



# An **Elegy** for the **Brave** **Hearts** of **Tomorrow**

Poems of love,  
revolution and  
resolve!

**Akash Ansari**  
Dr. Sahar Gul

[sindhshamat.com](http://sindhshamat.com)



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Poet: **Aakash Ansari**

Translator: **Dr. Sahar Gul**

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*To,  
My Mother*

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## A cognitive journey into the poetic world of Dr. Akash!

**T**he immediate glance at the title of the book would alert the readers, making them both pensive and skeptic simultaneously: “An Elegy for the Brave Hearts of Tomorrow: Poems of Love, Revolution and Resolve”. Why would a poet use the term “elegy” in the title of his book, which carries nationalistic and radical poetry? Though I realized that the line after the colon was amply befitting to the content of the poetry I translated—Poems of Love, Revolution and Resolve— below, for my own good reasons, I have attempted to explore how the poetry of brave hearts could be an elegy.

An elegy, in meaning, is a cremation song, an expression offered in homage to the dead at the funeral/memorial service or by standing alongside a grave or a mausoleum. But then in the process of pondering I had had a sudden moment of realization that the protagonists of Dr. Akash’s poems are the patriotic political workers who love their motherland Sindh and fantasize to either attain its freedom, or they be its martyrs. They “tried” (may be not so adequately) till their last breathes to resist during the political turmoil in Sindh, eventually, they fell down in the regretful sense of both having a failed love, and an ultimate political loss. For example, the meaning of the couplets below say the entire story that the book title hints to:

نڪي عشق آتشِ فشان ٿي اُپاميو،  
نه ٿي ڊيپ دل مان اوهان جو اُجهاميو  
نه سُورن جي شدت کان شعلو بڻياسين،  
نه سگريت جو ڪو ڦٽو ٿي ڇڻياسين

Or

قاهيءَ جا ڦندا، چمڻ کان به وياسين  
۽ دنيا جا ڏندا، ڪرڻ کان به وياسين،  
نه تون ئي ملين، نه ڪنهن جا ٿياسين  
هتان کان به وياسين، هتان کان به وياسين  
مرڻ جي مزي کان محروم ٿياسين،  
۽ جيئن اڏورا اڏورا.

The above lines in this poem are the model Akashiyan approach— the essence, or the gist of his outlook he portrays in his poetry; almost all of his poems are analogous to this notion. He, very aesthetically, narrates the wretched state of the life or heart, which once upon a time cherished a passion, pursued it. However, the entire quest went in vain because it lacked sufficient labor in the endeavors, so that the passion could have erupted volcanically and had made some difference in the lives of people and the homeland. Meanwhile, despite lacking the required extent of passion and achieving success followed by that, those half-cooked, untamed and undirected longings persisted as haunting emotions.

First of all, his heroes have a graver sense of defeat pierced in their souls like dagger, causing a constant, relentless ache. They writhe in guilty conscience that their longings for the patriotic mission were devoid of ample zeal,

as if those were the hollow expressions of commitment, which were destined to end up at futility. What a pity, that the heroes who were meant to be martyred, or high achievers in the pace of their struggle, their pursuit ended up in vain. And then they could have responded to the love offered to them by their beloved, they could have been loved back, adored and owned by someone, but circumstantially they turned their back towards that pleasure too. So, on the one hand, a peaceful and content life in the world was not their choice, and on the other hand, if freedom of the homeland did not become the destiny, then at least a heroic and celebrated death could have been the reward on the path of their revolutionary struggle! Thus, this state can plunge any one into a miserable sense of loss of wasting life futilely.

جيءُ جبروت جنمن کان ويران آ، ساه ساميئڙو مڙئي مهمان آ  
ترسندو کيسنائين پلا قافلو، يار جلدي ملو، يار جلدي ملو.

Second, in his fantasy, he portrays characters of the ascetics, who tread on the tough paths for days and months to reach the Sufi pilgrimage sites located at the unfamiliar lands. And then they are mindful that life is just a fleeting guest, so are the caravans, which have transitory sojourn, at unknown locations. Hence, Akash's characters understand the transitoriness of everything, and by the time they reach this stage of consciousness, they become fully aware of the inevitability of the ultimate separations. Suffering the pangs of separation, they wail on their split from their beloved, from their bosom buddies and even from the caravans.

ڪالهه لنگهي ويا قافلا.  
وڙ نه ويراڳ،  
حيف هجئي او هيئڙا!

مون وٽ ڪوبه نه ماڳ!  
ڪالهه لنگهي ويا قافلا.  
ليون لڪ لوسائون،  
آرهڙا وٽي آڳ، ڪالهه لنگهي ويا قافلا.

Pity on you, oh heart!  
This wilderness, you never deserved,  
yesterday, the caravans departed.  
I have no dwelling, nor abode,  
Yesterday, the caravans departed.  
Searing winds of summer, burnt the trees,  
Heat poured flames,  
Yesterday, the caravans departed.

This poem, so delicately, and so profoundly touches heart of the reader, and it carries so picturesque and imaginative portrayal that the reader begins envisioning that how the convoys and caravans suddenly depart, marooning the anxious, desirous, and longing souls behind. The character of the poem craves to be united with those caravans, which are gone, as if with the winds. This is the higher stage in which one experiences a cut-throat defeat during the journey.

Third, his characters often are derailed from the path, and spend their whole life in quest to finding their abode, he tells this melancholic drama through experience of a bird.

پتڪي پنهنجو دڳ وڃي، جيئن ڪو پڪيئڙو منجهه گگن،  
نه جنهن جو ڪوئي آهيرو، نه آشيانو ۽ چمن،  
مان به پنهنجي ديس ۾، آهيان اڪيلو اوپرو  
جلاوطن، جلاوطن، جلاوطن.

Lost its path as if, a bird flying suspended in the skies,  
Without nest, has neither abode, nor garden to reside,  
Alone, alien, like the bird, I am also, in my life,  
I am displaced, uprooted, exiled!

The message in this poetry is the bewail of a bird flying suspended in the skies, frantically plunging down to the lower altitudes to searching its nest, failing to find that reverts back to the skies again. His poetry is the requiem of a half-crucified bleeding heart that vacillates between the hope and despair, success and failure and life and death. Metaphorically, the poet narrates story of an exiled soul, yearning and roving in search of being one with the soil or beloved. Hence, sometimes Akash's protagonist is a patriotic nationalist, sometimes he is a lover, and sometimes he recounts this poignant story through the life of a bird, which is also quite heart-rending.

Forth, his characters get dejected to see deceit around; they witness even the holy places are not spared of the practice of treacheries and betrayals, rather those sacred places are used against peace, love and humanity.

مون سمجھيو ته عبادتگاهون، آجيون شايد آهن،  
پر هر مسجد، هر مندر پر، آڳ لڳل آهي.

Dr. Akash, through this poem features harsh realities of this country, where people of other faiths are the target of fanatics; in the above lines he indicates to the recurring events of demolition of shrines, mosques belonging to particular sects, and temples in the country.

روح جي شاهي قلعي جي،  
وفا اسيرن کي،  
مليا ته درد مليا،  
بيا وفا، جفا جا عذاب.  
نه ڪا به مڙ، نڪا مڙڪ  
نه ڪا ماڪ ملي،  
اڪين مان اوتيون وينا،  
رڳو سورن جو شراب.  
۽ روز،  
شهر جو ملان چوي ٿو واعظ،  
”اڃان به ڏينهن قياميت“ اسان کان ٿيندو حساب!؟

Fifth, after the cut-throat defeat, his characters resolve, and hope the upcoming generations would realize the dreams and visions. For example, his is the poetry of the heroes who perished away en route, and they never savored the charm of attaining destinations and aspirations! So, it is the story of self-denial of his characters, who denied tender beauties of life, and their nuptial nights for the sake of the motherland, but what a pity! The destiny deprived them of both the freedom and martyrdom, beloved they already said no to! The stage that his characters reach as defeated souls, is the real pinnacle, real destination of the journey. Once they are done with the lamentation, they resolve, accepting the destiny—resolving contently at what remains, is the higher stage of consciousness they reach at. The strong souls bring the optimism that leads them ahead despite failing in the pursuits: now they believe their comrades would realize those unfinished goals. He says:

اهو سڀنو!  
جنهن جي ساڀيا خاطر،  
پنهنجي جيون جي هر چوسول مٽي،  
ڪنهن ٿري ٻار جي پُرياس نگاهن جهڙيون،  
اسان پنهنجي سهاڳ جون راتيون،  
ڪنهن ننڍڙي واک تي نيلا م ڪيون،  
سو به سرعام ڪيون.  
پنهنجي هر آرزو ۽ چاهه جي چاڀين جا ڳڻا،  
سندو ۽ جي پيٽ ۾ اڇلائي ڇڏيا،  
۽ پنهنجي خوشين جي جنازن وانگر  
پنهنجي خوشين جي جنازن وانگر  
بنا ڪفن جي ئي دفنائڻي ڇڏيا.  
سرير پنهنجي ۾ صدين کان سجيل،  
صنم ڪدن کي لڳائي تيلي،  
وٺي بدلو اسان محرومين کان،  
پنهنجي ناکامين جو جشن ڪيو،  
رڳو هڪ سڀني جي ساڀيا خاطر.  
رڳو هڪ سڀني جي ساڀيا خاطر.

