ جواب يم زه د ٲولو
 زه يوه قيصه نه يم؁ خوباب يم د ٲولو
 زه كله مراد؁ كله ارمان؁ كله غرور يم
 زه تنگ او ٲكور يم؁ زه شراب يم د ٲولو
 زه يم مخلوق خو د خالق د رنگه ٲك يم
 زه كامل كمال؁ زه سر رباب يم د ٲولو
 زه يم ٲورې پنچي د باز؁ سترگي د ٲنخرو
 ما كٲني ٲٲ ارمان د حسن؁ زور د م د وزرو

بهارپور

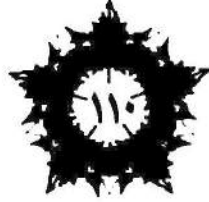


(١) ونهل؁ (٢) كرو؁ (٣) كوترو؁ (٤) ٲسرل؁ (٥) واوريډو

Only *man* it was who spoke;
Whose love so overcame him,
Of himself was unaware!
And he said, "a billion questions,
Is what life is all about,
And yet of all these questions,
It is *I* who am the answer!
I am not just one long tale,
But a chapter of each one that's told;
I am, sometimes, the final goal,
Sometimes longing, sometimes pride;
Sometimes music's melody,
And flowing wine for all;
I am a created being,
But in Creator's colours dipped;
Symbol of perfection, I,
A tuned *rabab* for all;
Claws of swooping falcon, I,
Sad eyes of the partridge, too;
And within my *self* concealed,
Is a yearning deep for beauty,
And the power of wings to soar!"

Paharpur

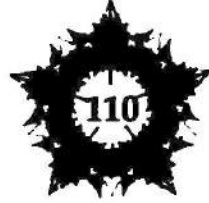




د تېگور ثنا
(ترجمه)

ستا په يو بڅرى به زه زر ديوگى بلې كړم
خومره مزه ستا د كور كوڅه كښې چراغان كوى
ستا د خُلي د يو تكي به زر سازونه جوړ كړمه
هر تكي د ساز به ستا د خپشت ، مينې بيان كوى
زه به چرې وړ د زړه مستى ، سرور ته بند نه كړم
مينه خوشحالى كښې رڼا ستا د رڼا شان كوى
ستا رنگين شراب د قسماقسه خمارونو ډك
دې خاورين جامگوتى كښې زرها قسه دوران كوى
ما له د صوفى په فقيرى كښې وصال نيشته دى
ما ته د ساقى سترگې خبرې د جانان كوى





*Praise*²⁴⁴

From but just a spark of Yours
I shall myriad candles light -
What a sight it is to see
The street to Your abode lit up!
And from just a word of Yours
I shall countless tunes compose;
And each note of every tune,
Shall Your beauty, love, unfold.
I shall never close the door
Of my heart to ecstasy;
In both love and happiness,
The light that shines,
Reflects Your light;
And Your wine, so colourful -
Brimming with the ecstasies,
Of so many different kinds -
In this jar of earthenware
Lives a thousand different lives!
And for me there's no communion
In the mystic's hermitage;
But *saki's* eyes to me relate
Tales of the Beloved's love!





خپلو کښې

وخت خو تا جوړ کړې دے نو وخت به تا ته څه اوای
 وخت خو زما خان دے چې د نیشته کور له مې بیانی
 ظلم، زور او درد او عذاب ربه! څنگه و منم
 دې کښې یو هم خدایه! ستا د خپشت سره نه بنائی
 ته د مور د مینې رنگ د خور د وفا حسن ئې
 روند او گونگ انسان به څنگه ستا خویونه ستائی
 چرته چې ملا ستا په نوم پاس په ممبر ودریرې
 ژبه کښې ئې زهر او په زړه کښې ئې بلا ئې
 تولو هوښیارانو دې پردی مخونه ایښی دی
 یو رنگ دے دننه او بل رنگ دنیا ته بنائی
 ډېر دې مدحه خوان او شاعران څاربه پیران دی
 یو ستا لېونر چې رښتیا وبلر شی هم وائی

۱۹۹۱-۳-۱۶



(۱) ووانی. (۲) بناست. (۳) وی. (۴) ونلر



Amongst Ourselves

*Y*ou created Time, oh God!
What can time do unto Thee?
Time dictates our course to us -
To extinction driving me!
Force, injustice, pain, distress,
How can I accept them, say?
Does but one amongst them, pray,
Suit Your beauty, mercy, grace?
You are tints of mother's love,
Beauty of a sister's faith;
Blind and dumb, ill-fated man,
How can one expect him to,
Praise Your attributes, Oh God?
In your name, when pious priests,
Mount the pulpit, take their stand,
Venom from the mouth they spew,
Hatred from the heart.
Masked with alien miens are
All the wise, sagacious men -
One face for the world they keep,
And another for themselves!
Many are the eulogists -
Poets who praise, devoted saints;
But, as everybody knows,
Just this *lunatic, Ghani*,
Who can tell the truth, and does!

16.3.1991





کاروان د مینې

اے د ازلونو، ابدونو لویہ خدایہ
 ما تہ ئی د ماشی او میری پے ژبہ وایہ
 دا دریاب د حُسن چي پے واره دُنیا خور دے
 خُہ خو لږ وُویہ چي راخی د کومہ خایہ
 خاڅکی د شبنم کبني حافظي دی د سیندونو
 پرخي وُودې غېږه کبني پرتي دی د گُلونو
 کوم خوا تہ کاروان د مینې، خود، مستی روان دے
 دا پے چا مئین دے کُہ خپل حُسن ئی جانان دے
 خم خو خم، راخه چي خُو خو دا راسره غم دے
 لاره ده رنا کبني کُہ تیارة کبني د دې خایہ



(۱) خپور



Caravan of Love

Oh God of all beginnings and eternity!
In language of the ant and of the flea,
Put it across to me -
This ocean of beauty
Which is spread across the world,
Where does it emerge from?
On this enlighten me!
In but just a dew drop lie,
The ocean's myriad memories;
And upon the bosoms of
Countless flowers of many hues,
Sleeping lies the dew of morn;
And in which direction headed,
Is the caravan of love
And of ecstasy, and self?
Is it in love with somebody,
Or with its beauty is in love?
Go I must! Come let us go!
But I am concerned to know -
Is the path all lighted up,
Or in darkness must we tread?





باغ او د سیند غاړه

باغ او د سیند غاړه او ساقی او جام
دا پکښې زما شو ملا! نور جنت دې واله
بله داسې نه کړې چې د دواړو قیصه روغه شی
حورې دې زما شوې او غلمان مې درکړه تا له



خه چې خو

خه چې خو په کومه خې ما نه به خه پاتې شی
درد او بیابان او ورکېدل او تور خالونه
وايه غنی خانه یار تا نه به خه پاتې شی؟
دا په ماښامی کښې خاورې شوی زیر گلونه



(۱) واخله. (۲) کوي



Garden and the River Bank!

Garden and the river-bank!
Saki and the wine-cup full!
Pious priest, let these be mine,
Take the rest of Paradise!
Or let us do another thing,
So that we are both agreed –
Let the *houris* all be mine,
And *ghilmans* be yours to keep!



Let Us Go

Let us go, no matter where,
There's not much to leave behind –
Pain and grief, the wilderness,
Being lost, black moles on chins!
Speak up now, oh *Ghani Khan*,
What is it *you'll* leave behind?
In the evenings, mellow grief,
Yellow, wilted flowers adroop!





تہ د باد پے نیلی سور ئی

تہ د باد پے نیلی سور ئی
مونږ پے ستري تټونگری
دا به خه مونږ برابر کرو
د پولاؤ سره گونگری



نصیحت

چې په راز پوهه د آسمان شي	سر په مزكه باندې كښېږده
چې په شان پوهه د جهان شي	سترگې ستورو ته كړه پورته
چې مزه د خندا واخلي	لږ سر ښكته په ژړا كړه
چې مزه د دنيا واخلي	د دنيا نه خان راغند كړه
يو پياله د شراب واخه	د چېلې په كوټگي كښې

لېونډ زما په شان شه
چې په راز د خدې پوه شي
سراوزه دې د ماشوم كړه
لېونيه! چې سره شي

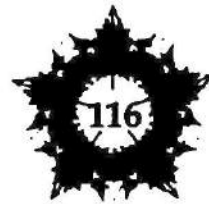


(۱) پور



Incompatibility

You're astride the steed of wind,
It's a toy-horse which we ride;
How on earth equate can we
With *pilau*, the boiled *chick-pea*?²⁴⁵



*Advice*²⁴⁶

Prostrate yourself upon the earth,
The heaven's secrets to divine;
Bow your head, some tears shed,
Laughter's pleasure to obtain;
A madman like myself become,
The secrets of the self to learn;
Head and heart those of a child,
In all innocence assume,
If the stature of a man
You desire to attain!





گُلُونہ او خوانی

تول غُتی گُلونہ ورتہ سرې شونډې ولاړ دی
 گوره لېونی ته کئی گلابو ته تقریر
 وئی واورئی اے گُلونو پے سپرلی پسي سپرلے دے
 دا دی ما لیدلی پے کتاب کبني د تقدیر
 نیشته دے خزان دا خو د لارې مزلکے دے
 ژوند چې بنديوان کړی داسې نیشته دے زنجیر
 زر لکھا خزانہ تهر شو زر لکھا به تهر شی نور
 دا دُنیا به دکه د خوانی او د گُلونو وی
 دا د چا د حُسن شرارې دی ورکهدے نہ شی
 مرگ او وخت ئي دواړه پے خپل جال کبني رانیوے نہ شی



(۱) کوی . (۲) وائی . (۳) پسرلی



Flowers and Youth

*P*atiently, the buds and flowers,
With red lips, attentive are
To the mad-man as he speaks
To the roses, feverishly!
"Listen flowers! Listen!
Spring is sure to follow Spring,
This is what is writ, ordained,
In fate's book and its decree.
There is no such thing as Autumn!
Autumn's just a few steps taken
Down life's ever-lasting road.
There's no chain that can, to date,
Life confine and captivate!
Million Autumns have gone by,
Millions which are yet to be,
But this world will be for ever
Full of flowers, and fervent youth -
These are sparks of Someone's beauty,
Which cannot extinguished be;
Death and time, within their net,
Cannot ever them confine!"





یا مې سم د زرگی یار که

زه د خاورې یو ذره	ته د نور سمندرونه
شی دوستی او یارانہ	دا زما او سستا به څنگه
زه جانان جانان کومہ	توره شپه کبني تش صحرا کبني
نه قدم نه نښانه	نه دلبر نه ئي خبر شسته
مذهبونه لتولسي	دېر پيران مې تنگولي
بس قيصو پسي قيصه	چرته تکه رڼا نيشسته
موتې خاوره به جوړېږم	موتې خاورې نه جوړ شوم
څه حاجت وه دې سا	زه دې ولي مې جوړولم
زه به خان درنه قربان کړم	یا مې سم د زرگی یار که
دې بل څر ولتوه	یا دې تېرى تش ژوندون له
که ژړا وائې ژړا ده	که دعا وائې دعا ده
نور هېڅ نه دی زده زما	دا کړې وړې مې زده
زه یو ذره تياره يم	ته د حُسن دريابونه
شی دوستی او یارانہ	دا زما او سستا به څنگه

۱۹۹۱-۳-۱۹



(۱) کره. (۲) ساه



Either Make of Me a Friend!

You are oceans of bright light,
I'm a particle of dust;
How can one expect that we,
Meet in friendship which will thrive!
In the darkness of the night,
In the empty wastes of sand,
I cry out for the Beloved,
He is nowhere to be seen,
Neither sign of Him nor presence!
Many saints have I tried out,
And religions have explored,
There is not a ray of light,
But amusing tales, galore!
From a handful just of clay,
Was I made, and shall return
To the handful clay I was!
Why did You create me then?
Was there need for me to be?
Either make of me a friend,
Close as ever to the heart,
I shall then be ever-ready,
For Your cause to sacrifice
Both my life and all I have;
Or, for this sad, empty life,
Try and find some other ass!
If you think this is a prayer,
Then it surely is a prayer!
If you think it is a cry,
Of a lost soul in despair,
Then, no doubt it is a cry!
These are ramblings, meaningless,
Ravings of a lunatic -
But I merely non-sense know,
And know nothing else besides!
You are oceans of bright light,
I'm a speck of darkness, dense,
How can one expect that we,
Meet in friendship which will thrive!

19.3.1991





سیند

شارو شگو کبني ورخور شي
سره گلونه توكوي
د سپين غره راروان دے
د درياب غبرې له خي



اے د گلابونو د گلونو د خندا ربه

اے د گلابونو د گلونو د خندا ربه
اے د امېدونو د خوبونو د رڼا ربه
اے د ماښامونو د جامونو د سرور ربه
پت اشنا مښين جانان او نور او نور او نور ربه!
دا ټول ورکوې دا دې منم خو کله کله
دا وی د خه ورکره چې اول پرې ما توری کړې
تا چې دا نقشي کومې راغشتې دی جانانه!
دا سې خو بنده هم والله نه کوی یاری کبني

۱۹۷۲-۱-۱۹



(۱) ورخپور. (۲) راخستې



The River

*S*preads itself in wasteland, sands,
The red flowers to sprout and bloom,
From the *snow-clad range*²⁴⁷ it gushes,
To the bosom of the sea!



Parsimony

*O*h Lord of roses, flowers and laughter,
Lord of hopes, and dreams, and light;
Lord of evenings, and of goblets,
Lord of happiness, and peace;
Friend unseen, in love, Beloved,
Lord of light, and still more light -
All these, You confer I know,
But at times, infrequently!
What are gifts if they are given,
After importuning, prayers!
Even *man* does not in friendship,
Thus conduct his life, affairs!

19th January 1972





سپورمی مُسکی شوه

سپورمی مُسکی شوه وې "دا تول د خه څه څه؟"
مینه کښې مړه څوک تلل نه کوی!
په سور بهار کښې د گلونو حساب؟
خانده مستېره او چرچې کوه!
د دې لکها سوالونو یو دے جواب
خه کښېنه گوډ دې د باغچې کوه
د زړه وطن کښې د سر لاره نیشته
د فکر تول لکه بالول به څه څه
د یار حساب د خپله یاره نیشته
سپورمی مُسکی شوه وې "دا تول د خه څه څه؟"
خانده سپرلی کښې خونډ ژړل نه کوی
مینه کښې مړه څوک تلل نه کوی!



(۱) ونهل . (۲) کوې . (۳) بهلول . (۴) پسرلی



The Moon Smiled!

The moon smiled and stated -
"What are you weighing?
In love, my dear,
One does not weigh!"
In Spring resplendent, the counting of flowers?
Laugh! be ecstatic, amuse yourself!
For all your questions, there is but one answer -
Go, get to your orchard, and hoe the earth hard!
In the heart's domain there's no way for the head;
The weighing by *reason* - of what use can it be?
For between true lovers there's no need for *accounts*.
The moon smiled and stated,
"What are you weighing?
Laugh! for in Spring
There's no need to inveigh?
And in love, my dear,
There's no need to weigh!"





حقیقت او مجاز

دا دوه حورې د جنت دی وئ ا شرابو کښې لامبو
که مې سترگې د جانان بیا شولې دکې د ابو
چې د مینې په مذهب کښې شک کول کافر کېدل دی
که منم دې کافر کېږم خلاص به نه شم په توبو
د نرگس بوئ کښې پېئله د سپوږمۍ د شغلو جال دے
پکښې پروت یو لېون دے چې مجنون دے که بلال دے؟





Semblance and Reality

Houris both of Paradise,
Both swimming in heady wine,
Or beloved's lovely eyes,
Filled once more with tears shine?
When to doubt love's true religion
Is to be a non-believer,
To believe, I'll be a *kafir*²⁴⁸
By repentance unredeemed!
Interwoven with the scent
Of the narcissi in bloom,
Is resplendent moon-beams' net.
And within it rapturous lies -
Mad *Majnoon*, in all his madness,
Or *Bilal*²⁴⁹ absorbed in prayer?





خندا او ژړا

د ساقی لاس کبې شراب دی
ما پيالہ تشہ نیولې
اے ساقی چې کوم دې خوښ وی
لہونے یم کار مې نیستہ
زہ یم ستا د سترگو ترے
دا پيالہ مې کہ لبریزہ
خو چې ترے مې پرې نہ ږدی
یو د غم یو د خندا
ستا د فضل پے سودا
پے خندا خندا ئې را
پے خندا او پے ژړا
ترے نہ یم د خندا
کہ خندا وی کہ ژړا
ستا د حسن مہخاناً



(۱) کرہ. (۲) مہخانہ



Tears and Laughter

*S*aki's hands hold cups of wine,
One of laughter, one of tears;
And I hold an empty goblet,
For your grace, expectantly.
Oh *saki!* you choose the wine,
Let me have it with a smile;
I am mad, and do not care,
Am indifferent to them both!
I am thirsty for your eyes,
And by nothing else set store!
Fill my cup up to the brim,
Full of laughter or of tears;
But let not your tavern ever,
Leave me thirsty for a while!





