

Ghani Khan 1914-1996

Translated by Taimur Khan

Introduction

Ghani Khan was born in Hashtnagar. He is widely considered the best pashto language poet of the 20th century and stands on a par with Khushal Khan Khattak and Rehman Baba. He was the son of the Red-Shirt Leader, Khan Abdul Ghaffar Khan, aka *Bacha Khan* and *The Frontier Gandhi*. His wife Roshan came from a parsi family and was the daughter of Nawab Rustam Jang.

He went to study at Rabindranath Tagore's Shanti Niketan Art Academy and developed a liking for painting and sculpture. He visited England, and studied sugar technology in the United States, after which he returned and started working at the Takht Bhai Sugar Mills in 1933. Largely owing to his father's influence, he was also involved in politics, supporting the cause of the pathans of NWFP. He was arrested by the Government of Pakistan in 1948 – although he had given up politics by then – and remained in prison till 1954, visiting various jails all over the country. It was during these years that he wrote his poem collection *Da Panjray Chaghaar*, and considered it the best work of his life. Aside from a few poems of his youth and early manhood, Ghani Khan's poetry, like his temperament, is anti-political. His other two poem collections are: *Panoos* and *Palwashay*. He also wrote *The Pathans*, a short book in prose, published 1958.

The singular distinction of his poetry – aside from his obvious poetic genius – is a profound blend of knowledge about his native and foreign cultures, and the psychological, sensual, and religious aspects of life.

Taimur Khan

یوه ورڅے یو صحرا کښے په ښکار وتے ووم روان یو ګلاب م ولاړ ولید، پرقیده خیشته خندان زو خفه نے خوا له لاړم، ما وے، آه! زما په شان ته هم ګل نے بدنصیبه، روکد زلفو د جانان نه د چا نیازبینے ګوتے، نرم مخ له به د یوسی نه به ښکل د کړی سرے شونډے د یار سرهٔ نازکلبان

هغه غلے شان مُسکے شو، وے خان مه کوه خفگان زه به دا صحرا ورنه کړم، دَ ایران په ګلستان دلته زه یو اؤ یکتا یم، هلته زر زما په شان چار چاپیره سپیرے خاؤرے، زه یوازے یم روښان

دلته دے تور ریگستان کښےزہ د رنگاؤ نور لمبه یم د خانشت چپ نغمه یم، کرشمه د لامکان ستا په باغ کښے په زرګونو، دی ګلاب زما په شان یو بےنومه سور دریاب کښے یو بے نوم څاڅکے روان ته د هم په خپل صحرا کښے خفه مه شے زما وروره آخر رابه شی دیدن له د خوک سوے غنی خان

A Poppy Flower

In a desert, once, on a hunt did I find, With a radiant smile, a flower so fair; Sadly, I approached and sighed, "Ah! Of my kind Are you too – a hapless flower from a beloved's hair. Frail fingers wouldn't take you to a soft face so close, Nor would you be kissed by lips delicate and rose." With a silent smile the flower replied, "Don't lose heart! This desert I wouldn't give up for the gardens of Iran, A solitary I am here while legions are there, Amidst this cursed soil I stand apart. In this gray desert, a flamboyant flame of divine light am I, Beauty's silent song, a miracle from the sky. In your garden, there are thousands of flowers like me – A nameless droplet in a nameless sea. You too, in your desert, don't feel forlorn, To behold you at last shall come a sore Ghani Khan.

2 3 PL L شو م له، ولم جور تە بو 4 33 د اتـ دا زه تش د 23 ت د که د تال او شر

Music

I am madness in raptures A hue of beloved eyes Why, what am I made for, Now a mood, now melody, I am a flame descending I am a jingling joy, In your veins a fire, A sparkling radiance, I don't exist; I'm wind, With tears in my cheer Speak up, madman! borne on an airy steed, coloring up in dance. I neither know nor gather; a voice that just rings on. to the heart's hidden cellars; a drunkenness in raptures. I am a quivering flame, burning passion, yearning. heaving joy on joy; and sad, smiling eyes. what makes you weep with me? I spring in a spirited step A mere illusive thought A reckless airy steed Or made of beat and jingle and reach your blood a-swing. or an ever-unfolding grace; rushing through reflections; a prayer that is heard.

دعا ام د حسن اؤ نور دریابه! ماله یو تیکے د نور را سترګے ډکے د خندا را، شونډے ډکے د سرور را زہ دے خپل وړوکی زړګی له، یوہ نښه دیار غوارم ام د حسن اؤ نور دریابه اماله یو تکے د نور را دے تک تور د غم محل یہ یو بخری د رنړا را سترګے ډکہ د خندا را، شونډے ډکے د سرور را د مستر؛ اؤ د مارمان له، يو تصوير د جانان راكره ستا به مبنه نازیدل را، ستا به شکلی مخ غرور را د مد خود سوم باغچم له، يوه وعده د بهار غوارم زه دا نه وايم چه جنت را، زه دا نه وايم چه طور را د دم خوب، د سا اؤ وخت، اشاره د تعبير راكره ماله زره د بادشاهانو اؤ سینه د یو فقیس را

Prayer

O river of beauty and radiance! Grant me a scintilla of light; Grant me eyes full of laughter and lips full of delight. For this minor heart of mine, I seek a beloved's souvenir; O river of beauty and radiance! Grant me a scintilla of light. For this pitch-dark sorrow's manor, a glowing grain to quell the night; Grant me eyes full of laughter and lips full of delight. For this rapture and its yearning, grant me a dear beloved's sight, Indulge me with your greater love; grant me your gracious face's pride. For this being's withered garden, I seek a covenant of spring, I don't ask you to grant me heaven; I'm not seeking Sinai's height. Let this dream's very breath and time point to its own interpretation, Grant me the bosom of a fakir, and a heart with a shah's elation.

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A Spring Night

It was an enchanting night in spring, Alive with sparkling and shimmering stars; The pretty moon stood still in wonder While a madman pleaded to his love. 'Give me the knowing from on high, My eyes a rapture from your self, From your own self, my love, your self!' The madman pleaded to his love.