He describes how for the sake of that dream's realization they crucified their other dreams. It was a self-penance to look away the blissful moments of the nuptial nights, bridal apparels, glittering bodies with fragrant scents and henna-ornate hands! To turn their back towards the wedding melodies and pursue the dream, which somehow had to end up at the murky, gloomy prisons!

Finally, he tells a fascinating story of a lover, who leaves his beloved behind as he sees gibbets beckoning, a tough trade-off he does! To me this poem is a central idea of his poems.

سچ پچين او پرين!  
دل به چاهيو گهڻو،  
ڪا گهڙي تنهنجي،  
وارن جي ڪارين گهڻائين منجهان،  
واس وٺندو رهان!  
بن گهڙين لاءِ سهي،  
تنهنجي آغوش جي سانوري شام ۾،  
ڪنهن روپوش پياسي مسافر جيان،  
مان پناهون وٺان،  
ڪن پل ئي سهي،  
ٿڪ ٿورو پڇان.  
دل ته چاهيو گهڻو،  
تنهنجي نيٺن جون،  
نرمل هي چاندو ڪيون،  
سدا مست نينديون نياپا ڪئي،  
روح جي رڻ مٿان،  
ايئن رقصان رهن.

He says: You ask me, O beloved! Why did I depart away?  
When the evening's tumbler was not empty yet,  
The night was twinkling, with the faint melodies  
of your breathes;  
slept in my bed there, as if a rebel weather!  
Over the edges of your kajal-lined eyes  
The boat of my lips, is forever ashore!  
Yes, but long before that, why did I depart away?



So, see! There are kajal-lined deep eyes of the beloved, who has beautiful hair, and intriguing fragrance puffing out of her stunning, tender body. The mercilessness of the fate is that the sky above is murky, packed with the black clouds that are about to rain with thunderstorm, of course she would like to be in his harms. And he too has every reason—moral, human and emotional—to be near her, hold her in his arms and cuddle her in the stormy and smoky nights to pacify each other's loneliness. But no...! He trades off and says no to the tender heart's dreams and turns his back towards life's multi-colored magnificence! And what he gains in the trade off? He chooses detentions and harsh penalties! He chooses to be the prisoner of rebellion and patriotism instead of being the detainee of her heart, captive of her hair and beautiful arms.

So that is why the title of the book rightly carries the term—an elegy, which has introspective and pensive poems composed out of an unbearable melancholy and nostalgia. Akash's characters make tough choices of life; they do away with the temptations of delightful, relishing coquetties of beloved, and choose gallows to savor the taste of a lonely and excruciating death! What kind of charm was that, by the way, many people around did choose this brutal barter proudly!

سچ پچين او پرين!  
دل ته چاهيو گهڻو،  
تنهنجي نيڻن جون،  
نرمل هي چاندوڪيون،  
سدا مست نينديون نياپا ڪئي،  
روح جي رڻ مٿان،  
ايئن رقصان رهن.  
دل ته چاهيو گهڻو،

تنهنجي ٻانهن جون ڪچڙيون،  
۽ ڪومل وليون،  
سونهن سرهاڻ جا،  
سؤ سنديسا ڪئي،  
منهنجي تن تي سدا،  
ايئن وڪريل رهن.  
ها مگر ڇا ڪريون  
تنهنجي ڪاڪل<sup>①</sup> جي قيدي  
تيڻ کان اڳي،  
قيد خانن ۾ ڪائي ڪشش هئي پرين!  
جيڪا ويئي چڪي.

Concluding this whole idea, I would say that Dr. Akash, in his poems, weaves a perfect story, which is picturesque and scenic, replete with characters who are the heroes, who have set out on journeys of meaningful pursuits, of the grand sacred ideals—leaving their home, hearth and heroines behind. His hero's heart gets sweet alerts when cuckoo chirps at the dawn, he takes joy in seeing the blooming flowers drenched in dewdrops, all this gives him yearning for the beloved who is far and away from him. Won't it be termed as an elegy then! He has every reason to entitle his book, his or his characters' physical and cognitive journey so!

Dr. Sahar Gul

①. ڪاڪل: زلف

## A Poet in Perennial Exile!

**P**oets happen to be unusual people in their propensities, thoughts, motivation, sensations and sensitivities as well as their overview about life, nature, society and happenings of daily life. Those cognitive and subjective discrepancies make them unique from common people that are why they often cross the societal boundaries of normalcy. They prefer to stay more on transcendental sense, which can be termed as poetics in Aristotelian sense or creative deliverance. There have been much written on poetry, poets and creative phenomenon of poetic utterances still the subject stands an open critical discourse and an unfinished agenda. That's why there can't be any universal and agreed definition of poetry and above all there shouldn't be any fixed definition of an organic and creative marvel.

Keeping aside the peculiarity of poetry and creative poetic occurrence great Greek idealist philosopher Plato, who himself was a poet, looped against poets describing it in more simple manner by saying that "every heart sings a song, incomplete, until another heart whispers back. Those who wish to sing always find a song. At the touch of a lover, everyone becomes a poet." Plato had a love-hate relationship with poetry and despite opposing poets he couldn't resist his

temptation for poetry. Cassandra Clare had rightly said, "Only the very weak-minded refuse to be influenced by literature and poetry." So nobody can deny the significance and prominence of poetry in human thought and its creative expression. One can assertively claim that human history of thought is incomplete without poetry.

Sindhi is one of the primogenital languages of south Asia and it inherits variety of rich poetic and literary traditions since at least one millennium of recorded history. Though Mahabharata, Vedas and other oldest classical epics and forms of poetry were also written on the banks of Indus and could be counted as literary heirloom of Sindh but I have refereed poetic tradition of Sindhi language and not the traditions of Indus civilization. Those poetic traditions included folk, religious, rhapsodic (razmiya) and mystic traditions from Arab era and Soomra dynasty to the Mir dynasty, which ended up in 1843 and Sachal Sarmast was the great last poet of that medieval and classical era, whereas Shah Abdul Latif was the creative genius of all times and an agreed greatest poetic icon of millennium.

Beginning of 20th century brought a new, modern and multi-shaded literary era both in poetry and prose in all genres and forms of pure literature with new approaches, creative experimentations, diction, literary vocabulary, themes and above all social and intellectual dynamics. Although people superficially and commonly believe that poetry is more about emotions, commotions and subjective streams of any society but in reality pure literature in particular and poetry in general also reflect, reproduce and depict objective realities of any society and same was the case of society of Sindh in 20th century. Famous 20th century poet and literary critic T. S. Eliot had accurately said that 'poetry is not turning loose of emotion, but an escape from emotion; it is not the personality but an escape from

personality' or Percy Bysshe Shelly, a great poet and literary critic of romantic era in his very famous thesis 'a defense of poetry-1821' had precisely said that 'poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world'. Now by and large the modern and even currently professed postmodern world concedes the significance of literature, art, philosophy and poetry to understand society and its multi-faceted dynamics. It is the case of Sindhi language literature and poetry in 20th century, and along with many like Kishan Chand Bewas, Adbul Karim Gadai, Kheal Das Fani, Narain Shayam and others Shaikh Ayaz emerged as a literary phenomenon and literary genius in post colonial era, that tradition continued with Ustad Bukhari, Niaz Humayooni, Tanveer Abbasi, Imdad Hussaini and many others till late 70s and even later on. This new era of modern Sindhi poetry didn't only bring new avenues of poetry and progressive thoughts but it connected itself with rich traditions of classical era of Sindhi poetry and also great traditions of ancient and medieval mystic traditions of sub-continent. Great modern Sindhi poet Shaikh Ayaz described that creative fusion in his famous poem 'things speak' and said;