ساقی

د ساقی لاس کښې شراب دی، د خندا دی که د غم دی؟
 چې د سوز او که د ساز دی، د مستی که د ماتم دی؟
 ساقی سترگې مهربانې، خورې ۳ کرې په ستم دی
 د ساقی شونډو مدهوشو کښې خیالونه د کرم دی
 دا تیوس زما نه مکوه ۴ چې دا ډېر دی او که کم دی؟
 دا نشه هم د صنم ده، دا شراب هم د صنم دی
 مېخانه هم د صنم ده، مستانه هم د صنم دی
 زه ئې خښمه ستا په نوم د ژوندون که د عدم دی
 جام په سر، سر په سجده یم، یو قطره د خمار غواړم
 د دلدار وصال به کیږی، زه تش خیال د دلدار غواړم



(۱) خپرې، (۲) مه کو



Sáki

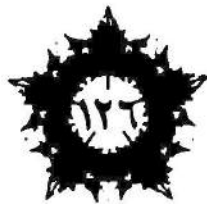
Sáki's hands hold cups of wine,
Full of laughter or of tears?
Full of feeling and of music,
Or of ecstasy or grief?
Sáki's eyes, so full of kindness,
I see clouded o'er with pain;
Sáki's drunken lips are coloured,
With the kindly thoughts of grace;
Do not question me on this -
Whether scarce or plentiful -
For the wine is the beloved's,
So is drunkenness it brings;
This tavern is beloved's,
So are revellers therein;
And I drink it in your name -
Whether wine of life or death!
With the wine-cup on my head,
My head on the ground, prostrate,
I but ask for just a drop,
Of the joy of drunkenness!
And communion with my love -
For the time being it can wait!
I, for now, ask for no more,
Than sweet thoughts of the beloved!





مخ د جانان

کله مخ زه په قبله کړم، کله کړم مخ و جانان ته
هیڅ په فرق ئې پوئې نه شوم، ربه! خبر مې کړې ایمان ته!
هغه ورځ چې خلق پیدا شو د خالق په تجلی شو
زه وم پروت مخمور مشکوره په سجده مخ د جانان ته
اوس زما په بېکسی کبې د مستی لمغړې وینې
زه د زمکې قابل نه وم ولې تا بوتلم اسمان ته
د خبرو ئې څوک نیشته خان سره غنی گونډیږی
لېونې ئې هله بولنی چې ئې وگورئ جانان ته



بڼه خو عمرزوال دی

حقه چې څوک وائی کوتکونه رنگ په رنگ خوری
بڼه خو عمرزوال دی چې تازه تازه بادرنگ خوری





The Face of the Beloved

Sometimes to the west²⁵⁰ I turn,
And sometimes face beloved's face;
The difference, between them I
Cannot tell, I must admit -
May my soul be saved, Oh God!
On creation's day, when man
In amazement stood and saw
Radiance of the light around,
I was grateful, drunk, prostrate,
Worshipping beloved's face!
In my helpless state, now see
Antics of love's ecstasy -
Undeserving of the earth,
To the sky you lifted me!
There's no one to talk to him,
To himself mumbles *Ghani!*
His beloved you must see,
Only then proclaim him mad!



*Oh to be from Omarzai!*²⁵¹

Those who oft the truth proclaim,
Blows from countless staffs sustain!
Oh to be from *Omarzai* -
Just relax, observe the fray,
Fresh cucumbers eat each day!





غزل

راخه چي وچ گُلوڻه سره شي سُور بهار راشي
 لکه نسيم د زرگي باغ له نوم د يار راشي
 نوے سپرلے دے چار چاپيره سرې کوکي خاندی
 سپيره نصيبه! وايه ستا به کله وار راشي
 دنيا ده واره ستا د يو روکي نظر ارمانی
 سترگي راواپوه چي سترگو له خمار راشي
 لکه د للمي فصل ستا د ارمان تندې وسوم
 ستا په فراق کيني مي سرو شونڊو له انگار راشي
 په سوي زره مي د مستي خبري داسي لگي
 لکه د مري په کور سره ډولي شرنگار راشي
 د خپل نصيب د خپل جهان نه مرور دے غني
 وي خمه دار له که په دار مي نوم د يار راشي



(۱) پسرلے . (۲) وروکي . (۳) وسوزولم / وسهزلم . (۴) وانی



*Ghazal*²⁵²

Come beloved! so that flowers,
 Withered now for quite sometime,
 Bloom again, red mantles don;
 And like the gentle morning breeze,
 So should the beloved's name
 The garden of my heart regain;
 New-born Spring is all around,
 Rose-buds smile like ruby lips -
 Ill-fated heart, when will the morn
 Of laughter, smiles, upon you dawn?
 All the world is longing for
 Just a fleeting glance from you -
 Turn your eyes, upon me look,
 Let my eyes be drunken yet.
 And, like the wilted Summer crop
 Of rain-fed land deprived of rain -
 The thirst of longing for you has
 Deprived my soul of sustenance;
 And separation's state's as sore,
 As glowing embers of charcoal
 Upon some parted, parched lips.
 To my sad and sorrowing heart,
 Tales of joy and merriment
 Seem so droll, incongruent,
 As on those in mourning deep
 There should suddenly descend
 Bridal palanquin in red,
 Music of the flute and drum.
 To his fate unreconciled,
 From his world estranged, *Ghani*,
 For the gallows is prepared,
 If, across them, with the breeze
 Were to waft beloved's name!





جہل تہ ورشہ

هندوستان کینہی د ووتونو مندہی راغلی
پکینہی خلق خرخوی ایمان پہ ختو
بابا وی غنی سرے شہ! جہل تہ ورشہ
غنی وی بابا! لندے نہ دے د ختو





Go to Jail

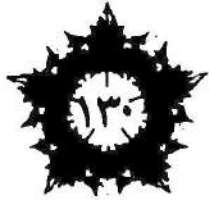
To us in *Hindustan* has come
The game of power that's based upon,
The votes cast by the masses;
In which the people greed unfold
And sell their souls for wealth untold.
Baba said to me, "*Ghani*,
Be a man and go to jail."
Ghani said, "Baba, this ass
Cannot bear the burden yet,
Nor through muck can wend his way!"





هېر کره جېل

پرېرېده باچا خانه!
دا د جېل خبرې خوشې دی
دال مې نه هضمېرې
زه عادت یم د پولاؤ



زور هسې پېغور شی

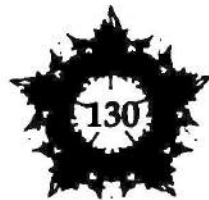
زور هسې پېغور شی
چې همت ورسره مل نه شی
ورک هغه مشال شه
چې تیاره شی او دے بل نه شی





Forget About Jail

*C*ome oh *Bacha Khan*, forget
All this talk of going to jail,
I cannot the *dal*²⁵³ digest,
Being used to, as I am,
Fine *pilau* of choicest rice!



What is Power if not a Taunt

*W*hat is power, if not a taunt,
When not combined with courage -
Of what use is a torch at all,
Which fails to light when darkness falls!





یہ غنی! یہ خر غنی!

یہ دہش نگر غنی!
دوارہ برابر غنی
اے دبحر و بر غنی!
زرہ خان دے کہ سر غنی
ستا مغرورہ سر غنی
نہ پیڑنی زر غنی
ستا د نشی سر غنی
نہ شسوپہ خہ سر غنی
راشہ وایہ زر غنی
لگی پرې نظر غنی
ستا شوی وزر غنی

یہ غنی! یہ خر غنی!
لر غنی او بر غنی
سمی او دغر غنی
تہ پرې خہ خبر غنی
ہہچا تہ بہ تیت نہ شی
خنکہ اندر شہر دے
سُد کبھی ہم بی سُدہ دے
خود کبھی ہم بی خودہ کبھی
کلہ او پہ خہ غنی!
چرتہ لرې ستورے دے
خہ چھی یارہ خورلہ



*Oh Ghani! Oh Ass Ghani!*²⁵⁴

Oh Ghani! Oh ass, Ghani!
Oh of Hashtnagar, Ghani!
Oh of up-the-hill, Ghani!
And of down-the-dale, Ghani!
Of the land and sea, Ghani!
All the same to me, Ghani!
No! You know it not, Ghani!
Whether it's the heart which rules
Or reason that's the Khan, Ghani!
Never shall your head be bowed,
Never, no, to none, Ghani!
What a street of goldsmiths, this
Ignorant of gold, Ghani!
And when sober, drunk, Ghani!
Is your wretched head, Ghani!
Whether in his senses, or
Rambling, out of mind, Ghani!
Grand success evades, Ghani!
When Ghani and how, Ghani?
Come and tell me now, Ghani!
Stars, no matter how distant,
Always can be seen, Ghani!
Come, my friend, let's get to them
You have sprouted wings, Ghani!
Oh the Khan-of-Khans, Ghani!
Oh Ghani! Oh ass, Ghani!

سـترگې او نظر غنى	ژوند غنى جنون غنى
نور دې وُخورى سر غنى	مینه ، یار او خپشت اُخله
پرې نه وُخى کمر غنى	ډنډ ، گـرداو له مـه ورخه
شـې به برابر غنى	دا بـنـکار د عمرو نو دـه
شکو کبـنـې کـوثر غنى	مـیـنه د ادم مـیـنه
خـوکه کبـنـې د غر غنى	نیشـته د تریکې خائې
اـه زما خـیـگر غنى	کبـنـه په قـلاره شه
مـه خه ترې بهر غنى!	دا صـحـرا د مینې دـه
یه غنى! یه خر غنى!	یاره چـرته تـهـروتـې
وخت د مازيگر غنى	بانگ دې د سـحـر ووي
یه د هـشـنـغر غنى!	یه غنى! یه خر غنى!



(۱) ژر . (۲) بناشت . (۳) نمازديگر

Life, rapture of love, *Ghani!*
Eyes, vision to boot, *Ghani!*
Love, beloved, beauty, seek,
All the rest be damned, *Ghani!*
The water and whirlpool avoid,
Lest you drown yourself, *Ghani!*
This the chase of endless time,
You'll be sorted out, *Ghani!*
Love of man and of mankind,
Like the spring of paradise
In the desert sands, *Ghani!*
There's no place for frolicking,
On the mountain top, *Ghani!*
Calm yourself and sit at ease,
Oh my dear love, *Ghani!*
Love-promoting wasteland this,
Never to be left, *Ghani!*
You're mistaken, so I feel,
Oh my friend, the wise *Ghani!*
Time that of the evening prayer,
Prayer-call²⁵ of the morn, *Ghani!*
What on earth is this, *Ghani!*
Oh *Ghani!* Oh ass, *Ghani!*
Oh of *Hashtnagar*, *Ghani!*





زره

گرانه وروره بې نوا!
بڼه چارې -

نن مې ستا "پريشانه افکار" په دريم ځل خلاص کړل، نو دا لاندې شعر مې درته ليکلی
دے هغه خو درلېرم، خو د شاعري متعلق هم يو دوه خبرې ليکل غواړم - چونکه الفت ملا ليکلی دی چې ته
په انگرېزي پوهېږې او شايد چې زما هشنغري پښتو تا ته گرانه معلومېږي نو دا خط به درته انگرېزي کښې
ولیکه چې پکښې د بعضې قسمه فکرونو ظاهرول اسان دی -

زره لکه جام دے، خوشحالی، غم ئې شراب دی
تېری به رخصت شی، تا خو غم ته نسکور کړے دے
خوند ئې که جدا دے ده نشه یوه د دواړو
دواړو کښې خمار لږ د ساق د سترگوتلے دے





The Heart

My dear brother Benava²⁸,

May you fare well. Today, I have finished reading your *Pareshana Afkar*²⁷ for the third time and have written a poem to you which I am enclosing. In respect of poetry in general, too, I wish to say something. Since *Ulfat*²⁹, the mullah, informs me that you understand English; and since I feel you might be inconvenienced by my dialect of Hashtnaghari Pukhto, I shall write this letter to you in English - in which it is anyway easier to express certain kind of thoughts²⁹. When I sent my collection of poems to Kabul for publication, I especially asked Safi³⁰ to get you to write the introduction. I had heard you talk on the death of Malang Jan³¹ and still think it is one of the finest pieces of Pukhto prose I have ever heard in my life. If you have a copy I would love to have it.

I love your poetry except where you have turned into a mullah like *Ulfat*. I think the mission of a poet in life is quite different from that of a preacher - a mullah. Man is essentially an animal. He wants food, sex and comfort and nothing else. It is the duty of us poets to turn his face to those higher centres of his being where he might see the reflection of his own perfection - and the face of his eternal Beloved - Beauty. I think a poet must worship beauty - in thought, word and deed - and force man to turn his face from the rubbish heap of his appetites to his Garden of Eden. This cannot be done by preaching. I hate people preaching at me. If we praise beauty with a sincere love, it will come alive for a second in the dull eyes of the common-herd.

As for suffering and pain of life, I think that is the price we must pay for the gift of creating beauty. Every artist pays this dreadful price and a few are lucky enough to produce a drop of loveliness. You have to expose yourself to the pain of living in order to produce a work of art.

Lots of love,
Yours sincerely,
Ghani

The heart for me a goblet is -
Sorrow, happiness, its wine;
The thirsty, satiated
With just wine, the tavern leave;
For a fill of sorrow, you
Hold an empty glass in hand!
Though their tastes might well be different,
Their effect is all the same -
Both within themselves have emptied
Saki's drunken eyes of dreams!





راشه ساقی!

راشه راشه ساقی راشه !
 په ما بدې بدې لگۍ
 غټه پگه دې شه خاورې
 ته د مینې بې خبره
 دا محفل دے درندانو
 د شرابو د خټونو نه دی
 ورشه دغلته خبرات دے
 د گنجی په شان خورې که
 ساقی سترگو کبې مسکی شوه
 په ټول مسسته مسسته راغله
 ستا اوډه واره جنته
 ستا څلوېښت زره کتابه
 ستا وعدې وړدې د حورو
 تا له قرض ژوندون درکړم
 درې درې مُـلا درې !
 ستا پخې پخې خبرې
 عجیبه ته ځناورې
 ته د حُسن نه منکرې
 اخوا اخوا، لری لری
 ستا ترڅې شونډې بېرې
 تا لښې ټول ایښۍ دے لرې
 په مُـرداره دې وزرې
 بیا (نې) د خیال کښېښوې وزرې
 سرې پاپی نې د کمرې
 د دې یو د ناز بڅرے
 د دې دوه خورې خبرې
 دلته سرې شونډې شکرې
 دا راکښې پرې مرغلرې



Come Saki!

Come saki, the wine cup bring!
Out, oh priest, away with you!
I have never liked your looks,
Nor your dull, precocious talk!
May your large, ungainly turban
Turn to dust along with you!
You are unaware of love,
Beauty you deny outright.
Revellers are gathered here,
There's no place for those like you;
Get aside! Away with you!
And your rough-hewn bitter lips
Are not made for tasty wine!
Go amuse yourself elsewhere,
And indulge yourself on tripe!
Like a vulture spread your wings
On the rotting carcass meat!
Saki's eyes light up with smiles,
As she spreads her wings of fancy,
And ecstatic, glides towards me
With her dainty partridge feet.
All your heavens to one side -
From her, one coquettish glance!
All your forty-thousand books -
Just two words of love from her!
All your promises of *houris* -
Here, her red and tasty lips!
Shall my life on credit, I
To you now outright surrender?
Whereas she will, in return,
Very promptly, gems deliver!

ماشوم نهم^١ چي جنت پر پردم
 جانانه مېخانه درکـرم
 مُلا! تا خُکـلـي نُه دى
 ستا په غېږ کښې ناستې نُه دى
 د جومات په چرچوبې کښې
 دک گلزار کښې ته ولاړ
 وږې سـترگې وږې خېته
 خېشت^٢ او مينې ته شمکوره
 راشه راشه لهونى له
 د رندانو په مذهب شه
 ستا د سور دوزخ د وږې
 واخلم ستا کنډې کپړې
 نرى سرې شونډې کافرې
 د کالو دکې کمترې
 يادوه پردى تورسـرې
 په ډېران لکه د خرې^٣
 بد قسمته بد نصيبه
 او په زړه په روح غريبه
 جام وچت که مسلمان شه
 جنتى په دې جهان شه



(١) خټاور نې، (٢) منکر نې، (٣) تا له نې، (٤) خپړې کره،
 (٥) کوترې، (٦) راکوى، (٧) نه يم، (٨) خر نې، (٩) بناست

I'm no child to forego Heaven
For the fear of your Hell!
To give up the cosy tavern
And accept the wilderness!
Pious priest, you have not tasted,
Thin and sweet, her bright-red lips;
In your lap were never seated,
Doe-eyed damsels all bedecked!
Seek relief, and call to mind
In your cloistered cell, the tresses
Of the maidens all around!
In a field of flowers, standing
On a dung-heap like an ass!
Hungry eyes and empty stomach,
So ill-fated and misled!
And oblivious of the treasure,
Of life's beauty and its love.
To this madman come, get near!
Raise the goblet and become -
A true Muslim and sincere
To the revellers path and faith;
And upon the earth a dweller,
Of the paradise to come!





زہ

زہ یم زہ یم، رنگ، سرور او شرنگار زہ یم
 د جانان سترگو کنبی مراوے خمار زہ یم
 دا تعبیر زما د مست زہ د تالاش دے
 یار زما د زہ ارمان دے دلدار زہ یم
 دا زما زہ چہ د خہشت او رنگ شی وږے
 سپرلے سرہ گلونه راشی بہار زہ یم
 دا چہ زہ شم د مسکو شونڊو لہوالہ
 لہلا جوږہ کرم د حسن معمار زہ یم
 دا خو زہ د خيگر سوز پنه هوا سور کرم
 روح، مطلب، معنی، آواز د ستار زہ یم
 چہ زہ نہ یم، بی معنی جنت آسمان دے
 د جہان د سوز او مینی مختار زہ یم
 دومرہ پوئی شوم پنه دہ وروکی شانی ژوند کنبی
 یار زما کمال، کمال د دلدار زہ یم

خانپور جہل



(۱) بناشت، (۲) پسرلے، (۳) سپور



I

I am colour, I am sound
Of *sitar* and anklet-bells;
In the eyes of the beloved,
I am mellowed drunkenness!
This, the meaning of the search
Of my heart with love replete -
The beloved is the longing
Of my heart, I am the lover!
When, for colour and for beauty
There's a hunger in my heart,
Spring with red mantle approaches -
I'm the Spring with all its flowers!
When for smiling lips I hanker,
My own *Laila* I make -
I 'm a lover of all beauty,
And its beauty I create!
When the feeling of my heart
Mounts the steed of wind and soars,
I become the soul and meaning
And the sound of the *sitar*!
And if I were not to be,
Heaven, sky would have no meaning -
Of Earth's love and of its feeling
I am one in sole command!
In these few days of existence
I have understood just this -
My Beloved is Perfection,
I'm His worthwhile exhibit!