Radiance flowed with a sudden crash, A bit in trance and a little proud, Finding speech as the being turned mute. The madman pleaded to his love

The madman pried open his heart, Could barely let inside a spark; The rest was full of the world and self. The madman pleaded to his love

The river receded and light flowed back, As to the beloved love's rapture returned, Leaving the madman and his pledge behind. It was an enchanting night in spring.

Simla, Hindustan 7 December 1944

زہ لیونے یم، لیونے یم رښتیا د مرک په سترګو کښے جمدون غرمه د اوړي مسل لکه شپه دَ ژمي يو خاموشي یو قلارے خور دے چرتہ کینے لرے یو بخرے دَ نور ستورے ؟ که لرے د صحرا اور دے ماته وړوکو پلوشو کښے وائی کہ غر کا لوئے پہ سر ئے لار خو شتہ تحد ؟ که جمدون يو روك ساعت دے د هوش يو ايدى د ده، دلدار خو شته زرگیہ، خان تیکے کہ ما تیکے 🚽 ځنګه ځان خلاص د هر جنجاله کړے

زرکیہ، اے تکہ ځا J.i ن کر م ما 4 نه که ستا حو 4 S مل 13 139 de غرمه د S 60 ۵ يو 2 0 تو ر ۵ 40 0 3 25 Ū 6 25 ۵ 15 3 3 Leive يو ايدي دده دلدار شته

Search

In the summer noon, Like a winter night, A silence, A hush prevails. The doves' cooing, A meditative still; Time slackens, Planted in stirrups. The world heeds its heart, Hearing judgment on death and life. A smile imbues the air Like someone hears the Rabab in sleep. And I alone Lost in thought Set out in search Of my longing – A lost, Helpless Sojourner Wandering Lying on the ground, I tread the sky. I too have lent my heart an ear, To find some purpose or scheme to life; Some cause for pain and death, And the grain of my conscious in eternity. Lost in the ocean Of how and why; Wine in the cup And in the wine, In the red book, From the mosque's niche, For death and life I seek a link. In mute Silence I Seek the sitar's plucking And rhythm's rules; In surrounding colors And blue pigeons I seek the answer to my life. I'm mad, I truly am – I seek Plato in wine; When I turn my gaze to myself, Death, Nothingness Is all I see. I'm mad, I'm mad indeed; I seek life in death's gaze. In the summer noon, Like a winter night, A silence. A hush prevails. Far away

A grain Of light A star? Or a distant desert fire Tells me In tiny sparkles – The hill is steep But a track leads over the top. What If life Is a lost Conscious Moment -It has a lasting Lover. My heart, are you fooling yourself or me? How easily you ease out of this hassle! O, my deceptive heart, How you engross and please me, But I will not hear you, Or I'll be lost, And really Go mad; Drown In black waters of anguish Where I'm still afloat; Lose myself in dark fears. Here I burn in my own flames Turning to dust in life, Sinking in my own blood. In the summer noon, Like a winter night, A silence, A hush prevails. Far away A grain Of light A star, or a distant desert fire Tells me in tiny sparkles -The hill is steep, but a track leads over the top. What if life is a lost conscious moment – It has a lasting lover.

چه آدم خارو کینے کی س_ يتـوب چه لوړ اوچت شي ليـونتـوب شي چه خـــودي د خـــوده اوځي نو خـــمــار شي چه فـولاد د وينے مـوړ په مـينه مـست شي نو حــيــران اؤ پريشــان تار د ســـتـار شي چہ ترمے عمشق اؤ جمانان دوارہ وخت فنا کری هله پوئے سے په شان د ځان از يار شي چه آدم خاؤرو کسے کسینی څه زرغون کری منج_یله چه په دولت شي نو ښ_ام_ار شي ماته حررے غِلمان مد خُندوہ بس دے په والله کے بے له تا م په چا کے ار شي دا چه نن پکښے زه مست اؤ مغرور کرځم سباخدائے خبر دچا به دا گلزار شی خوم تش جمدون اؤ خوشے مرگ ته قار شي زړه کښيے ډوب د وسوسو درياب به بري جور به کله د امید رنگین آبشار شی دا خیپل زړه سیت بے پروا نظر ته کیوري كله كله به ژړا ځكه شم ساز ژرا ده که میستی ده نه پوهیسرم ہر آواز کینے کلہ سرز کلہ چغار شی

When Man Sits Down in Dust

Manhood stands tall and high, and becomes madness; The self takes leave of being and becomes ecstasy. When iron sated with blood embraces love, It turns into a bewildered sitar string. When time robs man of love and the loved one, He sees the beloved's glory and his own. How man sprouts when he sits down in dust! A manjila resting on riches becomes a serpent. Don't shower houris and gilman over me. Enough! God, I swear, I'm not concerned with anyone save you; Where today, I walk oblivious and proud, God knows, to this garden, who will be the heir. I am a Pukthun and am not afraid of death: I am angered at an empty life and a desolate end. The river of doubt runs deep through my heart, Wondering when the brilliant waterfall of hope will flow. My heart gazes at your indifferent eye and so At times the great string breaks into tears. Is music lament or rapture – I cannot decide; Every tone now moves us, now becomes shrill.

دوزح د آدم د نےظر تول دے کہ دا تور دے کہ دا سپین د آدم د ژبے خیبال دے دا سپلمئے او انگبین دا آواز زما د گروتو پوست مروند ننگے مہین دا زمیا د مِحْکر لوبے کل اندامه او شیرین دا زما خودے جوړ کړے د اوبو شـراب رنگين چا له بحـر د شـرابو يو قطره ده د زميزم چالہ بحــر د زمــزم دے يو غمگين ماښام د غم چاتہ روکے سپینہ شمع د سپورمئ نمره روښانه خوک پيغام د جبريل واؤري د سرو شونډو د جانانه چا ته سور په وينو تاج شو چا ته تور په تيرو تخت چا په سر د صليب وليـد چا په سور ريښمين بالښت د موسلی پشان خوک سئ کړی په مړ بُت کښے مخ د يار څوک ترم جوړيره ژړا کړي څوک تر حسن او خمار څوک د کل د ماشوم مخه د آشنا شونډے کړي جوړے چا په خـوا د نرګس وُمُنت چا ازغو کښے د کروړے خوش نصيبه وو څوک لاړل په خندا غــيــزے د يار له چا د ناوے د جــوړے نه ك_فن اوشلوو دلدار له ربه! ربه! زمـــا ربه ! ليموني شموم په فكرونو څنګه خور قهر و غضب کړم په سپېرلي او سروګلونو څنګه غور کیږدم ملا ته تورانخ بلبله هيمره څنګه ستا د نوراؤ خيشت نه بدرنگی تیارہ چاپیرہ د خندا د سپين سبا نه تور ماښام اولحد جوړ کړم؟ د انسان د مايوسئ نه سر سرور د ابد جوړ کړم؟ د فقير د تلوسو نه د بادشاه خمار کرم جور؟