*"Can you hear?  
Things speak.*

*This is the Tanbooro  
On which Bhitai played,  
Form its strings  
Bloomed flowers,  
Showering their fragrance on all.*

*This is the spindle-wheel  
Which Kabir spun  
And the entire land  
Was woven into its texture.*

*This is the rope  
With which Nana Sahib was bung  
And which still swings  
Waiting for goodness knows  
Who else's head*

*You are trying to sense of my poetry,  
Listen,  
In history's museum  
Things speak."*

But in Shaikh Ayaz's case it was not the static and dead history's museum but it was a continuity, a living and dynamic continuousness and an organic reality that had tied up 20th century Sindh to its glorious classical poetic era of Sindh and Sub-continent. Akash Ansari, a highly celebrated and well-acknowledged poet emerges on the scene of romantic and revolutionary poetry of Sindh in third phase of that poetic tradition in 80s of 20th century. He didn't only inherit rich classical and modern legacy but he emerged in an era where country was experiencing worst tyrannical dictatorial era of Zia ul Haq, the most fanatic and coercive fascist dictator of Pakistan's history. Nobody else had depicted that coercive era than Aakash in his famous poem, paying great tribute to Nazeer Abbasi, a young revolutionary who was brutally murdered and mutilated by Zia regime. This symbolic poem depicts not only the coercive era of Zia dictatorship but also depicts the counter revolutionary spirit that was being exhibited by Nazeer Abbasi, Aakash Ansari and their contemporary revolutionaries. Akash said

*"Mother, Mother,  
Oh my dear mother!  
If, by the brutal of the night*

*I am also killed  
Like my fellows,  
Swear you upon  
your motherly love,  
Never you wail,  
and never lose your heart.*

*For the sake of,  
Truth, beauty and triumph, ever  
If I am also made to lie  
over the piercing broken glass pieces,  
In the thirst of that dawn,  
Like my loved ones,  
If at dusk, I too am called  
for the gallows  
If my body is adorned  
on some majestic castle  
Or I am called  
in the dalai camps,  
Crushed under the long boots,  
And killed long before  
my own death,  
O mother!  
Don't you ever lament,  
Don you lose your heart.*

*My path is  
fragrant with blood,  
My breathes,  
Carry the scents of a riverine bridge,  
My thoughts, cuffed in  
the chains of centuries.  
Within each of my vein, are  
Open sores.  
On each of the path I tread on,  
Loom sabre, arrows*

*and swords!  
Each step of mine  
Is attacked by the foes,  
My each womb is  
stabbed with stilettos.  
My history,  
Is under the debts of centuries.  
My language too,  
is as if of the one of outcasts,  
Death is mad  
At my folks.  
My fellows have borne  
So much of the torment,  
See! Someone is hanging on the gallows!  
And someone burnt in the oils.  
Just see, around in the land  
How tyranny rules over.  
Each hand raised,  
is carved out,  
In such a tyranny, And cruelty,  
How to bear with this?  
How to keep quiet?*

*O my wise mother!  
O my lovely mother!  
Do not stop me,  
Do not stop me,  
If I am killed,  
If I go and  
Never return back,  
My dead mother!  
If I do not become  
your shoulder in your old age,  
Like Abbasi  
Or Bobby Sandus,  
If I am killed*

*by the pirates of the nights,  
Like rest of my comrades,  
Take swear  
of your motherhood,  
Do not worry,  
do not be sad.*

*If I do not become groom  
and color my hands with Henna,  
do not translate  
your dreams and wishes in reality.  
Like any Hoshu  
Or Like any Hemu  
If I become groom of the blood game,  
Take swear of your motherhood,  
Do not worry  
Do not be sad.*

*Keep my childhood  
memories' photo  
The tear dropped  
from eyes, frozen,  
Sing lullabies  
in eulogy of heroes,  
Completion of my  
Unseen dreams,  
To the iron chain  
containing my hands  
smear red henna,  
Sing my nuptial songs,  
console yourself,  
Take swear of my youth  
O mother,  
You never cry,  
You never worry"*

Akash Ansari, as a symbolic revolutionary voice of that era epitomized his contemporaneous veracities with all his poetic vigor, creativity, progressive political thought, revolutionary spirit, radical resistance, variety of groundbreaking themes, addressing diverse range of bitter realities and emerging inspirations of public and political life. Like traditional resistance poets he didn't limit himself to merely hue and cry but he came up with powerful political thought, ideologically deeply rooted critical consciousness, non-traditional revolutionary vision, aesthetic and romantic diction and expression and above all in-depth insightful portrayal of society and his era. While addressing those acrimonious existences he tried to create hope, resistance and a vision for a better future and emancipation. He said

*"Friends!  
See your wrists!  
Your watches tied there advise you,  
To turn your fingers into lamps.*

*In our abodes,  
The monster of night has dropped in,  
The city is quiet, asleep, and  
Sleep is awake in eyes.  
All around,  
the flowers and saplings of grief  
Have sprouted buds.*

*And the cactuses of heart,  
Putting on new, thorny crowns,  
Have welcomed  
Hopelessness in a way that  
Even the autumns feel gloomy.  
In front of the deity of defeat,  
In every street*



*The Satan of death,  
On the rhythm of hatred,  
Dances tipsy.  
Dance of ill fates and savagery,  
Rips apart, the soul of truth.*

*The land's magnificence and splendor,  
Demands fortification.*

*Suggest the watches of our hands,  
To add eternal life  
To that infinite splendor.  
And in the villages  
of unsurmountable eyes  
Let's hide the planet Earth.*

*Before that,  
That the savage of life  
With the ink of death,  
Marks the word, "end"  
Over the periphery of our life,  
And interrupts the ticking arms  
of our watches,  
long before that,  
O friends,  
See your wrists,  
And turn your fingers into lamps."*

Aakash Ansari's revolutionary poetic thought was neither superficial nationalism disconnected from class consciousness nor pseudo revolutionary slogan mongering, rather he appeared with all his intellectual maturity and poetic creative force to not only depict unwanted realities of his times but also to create a vision for emancipation of downtrodden masses and oppressed sections of society. On

one hand while depicting sorrows of his people and land he doesn't resist himself to loudly say that

*"I assumed, it's just my home, set on fire,  
Went out & saw, the entire city was on fire.*

*Believed, God's abodes must be spared,  
Pity! Each mosque, each temple is on fire.*

*Cactus's pointed finger, as if blames skies,  
Ah! Each cactus of the Thar, is on fire."*

And one other hand he comes up with revolutionary hopes and says that

*"In the shadows of sky now  
Heavenly lanterns dimmed down,  
Stars slept, becoming tired dimmed down  
Since long the stars turned their directions  
But the caravan awaiting  
Get never exhausted, drained!  
You will come, you will come, and you will come no  
doubt."*

Aakash Ansari not only depicted mass resistance of his times but also further created his own imagination of motivating masses and oppressed people for a sustained and meaningful resistance and that is the actual utility of genuine revolutionary and resistance poetry. His many poems are reflection of that powerful poetic thought, which gained enormous mass momentum and recognition during 80s and early 90s. That phenomenon could be deeply sensed through these few verses from his poetry. Despite apparently disappointing realities in his own words

*"I have no dwelling, or abode,  
Yesterday, the caravans departed.*

*In the searing winds of summer, trees burnt,  
Heat poured flames,  
Yesterday, the caravans departed.*

*I saw the day passed away,  
As I awakened at the dusk,  
Yesterday, the caravans departed.*

*Neither the land was wicked  
Nor I looked away my fortune,  
Yesterday, the caravans departed.*

*Pity on you, oh heart!  
Wilderness, you do not deserve,  
Yesterday, the caravans departed."*

He comes up with dynamic determination and will to resist those unwanted and bitter coercive realities, he says

*"In the passage of journey, if we perish, O friend!  
Our comrades would realize our dreams!  
When our blood would turn into a scent,  
The whole land, it will make fragrant!  
When a child little, would begin lisping sweet!  
Our comrades would realize our dreams!*