Khanpur Jail





د جبل خانې خوب

(۱)

خوب وينم عالمه! که ئې څوک راکړې مانه
پروت يم سر مې اېنښې د خپل يار په زنگانه
خوب وينم چې پورته په هوا لکه د باز شومه
کېنېناستم په بام د محمود سترگې د اياز شومه
پورته د خاموش زړگي نه خوږ د مينې ساز شومه
خرڅه مې په حورو کره د ډمو زمانه
خوب وينم عالمه! که ئې څوک راکړې مانه

(۲)

خوب وينم چې ناست يم د جيندى په يخه غاړه
شاه مې سوئېلو کېنې لکه سره شمع ولاړه
سرې شونډې مسکې شوه ماتنې وې چې ژاړه ژاړه
څېنه دې د زړه وينې دا شراب دى مستانه
خوب وينم عالمه! که ئې څوک راکړې مانه



A Dream in Jail

(1)

Dreaming dreams, if someone only
Could interpret them for me!
Couch supine,
With head reclined
Upon beloved's knee;
Dreaming, like a falcon
On the wings of wind I soared,
And perched upon the roof-tops
Of Mahmud²⁶² and there became,
Ayyaz's²⁶³ lovely eyes;
And from a silent heart I rose,
A melody replete,
With love for all mankind;
And for the saintly *hoors*²⁶⁴ forsook
The earthly courtesans!
Dreaming dreams, if someone only
Could interpret them for me!

(2)

Dreaming, I was seated
On the banks of cool *jindi*²⁶⁵,
And my beloved midst her friends,
A flaming candle, stood;
And on her ruby lips a smile,
She said to me, "now cry!
And drink the blood that's oozing
From your heart, it's heady wine!"
Dreaming dreams, if someone only
Could interpret them for me!

(۳)

خوب وينم چي باغ دے د گلونو او ماينام دے
 سرې سترگې ساقی د ساقی سرو گتو کنيې جام دے
 لاس پنه ستار پروت لهونے مست لکه خيام دے
 اري پرې نري نري د مينې افسانه

(۴)

خوب وينم چي سپينه سپورمي پاس پنه خندا راغله
 مالم محبوبا پنه شرم شرم تر خوا راغله
 شونډو کنيې شراب او پنه کوکي کنيې قضا راغله
 سر خمار ئي راکر پيمانه پنه پيمانه
 خوب وينم عالمه! که ئي خوک راکري مانه

(۵)

خوب وينم چي پت شوم پنه نسيم کنيې بهر لارمه
 خوا له د جانان لکه د مينې نظر لارمه
 سترگو د دلدار له لکه خوب د سحر لارمه
 يو شرنک کنيې مي لوت کره د عمرونو خزانه
 خوب وينم عالمه! که ئي خوک راکري مانه

(3)

Dreaming, that it's evening
In a garden in full bloom,
Dreamy-eyed *Saki*
Within her roseate fingers holds,
A goblet of red wine;
Her hand upon a tuned *Sitar*,
Ecstatic like *Khayyam*,
Playing on responsive strings
The tale of love, romance!
Dreaming dreams, if someone only
Could interpret them for me!

(4)

Dreaming, that the fair-faced moon,
Ascends the heaven smiling,
And my beloved coyly comes
To nestle by my side,
In her lips, the rapturous wine,
In her kiss, the gloom of death,
Drunkenness dispensing,
By the tumbler-full, divine!
Dreaming dreams, if someone only
Could interpret them for me!

(5)

Dreaming, that my freedom
From the prison I regain,
And hidden in the breeze of dawn,
The outer world attain,
And like an amorous glance approach,
The presence of my love!
And like the sleep of early morn
Engulf beloved's eyes;
And on but just a jingle
Of the anklet-bells surrender,
The treasures of all time!
Dreaming dreams, if someone only
Could interpret them for me!

(٦)

خوب وينم چي زه لکه لولکه په سهل ووتم
 پورته د نرگس نه شوم په خوا د رامبېل ووتم
 تاو د سپينې غاړې د لېلى په امېل ووتم
 پت مې ورته ووي سلامونه جانانه!
 خوب وينم عالمه! که ئې څوک راکړي مانه

(٧)

خوب وينم چي پورته لکه چغه د منصور شومه
 يا يو موی خاوره وم يا لوئي درياب د نور شومه
 بانگ د سحر وشو زه راوین شوم کرو کور شومه
 خوب يوره خوبونه راژوندی شوه زمانه
 وې پرېرېده لېونيه تېروه دې جېلخانه
 خوب وينم عالمه! که ئې څوک راکړي مانه

حېدرآباد جېل، ١٩٤٨



(١) معنی . (٢) زنگانه- (٣) جیندے د هشنفر د مینخ هغه سیند دے چي زمونږ اته واره کلی ئې په غاره پراته دی (غنی)
 (٤) ماته ئې- (٥) اروی- (٦) ما له هم

(6)

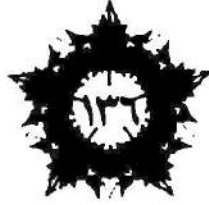
Dreaming, like a butterfly
I wafted on the wind,
And rising from the narcissi,
The jasmine flowers espied;
And flitted past the necklace
Round the neck of *Laila* tied,
To whisper in her ears
And my love in her confide!
Dreaming dreams, if someone only
Could interpret them for me!

(7)

Dreaming, that I rose from earth,
Impassioned *Majnoon's* cry,
And from a handful dust became
An ocean of pure light!
But then the *Azan* sounded -
The call to morning prayer -
And I awoke to mundane life,
Distracted and out of mind;
And with the sleep being swept away,
Were swept away my dreams,
And life to worldly cares returned,
And stated, "Oh! Young fool,
Your liberty and dreams forget,
And serve your prison term!"
Dreaming dreams, if someone only
Could interpret them for me!

Hyderabad Jail, 1948





دُعا

اے د حُسن او نُور دریاہ! ما له یو تَکے د نُور را
 سترگی دکې د خندا را، شونډې دکې د سُور را
 زه دې خپل روکی زړگی له، یوه نښه د یار غواړم
 اے د حُسن او نُور دریاہ! ما له یو تَکے د نُور را
 دې تک تور د غم محل له یو بخرے د رڼا را
 سترگی دکې د خندا را، شونډې دکې د سُور را
 دې مستی او دې ارمان له، یو تصویر د جانان راکړه
 ستا په مینه نازیدل را، ستا په بنکلی مخ غرور را
 دې د خود سوې باغچې له، یو وعده د بهار غواړم
 زه دا نه وپم چې جنت را، زه دا نه وپمه چې طُور را
 د دې خوب د ساه او وخت، اشاره د تعبیر راکړه
 ما له زړه د بادشاهانو، او سینه د یو فقیر را



(۱) راکړه، (۲) وړوکی، (۳) وایم، (۴) وایمه



Prayer

Oh Ocean of light and of beauty!
Just a drop of Your light give me;
Give me eyes that are full of laughter,
And lips with music replete;
For this fond, little heart do I ask Thee,
Some sign of beloved give me!
Oh Ocean of light and of beauty!
Just a drop of Your light give me;
For this palace of grief and of darkness,
A spark of the light do I need;
Give me eyes that are full of laughter,
And lips with music replete.
For this ecstasy and for this longing,
The beloved's image reveal!
Of Your love truly proud please make me,
And Your presence assist me to feel;
For this orchard of *self* that is withered,
A promise of spring promise me!
I seek not Your heaven, nor ask Thee,
The mount of *Toor* to give me;
For this dream that is time and existence,
An interpretative gesture I seek.
The heart of a monarch pray gift me,
The breast of a saint give me!





زۀ

اے د منطقِ فلسفو مُلا!
 اے د جنت د قيصو مُلا!
 اے د جزا او قسمتِ مُلا!
 اے د دوزخ او جنتِ مُلا!
 مکرہ ما ته قيصي د ژوند
 ناوړم ته څه ستا قيصي د ژوند
 زۀ نه مالي يم نه خان د باغ
 ما ته ته څۀ له کرې داستان د باغ
 زۀ خو د شاتو مچي يمه
 شات پېژنم او گل پېژنم
 زۀ يو وره لولکي يمه
 سات ته راتلل او تلل پېژنم
 زۀ يو چپه د نسيم يمه
 بس يو لمحہ د ماينام پېژنم
 زۀ يو قطره د شرابو يم
 شوندي پېژنم او جام پېژنم
 نو ما ته ته څۀ له کرې داستان د باغ
 زۀ نه مالي يم نه خان د باغ
 زۀ خو د شاتو مچي يمه
 شات پېژنم او گل پېژنم
 زۀ يوه وره لولکي يمه
 سات له راتلل او تلل پېژنم
 زۀ خو يو شرنگ د گونگرو يمه
 پښي د رقاصي کښي تال پېژنم
 زۀ يو بخرم د سوز يمه
 غم پېژنم او وصال پېژنم



(۱) نه اورم. (۲) ساعت



I

Oh pious priest of logic and philosophy!
Oh pious priest of heaven and its tales!
Oh pious priest of recompense and fate!
Oh pious priest of heaven and of hell!
Do not talk to me of the tales of life,
I am not attentive to what you say;
I am neither the gardener nor lord of the garden,
Why burden me then with the garden's tales?
I am no more than a honey bee
And know of but honey,
The flowers that be;
I am but a small little butterfly,
And know how to hover
And how to fly –
In a moment departing
And then flitting back;
I am just a wave of the gentle breeze,
Aware of a moment of dawn and eve;
I am just a drop of the wine that cheers,
And know just the goblet and bright red lips;
I am neither the gardener nor lord of the garden,
Why burden me then with the garden's tales?
I am no more than a honey bee
And know of but honey,
The flowers that be;
I am but a small little butterfly,
And know how to hover
And how to fly –
In a moment departing
And then flitting back;
I am but a jingle of anklet bells
And know just the rhythm of dancer's feet;
I am just a spark of pathos and grief,
And know of just sadness, communion's joy,
Why burden me then with the garden's tales?





دا مکان او لامکان

چې آدم تنگ د قسمت شی
په خپل لاس کښې ستار واخلي
چې لږ نور هم لېونې شی
نو شمشېر او ابشار واخلي
چې حوا د مرگ د ویرې
د سبا په تلاش وځی
د گلونو رنگ راغند کړی
د سرونو شرنگار واخلي
همه رنگ دے د آدم
د آدم د زور امکان
څه دے کور، او لامکان
گل غلام، بادشاه خزان
که جانان، که بت که رب دے
زما تنده، او ایمان
دا مکان او لامکان
دواړه جوړ زما د خان
سره گلونه، سپین امام
ابتدا او اختتام
گل بچے دے د دهران
په سپرلی کښې پت خزان



This World and Outer Space

When man's fed up of his fate
The *sitar* begins to play;
When he gets a little madder,
Then the sword begins to wield;
When the breeze, from fear of death,
Seeks the dawn for a reprieve,
Gathers colours of the flowers,
And the sounds of notes collects;
Differing aspects all of man,
The potential of his power,
Whether this worldly existence,
Or infinity and space!
Or the slavery of the flowers,
Or the power of Autumn's rule,
Or beloved or the idol,
Or my thirst, my intense faith!
And this world of place and space,
Both created from my *self*,
The red roses, the beloved,
The beginning and the end!
Flower's the offspring of the dung-heap,
In the Spring is Autumn hidden;

تہنبتہ ، ویرہ او شکست
 د دلہ دغہ اواز دے
 نر غازی لہ شکست نیشته
 ہمیش فتح تل پرواز دے
 گل چہ خاورہ شی ہم گل وی
 گل چہ سور وی ہم گلاب وی
 یو مہتاب او زر وریخہ
 بیا ہم سپین خندان مہتاب وی
 او د مینہ پہ مہدان کنبہ
 سر بہل جانان تہ تلل دی
 دا مندھی د لہونو دہ
 تول بہل ہر خہ گتل دی
 دلته بوب پہ روکی جام کنبہ
 د کعبہ وچت مینار!
 دلته خان مونتل خمار
 دا مکان او لامکان
 دوارہ جور زما د خان
 دا جانان او بت او رب
 زما تندہ او ایمان

خانپور، ۱۹۵۲ء

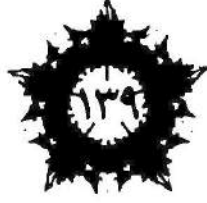


(۱) پسرلی، (۲) وروکی

Fear, flight, abject defeat,
Is the coward's constant cry;
For the brave there's no retreat,
Always victory, soaring high!
When a flower's reduced to dust
It is nonetheless a flower,
When it is a crimson red,
It's a rose, as all can tell;
Just one moon, a myriad clouds,
Nonetheless a smiling face!
In the field of love's domain,
To be killed is to attain
The beloved's company;
It's a madman's market this,
To lose all, is all to gain!
Here, submerged within a cup
Is the Ka'bah's minaret!
Here, finding of one's *self*
Is a rapturous ecstasy!
All created from my *self*
Are this world of place and space,
This beloved and creation
This the idol, incarnation,
And my thirst, unflinching faith!

Khanpur, 1952





واورہ جنتی!

جنت یو حال دے، د عشق د مستی یو رنگ
جنت یو شرنگ د گُنکرو، د خوانی غرُخنگ
جنت نازک دے، د گل د ارمان ہسے
جنت بنہستہ دے، زما د جانان ہسے
جنت دریاب یو د مینی او شان دے
ہرہ قطرہ ئی سپوڑمی، ہر شاخکے جہان دے



(۱) جانتہ



Listen to Me Pious Priest!

Heaven is a state, of love,
Of ecstasy a mood;
Of anklet-bells a moving sound,
Of youth a passionate move.
Heaven is as delicate
As longing of a flower;
Heaven is as beautiful,
As my beloved's face;
Heaven is an ocean deep
Of love and majesty,
Whose every little particle's
A moon, a brilliant orb;
And every little droplet is
A world in its expanse!



On the back of the painting is a verse in Pukhto transcribed by the poet. Transliterated it reads:

*"Ay de husn farikhtay! Sta gham ne day, soor khumar day!
De khazan na ta jolr kelray, tse rangeen ghunday bahar day!"*

The English translation of this is as follows:

"Oh angel of grace and of beauty!
The path of your love is but only,
The joy of an ecstasy deep!
From the dreary clime of the Autumn,
What a colourful Spring you have made!"





یاد دې دی

اے د پستو سترگو بناپیری! چي ستا دی یاد که هیر؟
هغه دوزخونه تیر او هغه جنتونه تیر
یو بخری نور چي به کره کُل جهان د نوره دک
یو رنگین نظر به غمگین زره کره د سروره دک
ما ته به سپورمی کرلې د صبر تسلی قیصی
کُل به راته کرلې ما بنامی کبني د لولی قیصی
حُسن او خوانی او پسرلی، مینه، زه او ته وو یو
وصل او مستی، جنت، جهان او زه او ته وو یو
اور وه، جهنم وه، خو سهخل پاسته د ساز هسی
لاس ئي د جلات وه خو کاته ئي د ایاز هسی
وي په هر نظر کبني د سازونو خزاني پرتي
هره اشاره کبني د عمرونو تراني پرتي



*Do You Recall?*²⁶⁶

Oh fairy princess, gentle-eyed!
Do you remember, call to mind,
The many hells all long since past,
The numerous heavens since gone by;
The spark of light which would ignite,
The world around, illuminate;
The side-long glance of love which would,
My heart with music resonate;
The moon which would to me narrate,
The tales of patience when in love,
And reassure my doubting self;
The flowers which in the evening would
Confide in me romances of,
The doings of the butterfly;
When beauty, youth, the spring and love,
And you and I were all then one;
In ecstasy entwined were then,
The world and heaven, you and I;
There was both hell and fire then,
Which burnt but with the softness of
A soothing tune so gently played;
The arm, no doubt, was of *Jallat*²⁶⁷
But glances were those of *Ayyaz*;
In every glance there clearly lay,
The treasure-troves of music's scores;
And in each little sign there were
The melodies of aeons of time;

زرونه پټ په نور لکه لیده وی په کاکو کښې پټ
 مرگ وه په خندا کښې، بانگ د زرکو په نارو کښې پټ
 ساز وه، بېخودی وه، سوخېده وو، جهان ورک وه ورک
 زه و مه او ته وې، زمکه ستوری، اسمان ورک وه ورک
 وخت وه بې حساب، بې پایانه سمندر وه ژوند
 پښو کښې جهان پروت وه بې نیازه قلندر وه ژوند
 خیال به د نسیم په شان گلونو له ماښام له ته
 عقل مرور د حورو ساز له او خیام له ته
 تن کښې مې زرگه نه وه یو لال وه د شغلو نه دک
 سترگې د هر رنگه، هر اندام د ولولو نه دک
 واره دنیا وه ما ته باغچه د بلربا د کور
 هر ستوری به لار ما ته بنودله د اشنا د کور
 اے د پستو سترگو ښاپېری! چې ستا دی یاد که هېر
 هغه دوزخونه تېر او هغه جنتونه هېر

۲۷ اکتوبر ۱۹۴۶



(۱) د نظم روشن ژباړلو چې د زره اخرنی دوره پرې راغله. هغه نیمگړې ترجمه اودی رنگ کاپی کښې ساتلې شوې ده (غنی).
 (۲) مزکه، (۳) تلو/تله، (۴) لعل

The hearts wrapped-up in bolts of light,
Like sight within the pupils hid;
And death in laughter shrouded was;
The call to prayer was smothered in
The laughter of the partridges;
There was sweet music, loss of sense,
A burning of the self within;
The world was lost to us and we,
Oblivious of the world, were lost;
There was just you and there was I,
The earth and sky and stars were lost;
Time was in great abundance then,
And life without a limit lay -
Unfathomed ocean's unknown depth;
And at our feet lay all the world,
Indifference to it all was life;
And fancy, like the gentle breeze,
To flowers would in the evening waft,
And reason, disenchanted, would
The *hooris* and *Khayyam*, frequent;
My heart within the breast was naught,
But gem emitting rays of light;
The eyes were full of colours' pride,
And every limb pulsated with,
The force of passion's youthful spring;
And all the world to me was then,
The garden of beloved's home;
And every star in twinkling showed
The path to the loved one's abode;
Oh fairy princess, gentle-eyed!
Do you ever recall to mind
Or have you all forgotten since?