خانپور جبل

Hell

It is the measure of man's eye -The black and the white; The fancy of man's tongue -Both milkweed and honey. The tapping of my fingertips. A soft arm and smooth cheek -These songs of my spirit, Flowery and sweet. My god has made this Colorful wine from water; For some a sea of wine Is a droplet of *zamzam*; For some a sea of *zamzam* Is a glum evening of sorrow; To some a small white candle Stands bright as the moon: Some hear the message of Gabriel From the red lips of the beloved. One crown turns crimson with blood; Some throne blackened by night; One found it on the cross; The other on a red silken pillow; Some discover, like Moses, In a lifeless idol the face of the beloved -One turns it into dread and tears, The other into beauty and spirit. Some from a flower, from a child's face, Create the lips of love; Some find it by the narcissus, Some among thorny bushes. Happy the man who went Laughing to the lap of his love -Some tear from the bridal dress A coffin for the beloved. Lord! Lord! My lord! I'm maddened by reflections -How can I curse and tyrannize The spring and crimson flowers. How can I lend the Mullah an ear And forget the lark and bulbul; How upon your grace and light Can I cast the veil of ugliness! Turn the white morning of laughter To a dark eve and tomb? Turn man's despair to

The red joy of afterlife? From the fakir's intrepidity Create a king's drunkenness? From the fire and might of hell Delineate your grace? How can I believe you made This world and the skies for this -When Khayyam is driven by force To the pilgrimage of ka'aba? This heart so full of spirits was Made just to harbor doubts? Were beauty and love spun out As a tale of retribution? You made out of your grace Beauty and doting; The shade of your under-plumes Is soft and colorful at each sundown. You laughed that the rose's color Was borne away on a butterfly's wing; In your hand, Khayyam's goblet Took away abandon and love. How do I bother Ghani with The end and the judgment day? Imbue spite in a bulbul's heart For springtime and flowers? How can I lay the shawl of a vassal On the fair face of Laila? Fulfill the longing of a Negro With the presence of a fairy? How can I turn over to the hand Of the beloved the dagger of betrayal? How can I sink in a dark well The secret of enamored eyes? How can I submerge a beautiful world In a single drop of night; How can I turn the glow Of candlelight to ashes!

Lord! Lord! My lord! I'm maddened by reflections How can I curse and tyrannize The spring and crimson flowers!

Khanpur Jail

باچا حسان لہ ولیے زیاتے غم بادشاهی د جهان څه کے ؟ د انصاف تلل مشکل دی شد بہ ډير کے شد به کم د جهان غمونه غواړے خيل غمونه د لالودى داسے تخت به څه کړے څه کړے چه پرشپه اوروځے ژاړے غټ ټټو مخکښےروان وي د ټټم وانو په ګله کښے د هماز لوئے حيوان وي لوئ باچا د ځناورو دا دنيا د سپسې لکئ ده نه نیغیری نه سمیری په وجود توره پيشو ده چه ئے وینٹے لاتوریری بادشاهی هله جنوریزی چه نيم لکی شي نيم مړه کړی چه يو کس د بل په غوښو دخپل کور کوتری ماړه کړی د دے ژوند، څه مطلب شو چد یا مرے یا بہ بل وژنے دا ميوه ګلاب د څه شو یاغ ساتے او بلبل وژنے ربه ماله کــه دِراکــره بادشاهی دَ کل جهان زہ به ئے وغورزوم له کورہ لکہ سے تے یہ ډیران دا يودوه كرئ ژوندون زه پہ جگرو نشم تیرولے ددے ظلم پہ کُتُہوئے دِ ربه بل كيرده برغولے ماله راكره څو گلونه یو نیازبین شانتے جانان یو وړوکيے غیرند باغ او په خوائے سيندروان چه ئے زہ په غارہ ناست يم په يخ سرورى د خرولے په مرزه مرزه ليکمه د مسزے عسزلے . كله سوال منت جانان ته د ساغر ساقی صفت کوم كله كله تانيه رب د وړو په شان کليلے کلہ سے اسے یلے کلہ تود جمدے امید کله ټنګ کله ټکور كله جام كله دلبر

King

What good is the world's kingship? Why multiply your cares? It's hard to weigh justice -You'd make this more that less. Don't you have enough worries That you seek the world's troubles? What would you do with such a throne As makes you weep night and day? In a large herd of mules, The great mule leads the rest – A great king of beasts Is the greatest beast of all. This world – a dog's tail – Cannot be straightened or mended; With a black cat's body It blackens more with washing. A kingdom is created When half men starve and half die; When one man feeds the flesh Of another to dogs at home. What would such life mean That you either kill or die? Where are your fruits and roses? You keep a garden and kill the bulbul? Lord, if you grant me Kingship of the world, I'll hurl it out of home Like dung on a dunghill. These couple of living moments I cannot spend in brawls; Over this pot of cruelty, Lord, place another lid; Just give me some flowers And a lovely sweetheart; A little garden On the riverside: So I may sit on the bank In the cool shade of a weeping willow And write with cheer Some pleasing ghazals – Now plead to the beloved, Now curse and taunt the Mullah: Praise the cup and the cupbearer To a farmer full of turnips;

And to you, my lord, Complain like a child. Now warm and lively hope, Now burnt out sighs, Now rhythm and music, Now chalice and love -Immersed in a colorful world, Oblivious of the world. Give rule to those Who can endure its force; With the hand of a butcher And character of a snake, Who can sacrifice to themselves The blood of their brothers; Who can both eat and digest The flesh of the poor. The head carrying the crown Is the one that kills like a plague; That roars and tears like a panther And frightens like a ghost. The throne cannot be taken Without sword and hangman; The more kings there are, The world is worse for it. A great king is a great curse Who thrives on the curse of blood. Kingship is like fire And thrives on burning. Lord, be gracious to us And keep us from this calamity! Find a great ass somewhere and Load it with this bag of gems. Just beg him once, Sahib, On my behalf and say, 'Watch, you pimp's ass, don't Strike Ghani with a kick."