*Our these arms, and our glances,  
Since times eternal, yearn for these paths,  
We get slaughtered, if in such pursuits,  
Our comrades would realize our dreams!*

*When my folks, won't grieve in miseries,  
Neither the summer heat will scorch our goats*

*The mother's breast will not dry out,  
Our comrades would realize our dreams!*

*When it will rain on the dry lands,  
And it will shower on the folks of Parker,  
Neither would the Marui long for her folks,  
Our comrades would realize our dreams!"*

Despite his highly revolutionary thought, Akash appears to be highly romantic, aesthetic and emotionally alluring; he amalgamates his revolutionary critical consciousness with his exceptionally romantic and aesthetic expression. Such glimpses can be traced out is his entire poetic journey comprised of almost 4 decades. Few examples are given here

*"When a cloud, soaked the land with rain,  
Do not know why then, I yearned for your eyes!  
When the moon did coquetries around,  
Do not know why I yearned for your eyes!*

*When any cuckoo chirped at the dawn,  
The cold wind then, deepened the separation pain.  
When the dewdrops did drench the flowers,  
Do not know why then, I yearned for your eyes!*

*When in the fields blossomed the millet sprouts,  
When in Chait, mustard yield budded flowers.  
When in Thar the peacocks chirped melodies,  
Do not know why I yearned for your eyes!*

*When glances parted from you forever,  
Then far away, the sky did shed tears.  
When the separations were there to agonize,  
Do not know why I yearned for your eyes!"*

While combining his romantic thought with his political thought he says

*"O' General!  
O' General!  
Today, the entire day,  
You spent viewing maps, and  
Sketching the fields anew!*

*Wish that time,  
You had spent,  
Chatting with a child!  
Keeping your gun aside,  
You could have bathed flowers in the lawn,  
Then you would have  
conquered this day,  
And you had not  
lost the battle futilely."*



*"In the finger of time, the ring of life,  
Is turning lose, O friends, meet soon!*

*As a holy shrine, my being, since eons, is desolate,  
My breath—the nomad—is only a fleeting guest,  
How long but this roving caravan would wait,  
Friends, meet soon! O Friends, meet soon!*

*My love my passion for you, is waning,  
Heart also quits its devotion, and craving,  
There is no fervor in departures, in parting,  
Friends, meet soon! O Friends, meet soon!*

*For years, from Akash, you remained parted,  
Sometimes, but, within instants, you reunited!  
Why grief is dear? Heart fails to comprehend!  
Friends, meet soon! O Friends, meet soon!"*



*"When your eyes, were the incitements,  
For us, were those, a source of survival!"*



Its peculiarity of Akash's revolutionary poetry that wavering between beloved and revolution and resistance he ultimately prefers his sacrifice and commitment with the cause and narrates it in his very famous poem, which he wrote in 1982 in Nara Jail. He says

*"You ask me, O beloved!  
Why did I depart away?  
When evening's tumbler  
Was not empty yet,  
The night was twinkling.  
With the faint melodies  
of your breathes;  
slept in my bed there  
as if a rebel weather!*

*Over the edges of  
your kajal-lined eyes  
The boats of my lips,  
are forever ashore!  
Yes, but long before that,  
Why did I depart away?*

*To tell you the truth, o beloved!  
The heart yearned so much, that  
For a moment,  
I breathe in a bit, the fragrance of  
The dark black clouds of your long hair!  
Even, for a few flashes,  
In the smoky twilight of your arms,  
Like an absconded, thirsty traveler,*

*I seek sojourn!  
For a moment even,  
I do away with the weariness a bit!  
The heart yearned so much, that  
the soft moonlights of your eyes,  
At all times,  
with eager offers and invites,  
float dancing,  
Over the desert of my soul.*

*The heart yearned so much, that  
The soft vines  
of your youthful arms,  
carrying scores of messages,  
of splendor and attar,  
on my body forever,  
Remain scattered like this.  
Yes! But what to do  
Before being the prisoner  
of your long hair,  
There was a temptation  
In the prisons, o beloved!  
That charmed me away!*

*The heart yearned so much, to relish,  
Your all-delightful coqueties,  
Yes, but what to do,  
The gallows' agonies,  
had its own savor,  
That charmed me away!  
You ask me, O beloved!  
Why did I depart, why did I go away!"*

This expression was continuity of such thoughts expressed by Faiz Ahmed Faiz, Sahir Ludhyanvi, Ali Sardar Jaafrī, Shaikh Ayaz and many others in sub-continent, it

reminds me Faiz's beautiful and powerful poem, in which he says

*"My love, do not ask me for my former kind of love.  
I thought that if you existed, life was resplendent;  
If I cared for you, then why quarrel about the  
sorrows of the world;  
From your face, springs manifest a firmness in the  
world.  
Except for your eyes, what remains in the world?  
If I were to win you, then fate would be defied.  
It was not this way; I only hoped it would be.  
There are other sorrows in the world besides love;  
Other comforts than the comfort of union;  
Dark, brutal phantasmagorias of countless centuries  
Woven in silk, satin, and brocade;  
Bodies sold in narrow streets and bazaars,  
Spattered in mud, blood-spattered,  
Bodies coming out of the oven of disease,  
Flowing pus from running sores.  
The glance still turns back to those sights—what am  
I to do?  
Yet your beauty is alluring—what am I to do?  
There are other sorrows in the world besides love,  
Other rests than the rest of union.  
My love, do not ask me for my former kind of love."<sup>①</sup>*

Along with revolutionary and progressive spirit, symbolic diction, romantic expression, diversity of themes is truly strength and beauty of Akash's poetry. His thought is purely secular and he professes upon worldly significance of life; he appears to be rebirth of great Greek philosopher and

<sup>①</sup> <http://mulosige.soas.ac.uk/do-not-beg-me-for-my-former-kind-of-love-faiz-ahmed-faiz/>

poet Lucretius (60 BC) had said that 'all fails and in one single moment dies', his famous and unique poem connects him with Epicurean thought that believed in entertaining life in this present moment. Akash says

*"This life!  
Is not merely bubble of water,  
Neither a mark on the sand,  
Nor a blow of the wind.  
We accept!  
Of course, today, or tomorrow,  
The Bhanbhore ruins of this body,  
Will be destroyed,  
The beloved of this life, will bid farewell,  
But  
Just now,  
In that very moment, in which you and I survive,  
Who denies the being of this moment?  
What all this is?  
These lamps of eyes,  
Remain alight or turn off,  
It is not a big deal,  
But in the whispers of four eyes,  
The voiceless words  
Must have meaning?  
What all this is?  
Between the kisses and lips,  
Amidst the shores,  
There flows  
The sea of the emotions,  
Is that sea, in any condition  
Going to dry out and parched?  
What all this is?  
Or  
In the deserted  
moonlights of separations,*

*From a remote radio station,  
In the soft melodies,  
Is Lata, humming songs of Meeran?  
Is there death or defeat to that song?  
What all this is.  
This life!  
Is not merely bubble of water,  
Neither a mark on the sand,  
Nor a blow of the wind."*

Akash Ansari doesn't confine himself to human life's individual sufferings, he expands that horizon with synchronizing himself with collective sorrows and feels himself in perennial exile, this is not just physical or political exile but exile of entire being, that could only end up with emancipation, revolution and change in totality. It is totality of individual and collective sufferings and above all nonconformist expression with status-quo.