27th October 1947





کیمیاگر

راته بنکاری جوړې ناست
په اسمان کښې کیمیاگر دے
کله سره زر کاندې خاورې
کله خاورې زر کوی
دېر گلونه ئې راغند کرل
د جانان شونډې کرې جوړې
چې د دې گلابو خاورې
په کوم گل بهر کوی
د تقوی زر شپې کرې جمع
د عشق یو ساعت ترې جوړ کرې
خه په ناز غنی ته خاندی
چې دلبر دلبر کوی





The Alchemist

There's an alchemist who's seated
In the sky, it seems to me,
Sometimes gold to dust converting,
Sometimes dust to gold, is he;
Lots of flowers he has collected,
The beloved's lips to shape,
And this rose's dust, I wonder,
What new flower's shape will take!
And a thousand nights of piety,
He collects to make just one,
Single moment of love's passion,
Such a joy for everyone!
How endearingly he smiles at
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As he cries out to the loved one,
"Oh my love! My dear love!"





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*Glossary of Oriental Names and Terms
Appearing More Than Once in the Text*

- Anklet-bells** Numerous small bells in a strap tied around the ankles of the dancers when performing classical dances, such as the Kathak.
- Bulbul** Red-Vented Bulbul, the scientific name of which is *Pycnonotus cafer*. One of the most familiar of birds in Pakistan. It has melodious call-notes, and a short whistling song of several phrases.
- Chakor** The red-legged partridge, the zoological name of which is *Alectoris graeca* (Baluchistani). Also called *Alectoris chukar*.
- Hashtnagar** Hasht in Persian means the numeral Eight and Nagar in hindi and Sanskrit means habitation. The compound word, hashtnagar has been assimilated into Pukhto and means 'Eight Habitations'. The area from which Ghani Khan hails is called as such as it consists of eight principal towns, of which his ancestral home-town is Uthmanzai. The area now forms part of the administrative district of Charsadda in the N-W, F.P.
- Khan** The Chieftain of a principality; prominent land-owner.
- Khayyam** A famous mathematician, astronomer and poet (Circa 1050-1122 AD) of Nishapur, Iran. Author of the Rubaiyat, about a thousand epigrammatic quatrains, a hundred of which were made famous in the West by Edward FitzGerald's translation, first published in 1859.
- Laila** The beloved of Majnoon, the literal meaning of which in Arabic is 'night'.
- Majnoon** The famous lover of the Oriental tale, Laila-Majnoon, whose name has become synonymous with the madness and obsession of love.
- Mansoor** Mansoor al-Hallaj, the carder, a Muslim mystic (858-922 AD) who was executed on 26 March, 922 AD, in Baghdad, for having asserted his identity with God.

- Rabab** The rabab, a stringed musical instrument and progenitor of the Sarod of Indian classical music, is the mainstay of the music of the Pukhtana. Until fairly recently, almost all the traditional forms of Pukhto composition i.e. the charbaita, badala, neemakai, loba, tappa, rubai, misraeeza and the ghazal, were sung to the music of the rabab supported by one or more of the following instruments: tambal. Dolkai, surna, shpelai, sareenda. chang and the mangai.
- Saki** Bearer of the wine-cup.
- Shireen** The beloved of Farhad in the famous oriental love-story of Shireen-Farhad.
- Sitar** A stringed musical instrument, very popular in the Sub-continent for the playing of classical music to the accompaniment of the tanpura, a single-stringed drone instrument, and the tabla, a pair of percussion drums.



Notes - Preface and Introduction

Preface

- ¹ A province of Pakistan bordering Afghanistan and inhabited, principally, by the *Pukhtana*.
- ² The area adjacent to the North-West Frontier Province in the west, inhabited by ethnic Afghan tribes and administered directly by the Federal government of Pakistan through the Governor N-W.F.P. as its Agent. It is divided into a number of Agencies each administered by a Political Agent under the Governor of the Province.
- ³ A province of Pakistan bordering Afghanistan and Iran, inhabited by the *Baluch* and *Pukhtana*.
- ⁴ The *Pukhtana* of Pakistan are ethnically 'Afghan' by race. The ethnic Afghans are divided into a number of tribes – some exclusively within the geographic limits of Afghanistan, others straddling the Durand Line, the boundary between Afghanistan and Pakistan, and yet others which inhabit areas totally within Pakistan.
- ⁵ Abdul Ghaffar Khan (1890-1988), known to history as the legendary 'Bacha Khan' i.e. the 'King Khan', founder of the '*Khudai Khidmatgar*' i.e. 'Servants of God' Movement – also popularly called the *Surkhposh* (Red-Shirt) Movement, on account of the colour of the shirts worn by them – who, along with his older brother, Dr. Khan Sahib (1882-1958), as members of the All-India National Congress Party, waged a relentless, non-violent, struggle for freedom against British rule in the sub-continent.
- ⁶ *Pukhto* or *Pashto* depending upon whether the 'hard' or the 'soft' variant of the language is spoken, is the language of the *Pukhtana*.
- ⁷ *Qalandar Moomand* (1st September, 1930 -), a famous contemporary scholar, poet, critic, short-story writer, journalist and lexicographer, from *Bazidkhel*, district Peshawar. He has a number of publications to his credit, including the *magnum opus*, *Daryaab* (Ocean), the first ever comprehensive mono-lingual dictionary of the *Pukhto* language, of which he was the Editor. For this scholastic effort the government of Pakistan conferred on him the prestigious award of *Sitara-e-Imtiaz*.
- ⁸ Principally Sardar Ali Takkar who rose to fame on the singing of Ghani Khan's poetry and was awarded the Pride of Performance by the President of Pakistan in 1994.
- ⁹ The line that demarcates the political boundary between Afghanistan and Pakistan, so called because it was demarcated by Sir Mortimer Durand (1850-1924) in 1893 during the British rule of the sub-Continent.

Introduction

- ¹⁰ He was a well-built, stunningly handsome man with green, sparkling eyes, the prominent nose so typical of the Afghan race, a fair complexion, thick flowing hair, who, with his six-foot three frame, literally stood above all others. I first saw him in the winter of 1947-48 when, as a young boy on winter vacation from the Presentation Convent School, Murree, I was staying with my parents at number 3, Race Course Gardens, Peshawar – then the exclusive preserve of the higher bureaucracy of the Provincial government. He was very friendly with Sardar Abdur Rashid, an officer of the Police Service of Pakistan (PSP) who later became the

Inspector General of Police (10 August, 1951 to 31 July, 1952; 1 October, 1952 to 23 April 1953) and also the Chief Minister (23 April, 1953-1955) of N-W.F.P. Another good friend of his was Said Khan, then an Executive Engineer in the Public Works Department in the Province. It was on the lawn of Said Khan's house, number 8, Race Course Gardens, that I first saw him that winter afternoon engaged in pleasantries with these two friends as Arshad and Zahid, sons of Said Khan, and a few other boys of the neighbourhood who had come to play hockey on the lawn of the house, looked on. In December 1955 I took what was then known as the Higher Senior Cambridge Examination of the Cambridge University from the Lawrence College, Ghora Galli, Murree, the results of which were announced in March, 1956. I joined the Islamia College, Peshawar, in April the same year, for my graduation. In the autumn session, I was introduced to the poetry of Ghani Khan by listening to Sher Afsar Khan, the Senior Monitor of Osmania Hostel, recite from *De Panjray Chaghar* (Chirpings of the Cage), Ghani Khan's first volume of verse, which had been recently published. Without any great understanding of the meaning of his poems, I was struck by the rhythm and rhyme, alliteration, onomatopoeia, the extended simile and, of course, the satire and humour. I was to meet him for the first time in the autumn of 1962 when, as a young officer of the then Civil Service of Pakistan (CSP), I was posted to Charsadda Sub-division as its Assistant Commissioner (September 1962 – April 1964) and called on him at his home, *Dar-ul-Aman* (Abode of Peace) out in the country in his village Mohammad Narai. He was extremely gracious and with Roshan, his *Parsi* wife, entertained me to tea and also gave me a glimpse into the world of his art—poetry, sculpture and painting. This was the beginning of a friendship which grew with the years. With my brother, Umar Farooq Sahibzada, who too had by then struck a deeper and more interactive relationship with him, we never missed an opportunity of calling on him during the many years since then. I saw him for the last time—an emaciated old man who had lost the use of his legs for almost a decade and breathing with great difficulty—in a room of the Bolton Block of the Lady Reading Hospital, Peshawar, just a few days before his death in March, 1996. Though frail of body and in pain, his mind was lucid and on my departure gave me a firm handshake and a very expressive smile indicating that, in all likelihood, this was the last meeting.

¹¹ The exact date of Ghani Khan's birth is uncertain. His identity card and passport indicate just the month (January) and the year (1914). His father, however, records in his book (Khan, Abdul Ghaffar. *Zama Jwand au Jad-o-Jahad – My Life and Struggle*; Kabul: National Publishing House, 1981, pp. 84, 88.) that in 1913 he went to Agra to attend the Muslim League Session and on his return to the village, a few days thereafter, he was informed that his son Ghani was born. The All India Muslim League 7th Annual Session met in Agra on 30th and 31st December, 1913. Considering that the journey home *via* Delhi would have taken him at best a week, the date of Ghani's birth can be surmised as within the second week of January, 1914. However, in his auto-biography (Bouman, Helen H. Trs. *My Life and Struggle: Autobiography of Badshah Khan as narrated to K. B. Narang*; Delhi: Hind Pocket Books (P) Ltd. G. T. Road. 9 March 1969, p. 32.) Abdul Ghaffar Khan records that Ghani was born in 1913. This is also the year given in Tendulkar, D. G. *Abdul Ghaffar Khan: faith is a battle*; Bombay: Popular Prakashan for Gandhi Peace Foundation. 5 May 1967, p. 24. Wali Khan informs me that the date was 15 December of 1914 – which does not fit in with the account of his birth being sometime during his father's absence in Agra to attend the All India Muslim League annual session (30th-31st December 1913). It would, therefore, be logical to conclude that his date of birth was 15 December 1913. His matriculation particulars in the Punjab University and the 'Birth and Death Register' of Utmanzai, for the years 1913-1914, however, if still available in the records, should be able to throw definitive light on the matter.

¹² Now upgraded to the status of a district of the same name.

¹³ The Chief-Commissionerate of N-W.F.P. was, through the efforts of *Nawab* Sir Abdul Qaiyum Sahibzada (1863-1937) at the two Round Table Conferences (1919 & 1931) and the awakening brought about by the *Khudai Khidmatgar* Movement (Caroe, Olaf. *The Pathans: 550 BC – AD 1957*; London: Macmillan and Company, 1965, p. 431) (Tendulkar, D. G. op., cit., p. 119) raised to a Governor's

Province in 1932 and given political rights and institutions similar to those in the rest of the sub-continent. There seems to have been a tacit understanding of sorts between Nawab Sir Abdul Qaiyum Sahibzada and the leadership of the *Khudai Khidmatgars* on the need for a struggle for political reforms in the Province. The late Maulvi Isa Khan of village Kotha, District Sawabi – one of the first associates of Abdul Ghaffar Khan in the Movement and a life-long follower – narrated to me that on the eve of the departure of Nawab Sahib for the Round Table Conference of 1931, in London, he told Samin Jan Khan – a founder-member of the Anjuman-e-Islah-ul-Afaghina – that if he was expected to obtain a measure of reform for the Frontier from the British Government, they must not allow the *butt* to cool. *Butt* in *Pukhto* means the open hearth-oven in which maize or corn is popped during the winter! The new Legislative Council was inaugurated on 20th April 1932 by the Viceroy's address. Sir Abdul Qaiyum Sahibzada became its first Minister-in-charge of the Transferred Departments (Caroe, Olaf. op., cit., p. 433). Subsequently it was brought at par with other provinces of British India under the Government of India Act of 1935. In the elections of 1-10 February, 1937 (*Police Abstract of Intelligence, N-W.F.P., 1937*) under this Act, the *Khudai Khidmatgars*, affiliated with the Congress, gave an impressive account of themselves by winning 19 seats in a house of 50. (Tendulkar, D. G. op., cit., p. 217). However, at the instance of Sir George Cunningham, the Governor, the government was formed on 1 April 1937 with Nawab Sir Abdul Qaiyum Sahibzada as the first Chief Minister. (Jansson, Erland. *India, Pakistan or Pakhtunistan: The Nationalist Movements in the North-West Frontier, Province, 1937-47*; Stockholm: Almqvist & Wiksell International, Doctoral dissertation at the University of Uppsala, 1981, p. 75.) because of the majority that he cobbled together in the Legislative Assembly. Speaking to his colleagues from the Frontier, at the Delhi Session of the All India Congress Committee, at the end of March 1937, Abdul Ghaffar Khan observed: "I do not feel dejected over the action of the Governor in offering the chief ministership to Sir Abdul Qaiyum. If you could not return your men in a large majority, you should not have any cause of complaint if the chief ministership did not come to you. Whatever might have been your success or failure, go ahead with your constructive programme with redoubled energy." (Tendulkar, D. G. op., cit., p. 218) Soon thereafter, eight non-Congress members of the Legislative Assembly agreed to co-operate with Congress leading to the fall of Sir Abdul Qaiyum's ministry and the formation of a Congress ministry by Dr. Khan Sahib on 7 September, 1937. (Jansson, Erland. op., cit., p. 76.) On the call of the All India Congress Committee, this ministry resigned on 7th November, 1939, (*ibid.* p. 103.) to be followed by Governor's Rule until the formation of the Muslim League Ministry of Sardar Aurangzeb Khan on 25th May, 1943 (*ibid.* p. 130). This in its turn resigned on 12 March, 1945 on a vote of no confidence being passed against it (*ibid.* p. 143). On 16 March, 1945, a Congress Ministry, with Dr. Khan Sahib as Chief Minister, assumed office again (*ibid.* p. 144), against the advice of Abdul Ghaffar Khan (Bouman, Helen H. trs. op., cit., p. 173.) and remained operative till the elections of 1946. The voting in these elections took place between 26 January and 14 February (Rittenberg, Stephen Alan. *The Independence Movement in India's North-West Frontier, Province, 1901-1947*; Columbia University, Ph.D., 1977, p. 330.). The Congress Party was returned in majority and Dr. Khan Sahib took oath of office as Chief Minister for the third time on 4 March, 1946 (Jansson, Erland. op., cit., p. 155). With the Muslim League and their demand for Pakistan gaining greater public acceptance, a referendum was held in the North-West Frontier, Province between July 6-18, 1947 to determine whether it desired to join the Indian or Pakistan Constituent Assembly (National Documentation Centre. *The Referendum in N.W.F.P. 1947: A Documentary Record*; Islamabad: National Documentation Centre, Cabinet Division, 1996, pp. 221, 282). It was held with Lieutenant-General Sir Rob Lockhart as the acting Governor and Brigadier J. R. Booth, D.S.O., Commander Wana Brigade, as the Referendum Commissioner. Sir Olaf Caroe, the Governor, following the allegations made against him by the Frontier Congress leaders and Nehru to the effect that he was not impartial and had distinct Muslim League leanings, had, on 26 June 1947, proceeded on two months' leave under instructions from Mountbatten, the Viceroy (Caroe, Olaf. *Springs of Enchantment: A Saga of East and West*; n.d., n.p., p. 193.). The Muslim League participated enthusiastically in the Referendum whilst the Congress and *Khudai Khidmatgars* boycotted it and also

complained of bogus voting. "While owing to the absence, in a large number of cases, of Congress Workers there is no doubt that a certain amount of bogus voting did take place, the Referendum Commissioner is satisfied that it was on a small scale and made no material difference to the result of the Referendum" (NDC. op., cit., p. 222.). On 19 July the result was compiled and announced over the radio on 20th "The results were – for union with Pakistan; 289,244 and for union with India 2,874. This shows that 50.49 per cent of the total electorate had voted for the union with Pakistan." (*Ibid.* p. 222.). On 22nd August, 1947, eight days after Independence, Dr. Khan Sahib's Ministry was dismissed and a Muslim League Ministry headed by Abdul Qaiyum Khan was formed the same day.

¹⁴ Caroe, Olaf. op., cit., p. 432.

¹⁵ The Government of India passed the Rowlatt Act, 1919 – a repressive criminal law. Under Mahatma Gandhi's leadership the passage of this act led to country-wide protests. The first such organised in the N-W.F.P. was a public meeting on 6 April 1919 near the mosque of the Haji Saheb of Turangzai – Maulana Fazl-e-Wahid (1848-14 December 1937) – later known to history for his unrelenting armed struggle, from the Mohmand tribal area, against British colonial rule. Abdul Ghaffar Khan was chosen by those present at the meeting to preside over it. This led to the popular belief in the minds of the common people that he had been chosen as their king and hence the honorific of Bacha Khan.