Hyderabad Jail

د جیلخانے خوب

خوب وینم عالمه که نے څوك راکړى معنى پروت يم سرم ايښے د خپل يار په زنګانه خوب وينم چه پورته په هوالکه د باز شومه کيناستم په بام د محمود سترګے د اياز شومه پورته د خاموش زړګى نه خور د مينے ساز شومه خر شه م په حورو کړه د ډمو زمانه

خوب وینم چه ناست یم د جمیندی په یخه غاړه شاه م سویلو کښے لکه سره شمع ولاړه سرے شوندے مُسکئے شوه ماته ئے وے چه ژاړه ژاړه څکه د د زړه وینے دا شراب دی مستانه خوب وینم عالمه که ئے څوک راکړی معنی (3)

خوب وینم چہ باغ دے د ګلونو او مانسام دے سرے سترګےساقی د ساقی سروګوتو کښے جام دے لاس په ستار پروت لیونے مست لکه خیام دے اړئ پرنرئے نرئے د مینے اف اړئ پرنرئے نرئے د مینینے اف اړئ معالمه که ئے څوک راکړی معنیٰ (4)

خوب وینم چه سپینه سپورمئ پاس په خندا راغلله ماله محبوبه په شرم شرم تر خواراغلله شونډو کښے شراب او په کوکئ کښے قضا راغلله سر خصارے راکه پيمانه په پيمانه خوب وينم عالمه که ئے خوک راکړي معنى

(5)Lo, Y, un in نظر لارم 1 1 all 3 لكه خرب د صحرا لارميه N د دلدار و م لوټ کره د عمرو 1:12 j. المه که نے څرک راکری وينم ع

(6)

وب وينم چه زه لكه لولكه به ل اووتم ته د نرګس نه شــــم به خ ل اووتم . . 31. ارے دلیلیٰ یہ ام ċ تاۋ اووتم i 3 م ورته وو ... المہ کہ نے څوك راك وب وينم 2

خوب وينم چه پورته لكه چغه د منصور شومه يا يو مُهتم خاوره وم يا لوئم درياب د نور شومه خو بانګ دسحر اوشو زه راويښ شوم كروكور شومه خوب يوړه خوبونه راجمدئم شوه زمانه وى پريوزه ليونيه تيروه د جويلخانه

آباد جيل -1948ء

The Prison Dream

I dream, and seek for it some answer from the world. I lie and rest my head on the beloved's lap; I see myself rising like a falcon to the air; Alighting on the roof of Mehmoud I become eyes of Ayaz. I rise from the quiet heart like a tender love song, Bartering for *houris* the age of courtesans. I dream I am sitting on the cool bank of *Jindai* – My beloved amongst maidens stands out as a candle; Her red lips smile and tell me to weep on, 'Drink your lifeblood, for it is a joyous wine.' I dream, and seek for it some answer from the world

I dream of an evening at a garden full of flowers – Red eyes of the cupbearer with wine in ruddy hands; Fingers on a sitar in elation like Khayyam's, Gently turning over it the sweet fable of love. I dream, and seek for it some answer from the world

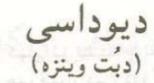
I dream that the white moon is rising with a smile; My sweetheart is shy and slowly reaches me – Wine comes to the lips, demise to the mouth, And measure for measure she gives me red élan. I dream, and seek for it some answer from the world.

I dream that I set out shrouded in a zephyr; Go to my darling's side as a vision of love; Hang before her eyes like a desert dream, And lose in one jangle the riches of my life. I dream, and seek for it some answer from the world

I dream that I set off like a butterfly; Fly round a narcissus and skim past a jasmine; Circle the necklace round the beloved's delicate neck And hail her, invisible, with silent greetings. I dream, and seek for it some answer from the world

I dream that I rise like the cry of Mansoor – A handful of dust, I become an ocean of light. But then I hear the Azan and wake up with a flurry. Sleep takes away the dreams and the world comes to life Saying, 'lay down Ghani Khan, do your time in jail.'

Hyderabad Jail – 1948



نوټ : د هندوانو په مندرونو کښے خیشته خیشته جینکے وی، چه هغه د هغے مندر بت ته کلمیزی اؤ د مندر صفائی وغیره کوی. دا اکثر ډیرے ښکلے پیغلے وی. دا ودونه نه شی کؤلے اؤ د محبت وکے وی چه خلق ډلے ډلے رازی اؤ بت ښکلوی اؤ ورله میوے اؤ کلونه راوړی. په هغه کانړی د مینے باران وریزی اؤ دے خوارے پیغلے ته هلې څوک کوری نا.

په محوص و محصی مستی به د نسیم چی و راوره په چی و چی و مستی به د نسیم چی و راوره مست راغ و نشه د نسیم کنے وه نشه» غَتْبَ ټولو و مسکا کنے «نن نسیم کنے وه نشه» وخت یو بل پراو پوره که، یوه بله شپه په تلو شوه چا کړه تیره دچا غیر کنے ، په چا تیره په سلګو شوه ما هم تیره کړه په ناستے ، د رنګونو په جهان کنے هوش او رنګ به م یوځائے کړل، جوړول م تصویرونه مړاو مړاو بئے نظر شو، سوی سوی شان رنګونه که تصویر د لیلئی جوړ کړم، د شیرین که د منصور مړاو مراو بنګه واخلم تر چنګیز یا تیمور جوړ کړم د هر یو سترګو کنے واخلم تر چنګیز یا تیمور جوړ کړم د دوئ سترګو کنے دا قهر ، زما اور وهی ټوپونه د دوئ سترګو کنے دا قهر ، زما اور وهی ټوپونه