*"Lost its path as if, a bird flying suspended in the skies,  
Without nest, has neither abode, nor garden to reside,  
Alone, alien, like the bird, I am also, in my life,  
I am Displaced, Uprooted, Exiled!*

*Swigging poison each day, I vacillate amid life &  
death, death & life,  
As if in the deep whirls of Kolachi's sea, I rise & sink,  
sink & rise,  
Like the chapel lamp, I light and drowse, I drowse &  
light,  
I am the body, as if, cold and wilted, crucified,  
I am Displaced, Uprooted, Exiled!  
Neither is this my own dwelling, nor my own home,  
It is not my own realm as if, nor my own abode.  
As if it is neither my sky nor my land,*



*I am, as if, corpse of the history's murky shroud,  
I am Displaced, Uprooted, Exiled!*

*I swear by the giggles, that were robbed,  
O merciless, I swear by the tears my eyes bled.  
I swear by each sip of the sweet milk of mother's  
breast,  
Avenge I will, Avenge I will, o time, I undertake.  
How can I remain Displaced, Uprooted, Exiled!  
How can I remain Displaced, Uprooted, Exiled!"*

Every creative, non-conformist and revolutionary human doesn't stay at consolation of fulfillment; fulfillment of end of journey, love, passion and cause in life. That's why Akash feels always incomplete in his life, pursuits, ambitions, goals and journey and that makes him say

*"Incomplete, all life, we remained...  
Incomplete, all life, we remained..."*

*Neither the passion, as volcano, ever erupted,  
Nor the flame of yearning, in heart, ever fainted!  
Neither the piercing pains turned us into a fire-flash,  
Nor, could we drop like, a burnt cigarette's ash!  
Hurt, Seared, half-done, pained,  
Incomplete, all life, we remained.*

*The aggrieved heart, not once befriended suffering,  
Nor the comforts could assuage the restive being.  
Wanted to laugh, but world' miseries were averting,  
When cried, the gazes censured with sneering.  
Neither laughed copiously, nor amply bewailed,  
Incomplete, all life, we remained.*

*Could not kiss the gibbet's shells,*

*Neither could end life's mundane trials.  
Neither won you, nor, anyone else possessed,  
Nothing earned here, from there too distressed.  
Could not savor, the taste of death.  
Lingered on breathing, flawed, damaged.  
Incomplete, all life, we remained.*

*Not ever abstained from the world, like the ascetics,  
Failed to pass through the life's toils, hardships.  
A part of the life, squandered in endless praying,  
The residue went in fighting the idols, & rebelling.  
Neither attained the Divine, nor His divinity,  
Oh Akash, the life ended otiose, in futility.  
As a vagabond in the mirage of quest, raced,  
Incomplete, all life, we remained..."*

It sounds like a deep feeling and cry of a generation and an era, which neither brought a revolution in collective life nor earned consolation in personal or individual life. This feeling would continue influencing coming generations to continue dreaming and struggling for the emancipation of Sindh and of the world. Akash Ansari creatively combines revolutionary universalism, progressive nationalism and romanticism as his all time inspirational icon Shah Latif in 18th century had said

*"O Lord! Keep Sindh affluent at all times  
My dear friend! I pray may you prosper and flourish  
the entire world!"<sup>2</sup>*

**Jami Chandio**

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An Elegy  
for the  
Brave Hearts  
of  
Tomorrow

Poems of Love, Revolution and Resolve!

## Incomplete, all life, we remained...

Incomplete, all life, we remained...

Incomplete, all life, we remained...

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Neither the piercing pains turned us into a fire-flash,  
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Neither laughed copiously, nor amply bewailed,  
Incomplete, all life, we remained.

## اسين بس رهياسين اڏورا اڏورا

اسين بس رهياسين اڏورا اڏورا

اسين بس رهياسين اڏورا اڏورا

نڪي عشق آتش فشان ٿي اڀاميو  
نه ٿي ديب دل مان اوھان جو اڄھاميو  
نه سورن جي شدت کان شعلو بڻياسين،  
نه سگريٽ جو ڪو ڦٽو ٿي چڻياسين  
دڪياسين، جلياسين، اڏورا اڏورا.  
اسين بس رهياسين اڏورا اڏورا.

ڏکڻ سان به دل، پنهنجو رشتو نه ٺاهيو،  
سڪن ۾ به من کي سڪون ڪين آيو،  
ڪلياسين ته خلقت جي، دردن ٿي روڪيو  
رُناسين ته دنيا جي، نظرن ٿي ٽوڪيو،  
نه خوش ٿي ڪلياسين، نه رڃ ٿي رُناسين  
اسين بس رهياسين اڏورا اڏورا

Could not kiss the gibbet's shells,  
 Neither could end life's mundane trials.  
 Neither I won you, nor was I, by anyone, possessed,  
 Nothing earned in the world, from heavens too distressed.  
 Could not savor, the taste of death.  
 Lingered on breathing, flawed, damaged.  
 Incomplete, all life, we remained.

Not ever abstained from the world, like the ascetics,  
 Failed to cut through the life's toils, hardships.  
 A part of the life, squandered in endless praying,  
 The residue went in fighting the idols, & rebelling.  
 Neither attained the Divine, nor His divinity,  
 Oh Akash, the life ended otiose, in futility.  
 As a vagabond in the mirage of quest, raced,  
 Incomplete, all life, we remained...

قاهيءَ جا ڦندا، چمڻ کان به وياسين  
 ۽ دنيا جا ڏندا، ڪرڻ کان به وياسين،  
 نه تون ئي ملين، نه ڪنهن جا تياسين  
 هتان کان به وياسين، هتان کان به وياسين  
 مرڻ جي مزي کان محروم تياسين،  
 ۽ جيئندا رهياسين اڏورا اڏورا  
 اسين بس رهياسين اڏورا اڏورا

تي تارڪ هي دنيا، نه تيا ڳي سگهياسين،  
 جهان جو به جهنجهت نه جهاڳي سگهياسين،  
 عمر اڌ، اڻ ڪٽ، عبادت ۾ ويئي،  
 ۽ باقي بتن کان، بغاوت ۾ ويئي  
 خدا پي نه مليو، نه ان جي خدائي،  
 او آڪاش، جندڙي ائين وئي اجائي  
 ۽ ڳولا جي رڻ ۾، رُلياسين اڏورا،  
 اسين بس رهياسين، اڏورا اڏورا.

## O Friends, unite soon!

In the finger of time, the ring of life,  
Is turning lose, O friends, meet soon!

As a holy shrine, my being, since eons, is desolate,  
My breath—the nomad—is only a fleeting guest,  
How long but this roving caravan would wait,  
Friends, meet soon! O Friends, meet soon!

My love, my passion for you, is waning,  
Heart too quits its devotion, and craving,  
There is no fervor in departures, in parting,  
Friends, meet soon! O Friends, meet soon!

For ages, from Akash, you remained parted,  
Sometimes, but, within instants, you reunited!  
Why grief is dear? Heart never comprehended!  
Friends, meet soon! O Friends, meet soon!

## يار جلدي ملو

وقت جي چيچ ۾ زندگي جو چلو  
پيو ٿئي گهر گهلو، يار جلدي ملو

جيءُ جبروت جنمن کان ويران آ  
ساه ساميئڙو مڙيئي مهمان آ  
ترسندو ڪيستائين ڀلا قافلو  
يار جلدي ملو، يار جلدي ملو

توسان چاهت ۽ چرپڻ به گهٽبا وڃن  
دل جا آرا ۽ ارپڻ به گهٽبا وڃن  
۽ وڇوڙن ۾ ناهي رهيو ولولو  
يار جلدي ملو، يار جلدي ملو

تنهنجي ”آڪاش“ سان ورهيه ورچيو وڃي  
۽ ڪڏهن پل اندر پاڻ پرچيو وڃي  
دل هي سمجهي نه ٿي، درد آ دادلو  
يار جلدي ملو، يار جلدي ملو



## The Exiled

Lost its path as if, a bird flying suspended in the skies,  
Without nest, has neither abode, nor garden to reside,  
Alone, alien, like the bird, I am also, in my life,  
I am displaced, uprooted, exiled!

Swigging poison each day, I vacillate amid life & death, death & life,  
As if in the deep whirls of Kolachi's sea, I rise & sink, sink & rise,  
Like the chapel lamp, I light and drowse, I drowse & light,  
I am the body, as if, cold, wilted, and crucified,  
I am displaced, uprooted, exiled!

Neither is this my dwelling, nor my own home,  
It is not my realm as if, nor my own abode.  
As if it is neither my sky nor my land,  
I am, as if, corpse of the history's murky shroud,  
I am displaced, uprooted, exiled!

## جلاوطن

پتڪي پنهنجو دڳ وڃي، جيئن ڪو پڪيڙو منجهه گگن،  
نه جنهن جو ڪوئي آهيرو، نه آشيانو ۽ چمن،  
مان به پنهنجي ديس ۾، آهيان اڪيلو اوڀرو  
جلاوطن، جلاوطن، جلاوطن.

روز تو زهر پيان، مران جيان، جيان مران،  
ڄڻ ڪلاچي ڪُن ۾، ٻڏان تران ٻڏان تران،  
يا ديول جي ديب جيئن، اجهان ٻران اجهان ٻران،  
ڄڻ صليب تي ٽنگيل، ڪو سرد مان هجان بدن.  
جلاوطن، جلاوطن، جلاوطن.