¹⁶ A title conferred on him by the people at the annual gathering of the *Azad* School held in 1924 soon after his release from detention (Tendulkar, D. G. op., cit., p. 46.)

¹⁷ "There arose a new political party in the villages, a party which, in the complete absence of the ballot-box or any form of expression by parliamentary means, was necessarily conceived first as a pressure group and subsequently as a mass movement for agitation against the established order. ... its executive, organised territorially, was referred to on the Frontier as 'the *Afghan Jirga*', and its shock troops, uniformed but unarmed, as the *Khudai Khidmatgaran*, or Servants of God. Since these were attired in garments dyed a dingy plum-colour, they soon acquired the sobriquet of *Surkhposhan*, or Red Shirts." (Caroe, Olaf. op., cit., p. 431).

¹⁸ This was a social reform movement as well as a movement intended to infuse amongst the *Pukhtana* the spirit of service to their fellow beings and the desire to serve their country and people in the name of God. A *Khudai Khidmatgar* was required to take the following oath:

I am a *Khudai Khidmatgar*, and as God needs no service, but serving His creation is serving Him.

I promise to serve humanity in the name of God.

I promise to refrain from violence and from taking revenge. I promise to forgive those who oppress me or treat me with cruelty.

I promise to refrain from taking part in feuds and quarrels and from creating enmity.

I promise to treat every *Pukhtoon* as my brother and friend.

I promise to refrain from anti-social customs and practices.

I promise to live a simple life, to practise virtue and to refrain from evil.

I promise to practise good manners and good behaviour, and not to lead a life of idleness.

I promise to devote at least two hours a day to social work.

I promise to be fearless and prepared for any sacrifice.

(Bouman, Helen H. Trs. op. cit., p. 97.)

In the words of Abdul Ghaffar Khan, "At first, it was a completely non-political organisation, but the British policy of oppression compelled it to participate in politics. It is a paradox that the British were instrumental in bringing us and the Congress together" (Tendulkar, D. G. op. cit., p. 59). Realising the danger to the *Khudai Khidmatgars* and Abdul Ghaffar Khan, at the hands of the British government in India, on account of their increasing hold over the masses, Nawab Sir Abdul Qaiyum Sahibzada advised affiliation or merger with either of the two national parties – the Congress or the Muslim League. On overtures to the Muslim League failing to evoke a favourable response, the Congress were

approached (Tendulkar, D. G. op. cit., pp. 75, 76, 118, 119). The All India Congress Committee, in their meeting of 9 August 1931 at Bombay, agreed that the Afghan Jirga and the N-W. F. Provincial Congress Committee should coalesce—the new Committee being known in the Frontier as the Frontier Provincial Jirga. The *Khudai Khidmatgars* would become a Congress volunteer organisation but retain its name (Tendulkar, D. G. op. cit., pp. 111, 112, 120). This annoyed some of the stalwarts. Abdul Akbar Khan and Mian Ahmad Shah, the President and General Secretary respectively, of the Afghan Jirga, parted ways with Abdul Ghaffar Khan (Tendulkar, D. G. op. cit., p. 119). Rumours were spread in August 1931 of Abdul Ghaffar Khan's leaving the Congress because of his views on some policy matters not being accepted by the Working Committee. "When Abdul Ghaffar Khan reached Lahore, Nawab Sahibzada Sir Abdul Qaiyum sent a messenger from the Frontier to convey to him the message that in no case should he leave the Congress, because, if he did, the British would not grant any reforms to the Frontier Province" (Tendulkar, D. G. op. cit., p. 119).

¹⁹ Quoting Abdul Ghaffar Khan, the date is also given as October, 1929. (Ibid., p. 186)

²⁰ Khan, Abdul Ghaffar. op., cit., p. 78.

²¹ This must have been in early 1919 as the Armistice was on 11 November 1918 and the epidemic was a post-War phenomenon. More over, Ghani would have been five years old in the beginning of January 1919.

²² Wali Khan ultimately inherited the political mantle of his father in the post-Independence era and as leader of the National Awami Party (NAP) and its successor, the Awami National Party (ANP), left indelible imprints on the course of the political history of Pakistan. He continues, as *Rahbar* (Guide), to set the strategic direction of the Awami National Party, the actual leadership of which he has of late relinquished in favour of his wife, Begum Nasim Wali Khan, who is currently the leader of the Party in the N.-W.F. Province, and his son, Asfandiyar Wali, its President for Pakistan.

²³ She died in infancy sometime during the period when her father was undergoing imprisonment in the Dera Ghazi Khan jail (1921 to 1924)

Benava, Abdur Rauf. *Osani Leekwal [Contemporary Writers]*; Kabul, (1346, sheen), p. 970.

²⁴ The wedding, in all likelihood, took place sometime in mid-December 1919, a few days after his release from the second detention of about a fortnight on suspicion of being involved in a bomb blast at Nowshera. (Khan, Abdul Ghaffar. op., cit., pp. 163, 166-67). Agitation against the Rowlatt Act of March 1919, a repressive criminal law which made the possession of a seditious document punishable with imprisonment, had led to his first arrest, presumably in the summer of 1919, and detention for six months – during the last few weeks of which his father, Bahram Khan (? -1926), was also detained along with quite a number of other activists. On the intercession of a *Jirga of Khans* of the area for the release of the aged amongst them, Sir George Roos Keppel ordered their release. In the words of Abdul Ghaffar Khan: "Sir George Roos Keppel was incharge of the Martial Law and was also our Chief Commissioner. He had a lot of love for the *Pukhtana* and was their well-wisher. He said that he would not prosecute us and consequently did not give permission for the registration of a case since a lot of time had elapsed and the objective conditions had changed. One of the *khans* later told me that they had gone to him as a delegation to release the 'white beards' (the aged) amongst those detained. He, however, told them that he had set them all free, including him whom they called their King." (p. 154, *ibid.*) However, in his autobiography (Bouman, Helen H. Trs. op. cit., p. 49.), he states that his second marriage took place in 1920. If this is taken as correct, then for the reasons already cited, it must have been in early January.

²⁵ Nambata was the first cousin of Meharqanda – Meharqanda's mother being the sister of Sultan Mohammad Khan, the father of Nambata.

²⁶ Mehar Taj was the first *Pukhtanah* to have studied (1930-32) in the Jesus and Mary Convent, Murree.

She also studied in England and on her return in 1934 joined the *Kanya Ashram*, a girls' institute at Wardha (Tendulkar, D. G. op. cit., p. 195). On 15 December 1944, she married Yahya Jan Khan (18 March 1901-04 March 1990) who was a staunch colleague of her father and later was a minister in the Cabinet of Dr. Khan Sahib's Congress Ministry (1945-47) in the North-West Frontier Province.

²⁷ Abdul Ali Khan obtained an Honours degree in History from Balliol College, Oxford University, in 1949, became an educationist (1950-1997), and earned for himself recognition – he was awarded the *Sitara-e-Imtiaz* on 14th August 1996 – and, more importantly, a place of honour amongst the real nation-builders of the country.

²⁸ When Abdul Ghaffar Khan was undergoing a three years imprisonment term (17 December 1921-1924) under section 40, Frontier Crimes Regulation, in the jail at Dera Ghazi Khan in the Punjab on account of his activities relating to the Khilafat movement. Bouman, Helen H. Trs., op., cit., p. 78.

²⁹ Ibid. p. 86.

³⁰ The *Anjuman-e-Islah-ul-Afaghina* was a purely missionary, non-political association established for the reform of the *Pukhtana*. Its objectives were economic and social – to establish schools and carry on educational work methodically and to inculcate non-violence, patriotism, love and amity amongst the *Pukhtana*. The following were its members: Mohammad Abbas Khan, Abdul Ghaffar Khan (President) – both from Utmanzai, Haji Mohammad Akram Khan of Khanmahi, Jammadar Noor Mohammad Khan of Turangzai, Mohammad Zareen Khan of Turangzai, Abdul Akbar Khan of Umarzai, Ghulam Mohiuddin Khan of Tungi, Fakhr-e-Qaum Mian Saheb, Mian Jaffar Shah of Ziarat Kaka Saheb, Fazle-Akram of Narai Qala, Fazle-Rabbi of Badragga, Mian Ahmad Shah of Qazikhel, Mian Abdullah Shah of Qazikhel, Khadim Mohammad Akbar of Charsadda, Taj Mohammad Khan of Charsadda, Maulana Shah Rasul of Amazo Garhi, Shad Mohammad Khan of Mirzai, Sher Bahadur Khan of Kutarpan, Jaleel Khan of Jaleel, Khushhal Khan of Barikab, Shah Pasand Khan of Charghulai, Amir Mumtaz Khan, Barrister Mohammad Jan of Bannu, Mohammad Ramzan of Dera Ismail Khan, Hakim Abdus Salam of Haripur, Mian Saheb of Pakli (Mansehra), Kazi Attaullah of Mardan, Sameen Jan Khan of Mohibbanda, Ali Asghar Khan of Mansehra, Effendi Saheb of Malakand. (Khan, Abdul Ghaffar. op., cit., pp. 183-84.)

³¹ A scholar from Deoband – a seminary of Islamic Studies in India – on a visit to the Azad School Utmanzai, and hearing Ghani deliver a speech in Arabic, was amazed and asked whether the boy was an Arab. At this Abdul Ghaffar Khan smiled and proudly replied, "No, he is my son." (Javed, Saleem. *Abdul Ghani Khan Ghani: Life and works*; Peshawar: Pakistan Study Centre, University of Peshawar, M.A. Thesis, 1989-91, n.p. p. 48.)

³² The annual meeting of *Jamiat-ul-Ulema-e-Hind* was held in the Shahi Mehman Khana (Government Guest House), Peshawar, in October 1927. This meeting in which prominent *Ulema* from all over India participated, was also attended by students of the Azad School, Utmanzai, of whom Ghani Khan was one. He made an emotional speech in Urdu and, expressing grave concern over the pathetic condition of his people, appealed to the *Ulema*: "For God's sake, lead the Muslims, and particularly the *Pukhtana* living west of the Indus, in the right direction or do not consider this area as part of your Indian sub-continent." The audience were impressed and Mufti Kifayatullah kissed Ghani while Sir Abdul Qaiyum Sahibzada (1863-1937), President of the Reception Committee, paid him a glowing tribute by saying: "After the speech of this boy there is no need for my address as I have neither the rhetoric nor the fluency of language exhibited by him. But, since the Presidential address is a necessary convention, I have no option." (Javed, Saleem. op., cit., p. 47.)

³³ His proficiency in Arabic and knowledge gained at the *Jamia Milli* stood him in good stead in later life in disputations with the *Ulema* when defending his views.

³⁴ Khan, Abdul Ghaffar. op., cit., pp. 30-31.

³⁵ Tendulkar, D. G. op., cit., pp. 162-163.

³⁶ Ghani felt that his father should have arranged for him to study either at Cambridge or Oxford for a formal degree, rather than the informal arrangements that were made to familiarise him with the culture and civilisation of the west. However, on the basis of testimony of some of his friends, the other account of his placement in America was that:

"...in the liberal atmosphere of England Ghani's rare good-looks became a nuisance for him. Wherever he went he was pestered by girls who would not let him study. Finally a celebrated film actress of matchless beauty fell in love with him. His *Pukhtoon* friends were apprehensive lest he should marry her. One of them wrote to his father informing him of the affair; at which Bacha Khan directed Ghani to proceed forthwith to America. When Ghani was leaving, in addition to his dozen or so *Pukhtoon* friends, two extremely beautiful English girls were also present with their arms full of bouquets of flowers and their eyes filled with tears."

(Benava, Abdur Rauf. op., cit., p. 972.)

³⁷ Abdul Ghaffar Khan was arrested on the evening of 24 December 1931 and interned under Regulation 3 of 1818 and taken to Hazaribagh jail in Bihar. He was released on 27 August 1934 but, not being allowed to enter the N.-W. F.P., he stayed with Mahatma Gandhi and Jamnalal Bajaj at Wardha. At Hazaribagh, according to him, "although I was a state prisoner, no allowance was sanctioned for my children, whereas the family members of Dr. Khan Sahib and Qazi Attaullah received allowances. My son, Ghani, had to return from America without completing his course of studies for want of money. I owned substantial landed property but received no income from it, because there was none to manage the property after my arrest and at the instigation of the Government my tenants cheated me of my share of the proceeds." *Ibid.* The particulars of his arrests are as follows:

"He is an old Red Shirt leader. Prior to Independence he was attached to All India Congress.

He has the following convictions:

- Arrested on the evening of the 24 December 1931 and interned under Regulation 4 of 1818 in the Hazari Bagh Central Jail, C.P. (India) and released from the jail on 27 August 1934.
- Arrested at Wardha (India) on 7 December 1934 under Section 124 IPC and taken to Bombay where he was convicted and sentenced to two years' R.I. Later he was transferred to Almora jail from where he was released on 1 August 1936 and served with an order under section 5 of the N-W.F.P. Public Tranquillity (Additional Powers) Act, 1932, from entering the N-W. F.P. upto 28 December 1936. He was also served with another order under Section 3 of the Punjab CLAA prohibiting him from entering the Punjab upto 14 August 1937.
- Arrested at Mardan on 27 October 1942 and taken to Haripur Jail where he was detained under Rule 26 of the Defence of India Rules and released on 17 March 1945.
- Arrested at Banda Daud Shah, Kohat District on 15 June 1948 under Section 40 FCR and released from Rawalpindi jail on 7 January 1954.
- Arrested at his village Shahi Bagh (Charsadda) on 16 June 1956 under Sections 123-A, 124-A and 153-A, Pakistan Penal Code. He was sentenced to imprisonment till the rising of the court and to pay a fine of Rupees 14,000 and released on 24 January 1957.
- Arrested at Mohammad Narai (Charsadda) on 11 October 1958 under Section 3 of the Public Safety Act and released on 4 April 1959.
- Arrested at D.I. Khan on 12 April 1961 under the orders of the Provincial government issued under sub-Sections (1) and (7) of Section 3 of the West Pakistan Maintenance of Public Order Ordinance, 1960, and detained in the Central Jail, Hyderabad for a period of six months from the date of arrest.

He is now struggling for the resurrection of the former N-W.F.P."

(Note on Abdul Ghaffar Khan son of Bahram Khan of village Mohammad Narai (Utmanzai), Tehsil Charsadda, Peshawar District – Directorate of Archives, Government of N-W.F.P., Bundle number 1, Serial number 7.)

- ³⁸ Wolpert, Stanley; *Nehru, A Tryst with Destiny*, Oxford University Press, 1996, p.170
- ³⁹ *The Herald*, monthly, Karachi, August 1990, p. 180.
- ⁴⁰ Hussain, Sabah, "You can live without art but you cannot progress without it", (Interview with Ghani Khan) Karachi, *The Herald*, March 1993, p 159.
- ⁴¹ Possibly in the second week of October, 1934. (Tendulkar, D. G. op., cit., pp. 180-181.)
- ⁴² He did an excellent portrait of Abdul Ghaffar Khan in calligraphy (Tendulkar, D. G. op., cit., p. 12.)
- ⁴³ Wolpert, Stanley, op.cit. p.181
- ⁴⁴ Date ascertained from Abdul Wali Khan.
- ⁴⁵ Hussain, Sabah; "Interview with Ghani Khan"; *Weekend Post*, Friday 12 February 1993.
- ⁴⁶ The polling for the sole *general* seat of the N-W.F.P. in the Legislative Assembly (Central), 1945 was held on 4-5 December 1945. Of the total electorate of 19,538, the number of votes polled was 13,611 (69%). Of these Ghani Khan got 8,159 while Mohammad Akbar Qureshi (Khaksar), his sole opponent, jointly fielded by the Muslim League, Khaksars and Hindu Mahasabha, obtained 5,336 votes. (*Elections in India, 1929-47* (L/1/1/607, National Documentation Centre, Cabinet Division, Government of Paksitan, Micro-film Accession No. 1465, pp. 71, 152 & 183).
- ⁴⁷ See his speeches and interventions in the debates of the Sixth Legislative Assembly of India, available in the National Documentation Centre of the Cabinet Division, Government of Pakistan; Microfilm Accession Numbers 2479-82, 2485, 2501, 2503-05.
- ⁴⁸ University of Peshawar, Pashto Academy. *Pashto: Monthly Journal of the Pashto Academy*(Ghani Khan Number); Peshawar, Director, Pashto Academy, 1997, p. 133.
- ⁴⁹ Directorate of Archives, Government of N-W.F.P., bundle #42, serial #670, p. 53.
- ⁵⁰ It was introduced to the public in a meeting at Shankargarh (Shabqadar) on 4 May, 1947 by Amir Mohammad Khan of Hoti. (*Ibid.* p. 45.) The Foundation Pamphlet reads as follows:
 "As soon as the British government announced that they would quit India by June, 1948, and that they would hand-over power to Indian hands, great turmoil was created throughout the country; the N-W.F.P. was especially badly affected. Here disturbances increased for the reason that the authorities responsible for law and order in the Province had entirely ignored their responsibilities. We witness that people are being shot at and stabbed during day-light, and houses and bazaars are being put to the torch. Bombs are being thrown. Women, children, and the aged are being killed. Girls are being forcibly kidnapped, but no one is caught. The country is being dominated by bad characters. During such a period, when law and order is replaced by lawlessness, it is natural that every one apprehends danger. The people think of their own safety but we think of the *Pukhtoos* generally, and of those elders, especially, who have brought political awakening in the country, and through the sacrifices of whom the British are going to entrust the country back to us. We have, after deep thought, come to the conclusion that with the concurrence of the elders we should organise such a party of young *Pukhtoos* whose only concern should be to protect the helpless and the oppressed. Consequently, on 26/27 April, Abdul Ghani Khan put up this proposal before a meeting of the Provincial workers at Charsadda, where it was unanimously agreed to name the party as the *Zalmai Pukhtoon*. This party permits the use of arms for the defence of the public, in general whenever there is a need for it; but they will not be allowed to use them for oppression and cruelty."