د دے رنگ لیونتوب لور ته، یو پُری راغله غمگینه نه ليلئي وه نه شهئے وه ، نه هيرا وه نه شيرينه خیشت نے نہ ؤیو ارمان ؤ چا شاعر خوب کبنے لیدلے مراو سترکو کښے ئے غم ؤ، خماری د چا په مينه هر نظر هر حرکت کښے، ليونے د حُوانئے تال وو ټول وجود ئے يو سرور وو، يو رنگينه ځوانه مينه ماته وے اے مصورہ، ماته اوکورہ زہ شد یم يوه خواره "د بُت وينزه" د كمينو نه كمينه

ما وے ته د حسن لورځ ، ته رنگينه شهزاد گئے ئے ستا په يو سوي نظر به، زرتختونه شي قربان ماوے اے د غم میرمنے ، ته د کلو ښاپیرے ئے د ځوانئے په مست بهار کښے ، دارنګونه د خزان ستا دا شونډے ، شونډے نه دي، ارمانونه د مستئے دي يوه يتهه ميخانه ئے ، ستا هر څاڅکي کښے طوفان دے نیازبین جہان کسے دومرہ تور اؤ درانہ غرونہ اے د سرو کلابو خانگے ، ستا خو لرے دے خزان نورے شل پردے دِ پریرده، دا پرده دغم کره لرے چه خندا راشي گلشن ته، چه روښانه شي جهان بت تد ند ئے د بت وینزہ ، ستا ید ستر کو کسے رنرا دہ ته ساقی ئے ته شراب ئے، ته خمار ئے ته جانان دومره خیشت او بے دیدنه، دومره مینه بے جانانے ستا خائشت چه ليد نشى، نو ړوند شور د جهان وفا، مینه او ارمان، لکه نور تا کښے څلیری يو غمګين ارمان پټ کرم ، ستا د ژوند رنګين ارمان راځه خوا کښے زما کښینه، زه هم ستا د ارمان رور یم ته هم کل د بیابان ئے ، زہ ہے کل د بیابان زہ هم ژوند يم خور كرے، دردولے، ژرولے وينه مينه دواره ژاړي، غواړي ميني له جانان ماته ئےاوكتل مسكئے شوہ، سترائے ئے دِكے شوے له اوښكو تور څادر ئے خپل راغوند که، ځان له غلے شوہ روانه خپل امید او خپل ارمان ئے ورته ستورے د کاروان شو د سرو ګلو په تلاش کښے ، په صحرا کښے سرګردانه د رقاصے په قدم کښے ، د کل څانګے په اندازکښے يو دنيا د سوز او حسن، هوش کښے رکه شوه زمانه راته ئےزرہ کسے یو بل درد ،یو رنگین شان ارمان پریشود يو زريسن د نور بڅمسر د نورونو د جهانه

Deodasai

The doves were cooing and larks twittered away As waves of zephyr brought wave on wave of joy.

Morning came with tidings of laughter and light; All the buds were smiling – the air was euphoric.

Time turned another tide, another night was parting – Some spent it in love's lap, while others sulked and pined.

I also spent it sitting in a world of fluorescence, Blending thought with color, painting pictures.

I would spread out my sorrow fancying a beauty Whose hues would singe out and eyes dim down.

Should I paint Laila's face, of Shireen or of Mansoor I am in everyone's eyes – my pain beside my dreams

Should I take red and black to paint Changez? Taimur? The fury of their eyes is fanning my own fire.

A sad fairy came along the way of these frenzied colors – Neither Laila nor Shahi, Heer nor Shireen.

Her beauty was a longing, envisioned by a poet; Her eyes were dim and sad, bound to someone's love.

There was youth's rhythm in every glance and gesture Her body was a joy – colored with fresh love.

She said, 'Artist, look at me, what am I? A wretched idol's vassal, lowlier than the low.'

I said, 'You're beauty's daughter, a princess full of charm; With a single fiery gaze, you'd raze a thousand thrones.'

I said, 'O kin of sorrow, you are a fairy of flowers; Wherefrom these hues of autumn in springtime of youth?

'Yours are just not lips, they are joys and yearnings – A hidden cellar where each droplet harbors a storm.

'Such black and heavy burdens at your tender age, O branch of red roses, your autumn is still far. 'Let other veils be, just lift the veil of sadness; Let laughter reach the flowers and lighten up the world.

'You're not an idol's vassal – there's brilliance in your eyes; You are the cupbearer, wine, euphoria and love.

Such beauty yet unnoticed, and such love unrequited The world must be blind if it cannot see your grace

'Faithfulness shines through you and so do love and longing; A sad thought is hiding the brilliance of your wishes.

'Come here and sit by me; I am your kindred soul; You are a flower of the wild and so am I.

'I've also been hurt by life, pained and grieved; My blood and love both weep and long for love.

She looked at me and smiled; her eyes welled up; She took her black shawl and walked away in silence.

Her own hope, her wish became her guiding star As she roved the desert in search of crimson flowers.

Like a dancer's step, like a branch of blooms, A touching world of grace is lost to consciousness.

Leaving me with another ache, a fond wish, A golden grain of light from a radiant world.

تصور زه يم ناست شان له جانان يو تصور كين جورومه كله نے ستراکے تورومه كله نے شوندے سكلومه زہ یم ناست د غم په هار کښے د رنړا بخری پیمه خم د رنگ کسے لاخصار شتہ زہ تے لیے دکؤمہ د سخي ګوتو د ځار شم څنګه ښکلے ويش د وک زہ یو خاخکے خو خیکر کښے دریابونه گرزؤم، زر اؤ زور اؤ تخت د واغشت،خیشت نظر او خیال د راکه د سرور په سور طوّفان کښے د کړه ډوبه لوږه طمعه دا يو غم د ويشه پاتے چرته پټ تياره کښے ناست وو رو رو پټ م زړه له راغے لکه مار د ښکار په سلمه په دے هر شهد د رضا يم د لالونو زرو خانه غم شمه مرک م هم قب ول کا په خندا ئے قبلووم، دا خصو تا اور اورکسے يو د سمرور مماته بښلے حُکه زہ د تور محل کے شم خیل خوبونہ بلومیہ خلق وائی لار بودا شو، غنی خپلے مستئے وخور زه يم ناست د يار ويښت کښے د نرګس ګلونه ردم. مرکه زه چرته رکییزه زه لانه یمه او زگرار خم د رنگ کی کے لاخصار شتہ زہ تے لیے دکؤمیہ

Reverie

I sit alone and fancy creating a beloved for myself; Sometimes I paint her eyes black, sometimes I kiss her lips.