نه منهنجو ڄڻ هي ماڳ آ، نه منهنجو ڄڻ مڪان آ،  
نه منهنجي ڄڻ هي نگري آ، نه منهنجو آستان آ،  
نه منهنجي ڄڻ هي ڌرتي آ، نه منهنجو آسمان آ،  
ڄڻ هجان تاريخ جي، مان لاش جو ميرو ڪفن.  
جلاوطن، جلاوطن، جلاوطن.

I swear by the giggles, that were snatched,  
 O merciless, I swear by the tears my eyes bled.  
 I swear by each sip of the sweet milk of mother's breast,  
 Avenge I will, avenge I will, o time, I undertake.  
 How can I remain displaced, uprooted, exiled!  
 How can I remain displaced, uprooted, exiled!

جا مُرڪ مونڪان وئي ڪسي، تنهن مُرڪ جو آهي قسم،  
 مان رت رُنس جو ظالمو! تنهن لُڙڪ جو آهي قسم،  
 جيگل جي مٺڙي ٿڃ جي هر سُرڪ جو آهي قسم،  
 پلئ ڪندس، پلئ ڪندس، اي وقت! توسان آ وڃن.  
 مان ڪيئن رهان جلاوطن،  
 مان ڪيئن رهان جلاوطن.

## Cactus Got Fire

I assumed, it's just my home, set on fire,  
Went out & saw, the entire city was on fire.

Believed, God's abodes must be spared,  
Pity! Each mosque, each temple is set on fire.

Cactus's pointed finger, as if blames the skies,  
Ah! Each cactus of the Thar, is set on fire.

Full moon night, beloved beside, & in *Sujawal*,  
People said truly, "*Maanjur* is set on fire".

A cold memory, in *Muree's* snow, sheds warm tears,  
I imagine, the ice from inside, is set on fire.

Each tide, quivers, bangs at the seashore,  
I thought, the Sea, is set on fire!

## آڳ لڳل آهي

مون سمجهيو، منهنجي ئي گهر ۾، آڳ لڳل آهي،  
نڪري جاجيم، ساري شهر ۾، آڳ لڳل آهي.

مون سمجهيو ته عبادتگاهون، آجيون شايد آهن،  
پر هر مسجد، هر مندر ۾، آڳ لڳل آهي.

اُڀي آڱر ٿوهر جي، ڄڻ اُپ مٿي الزام،  
تر جي ٿوهر ٿوهر ۾، آڳ لڳل آهي.

پوه جي رات، پرين ڀرتل، سو به سڃاڻ ۾،  
ماڻهن سچ چيو ماجر ۾، آڳ لڳل آهي.

برف مريءَ<sup>①</sup> جي، ياد ٿڌيءَ تي، ڪو سا لڙڪ ڪريا!  
شايد برف جي اندر ۾، آڳ لڳل آهي.

لهر، لهر ٿيندي، ٿي ساحل سان ستجي،  
سوچيم ڪا ته سمندر ۾، آڳ لڳل آهي.

<sup>①</sup> مري: ڪوه مري.

## Yesterday, the caravans passed away

I have no dwelling, nor abode,  
Yesterday, the caravans departed.

Searing winds of summer, burnt the trees,  
Heat poured flames,  
Yesterday, the caravans departed.

I saw the day passed away,  
As I awakened at the dusk,  
Yesterday, the caravans departed.

Neither the land was wicked  
Nor I looked away my fortune,  
Yesterday, the caravans departed.

Pity on you, oh heart!  
This wilderness, you never deserve,  
Yesterday, the caravans departed.

## ڪالهه لنگهي ويا قافلا

مون وٽ ڪوبه نه ماڳ!  
ڪالهه لنگهي ويا قافلا.

ليون لڪَ لوسائون،  
آرھڙاوتي آڳ،  
ڪالهه لنگهي ويا قافلا.

ڏنم ڏينهن لڙي چڪو،  
جنهن پل ٿيم جاڳ،  
ڪالهه لنگهي ويا قافلا.

نڪو ڏنگو ڏيهه هو،  
نڪي پليم ياڳ،  
ڪالهه لنگهي ويا قافلا.

حيف هجيئي او هيئنڙا!  
وڙ نه ويراڳ،  
ڪالهه لنگهي ويا قافلا.

## Remain Me Earthling

Let me remain human, a favor it would be,  
Angel, do not label me, a favor it would be.

I, as unclothed too, can live on in this world,  
Civilization's war, if you stop, a favor it would be.

Misleading humans, in false hopes of unseen heavens,  
Do not heave them in the hell, a favor it would be.

If thorns are not accepted, then please be kind, and  
Do not sow the seed of acacia, a favor it would be.

Amid the tempest, Akash is out in the storms.  
Stop this vagabond, a favor it would be.

## ”اهو ٿورو ٿيندو“

مون کي ماڻهو ئي رهڻ ڏيو، اهو ٿورو ٿيندو،  
فرشتو، مون کي نه ڪوٺيو، اهو ٿورو ٿيندو.

مان اُگهاڙو به، گذاري ٿو سگهان دنيا ۾،  
جنگ تهذيب جي روڪيو، اهو ٿورو ٿيندو.

اڻ ڏٺل، جنتن جي، آسرن ۾ دنيا کي،  
ائين جهنم ۾ نه جهوڪيو، اهو ٿورو ٿيندو.

ڪنڊا قبول جي ناهن، ته پوءِ قرب ڪري،  
پير جو بچ نه پوکيو، اهو ٿورو ٿيندو.

تيز طوفان آ، آڪاش، آويلو پيو وڃي،  
انهيءَ رولاڪ کي روڪيو، اهو ٿورو ٿيندو.



## Why did I quit, O' beloved?

You ask me, O beloved!  
 Why did I depart away?  
 When the evening's tumbler  
 Was not empty yet,  
 The night was twinkling.  
 With the faint melodies  
 of your breathes.  
 Slept in my bed there  
 as if a rebel weather!

Over the edges of  
 your kajal-lined eyes  
 The boat of my lips,  
 is forever ashore!  
 Yes, but long before that,  
 Why did I depart away?

## مان هليو ڇو ويس؟

تون پڇين ٿو پرين!  
 مان هليو ڇو ويس؟  
 جڏهين شام جو جام،  
 خالي نه هو،  
 رات رڻ جهڙي هئي،  
 تنهنجي ساهن جي،  
 جهيڙن سُرَن سان سُتل،  
 منهنجي بستر تي،  
 مُنڪر ڪا موسم هئي.

تنهنجي ڪڙلِين اکين جي،  
 ڪنارن مٿي،  
 منهنجي چپڙن جي ٻيڙي،  
 لڳي ئي لڳي،  
 ها! انهيءَ کان اڳي،  
 مان هليو ڇو ويس؟

To tell you the truth, o beloved!  
 The heart yearned so much, that  
 For a moment,  
 I breathe in a bit, the fragrance of  
 The dark black clouds of your long hair!  
 Even, for a few flashes,  
 In the smoky twilight of your arms,  
 Like an absconded, thirsty traveler,  
 I seek sojourn!  
 For a moment even,  
 I do away with the weariness a bit!  
 The heart yearned so much, that  
 the soft moonlights of your eyes,  
 At all times,  
 with eager offers  
 and invites,  
 float dancing,  
 Over the desert of my soul.

The heart yearned so much, that  
 The soft vines  
 of your youthful arms,  
 carrying scores of messages,  
 of the splendor and Atr,  
 on my body forever,  
 Remain scattered like this.  
 Yes! But what to do...!  
 Before being the prisoner

سچ پڇين او پرين!  
 دل به چاهيو گهڻو،  
 ڪا گهڙي تنهنجي،  
 وارن جي ڪارين گهڻائن منجهان،  
 واس وٺندو رهان!  
 ٻن گهڙين لاءِ سهي،  
 تنهنجي آغوش جي سانوري شام ۾،  
 ڪنهن روپوش پياسِي مسافر جيان،  
 مان پناهون وٺان،  
 ڪن پل ٿي سهي،  
 ٿڪ ٿورو پڇان.  
 دل ته چاهيو گهڻو،  
 تنهنجي نيڙن جون،  
 نرم هي چانڊوڪيون،  
 سدا مست نينديون نياپا ڪڍي،  
 روح جي رڻ مٿان،  
 ايئن رقصان رهن.