Rules and Regulations

- This party will be called the *Zalmai Pukhtoon*.
- This party will wear red uniform, with black collars, cuffs and belts. They will also wear black caps.
- This party's symbol will be a red flag, bearing the words *Allah-o-Akbar*, with the symbol of crossed swords underneath.
- This party will not wear shorts, but instead they will put on pantaloons.

• Oath of Allegiance

Considering God to be present and seeing, I solemnly promise the *Pukhtoons* that:

- ① I will stake my life and property for my religion, nation and country.
 - ② I will sacrifice my personal gains for the gain of my nation.
 - ③ My death, and life and every action will be for the safety of the public.
 - ④ For the benefit and protection of the *Pukhtoons*, I will use every possible means at my command.
 - ⑤ I will obey the orders of my officer.
 - ⑥ If I fail to fulfil the above agreement, I will not call myself the son of a *Pukhtoon*.
- This party has no connection with any central organisation in India. It is for this reason that it has got a separate symbol.

Abdul Ghani Khan, MLA (Central)

Amir Nawaz Khan, Jalia.

Shahzada Behramand Khan"

(*Ibid.* pp. 53-55.) Note: this is a translation from the original document which is in *Pukhto*. The translation is that of a subordinate officer of the Special Branch (Police) and hence not very idiomatic.

⁵¹ According to Abdul Ghaffar Khan, "the *Zalmai Pakhtoon*, which has recently been founded by my son, Ghani, in the Frontier, has no connection with Red Shirt Movement. It is quite a separate body. I still believe in non-violence, as it is my firm conviction that the country in general and the Frontier Province in particular should stick to non-violence. Violence spreads hatred, while non-violence spreads love." (Tendulkar, D. G. op., cit., p. 418.)

⁵² "Khan Abdul Ghani Khan, son of Abdul Ghaffar Khan, Khan Obaidullah Khan son of Dr. Khan Sahib and Master Abdul Karim, lieutenant of Khan Abdul Ghaffar Khan, have been arrested under Section 40, Frontier Crimes Regulations, for alleged subversive activities. Khan Abdul Ghani Khan... was a member of the Central Assembly before the division of India. Khan Obaidullah Khan... is a prominent Congress worker while Master Abdul Karim, till recently, was a government servant - API." (*The Pakistan Times*, Lahore, Tuesday, July 6, 1948). However, according to Abdul Ghaffar Khan's account, the arrest of Ghani and Dr. Khan Sahib took place soon after the Babra Massacre of 12 August 1948. In this encounter a substantial number of *Khudai Khidmatgars*, while moving towards the mosque of the village for *Jumma* (Friday) congregational prayers, were killed by the para-military forces (Tendulkar, D. G. op., cit., p. 467). The date given by Abdul Ghaffar Khan is obviously not correct.

⁵³ Javed, Saleem. op., cit., p. 85.

⁵⁴ Benava, Abdur Rauf. op., cit., p. 976.

⁵⁵ Bouman, Helen H. Trs. op., cit., p. 160.

⁵⁶ (Tendulkar, D. G. op., cit., p. 467.)

⁵⁷ Bouman, Helen H. Trs. *My Life and Struggle: Autobiography of Badshah Khan as narrated to K. B. Narang*; Delhi: Hind Pocket Books (P) Ltd. G. T. Road. 9 March 1969, p. 88.

⁵⁸ Ibid.

⁵⁹ (Tendulkar, D. G. op., cit., p. 51.)

⁶⁰ Ibid p. 478.

⁶¹ Translated by me and included in the *Pilgrim of Beauty* as poem number 95.

⁶² Seen by me in the winter of 1960 when, as a probationer, of the Civil Service of Pakistan (CSP), I was on attachment with the 1st Battalion of the Punjab Regiment during the collective training exercises.

⁶³ Abdul Ghani Khan published the following books:

The Pathans. Bombay: The National Information and Publications, 1947.

This was his first book, written in English and published before Independence. It is a delightful sketch of the Pathans, their social customs and practices, their superstitions, their enmities and feuds, and their attitudes to life. It also contains some poems in English of the author – whether these are translations from the *Pukhto* or original compositions, is not certain. It has been re-published in 1994 by the *Frontier Post* Publications.

De Panjray Chaghar (Chirpings of the Cage). Peshawar: University Book Agency, 1956, 215 pp.

This contains poems written between 15 October 1950 and 27 October 1953 during the periods of incarceration of the author.

Palwashay (Beams of Light). Kabul, Afghanistan: *Pukhto Tolana*, (1339 A.H.) 1960-61, 236 pp.

This contains a number of poems from *De Panjray Chaghar* along with new compositions.

Panoos. (Chandelier) Peshawar: Qami Maktaba, 1978, 292 pp.

This contains selections from *De Panjray Chaghar* and *Palwashay*, along with a number of new poems.

Kulliyat (Collected Works). Kabul, Afghanistan: Ministry of Tribes and Nationalities, Directorate of Publications, 1985, 680 pp.

This is a compendium of his published verse contained in *De Panjray Chaghar*, *Palwashay* and *Panoos*.

Gaday Waday (Stuff and Nonsense). Peshawar: 1982, ? pp. Iftikhar Hussain ed.

This contains the collection, both in prose and verse, of his contributions under the pen name of *Iewaney falsafi* (the mad philosopher), to the journal *Pukhtoon* between May 1928 and August 1947.

Khan Sahib, Peshawar, Frontier Post Publications, 1994, pp. 48.

This is his only effort in Urdu and relates to the views of a rustic, unlettered, Pukhtoon on a number of issues as he interacts in 'tea-house' sessions with highly educated and sophisticated intellectuals, a professor of Urdu, a budding artist, a professor of art, a medical doctor deeply interested in religion and a bank accountant who is a member of a religio-political party. The issues on which Khan Sahib gives his opinions range from the ridiculous to the sublime which evoke characteristic responses from the interlocutors. Humour and satire are the dominating aspects of the book.

Latoon (Search). Peshawar: Frontier Post Publications, 1995, 683 pp.

This contains all his poems published in *Kulliyat* (Collected Works), less some reportedly desired by Ghani to be excluded, and a number of new, hitherto unpublished, ones.

Random Selections, a book in English of articles contributed by a number of writers and jointly edited with Rajagopalacharia (1879-1972), Indian nationalist leader who later became the first Indian Governor General of India (1948-50), and published by the National Information and Publications, Bombay. Ghani's contribution was an article on "Democracy", which was later broadcast by All India Radio on its National Programme.

⁶⁴ A chandelier-like lantern made of a very light wooden frame of thin bamboo strips, encased in thin veil, in which a number of candles are lighted. On account of the hot air produced by the heat of the candles, it ascends and illuminates the sky for a while at night and then is extinguished and seen no more.

⁶⁵ This is an original piece in English prose which was tape-recorded by Ghani for me, along with numerous other poems in Pukhto, at his home, Dar-ul-Aman-the abode of peace-sometime during the Spring of 1979.

"Prayer is not what you say with your lips, but ask for with your mind. Prayer is a concentration of longing. When you become intensely aware of a dream and long with every power of your being for it to come true, it becomes a prayer. It is granted as soon as you start praying. Prayer is not what you say with your lips; but is what you ask for in the silent language of your hopes and intentions. In life you get whatever you want; and if your *Prince Charming* turns out to be a *dragon*, search in your own heart and you will discover that you have been longing for a *dragon* though talking about *St. George*. Spoken prayer is the act of clarifying to your intellect the lazy desires of your bones. The active force is the sub-conscious or unconscious longings; they act upon your personality and change you into the kind of trap that will catch the bird of your dreams. Prayers are always answered as soon as they are expressed sincerely -- for your intentions begin to act on your mind and change and evolve (it) into the perfect instrument for the attainment of the goal that you have set for your life. The interesting and fascinating part of prayer is that it works both ways as a catalyst -- strengthening and exciting (one) another. Prayer intensifies the longing and longing intensifies the prayer. Both help to increase and stimulate the intensity and concentration of intention and desire; and that is the point of all (the) exquisite, beautiful, joyous prayers taught by various prophets and seers. They attempt to colour your longing; to direct your desires; and to help you (r) wish for the things that you value in life. Because the key to the answering of prayer lies in the human heart, *your* prayers are answered through *you* and by *you* -- since you are the most intricate, the most efficient, and the most subtle and effective instrument of life of God. Not a single prayer goes unanswered. Life is the most generous giver. Ours is the choice to ask; life has no choice but to give!"

Another piece is "A reaction to Hasham Baber's poem: "Khapasa" (Nightmare):

Strange how obsessed one is with death, the farther one is from it!. There is some strange trick in the human mind- the nearer you get to it the less you fear it. Anyway Nature seems to give its tortured pets, an innumerable variety of moods, joys, sorrows, pains and ecstasies to enable them to cover and interpret the broadest panorama of the strange and unfathomable ocean, called the human soul or mind. Or are they two names of the same thing? I wonder! However, if an artist has courage to put up with the sorrows of life, a memory that can recall and recreate them and a mind to express them in understandable colour, moods and rhythms, he is bound to become the finest interpreter of his age. And who could ask for more?

But the price is terrible- the reward more pain-and if one is lucky, a little spark of beauty is added to the dark suffering soul of Adam.

Baber, Muhammad Hasham, *Seoree* (Shades) Azim Publishing House, Khyber Bazaar, Peshawar, 1966, back cover.

⁶⁶ Three of the few poems translated by *Ghani Khan* and published, before Independence, in his little booklet called *The Pathans*, which has been re-published in 1994 by the Frontier Post Publications:

The Pukhtoon

He says *Allah*
Is good and sweet,
To him who laughs,
And sings and dies;
He says the cowards
Weep and work,
But fighters go
To Paradise!

Fate

Fate, like the keys of an instrument,
Arrests the hum of life;
Gives it form and variety-
Like the prism takes
The white light of the sun,
And breaks it up
Into myriad colours.
Life without fate, is monotony,
And monotony is Eternity.

Silence

When silence is overcome by love,
 It turns into a song;
 When a song becomes obstinate,
 It turns into noise;
 When a thought is sure of itself,
 It turns into a word;
 When a word feels like dancing,
 It turns into music;
 And when music goes adreaming,
 It turns into silence.
 Silence is the beginning,
 Silence the end!

- ⁶⁷ Khan, Abdul Ghani. *Palwashay* (Beams of Light); Kabul, Afghanistan: *Pukhto Tolana*, (1339 A.H.) 1960-61, 236 pp.
- ⁶⁸ Benava, Abdur Rauf. op., cit., pp. 1005-1006.
- ⁶⁹ Hussain, Sabah, "You can live without art but you cannot progress without it", (Interview with Ghani Khan) Karachi, *The Herald*, March 1993, p 160.
- ⁷⁰ Benava, Abdur Rauf. op., cit., p 977.
- ⁷¹ Hussain, Sabah, "You can live without art but you cannot progress without it", (Interview with Ghani Khan) Karachi, *The Herald*, March 1993, p 160.
- ⁷² Benava, Abdur Rauf. op., cit., p 979.
- ⁷³ *Ibid.* p. 980.
- ⁷⁴ *Ibid.* p. 981.
- ⁷⁵ The plural in English of *hoor*, a beautiful and pious maiden promised as a reward in Heaven for a pious life led on earth.
- ⁷⁶ Benava, Abdur Rauf, op., cit., pp. 981-983.
- ⁷⁷ As an example the poem titled, *The Martyr*, at serial number 92 can be cited.
- ⁷⁸ See note 63.
- ⁷⁹ From the foreword by Sulaiman Laiq to the *Kulliyat* of Ghani.
- ⁸⁰ Khan, Abdul Ghani. *De Ghani Panoos*; Peshawar: Daur, De Chap Zai, pp. iv-vi.
- ⁸¹ University of Peshawar, Pashto Academy. *Pashto: Monthly Journal of the Pashto Academy* (Ghani Khan Number); Peshawar, Director, Pashto Academy, 1997, pp. 10, 37.
- ⁸² *Ibid.* pp. 163-164.
- ⁸³ *Ibid.* pp. 123-124.
- ⁸⁴ Khattak, Ajmal. "Pushto Adab [Pukhto Literature]" in Farigh Bokhari and Raza Hamadani, (eds.); *Attock ke us paar (On the Other Side of Attock)*; Lahore: Gosha-e-Adab, 1950, pp. 106-107.
- ⁸⁵ Excerpt from a letter dated 26 November, 1967, written to Naeem Ahmad Rathore which was very kindly made available to me by him on my last visit to New York in March, 1998.

⁸⁶ Umar Farooq Sahibzada (1940–1997), son of Colonel A. K. Sahibzada, O.B.E., I.M.S. and a scion of the well-known Sahibzada family of village Kotha in the Uthman area of the Mandanr Yousafzai territory of Sawabi district of the North-West, Frontier Province. He was a close and life-long friend of Ghani Khan.

⁸⁷ Hussain, Sabah, "Interview with Ghani Khan," *Weekend Post*, Friday, 12 February, 1993.

⁸⁸ Hussain, Sabah, "You can live without art but you cannot progress without it", (Interview with Ghani Khan) Karachi, *The Herald*, March 1993, p 159.

⁸⁹ Hussain, Sabah, *ibid.* p 159.

⁹⁰ Hussain, Sabah, *ibid.* p 159.

⁹¹ Hussain, Sabah, *Ghani Khan*; Lahore, Lahore Art Gallery; 1993, pp. 4.

Introductory brochure for the exhibition of his paintings at the Lahore Art Gallery (11th February–20th February, 1993).

⁹² One such, however, was given to his friend, Sardar Abdul Ghani—a younger brother of the distinguished Muslim League leader, Sardar Abdur Rab Nishtar—which is now in the possession of his son Awais Ghani.

⁹³ Writing about him to Naeem, Ghani Khan says:

"Farooq was here for a couple of days—a joy and a comfort to us. And do you know what he did? I offered him one of my new paintings; he had the usual bloody cheek to look at it and say, 'Lala—I have enough cobwebs in my mind already. D-do-do-do-don't [onomatopoeic rendering of his stammer] give me a painting that will produce another cobweb every time I look at it!' And he refused the painting. Can you think of any one in the world with such shameless insolence. No, I did not murder him; I laughed and hugged him! But between me and the zoo, he is getting spoilt. His ego like the dollar is suffering from officially un-admitted inflation and must be brought down to the gold standard to prevent the Sahibzada Sahib from becoming insufferable." (Excerpt from an undated letter of Ghani Khan to Naeem Ahmad Rathore).

⁹⁴ The citation reads as follows:

"Khan Abdul Ghani Khan is a renowned prose writer both in *Pukhto* and English. His English work, *The Pathans*, published before Independence is internationally acknowledged as a significant work on the social history and characteristics of the *Pathans* as a community. He also enjoys an eminent place in *Pukhto* poetry and is known for his treatment of serious social problems with the inimitable humour and satire so characteristic of him. *De Panjray Chaghar* and *De Ghani Patwashay*, are two of his notable poetical works, the latter having been published in Afghanistan also. His talents are versatile; he is a painter, sculptor and art critic as well. A number of exhibitions of his paintings and sculpture have been held by the *Abaseen* Arts Council, and he is recognised as a prominent painter and sculptor. In acknowledgement of his accomplishments and contributions to art and literature, the President of Pakistan is pleased to confer on him the Award of *Sitara-e-Imtiaz*."



Notes - Poems

1

⁹⁵ *Roshan* (1907-1987), a Parsi lady of noble birth, daughter of *Rustum Faridoonji*, of Hyderabad, Deccan, Republic of India, whom *Ghani Khan* married in 1939.

⁹⁶ See note 4 of the Preface. The Afghans are known for their code of conduct of which honour or *ghairat*, as it is called in *Pukhto*, is the essential component.

2

⁹⁷ This was written by the poet on his wedding night.

⁹⁸ The famous lover of the Oriental tale '*Laila-Majnoon*', whose name has become synonymous with the madness of love.

⁹⁹ The beloved of '*Majnoon*', the literal meaning of which in Arabic is 'night'.

3

¹⁰⁰ The eldest child of *Ghani Khan*. She was born on 7 October, 1940 at Hyderabad, Deccan.

¹⁰¹ Oriental head dress consisting of a round cap and a long piece of muslin wound round it. It is a sign of authority and honour. Sheikhs and persons of religious pretensions wear green turbans. The mitre and diadem of the Old Testament.

¹⁰² Is the name in *Pukhto* for the river Indus, meaning the *father-river*, the principal river of Pakistan which, except for the cis-Indus tract of Hazara, forms the boundary of the N.W.F.P. with the Punjab, the biggest province, in terms of population, of Pakistan. It rises in the snows of the Himalayas and flows into the Arabian Sea at Karachi, the capital of the province of Sindh.

4

¹⁰³ '*Rustam*', the name of a celebrated champion and warrior of ancient Iran, which has since become a synonym for strength and valour. *Rustam-e-Jang*, meaning the *Rustam of War*, was a title, usually bestowed by rulers on outstanding men in public affairs.

¹⁰⁴ An ancient historical town, which is now the capital of the North-West, Frontier Province of Pakistan. It lies east of the famous *Khyber Pass* which is the gate-way from the north to the Indo-Pak sub-continent.

¹⁰⁵ *Hazara* is the cis-Indus territory of the N-W. F. Province, and *Haripur* is now the headquarter town of the administrative district of that name. A Central Jail is located in the town.

¹⁰⁶ Red-Vented Bulbul, the scientific name of which is *Pycnonotus cafer*. One of the most familiar of birds in Pakistan, it has melodious call-notes, and a short whistling song of several phrases.

¹⁰⁷ Principality.

¹⁰⁸ The Chieftain of a principality; prominent land-owner.