I sit here planting beads of light in the string of sorrow; Joy still flows from the amphora of colors into my cupped hands.

I hail your generous hands – how wise your disposal! I am a single drop, but harbor oceans in my heart.

You took gold, power, and throne, and gave me beauty, sight and thought; You drowned hunger and thirst in the red storm of elation.

A sorrow, not yet meted, kept hiding somewhere in the dark; It slowly crept up to my heart like a serpent on the prowl.

I am happy with your will, o lord, of gem and gold! Sorrow? I'm even ready for death and would willingly embrace it,

Were it not for the firefly of joy you've blessed me with, Allowing me to light up my dreams in this dark manor.

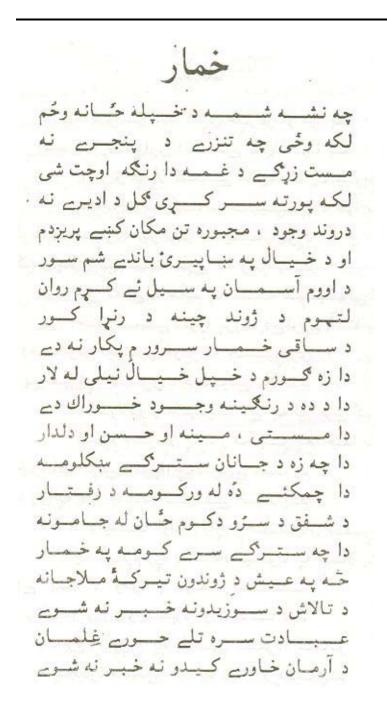
People say, 'There, Ghani grows old; consumed by his passions' While I sit and arrange narcissi in the beloved's hair.

Death, go somewhere, get lost! I'm not done as yet – Joy still flows from the amphora of colors into my cupped hands.

نه به يو ج کسے فرق تهر شکاری م خاندہ، خاندہ نن، بیا نہ شی خندا دام کسے

A Chalice

The air of drunkenness is floating in the dusk; Come and drown all your sorrows in a chalice. What matters if you are a yogi or an *amir*-At home, there is no difference between master and slave. Death's hand, the black hunter, is weighing well the blow; Laugh! Laugh now, before laughter is ensnared.



Euphoria

When I drink and come out of my self Like a partridge let out from a cage; My spirit rises from sorrow like A flower lifts its head in a cemetery. My ponderous being stays bound to the corpus As I fly upon the fairy of thought; It takes me for a visit to the seventh sky; I seek the fount of life and the house of light. I don't need the cupbearer's inebriation myself; It just helps me guide the steed of thought -It serves as food for its colorful being -This spiritedness, love, beauty and the beloved. I am kissing the eyes of my sweetheart And urge the steed of my fancy on; I fill my chalices with the redness of sundown And let my eyes redden with drunkenness. How lavishly you've lived your life, o mullah! You were never seared by a searching spirit; With worship you weighed *houris* and *gilman*, And never learned how yearning turned to dust. Your own fire could not melt you like a candle; You had sweet wine but could not feel the boon; A jovous heart could not take over your conscious: You could not bloom as a garden autumn lends to spring. The life and search of the madman is over now; His own footsteps lead his weary head to the grave; Revealing its moment of color like a flower, He washes away like a river into the sea.

Hyderabad Jail

مر ک ساز داسے آواز دے سبکارہ پت کری پت سبکارہ کری تورے خیت واخلی ترےنہ جرورہ منارہ کری قسبر باندم شال يو د اطلس د بخمل واچوى لاس کے د انسان لمحے لہ مرک او اجل واچوی خبو مېرک د پرده پوش کېږي د آدم زوال د هوشنه ورک مرک هغه خزان دے چه کُل کړی د کل فروشه ورک مرک کیواه د رب د مینے رحم د انسان سره مسرک يوه وعده د سپرلي شوه د خران سره ژوند يو ځاڅکے مينه ده، د مينے ننداره کري تورے ختبے واخلی ترے نہ جورہ منارہ کے ساز د حُوانئے غشے دے د مرک سرہ د جنگ قیصہ دا ده د انسان د زغرب، تورب او تفنی قیم دا ده د غلام د فخر، کبر او د ننه قیصه شمع پتنگ نه دے دا د ستوري او پتنگ قيمه ژوند د آدم شه دے ، مینه، مینه ده د ځان سره خاؤرے دے آدم، خاورے جنون سرہ جانان سرہ مرک لویه نیکی وه چه تا اوکره د انسان سره مرک ستا کور له يوړه کني ؤ به تل د ځان سره مرک هغه نیچه چه جانان کیسبوه د جانان سره م رک پته نکاح ده د مکان د لامکان سره مری ک بسے د ژوندون د دریاب پتیه کنار ده مرک مجبوره خان له د خپل حسن ننداره ده مرک بس یو کوه زما د ژوند ستا د جال اے عـج بے ایہ خانہ د تیے او د ھلال!

ځانپور

Death

Music is the sound that veils the visible and reveals the hidden; Takes black muck and builds with it a minaret;

Spreads a shawl of *atlas*, of *malmal* on the grave, And puts in the hands of man for a moment, life and death.

But death blinds you, unaware of man's fall – An autumn that steals the flower from the flower peddler.

Death is testimony of god's love and mercy for man – A promise made between autumn and spring.

Life is a drop of love, and it relishes love; Takes black muck and builds with it a minaret

Music is the thorn of youth, a tale of battling death; It is a tale of man's honed sword and musket

A tale of the slave's pride, of the grave, and dignity; Not of moth and candle, it's the tale of moth and star.

What is man's life but love, love of self; Man is dust, dust as his passion, dust as the beloved.

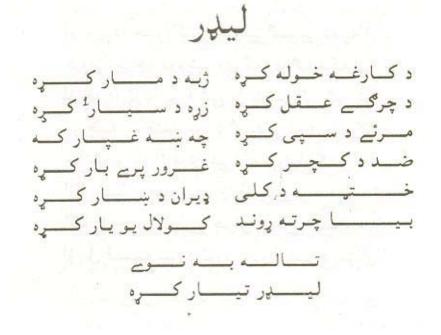
Death, it is your great act of piety for man – You take him to your house or he'd be left to himself

Death is a covenant between the lover and the beloved; Death is a secret wedlock between being and non-being.