دل ته چاهيو گهڻو،  
 تنهنجي ٻانهن جون ڪچڙيون،  
 ۽ ڪومل وليون،  
 سونهن سرهاڻ جا،  
 سؤ سنديسا ڪڍي،  
 منهنجي تن تي سدا،  
 ايئن وڪريل رهن.  
 ها مگر ڇا ڪريون

of your long hair,  
 There was a temptation  
 In the prisons, o beloved!  
 That charmed me away!

The heart yearned so much, to relish,  
 Your all-delightful coqueties,  
 Yes, but what to do,  
 The gallows' agonies,  
 had their own savor,  
 That charmed me away!  
 You ask me, O beloved!  
 Why did I depart,  
 why did I go away!

تنهنجي ڪاڪل<sup>②</sup> جي قيدي  
 ٿيڻ کان اڳي،  
 قيد خانن ۾ ڪائي ڪشش هئي پرين!  
 جيڪا ويئي چڪي.

دل ته ماڻڻ گهريون،  
 تنهنجون سڀ دليريون،  
 ها مگر ڇا ڪريون  
 دار جي درد کي،  
 پنهنجي لذت هئي،  
 جيڪا ويئي چڪي.  
 تون پڇين ٿو پرين!  
 مان هليو ڇو ويس. (نارا جيل 1982ع)

②. ڪاڪل: زلف

## If we die during the journey!

In the passage of journey, if we perish, O friend!  
Our comrades would realize our dreams!  
When our blood would turn scented,  
The whole land, it will make fragranced!  
When a child little, would begin lisping sweet!  
Our comrades would realize our dreams!

Our arms, and our glances,  
Yearn for these paths, since the times endless,  
We get thrashed, if in such quests, then  
Our comrades would realize our dreams!

When my folks, won't grieve in miseries, in despair,  
Neither our goats will ever, scorch in heat of summer  
The mother's breast will not dry out, then  
Our comrades would realize our dreams!

## اسان جي مٿاسين

اسان جي مٿاسين سفر ۾ او ساٿي!  
ته ماڻيندا منزل پنهنجا ڏول ڏاڻي.  
اسان جو جڏهين خون خوشبو ٿي ايندو،  
ته ويڙها وطن جا به واسي ڇڏيندو،  
جڏهين ٻارڙي ڪنهن، ڪئي ٻولي ٻاڻي،  
ته ماڻيندا منزل پنهنجا ڏول ڏاڻي.

اسانجون هي ٻانهون، اسان جون نگاهون،  
ازل کان لوچين ٿيون اهڙيون راهون،  
انهيءَ ڪرت ۾ جي ڪسي وياسين کاتي،  
ته ماڻيندا منزل پنهنجا ڏول ڏاڻي.

جڏهن منهنجا جهانگي، نه جهوريءَ ۾ جهرندا،  
ٻري ۾ نه ٻڪرار جا ٻار ٻرندا،  
سُڪي سڪڻي ٿيندي نه جيگل جي ڇاتي،  
ته ماڻيندا منزل پنهنجا ڏول ڏاڻي.

When on the lands dry, it will rain,  
 And it will shower, on the folks Parkarian,  
 Neither would the Marui, for her folks, yearn,  
 Our comrades would realize our dreams!

جڏھين وڌڻ ٿو ڪو وڏو ٿي وسندو،  
 مٿان پارڪر جي پنوهارن تي وسندو،  
 نه رهندي ڪا مارئي، مارن لاءِ آئي،  
 ته ماڻيندا منزل پنهنجا ڏول ڏاڻي.

## Do not know why I yearned for your eyes!

When a cloud, soaked the land with rain,  
Do not know why then, I yearned for your eyes!  
The moon did coquetries around then,  
Do not know why I yearned for your eyes!

When any cuckoo chirped at the dawn,  
The cold wind then, deepened the separation pain.  
When the dewdrops did drench the flowers,  
Do not know why then I yearned for your eyes!

When in the fields blossomed the millet sprouts,  
When in Chait, mustard yield budded shoots.  
When in Thar the peacocks chirped tunes,  
Do not know why I yearned for your eyes!  
When glances parted from you forever,  
Then far away, the sky did shed tears.  
When the separations were there to agonize,  
Do not know why I yearned for your eyes!

## جڏهن ڪنهن به بادل

جڏهن ڪنهن به بادل، ولهايون وسايون،  
الله چو اوهان جون اڪيون ياد آيون.  
جڏهن چنڊ چوڏس ڪيون چلولايون،  
الله چو اوهان جون اڪيون ياد آيون.

جڏهن ڪنهن به ڪوئل اسر ويل ڳايو،  
تڏهن ولھ وِتر وِچوڙو وڌايو،  
جڏهن ماڪ مڪڙيون پنيءَ جو پڇايون،  
الله چو اوهان جون اڪيون ياد آيون.

جڏهن ڪيٽ ۾ باجهرين سنگ وارياءِ،  
جڏهن چيٽ ۾ قول ڄاڻي ڦلارياءِ،  
جڏهن ٿر تي مورن ڪي ٻوليون ٻڙايون،  
الله چو اوهان جون اڪيون ياد آيون.  
جڏهن توسان نيٺن جو ناتو چڻو هو،  
تڏهن ڏور آڪاش ڪيڏو رڻو هو،  
جڏهن جيءَ جهورڻ هي آيون جدايون،  
الله چو اوهان جون اڪيون ياد آيون.

## For the sake of a dream's accomplishment!

A dream!

For the sake of that dream to realize,  
Crucified we, on the cross of our own eyes,  
Scores of our dreams, we slew those crushing!  
With self-penance, we kept on living, flourishing  
That dream!

Like the nuptial night apparel,  
Glittering, blissful,  
Like the henna-ornate hands, for the night bridal,  
Fragrant with scents!

Like the nocturnal melodies of wedding,  
Unpretentious, and unassuming,  
Like the dreamy moments of nuptial evening,  
Half awake, and stirring.

That dream  
For the sake of that dream to realize,

## هڪ سڀني جي ساڀيا خاطر

هڪ سڀنو!

جنهن جي ساڀيا خاطر،  
پنهنجي نيٽن جي صليب تي ٽنگيل،  
سوين سڀنن کي گهٽا ڏيئي اسان ماريو آ،  
پاڻ تي ظلم ڪري، پاڻ کي جيارو آ.  
اهو سڀنو!

سهاڳ رات جي جوڙي جيان،  
بهڪيل بهڪيل.  
سهاڳ رات جي مينديءَ جيان،  
خوشبو، خوشبو.

سهاڳ رات جي ڳيچن جيان،  
سادو، سادو.  
سهاڳ رات جي لمحن جيان،  
جاڳيل، جاڳيل.

اهو سڀنو!

جنهن جي ساڀيا خاطر،



On every junction of life,  
 Like the *Thari* child's thirsty eyes,  
 We auctioned,  
 our nuptial nights  
 on an unworthy call,  
 openly before the entire world,  
 Each of our wishes and desires' key clusters  
 Dropped into the deep Sindhu,  
 And akin to the funeral of our pleasures,  
 Coffin of our joys,  
 Buried without any shroud.

In the existence of our being, since centuries, ornamented  
 Were the worship houses that we set on fire, blazed  
 Taking vengeance from our deprivations,  
 We commemorated, all our failures.  
 For the sake of that dream to realize,  
 Just for the sake of that dream to realize,  
 Saying "no" to the deities of relations,  
 Rebels became we.  
 Did heresy,  
 Heretics became we.  
 Gave priceless gifts, of blisters of the feet wounded,  
 to the burning sand,  
 of poison-taking lips, to the bowls of hemlock,  
 gave gifts of glances, to the mirage of deserts,  
 What rare gifts we offered!

پنهنجي جيون جي هر چوسول مٿي،  
 ڪنهن ٿري ٻار جي پُرياس نگاهن جهڙيون،  
 اسان پنهنجي سهاڳ جون راتيون،  
 ڪنهن ننڍڙي واک تي نيلا م ڪيون،  
 سو به سرعام ڪيون.  
 پنهنجي هر آرزو ۽ چاهه جي چاببن جا ڳچا،  
 سنڌوءَ جي پيٽ ۾ اڇلائي ڇڏيا،  
 ۽ پنهنجي خوشين جي جنازن وانگر  
 پنهنجي خوشين جي جنازن وانگر  
 بنا ڪفن جي ئي دفنائِي ڇڏيا.