¹⁰⁹ Bearer of the wine-cup.

¹¹⁰ A famous mathematician, astronomer and poet (Circa 1050-1122 AD) of *Nishapur*, Iran. Author of the *Rubáiyát*, about a thousand epigrammatic quatrains, a hundred of which were made famous in the West by Edward FitzGerald's (1809-1883) translation, first published in 1859.

¹¹¹ The Mount Sinai of Scripture.

¹¹² Uzza was the god of war in pre-Islamic Arabia.

¹¹³ The annual pilgrimage to Mecca which is enjoined on all those Muslims who can afford it.

¹¹⁴ The seamless sheet of cloth worn by Muslim pilgrims when performing *Hajj*.

5

¹¹⁵ *Nageen* is the wife of *Faridoon* (1951-1987), *Ghani Khan*'s only son who pre-deceased him. The literal meaning of *Nageen* in *Pukhto* is 'precious stone' or gem.

¹¹⁶ A beautiful and pious maiden promised as a reward in Paradise for a righteous life led on earth.

6

¹¹⁷ *Bahram Khan*, named after his paternal great grandfather, is the older of *Ghani Khan*'s two grandsons.

¹¹⁸ One of the many appellations in *Pukhto* for 'Father'.

7

¹¹⁹ The younger of *Ghani Khan*'s two grandsons, the literal meaning of which in *Pukhto* is 'torch'.

8

¹²⁰ *Ghani Khan*'s only grand-daughter.

9

¹²¹ *Hasht* in Persian means the numeral *Eight* and *Nagar* in *Hindi* and *Sanskrit* means habitation. The compound word, *Hashtnaghar* has been assimilated into *Pukhto* and means 'Eight Habitations'. The area from which *Ghani Khan* hails is called as such as it consists of eight principal towns, of which his ancestral home-town is *Uthmanzai*. A female inhabitant of *Hashtnaghar* is called *Hashtnagharai*. This is pronounced as *Hush*, *na* as in *Madonna*, *gha* as in 're' of the French 'gare', meaning station and *rai* as in rye. The area now forms part of the administrative district of *Charsadda* in the N-W.F.P.

11

¹²² This poem is addressed to his grand children. It was read out to me by *Ghani Khan*, soon after it was written, at *Dar-ul-Aman*, the poet's home, where I chanced to be on one of my infrequent visits. It is written in very simple words which enhance its beauty. On reading it out, *Ghani Khan* took off his spectacles, smiled, and said, "It is very difficult to write in simple words. I hope you appreciate it!"

15

¹²³ The *rabab*, a stringed musical instrument and progenitor of the *Sarod* of Indian classical music, is the mainstay of the music of the *Pukhtana*. Until fairly recently, almost all the traditional forms of *Pukhto* composition i.e. the *charbaita*, *badala*, *neemakai*, *loba*, *tappa*, *rubai*, *misraeeza* and the *ghazal*, were sung to the music of the *rabab* supported by that of the *tambal*, *dolkai*, *surna*, *shpelai*, *sareenda*, *chang* and the *mangai*.

¹²⁴ The *Jasmine* plant bearing pinnate leaves and fragrant white flowers. Its scientific name is *Jasminum officinale*.

¹²⁵ The yellow variety of the *Jasmine* flower, the scientific name of which is *Gelsemium sempervirens*.

¹²⁶ The *Pukhto* word used in the text is *zark*, which in Urdu and Hindi is *chakor*, the red-legged partridge the scientific name of which is: *Alectoris graeca* (*Baluchistani*). Also called *Alectoris chukar*.

16

127

Numerous small bells in a strap tied around the ankles of the dancers when performing the Indo-Pak Sub-continental classical dances, such as the *Kathak*.

128

The *tabla* is a percussion musical instrument, like a small drum, which is played in pairs to provide different rhythms to vocalists and to the music of the lead instruments, such as, inter alia, the *sitar*, *sarod*, *rabab*, *sarinda* and the *flute*.

18

129

The plural in English of *hourī*, a beautiful and pious maiden promised as a reward in Heaven for a righteous life led on earth.

19

130

Mansoor al-Hallaj, the carder, a Muslim mystic born about 858 AD, who was executed on 26 March, 922 AD, in Baghdad, for having asserted his identity with God.

22

131

The italicised portion of this translation was done by Umar Farooq Sahibzada, some thirty five years ago and was dictated by him from memory to me during his illness a few days before his death. I have attempted to render the rest.

132

A stringed musical instrument, very popular in the sub-continent for the playing of classical music to the accompaniment of the *tanpura*, a single-stringed drone instrument, and the *tabla*, a pair of percussion drums.

25

133

The original of this is in free verse. Though free verse is a fairly popular form with Pashto Poets today, its origins in Pashto poetry, I understand, date back to the early forties of the twentieth century in a few poems, one of which is 'To a Star' of Arbab Hidayatullah (1923 -). A scion of the prominent Arbab Family of Landi Arbab, he joined the All-India Radio on 01 April, 1947, as a Programme Assistant and continued as such till December 1950. In January 1951 he joined the Police Service of Pakistan and retired as an Inspector General Police (Sindh) in 1984. He now lives at Khanijju Point, his serene home set in spacious gardens in his ancestral village on the outskirts of Peshawar. The original Pashto and English translation of his poem 'To a Star' are as follows:

ستورګه

اے برېندې مرغلرې
ستا رڼا به کمه نه شي
که دې ونغاړو اېرو کښې!
ته چور هم د چا نه بېل نهې
چې د سترګې نه دې څاڅی
د رڼو اوښکو تارونه
کاش چې ستا په ځانې خوږه وے
چې لېدے مې هغه هر څوک
چې اوس تا وته به کورې!

To a Star

Oh naked gem, serene,
Your light shall never fade,
Though we smother you in cinders!
It appears that the loved one,
From you, also, is estranged,
From your moistened eyes there drip
Rays of luminous, bright, tears!
Ah! If only I could be,
In your place up in the sky,
So that I could then observe,
All those now observing thee!

27

134

Haji means one who has performed the annual Muslim pilgrimage to Mecca. *Gul*, literally means a flower and in personal names, either precedes or follows the main name. In the present context it is a reference to those who, having performed *Haj*, make it a point to sanctimoniously display their piety.

¹³⁵ Powdered antimony.

¹³⁶ Common name for the bush *Lawsonia inermis*, and for the dye that is obtained from its leaves. Women all over the Muslim world use the dye to stain their hands and feet as part of make-up and the men to colour their beards.

28

¹³⁷ A Chieftain of Zaida (District Sawabi) in the *Mandanr Yousafzai* (name of a sub-tribe) territory, he lived during the second half of the 19th century. He was the over-lord of the area on behalf of the Sikh rulers of the Punjab and was noted for his harshness in the collection of taxes and, even more so, for his generosity which has become proverbial in the traditions of the Pukhtana.

30

¹³⁸ *Touranai* or *Toryanaka* in *Pukhto* is the *Koel* in Urdu and Hindi. Its scientific name is *Eudynamis scolopacea*. Black in colour it has a fluty double call, especially in the hot weather, which can be heard from leafy gardens, groves and woodland. Its first call can be heard in the very early hours of the morn-just after midnight, as it were.

¹³⁹ The beloved of *Farhad* in the famous oriental tale of *Shireen-Farhad*.

¹⁴⁰ *Genghis Khan*, (1167-1227) who's real name was *Temujin*. Mongol conqueror who created a vast empire under his control from China to Russia. His name has become synonymous with ruthlessness.

¹⁴¹ *Tamerlane* (1336-1405), the Mongol conqueror who established an Empire extending from India to the Mediterranean Sea.

¹⁴² The beloved of *Ranjha* in the famous folk-tale of the Punjab called *Heer-Ranjha*. The tale has been rendered immaculately in Punjabi verse by *Waris Shah* in his celebrated masterpiece called *Heer*.

32

¹⁴³ The most sacred city of the Muslims, situated in western Saudi Arabia. It is celebrated as the birth place of Muhammad, the Prophet of Islam (may the peace and blessings of *Allah* be upon him) and the last of the prophets, and as the site of the *Ka'bah*, the cube-like building in the centre of the mosque which contains the *Hajaru'l-Aswad*, or black-stone.

¹⁴⁴ Stained with the dye obtained from the *henna* bush. See note 136.

33

¹⁴⁵ The son of Ali, ibn-i- Abi Talib, and Fatima, daughter of Muhammad, the Prophet of Islam and the last of the prophets (may the peace and the blessings of Allah be upon him). *Hussain* (626-680 AD) was martyred (10th October 680 AD) by the forces of Ubaidullah bin Ziyad, the Governor of *Kufa*, under the Calif *Yazid I*, on the field of *Karbala*, situated south-west of Baghdad, (Iraq).

¹⁴⁶ See note 145 above.

35

¹⁴⁷ When posted to the N-W. F. Province as the Additional Chief Secretary (1979-85), I was sent on a four months' course to the Pakistan Administrative Staff College, Lahore. On 5th February 1982, I came to Peshawar over a long week-end and was informed that *Ghani Khan* was laid up with a serious bout of pneumonia and was admitted in room number twenty-one of the Bolton Block at the Lady Reading Hospital. I called and took along a photograph of him, taken about 1979 by Rif'at Hussain, MD of Sioux Falls, South Dakota, USA, one of his numerous admirers. I found him conscious in the company of his wife, *Roshan*, and daughter-in-law, *Nageen*, and with sufficient energy to enjoy the

lighter side of life. I diffidently asked him to concentrate for a minute or so and record for me on the photograph something which he considered to be most characteristic of his poetry and attitude to life. He thought for a while with closed eyes, not displaying indecisiveness, as, perhaps, a difficulty in remembering the exact words. It at last came out. With a shadow of the former ever-present gleam in his eyes, accompanied by a wan smile, he wrote it out in a faltering hand. In the process his spectacles slid twice down his prominent nose and were very clumsily retrieved from falling to the floor - a fate which had befallen them several times, as the many cracks across the glass so evidently showed. On leaving he gave me not only his hand, but a bouquet of narcissi flowers from his exquisitely laid out-garden at *Dar-ul-Aman* (the Abode of Peace) - his home. Drops of water from these, unfortunately, fell on the photograph, targeting the inscribed couplet which was blurred in the process. I made an effort to reconstruct the more badly affected portions. The couplet that he wrote is part of this little poem and its translation is indicated by the italicised portion.

36

¹⁴⁸ The title by which the rulers of ancient Egypt were known. It has become synonymous with pride and autocratic behaviour.

¹⁴⁹ *Nimrod*, the persecutor of the Prophet Abraham.

¹⁵⁰ The Caliph, *Yazid I*, responsible for the martyrdom of Hussain, grandson of the Prophet, on the field of Karbala.

¹⁵¹ *Bahlol*, known in the East as *danaa*, the wise, lived during the reign (786-809 AD) of the Caliph Harun-al-Rashid.

38

¹⁵² The title of the XXth *Surah* of the Holy Quran, which begins with these two Arabic letters.

¹⁵³ The title of the XXXVIth *Surah* of the Holy Quran, which begins with these two Arabic letters

¹⁵⁴ The main dish amongst the *Pukhtana*, served on special occasions by the well-to-do, and made from the choicest varieties of rice mixed with mutton or chicken meat along with raisins, dried dates, almonds and orange peels.

39

¹⁵⁵ *Portulaca grandiflora*.

43

¹⁵⁶ *Inraam*, the seamless sheet of white cotton cloth worn by Muslim pilgrims when performing Hajj, the annual pilgrimage to Mecca.

¹⁵⁷ During the five daily prayers, Muslims all over the world face the *Ka'bah*, in Mecca which, to those living in the East, lies in a westerly direction.

¹⁵⁸ The *House of God*, the cube-like building in the centre of the mosque at Mecca, which contains the *Hajaru'l-Aswad*, or black stone, around which the Muslims circumambulate during the annual pilgrimage.

44

¹⁵⁹ One of the branches of the Swat river which flows through *Hashmaghar*.

¹⁶⁰ *Buner*, a part of the former State (principality) of Swat and now within the administrative District of the same name, is an area of undulating plains, surrounded by hills, in which, during the Spring can be seen green fields of wheat which are interspersed with fields of *mustard* and *rapeseed* with its yellow flowers in bloom.

161
A musical instrument which resembles the tambourine and is generally, though not exclusively, played by girls.

162
Korah, who was a member of the *Pharaoh's* Advisory Council and whose name has become synonymous with extreme wealth.

46

163
The Oxus River

164
The River Indus.

165
One of the branches of the Swat river which flows through Hashtnagar.

166
The river which flows by Lahore, an ancient city of great historical importance and presently the capital of the Punjab province of Pakistan

167
Land means 'short' in *Pukhto*. *Landai* is the name in *Pukhto* given to the Kabul river as it flows in the short stretch before its confluence with the Indus at *Attock*.

48

168
In the text reference is made to *Bakiana* which in *Pukhto* is the common name for *Azadirachta indica*, the wood of which, when dry, is very brittle.

49

169
This is a translation of only a portion of the poem.

170
The *Tatara* spur overlooking the *Khyber Pass* of which the highest peak is the *Lakkasar* (elevation 6,780 feet), a bare, precipitous and rocky mountain.

171
General name for the area, inhabited during the Summer months by all sections of *Orakzais*, and all but the *Adamkhel* section of *Afridis*. *Afridi Tirah* continues to be inaccessible while roads have, since Independence been extended to *Orakzai Tirah*.

52

172
Sardar Ali Khan was, like *Ghani Khan*, a prominent *Khan* or land-owner from *Utmanzai*. A fervent Muslim, he was the *Amir* (head) for the N-W. F. P. of the *Jama'at-e-Islami*, one of the religio-political parties of Pakistan. He was a good friend of *Ghani Khan* and greatly appreciated his poetry.

173
Amongst the *Pukhtana*, *Sheikh* is used for those known for their religious fervour and propriety as also for followers of spiritual luminaries.

174
One who has performed the annual Muslim pilgrimage to Mecca.

53

175
Alexander the Great.

56

176
The word *hourī*, has been used in the text denoting the beautiful and pious maidens promised to Muslims in Paradise for a righteous life led on Earth.

57

177
Salvia officinalis.

59

178
The whole poem was translated by *Umar Farooq Sahibzada* some thirty-five years ago of which, unfortunately, only this fragment-relating to the first four lines-remains.

66

179

Many years ago, in the mid-afternoon of a hot Summer's day in June, *Ghani Khan*, despite the required medicinal inducement, was feeling restless and unable to sleep. He woke up *Umar Farooq Sahibzada*, who happened to be on one of his periodic visits to *Dar-ul-Aman*, the poet's home, and together they left the relative cool of the house to saunter in the spacious gardens surrounding the house and brave the extreme afternoon heat of the Peshawar Valley in the height of Summer. Realising the folly of the venture, *Farooq* recited the familiar *Pukhto* proverb (the first two lines of the poem) around which *Ghani Khan* then structured the rest of the poem before the evening set in. On doing so he relaxed and slept. *Farooq* had translated this poem but, as was usual with him, had misplaced it – written as it was on a scrap of paper! On my insistence he recited to me from his sick bed, a few days before his death, what he could remember of it in the state he was in. I have reproduced those lines in italics and built the translation of the remainder of the poem around them.

180

Death.

67

181

Pukhto or *Pushhto* depending upon whether the 'hard' or the 'soft' variant of the language is spoken, is the language of the *Pukhtana*.

69

182

Mohammad Alam Khan (1932-) of the *Khankhel* family of *Shewa*, a village situated under the eastern edge of the *Karamar* ridge, in the *Razzar* (*Khaddarzai*, *Chorakhel*) area of the *Mandanr Yousafzai*, in the administrative district of *Sawabi*, N-W F Province. The poem, from which the humorous side of *Ghani Khan's* poetry can be glimpsed, was, along with the letter, hastily written on a scrap of paper on 1 January 1964 and left in the office. *Alam Khan* was then the Sub-divisional Officer (Telegraphs & Telephones) Mardan. He later rose to be the Director (Telegraphs & Telephones), Peshawar, for the Northern Telecommunications Region. He retired from service in 1992 and now lives in Peshawar.

183

Aftab Alam - *Alam Khan's* son.

73

184

One of the many appellations for 'father' in *Pukhto*. This poem is addressed by *Ghani Khan*, from London, to his father, *Abdul Ghaffar Khan*.

185

A *maund* was a measure of weight before the introduction of the metric system and consisted of forty *seers*.

186

A *seer* was a measure of weight before the introduction of the metric system - the equivalent of about 1 kg.

187

A part of the former State (principality) of *Swat* and now within the administrative District of *Swat*, the inhabitants of which, in *Pukhto* folklore, are considered to be extremely simple.

188

Until well into the mid-twentieth century it was not uncommon in the far-flung villages to light a fire from a spark off a hard, pure-white stone, called *bakara* in *Pukhto*, produced by striking it with a steel band worn on the fingers of a closed fist, and called a *pon* in *Pukhto*.

74

189

The word *Rizwan* has been used in the text in the sense of both *Heaven* and its *gatekeeper*.

190

The plural, in English, of *Majnoon* (See note 98).

84

191

The red-legged partridge, the zoological name of which is *Alectoris Graeca* (*Baluchistani*). Also called *Alectoris Chukar*.

86

¹⁹² *Abdul Ghaffar Khan* (1890-1988), known to history as the legendary '*Bacha Khan*' i.e. the 'King Khan', founder of the '*Khudai Khidmatgar*' i.e. 'Servants of God' Movement - also popularly called the *Surkhposh* (Red-Shirt) Movement, on account of the colour of the shirts worn by them - who, along with his older brother, *Dr. Khan Sahib* (1882-1958), as members of the All-India National Congress Party, waged a relentless, non-violent, struggle for freedom against British rule in the sub-continent.