Death harbors the hidden port of life's ocean; Death is helpless and a vision of beauty to itself.

Death is the only witness of my life and your grace, And O strange lord, of night and the crescent.

Khanpur



Leader

Take a crow's beak, A snake's tongue, A chicken's brain, And the heart of a rambler, A dog's throat That barks well, A mule's stubbornness, And deck it pride, Mud from the village, And the city's dunghill; And then befriend A blind potter, Who will prepare A new leader for you.

چور لر لى بدو يخوكس يوسين خوك بنكار خوبيرلام كمن دىخ بم اودى دىغموز غلے غلے م دکونوکس یو سن کلے آواز با يكتب تورسى سازوند، زيريا بن كالو روروىت بت مخيكركس يوهمين ستاغ عجب سازدخاموش وكيون فكرم لا اومانة ډيرولويدلام، دازغو د تيام پاخ خوچه دغه خوکه وینم اود م بل شی به رکوز دک دکلوکور م کورشی ، هرکلاب دانه بیز م خيشت درونلكرى بيت تور لر عا زية م وئى چەپاخەيا خىنى خان يىرمالك دغدخوكدكس بت يروت د ستامطل دلبور (*) خیشت: بنایست.

Point

Far away in the clouds I see a white point, But there are hills on the way and passes of cares. Quietly in my veins a pleasant voice resounds, Carrying singed strains, and yellow leaves. Gently and dimly, a sitar rings in my heart, Strange tunes of silence drive me mad. And there is a long way of night and thorns, But when I see that point, my veins start blazing; My florid home becomes a grave, each flower a taunt. The beauty of life veils the black mist of sorrow; My heart tells me, 'Get up and throw yourself at it! In that point lies hidden your meaning of meanings.'

د درد مند د خوار خدمت . خدمت نه دم عبادت دم لكه مصور، رحم اؤ مصينه د حسوا اصلی فطرت دم دا د مسرک سبرد جگرے دا نرتوب اؤ شحاعت دیر از تبارو کشیر سین م دا د درد به اور کښے رحم هم ثم خنشت از مم کمال ہر ژوندے د ښځے زوے د_ که دنیا ورته سیک کوری دنیا شوک دی دیدوندلی رو گنہ دہ اہز پر لال نے خارے کہے د شمکورو خ لور د خېشت اؤ مور د ژوند له رب سدا حوا کر ه -باعبرانو ایا سیاقے با دلریا کے د دا خبو مبونره شا اب دا ایوه مسته شان بلا کا ه د مغرب قحر ته نہ ئے مور کرہ نہ ئے نې د دين، نېز د دنيا کې ه خور کرہ د حوا اصلی مقام رحم مینه اؤ خدمت دے دا د مــرګ ســره جګړے خدمت نہ دے عبادت دے

Nurse

To serve the sick and wretched Is not service but worship; Like a mother, mercy and love Belong to Eve's true nature. This struggle against death Is full of courage and daring – This mercy in the blaze of pain And a white beacon in darkness. All living men are sons of women, So is their beauty and excellence; If the world looks down on them When has it acknowledged merit? A reproach to blind asses Who turn every gem into dust. The daughter of grace and mother of life Is wherefore God created Eve. It's us poets who have made Her a cupbearer or a beloved; The west's perverse culture Has made her a seductive demon – Neither a mother nor a sister;

Neither of religion nor of the world.

The real attributes of Eve Are service, mercy and love – This struggle against death Is not service but worship.

جنت اؤ دنيا

چه مستی وی اؤ خوانی وی او جانان وی او دک جام دیر اللوند، لر یاران، او غماین غوندے مابسام عشق څه اور وي او څه نوروي زړهٔ لمب لکه تنور وي یہ دے ژوند به زه ور زار کړم جنتونه ستا تمام خو دا ګټه په دے وکړے چه هیڅ رنګ له قرار نشته ہر ساعت، ہر رنگ د ژوند،ستا د وخت ہے کس غلام ار جنت کسیے ملا وائی، وخت به وے زما غلام دے چه روک شي او زه شته شم، ټول به وران م شي تمام چه زه ټول عمر زلمے يم، زلمے توب به يو عذاب شي حُکہ اوس راباندے کران دے ، چہ ئے خیشت شی زر تمام تل سپورمئ د څوارلسمے ، تل جانان د شپاړسمے تل خوانی، سیند د شرابو، دا دوزخ دے که انعام دے دنیا پسے به ژاړم، دا تیارہ هلال به غواړم هره ورځ به یادومــه، نرئے لړه د مـاښـام تنگ د حورو وفادارو، بے وف جانان به غواړم ستا آدم په ذات ښکاري دم ،د ښکار خوند کوي هر اکام دمستئے د سیند په غاړه، ثوابي روژے به نيسم اسویلی به کوم یادوم به د ساقی نیمگرے جام ہر یو شے چہ ابدٰی شیٰ، یو آفت شی یو عذّاب شی بس يو تاسمره ممرزه كمما دا ازل، ابد، دوام بندہ نوے رنگ محل کسے ، نوے نوے جانان غواری بيابان كبي سرة اللونه، توره شيه، چراغان غواري تل تیارہ کسےدے روکیږی، تل رنړا کسے هم ړندیزی دے بچے د تغیر دے، یو حالت کسے نہ ټینگیری

Heaven and Earth

Would there be elation and youth, the beloved and a chalice full; Several flowers and a few friends in a mellow evening. Passion be light and fire, and the heart a flaming *tandoor;* I would gladly give up your heavens to embrace such a life.

I'd far prefer this gain because no color is at rest; Each moment, each hue of life, is your time's helpless slave; And the mullah says, in paradise, time would be my slave – If he were somehow undone, all my troubles would end. If I find eternal youth, it would become a curse; I cherish it now as its beauty is soon consumed. An eternally full moon, an eternal sweet sixteen, Eternal youth, a river of wine, is it a reward or hell? I'd weep after this world, and yearn for the night's crescent, And remember everyday, the thin mist of eventide. Sick of faithful houris, I'd seek a fickle beloved; Man is a hunter by nature, and revels in hunting. I would fast on revelry's riverside, And sulk after the cupbearer's half-full chalice. Anything eternal becomes a curse and a catastrophe; It suits only you, this eternal beginning and end. Man seeks in each new palace a new beloved; Seeks red flowers in a wasteland, seeks lighting at night; He's lost in unending darkness, and blinded by perpetual light; He is the child of change and cannot stay the same. If you took him to heaven, this nature and this being, He'll soon be searing and weeping with sore eyes. O lord of great bestowal, turn this world into heaven! The formula is simple, comprising these three things – As I've said before, a beloved, youth, and a chalice, So that my silly head is amused from time to time; And after this worldly death, endow me to the Mullah, If the wretch would be appeased by mere dreams of *houris*. Give me a *houri* here – lively, full, and fair – A loving white candle, which burns and flames In her glance myriad colors; in her nature myriad moods; With manners such as spring – now sunshine, now rain; Would she be under one skin, a harem of women; Now brimming and vivacious, now quiet and retiring: And in my tired heart, kindle restive flames, Blazing like fire and dancing like a rill, And with one impatient glance, intoxicate me so As to leave everyone amazed and the cupbearer envious. In place of those thousands give me one here; Turn my eternal youth to a few years' rejoicing; If you cannot do this, lord, keep your fat houris; I neither need them there nor miss them here. Those fat and fair ones who yield without entreaty; Wide and hungry eyes, wallowing in *malmal*. Lord! My beloved lord! Just grant this one prayer, Or else, your Ghani would pine away in love.

حَمه، حَمه، حَمه، حَمه په رنړا باندے مـــــــــن یم خــو تیــارونه نه یریزم که پښیمان په ګناه نه یم، پرځ خونه غاوره کیـرم پرون تخم ؤم، نن ګل یم، سبا بیا به خاوره کیـرم زه د باد یوه چپـه یم، په صـحــرا په باغ تیــریزم کله باد کله باران شی، کله اور کــښـے اوسـوزیزم خـو زه حُم په مــخــه حُـمـه

ک اودریږم و روکیږم د معروک ی م چه ورپیښ شم په ګلونو، کړم ځولئے د عطرو ډک خوروم ه ئے چاپیره ،ورته خاندم خوش حالیږ چه د رنګ په جهان ورشم، یو رنګین د بوډ ک تپال شم رنګارنګ رنګین جمال کښے ، سپینه شمع شم ګډیږم چه د مستو په محفل کښے ، په ساقی او په جام ورشم لیونے شانے خمار شم، په خوبونو کښے خوریږم چه جهان تیاره تیاره شی، اور شی تندر شی عذاب شی زه پښت ون د پښت و غر شم، نه یریږم نه نړیږم چه د علم په جهان کښے ، د اوښیارو خوا کښے کښینم هم هغ وی پوری خندا کې

هم په ځصان پورے خنديږم په فكرونو ليونے شوم، په لټهون لتهون شوم ستړے خو آخر دغے له راغلم، نه پوهيږم نه پوهيږم خو زه ځمه حمه ځمه، تل روان يمه په مخه يو مقام ته ور روان يم، يو مقام ته به رسيږم او په لاره چه حمه راغله، كه تياره وى كه رنړا زه رنړا كښے يم خوشحاله خصو تيارو نه نه يريږم

On, On, and Onwards

I am in love with light but do not fear the dark; If I don't regret sin, I don't boast of sinning either. Yesterday a seed, today a flower, tomorrow I'll turn to dust; I am a gust of wind blowing over the desert garden – Now, a breeze, now rain, at times I sear in flames, But I move ever onwards – I'll be lost if I stand still

If I chance upon flowers, I fill my lap with fragrance And I spread it all over, smiling and cheering; If I chance upon a world of colors, I become a rainbow; In parti-colored glory, I dance like a white candle. In the house of revelry, when I find the cupbearer, I become a mad ecstasy, unfolding in dreams. If the world grows dark, bringing fire, lightning, and curse, I am a Puhktoon mountain of courage, intrepid and unvielding; And in times of mourning, I sit by the wise Laughing at them, And laughing at myself I'm maddened with cares, and tired of searching Is that not what I'm here for? I don't understand – But on, on, and onwards I go, ever onwards, Toward a destiny I will one day reach; And whatever comes on the way, night or day,

I revel in light But do not fear the dark.

حيدر آياد جيل 1948ع

Music

Flavor for lips, Color for eyes,

Smell for the nose. Of narcissus and clove. Hope for the heart, Spirit and longing; Sarod for the ear, Jingle and strum. For me élan, Life and light; A few voices Of life's colors. Crack-a-crackle of fire, Pitter-patter of rain, Ach, ach of yearning, Oh, oh of longing, Shish, shish of passion, Ooh, ooh of loving, The eternal no, no And yes, yes of a darling. Giggle-gaggle of laughter, Crack-a-cackle of cheer. Tin-tinkle of anklets. Babble-bubble of a rill. Swash n' gobble of water, Whispering whistle of wind, 'Stop, stop,' of a sweetheart, Froth n' foam of the foe, Swish, swish of lashes, Whiz, whiz of bullets, Crack-a-crackle of *chillum*, A butterfly's flitter, Boom-boom of the drum, Twang-twang of the *rabab*, Gurgle-gargle of the cup, Sizzle, sizzle of the kebab, Slurp, slurp of the mouth. Sigh! Sigh! of the beloved, Chuck-a-chuckle of a *chukar*, Coo-coo of a pigeon, 'Stop, stop!' of the lover, 'Fie, fie,' she goes on; Squeak, squeak of the pen On and on, this dicourse.

Hyderabad Jail - 1948

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آبي جهاز -نلد يرا - جولاتي 1929.

Entreaty

I do not need your red sculpted lips, Nor hair in loops like a serpent's coils, Nor a nape as graceful as a swan's, Nor narcissus eyes full of drunkenness, Nor teeth as perfect as pearls of heaven, Nor cheeks ruddy and full as pomegranates, Nor a voice mellifluous as a *sarinda*, Nor a figure as elegant as a poplar, But show me just this one thing, my love, I seek a heart stained like a poppy flower –

Pearls by millions I would gladly cede, For the sake of tears borne of love and grief.

Ship – Neldera – July 1929 (Written at age 15)