¹⁹³ Mardan is the head-quarter town of the district of the same name. The poem is about the incident in 1931 when Abdul Ghaffar Khan, in violation of the prohibition imposed under Section 144 of the Criminal Procedure Code, led a protest demonstration which was dispersed near Mardan (Mirwas Koroon) by the police through a baton-charge in which Bacha Khan was severely wounded and two of his ribs were fractured.

¹⁹⁴ Khushal Khan Khattak (1613-1689), Chief of the Khattak tribe and great-grandson of Malik Akoray, is the most famous poet-warrior in the whole history of the Pukhtana. His patriotic poems are inspired by his hatred and contempt for the Moghul Emperor Aurangzeb (d. 3 March, 1707) and his pride in nang, the honour, of the Afghan race. He was the moving spirit behind the rebellion of a section of the Khattaks and a number of other Afghan tribes against the Emperor Aurangzeb in the seventeenth century.

¹⁹⁵ *Khalid*, son of *al-Walid*, the celebrated Muslim General (?-639 AD).

¹⁹⁶ *Ali* (600?-661 AD) son of *Abu-Talib*, and a cousin of *Muhammad*, the Prophet of Islam and the last of the Prophets (may the peace and blessings of Allah be upon him) whose daughter, *Fatimah*, he married. On account of his prowess and valorous deeds he is surnamed as *Asadullah*, the *Lion of Allah*. He was the fourth Caliph (35-40 AH) and ruled till his assassination.

¹⁹⁷ Plural in English of *Pukhtoon*, for which see note 4.

89

¹⁹⁸ The *Jasmine* plant bearing pinnate leaves and fragrant white flowers. Its scientific name is *Jasminum officinale*.

¹⁹⁹ Now the capital of *Bharat* (Republic of India), it was the capital of Muslim India and was ruled for a long period by the *Afghans* i.e. the *Ghoris*, *Khiljis*, *Lodhis* and the *Suris* in the 12th through the 16th centuries AD.

²⁰⁰ The Eastern province of the then Muslim India.

²⁰¹ Part of the administrative district of *Dir*, which, until 1969, when it was merged into the then province of West Pakistan, was an autonomous princely state ruled by the *Nawab of Dir*.

²⁰² Mountainous and inaccessible part of the *Khyber Agency*, an administrative unit of the Federally Administered Tribal Area of Pakistan bordering Afghanistan. It is inhabited by the historically well-known and fanatically independent tribe of *Afridis*.

²⁰³ *Sher Shah Suri*, (C. 1486-1545) an *Afghan* chieftain from *Sehsaram*, *Bihar*, (India) who, in 1540, defeated the Mughal King Humayun and established his rule over India. He is well-known for being an outstanding general and administrator who put in place a scientific system of land administration and also built the Grand Trunk Road from Calcutta to Peshawar. He is a symbol of *Pukhtoon* nationalism.

90

²⁰⁴ Before burial the corpse of a Muslim is bathed (ablution) in the mosque.

92

205

The *Wazirs* are an ethnic Afghan tribe inhabiting the administrative units, called *Agencies*, of North and South Waziristan in the Federally Administered Tribal Areas (FATA) of Pakistan which are adjacent to the North-West Frontier Province. Their horses are, in keeping with the rugged mountainous terrain, extremely compact and sturdy.

206

Ahmad Shah (1722-1773 AD), the hereditary chief of the *Abdali* tribe of ethnic *Afghans*, whom he later renamed the *Durrani*, was the first Emir of Afghanistan (1747-73 AD). He invaded the Punjab six times between 1748 and 1752 and also sacked Delhi. In January 1761 he defeated the Indian army of the *Marhattas* at *Panipat*. He is a central historical figure for *Pukhtoon* nationalists.

207

The *Rohillas* are an ethnic *Afghan* tribe inhabiting *Rohilkhand* in Central India. They came to great prominence under their chief *Hafiz Rahmat Khan*.

208

The *Pukhtana* of Pakistan are ethnically 'Afghan' by race. The ethnic *Afghans* are divided into a number of tribes – some exclusively within the geographic limits of Afghanistan, others straddling the Durand Line, the boundary between Afghanistan and Pakistan, and yet others which inhabit areas totally within Pakistan.

94

209

Qalandar Moomand (1930-), a famous contemporary scholar, poet, critic, short-story writer, journalist and lexicographer, from *Bazidkhel*, district Peshawar. He has a number of publications to his credit, including the *magnum opus*, *Daryaab* (Ocean), the first ever comprehensive mono-lingual dictionary of the *Pukhto* language, of which he was the Editor. For this scholastic effort the government of Pakistan conferred on him the prestigious award of *Sitara-e-Imtiaz*. When this poem was written, he was the Editor of the Urdu language daily, *Shahbaz* (Eagle), the mouthpiece of the National Awami Party (NAP) led by *Wali Khan* (1917-), the younger brother of *Ghani Khan*.

210

Reference to the leaders of the ten political parties which took part in the nation-wide general elections of 1970.

211

See note 121. *Ghani Khan's* birth place is *Utmanzai*, one of the eight principal towns on account of which the area is called *Hashtnaghar*.

212

Umar Farooq Sahibzada (1940-1997), son of Colonel A. K. Sahibzada, O.B.E., I.M.S. and a scion of the well-known *Sahibzada* family of village *Kotha* in the *Uthman* area of the *Mandanr Yousafzai* territory of *Sawabi* district of the North-West, Frontier Province. He was a close and life-long friend of *Ghani Khan*.

95

213

A Western dance.

214

The comely youths who, as slaves, are meant for attendance in Paradise on those who have spent a righteous life on earth.

96

215

In the post-Independence period, the North-West Frontier Province was ruled by the Muslim League Ministry (1947-53) led by *Abdul Qaiyum Khan*. This period was characterised by efforts of the provincial government to win over to the Muslim League prominent members of the *Khudai Khidmatgars* loyal to its leader, *Abdul Ghaffar Khan*. A potent mix of inducement and harassment measures was adopted for the purpose which, in quite a number of cases, proved effective. Not infrequently the daily evening news bulletin over Radio Pakistan, carried the names of those who had succumbed and changed loyalties. This poem was inspired by one such event.

²¹⁶ The designation of a police officer (Station House Officer) in charge of a police station – the basic unit for purposes of criminal administration.

²¹⁷ The anglicised version of the vernacular word meaning 'dancing girl'.

²¹⁸ Favour of the Government.

²¹⁹ See note 6 under the Preface. *Pukhto*, in addition to being the language of the *Pukhtana*, is also the code by which they regulate their lives.

²²⁰ The Prophet *Abraham* who is referred to as the *Friend of Allah* in the Quran.

²²¹ See note 130.

97

²²² According to *Qalandar Moomand* - See note 209 - *Ghani Khan* had, on several occasions, in discussions with him claimed that this poem was, in his view, one of the best that he had written. It is a political allegory dealing with efforts of the then Provincial Government to win over loyalties of the followers of *Abdul Ghaffar Khan*.

²²³ The Holy Quran.

²²⁴ An intense antagonist of the Prophet Moses and of the *Israelites* who, along with *Qaroon (Korah)*, was a member of the *Pharaoh's* Advisory Council and also his Prime Minister.

98

²²⁵ A sect of Muslim revivalists founded by Muhammad ibn 'Abdul-Wahhab who was born in Najd (Saudi Arabia), in 1691 A.D. whose followers are known as *Wahhabis*. They seek to revive the pristine purity of Islam and cleanse it of all recent admixtures.

²²⁶ The word used in the text is, *Qissa-Khwani*, the 'Street of the Story Tellers' which is probably the best known street of the city of Peshawar.

²²⁷ The word used in the text is *Dadani*, which in *Pukhto*, is the name for *Sorghum halepense* - a wild grass that occurs in land sown to wheat. It is very difficult to eradicate and is considered a nuisance for agriculture.

99

²²⁸ On 26 January, 1994, accompanied by the family, I had gone to *Sherpao* – one of the eight towns after which *Hashtnaghar* (See note 121) is named – on the invitation of *Sher Muhammad Khan*, to attend the walima (wedding feast) of his son, *Jehangir Khan*. On our way back to Islamabad we made a slight detour and called on *Ghani Khan* at his home, *Dar-ul-Aman*, (the Abode of Peace) in the village of *Mohammad Narai*. We took some photographs with him and also had a cup of tea. On taking leave of him he gave me a copy of the booklet called *The Pathans*, written by him before Independence and republished in 1994. On my request he, with a mischievous gleam in his eyes, wrote this verse – originally inscribed on a copy of an anthology of his poems presented in Kabul to *Dr. Najibullah*, President of Afghanistan-in it. Sugar-cane is the mainstay of agriculture in *Hashtnaghar*, and, in *Pukhto* is called *Gani*, which rhymes with *Ghani*! It can also be considered as a pun on his name – *Roshan*, his wife, not being able to master the guttural *gh* (as in *re* of the French *gare*, meaning station) in *Ghani*, pronounced it as *Gani*.

100

²²⁹ The word *ghani*, is common to Arabic, Persian and *Pukhto*. One of its meanings is *wealthy*.

²³⁰ The word used in the text is *lapang*, which, in *Pukhto*, means *one whose pockets are empty*.

The Birds

²³¹ The introduction, as it were, and some of the poems which follow have been taken from that portion of *De Panjray Chaghaar* (Chirpings of the Cage) - Ghani Khan's first volume of verse, composed in prison, and published in 1956, which is entitled: *The Birds*. In addition to the *Dust, Death, (Ebbing Life)*, and (*Mother*), which are interspersed in the prose portion of the (Introduction), this portion contains the following ten specific poems: *Frog, Mouse, Somersaulting Pigeon, Kochai (my dog), Hoopoo, Cuckoo, Bumblebee, Black Partridge, Dove* and *The Fly*. Of these I have translated only the last five.

²³² On Independence of the Indo-Pak sub-continent from British rule, on August 14, 1947, the N-W.F.P. was governed by the Congress Party Ministry led by *Dr. Khan Sahib - Ghani Khan's* paternal uncle - as the Chief Minister. On 22 August, 1947, it was dismissed and replaced by the Ministry of the Muslim League led by *Abdul Qaiyum Khan*. *Ghani Khan*, along with many others, including his father, was jailed for different periods during 1948-54 for his political affiliations. At the time of writing of these poems he was in the Central Prison in Hyderabad, one of the main cities of the province of Sindh.

106

²³³ The Blue Rock Pigeon, the scientific name of which is *Columbia livia*.

107

²³⁴ A famous tribe of ethnic Afghans which chiefly inhabits the highlands within the districts of Karak, Kohat, Nowshera and parts of Mardan in the N-W.F.P. and the district of Attock in the Punjab.

²³⁵ A tribe of the ethnic Afghans which inhabits parts of Afghanistan and the *Moomand* Agency of the Federally Administered Tribal Areas and the Peshawar district of the N-W.F.P.

²³⁶ Is a fairy in the folk-lore of the *Pukhtana*, the literal meaning of which is the 'Flower-limbed one'.

²³⁷ A giant who was in love with *Gulandama*.

²³⁸ The Mughal Emperor of India (1627-1658) known for his buildings and magnificence.

²³⁹ A town of Iran famous in poetry for the quality of its wine.

108

²⁴⁰ *Touranai* or *Toryanaka* in *Pukhto* is the *Koel* in Urdu and Hindi. Its scientific name is *Eudynamis scolopacea*. Black in colour it has a fluty double call, especially in the hot weather, which can be heard from leafy gardens, groves and woodland. Its first call can be heard in the very early hours of the morn - just after midnight, as it were.

²⁴¹ This poem was, in my view, translated, almost to perfection, by *Umar Farooq Sahibzada*, about thirty-five years ago. Unfortunately, however, the translation was misplaced in his personal effects and I have not been able to retrieve it since his death. The two lines in italics are what I can recollect from it and have, therefore, incorporated them in this effort with apologies.

109

²⁴² A beautiful bird, the scientific name of which is *Francolinus francolinus*. It has a remarkable creaking and repetitive call which the cock makes.

²⁴³ The common *Myna* the scientific name of which is *Acridotheres tristis*.

110

²⁴⁴ This is a translation of a poem by *Rabindranath Tagore* (1861-1941) — Indian poet and philosopher who wrote in Bengali, and also translated some of his poems into English. He established a school on his estate in Bengal called *Shantiniketan* in which *Ghani Khan* studied art and journalism. He was

awarded the Nobel Prize in literature (1913) and was also knighted by the British Monarch (1915), which title he surrendered in protest against the massacre of unarmed civilians in a public meeting at *Jallianwala Bagh, Amritsar* (1919).

115

²⁴⁵ A dish, generally of the common folk.

116

²⁴⁶ This poem, ascribed to Ghani, has not been published before. It was provided to Farid Sehrai of the Pashto Abadi Board by Hilal Khan, *Lewanai*, President of the Ghani Khan Adabi Jirga, Utmanzai

119

²⁴⁷ The word used in the text is *Spinghar*, the literal meaning of which in *Pukhto* is the *white-mountain*. It could possibly be a reference to the *Spinghar Range* located in *Tirah* - the inaccessible mountainous area of the *Khyber Agency* - in the snows of which originates the *Bara River* flowing down to irrigate substantial parts of the Peshawar valley. For *Tirah*, also see note 171.

122

²⁴⁸ Non-believer.

²⁴⁹ The first *mu'azzin* or *caller to prayer* appointed by the Prophet (may the peace and blessings of *Allah* be upon him).

125

²⁵⁰ See note 157.

126

²⁵¹ One of the eight major settlements after which *Hashimghar* is named (See note 121). The inhabitants of *Omarzai*, under the influence of *Khan Bahadur Saadullah Khan* of the *Batikhel* clan of the *Mohammadzai* tribe, generally stood aloof from the *Khudai Khidmatgar* (Servants of God) Movement (founded by *Abdul Ghaffar Khan*) – also popularly called the *Surkhposh* (Red-Shirt) Movement, on account of the colour of the shirts worn by them, and sided with the Muslim League against the Congress Party in the struggle for Independence from British rule. Hence the jibe at the inhabitants of *Omarzai* contained in the second line of the original couplet and the last two lines of the translation.

127

²⁵² The original of this poem, although publicly sung and quite popular, has not been published before.

129

²⁵³ Lentils which, indifferently cooked, formed the staple fare of prisoners in the sub-Continent.

131

²⁵⁴ The original of this poem has not been published before. Half of it is available with me in the form of a tape-recording by Ghani Khan, while the other half was obtained from a copy of a letter of the poet to Naeem Ahmad Rathore.

²⁵⁵ The Muslim call to prayer for the five daily prayers (morning, noon, early evening, evening and night) is identical, except for the early morning prayer which contains an additional sentence to the effect that "prayer is better than sleep".

132

²⁵⁶ Abdur Rauf Benava (1913–1980), was an Alizai Pukhtoon of Kandahar, Born into a religious family - his father's name was Mulla Abdullah - he distinguished himself in the field of letters and was a noted poet and scholar. He is the author of several books in Pashto, the most famous of which is *Osani Leekwal* (*Contemporary Writers*). He rose to be the Minister for Information and Culture of the Afghan Government and in 1980 was appointed as Ambassador to Libya where he died and is buried.

(Sangarwal, Shahsawar, *De Pukhto Adabiato Ma'asar Tarikh*, (*The Contemporary History of Pashto Literature*) Danish Kitabkhana, Dhaki Nalbandi, Qissa Khwani Bazar, Peshawar, Pakistan, 1997, Pages 516 - 519)

²⁵⁷ Disturbed Thoughts.

²⁵⁸ Gulbacha Ulfat (1909–1977), was a prominent *Pashto* poet, journalist and teacher of Afghanistan. He was born in village Kas Aziz Khan in the Province of Laghman and belonged to a Syed family. His father's name was Mir Said Bacha.

(Sangarwal, Shahsawar, op. cit., pp513)

²⁵⁹ The *Pukhto* portion of the letter ends here.

²⁶⁰ The then Consul of Afghanistan at Peshawar.

²⁶¹ Malang Jan (1914 - 1957), a famous revolutionary *Pashto* poet of Afghanistan, was born in 1914 in the village of Chamyar in the province of Ningrahar. He was, at the age of forty-three, tragically killed in a car accident, along with his eldest son Dawa Jan. His collected poems were published in 1998 under the title of *De Malang Jan Khwagay Naghmay* (Sweet Songs of Malang Jan)

(Lal Pacha Azmoon, (Editor) *De Malang Jan Khwagay Naghmay* (Sweet Songs of Malang Jan), Allama Syed Jamaluddin Afghani Farhangi Tolana, Kabul, 1377 Hijri Shamsi, introductory pages).

135

²⁶² *Sultan Mahmud of Ghazni* (971 - 1030), *Alptigin's* grandson and the most famous of the *Ghaznavid* Sultans, who led numerous raids into India, destroying idols and obtaining great wealth which he used for converting *Ghazni* into one of the great centres of Islamic culture. Before his death *Mahmud* annexed the Punjab to his kingdom.

²⁶³ A slave of *Sultan Mahmud of Ghazni* who was a great favourite of his master. The friendship between the two has become proverbial in oriental literature.

²⁶⁴ A *hourī* is a beautiful and pious maiden promised as a reward in Heaven for a righteous life led on Earth. The plural in English is rendered as *hourīs* or *hoors*.

²⁶⁵ One of the tributaries of the Swat river as it flows through Hashtnagar, and beside Utmanzai, the ancestral village, now a town, of the poet.

140

²⁶⁶ The original of this poem was being read and translated into English by Roshan, the poet's wife, in one of the rooms of the Bolton block in the Lady Reading Hospital, Peshawar, where she was hospitalised, when she suffered a heart attack and died. The translated portion, which I have not seen, is reportedly contained in a register with a purple cover.

²⁶⁷ The executioner.