سرير پنهنجي ۾ صدين کان سجيل،  
 صنم ڪدن کي لڳائي ٿيلي،  
 وٺي بدلو اسان محرومين کان،  
 پنهنجي ناڪامين جو جشن ڪيو،  
 رڳو هڪ سڀني جي ساڀيا خاطر.  
 رڳو هڪ سڀني جي ساڀيا خاطر،  
 رشتن، ناتن جي رب کان منڪر ٿي،  
 باغي ٿي،  
 ڪفر ڪري، ڪافر ٿي،  
 تتل واريءَ کي،  
 پير ڦلڻ جا،  
 زهر ڪٽورين کي ڇيڙن جا،  
 رڻن جي رڃ کي به  
 نظرن جا،  
 ڪيڏا ناياب ڏناسين تحفا،

Poetry of Shah Latif,  
 To the nomad of restive emotion,  
 To the soul, wounded by dark night's commotion,  
 Gave exiles of umpteen lonely nights,  
 To every string of our hearts,  
 Gave full of pain calls  
 To our conscience,  
 Taught manners of a hunter beings;  
 To the Mansoor of our sentiments...  
 with our own hands,  
 we sent  
 To the gibbets,  
 Crushed rights of our bliss.  
 Turning every soul crumbling,  
 Made our eyes bankrupt of tears,  
 Making ourselves destitute  
 To the dream  
 For the sake of that dream to realize,  
 Like the sin surreptitious, of an  
 Ill-fated girl...  
 In the hostile consciousness' womb  
 Have reared, grown, fostered that dream.  
 For the sake of,  
 just for the sake of that one dream to realize,  
 What a pain we had to bear with!

That dream,  
 Like that pain,  
 Like the good and bad deeds of a virgin,

لطيف جي ڪلام جا نسخا.  
 ۽ بيقرار من جي جوڳيءَ کي،  
 رات جي زخمي ڪيل روڳيءَ کي،  
 لکين تنهائين جا تياڳ ڏئي،  
 دل جي هر ساز کي،  
 دردن ڀريو آواز ڏئي،  
 ضمير پنهنجي کي،  
 ماريءَ جهڙو انداز ڏئي،  
 پنهنجي احساس جي منصورن کي،  
 پاڻ ئي پنهنجي هٿن سان،  
 سوريءَ تي چاڙهيو،  
 پنهنجي خوشين جي حقن کي ماريو.  
 پنهنجي هر آتما ڪنگال ڪري،  
 ڪڍي ڏيوالو پنهنجي لڙڪن جو،  
 پاڻ کي حال مان بيحال ڪري،  
 انهيءَ سڀني کي،  
 انهيءَ خواب کي ماڻڻ خاطر،  
 اڀاڳي نينگرِيءَ جي،  
 ڪنهن لڪل گناهه جيان،  
 پنهنجي ويري شعور جي ڪُڪ ۾،  
 نپايو، تاتيو، پاليو آهي،  
 رڳو هڪ سڀني جي ساڀيا خاطر،  
 ڪيڏو ڊڪڙو اسان جاليو آهي.

اهو سڀنو،  
 انهيءَ عذاب جيان،  
 ڪنهن ڪناريءَ جي پاپ ۽ پيچ جو،

It's not a frightened secret,  
Like the manner of not committing felony,  
There is no quietened scream of distress  
There is no smothered shout, coming out,  
Wailing from the  
Garbage houses of the town.

That dream!  
Like the blinking lights,  
of the wedding nights,  
It's so obvious, it's so lit.  
It is a dream!  
Far, in the tight hugs of the sky,  
We see the flocks of pigeons engrossed, and fly.

In our eyes we see,  
a new manner, of delight.  
Carrying the antidote of the sunlight!  
We smear on our lungs suffocated,  
By centering entire strength in our chest,  
Freely we'd take, deep breathes in the open winds,  
And then close our eyes,  
And spread smile on the dried lips  
By blowing a farewell kiss to our life  
Let's enter the death's mysterious habitats,  
To rise high before the bereavement  
To be adored and esteemed  
by our future today.

ڪو ڊنل راز نه آ.  
پنهنجي ناڪرده گناهن جو هڪ انداز سهي،  
شهر جي ڪچرا، گهرن مان ايندڙ،  
ڪا ڊپيل چيخ نه آ،  
ڪو گهٽيل آواز نه آ.

اهو سڀڻو!  
سهاڳ رات جي جهومر جهڙو،  
ڏاڍو واضح، ڏاڍو روشن آهي،  
اهو سڀڻو آهي،  
ڏور، آڪاش جي پاڪر ۾ پڪيل،  
ڪبوترن جي وڳر کي محو پرواز ڏسون.

پنهنجي نيٽن جي خوشي جو،  
نئون انداز ڏسون.  
سج جي روشنيءَ جو مرهم ڪڍي،  
پنهنجي ٻوسا تيل ڦڙڻ کي هڻون.  
سموري شڪتي کي مرڪوز ڪري سيني ۾،  
کليل آزاد هوائن ۾ وڏا ساهه کڻون،  
۽ تهاڻ پوءِ اڪيون بند ڪري،  
پڪيڙي مُرڪ، خشڪ چيڙن تي،  
ڏيئي جندڙيءَ کي الوداعي چمي،  
موت جي اڻ ڏنل منزل ڏي تڻون،  
موت جي سامهون ڳاٽ اوچو ڪڻون،  
۽ پنهنجي آئيندي کي، اڄ ئي وڻون.

## Waiz!

Of our season  
Are the mores and cultures unique!  
Our forbearance,  
Patience, and complaints too are unique.

The sermons of our religion  
And scriptures of our devotion,  
Sanctuary bells and Gita are unique,  
Unique are our resurrections, the days of the Judgement.

In the whole world,  
returns the spring, past the Fall,  
At the time of dawn,  
The *Mokhi* of morning dew beads,  
In the eyes of each flower fills an intoxication  
And every day, the blush of the sky  
Marks red *Tilak* on the foreheads,  
And in our fortune,  
Remains there just the Fall?

## واعظ

اسان جي رُت جون،  
سڀ ريتون، روايتون به الڳ،  
اسان جي سهڻي،  
صبر ۽ شڪايتون به الڳ.

اسان جي دين جا خطبا  
۽ ڌرم جون پوڻيون،  
گهٽڻ گيتا به الڳ،  
۽ قيامتون به الڳ.

جهان ساري ۾،  
پن چٽ کان پوءِ بهار وري،  
اسر جي ويل،  
ماڪ جي موڪي،  
گل گل جي اکين ۾ ڪيپ پري، ۽ روز  
شفق جي لالڻ،  
تن کي تلڪ هڻي،  
۽ پنهنجي پاڻي ۾،  
آهي ته بس، سرءُ آهي!؟

Have memories of each flower,  
 Other imaginations and dreams  
 In the *Kashkol* of our heart,  
 Which flowers we were given?  
 Few coins of thoughts,  
 Few bubbles of beauty  
 To the eyes, in return of a prolonged wait,  
 A vagabond soul, cloaked in the night and illusion  
 The deserted roads,  
 And there is mirage of the light.

In the soul's castle royal,  
 The prisoners of love loyal  
 Came if anything, was nothing but anguish,  
 The residues were the further pains, of loyalty and  
 betrayal.

Neither a wine, nor a smile,  
 Nor droplets,  
 What we pour out of our eyes, is  
 Just wine of sorrows.  
 And every day,  
 The muezzin of the town,  
 Says in his sermon,  
 Still "there would be a doomsday"  
 Would we still be answerable for our deeds?

گُل گُل جون رڳون يادون!  
 ٻيا تصور ۽ خواب.  
 دل جي ڪشڪول ۾،  
 ڪهڙو گلن جو دان مليو؟  
 چند سوچن جا سڪا،  
 ٻه ٽي ڪي "حسن حُباب"  
 اکين کي انتظار جي بدلي،  
 رولڙي، رات ۽ رڃ ساڻ ڍڪيل  
 سڃا رستا،  
 ٻيو سو جهري جو سراب.

روح جي شاهي قلعي جي،  
 وفا اسيرن کي،  
 مليا ته درد مليا،  
 ٻيا وفا، جفا جا عذاب.

نه ڪا به مڌ، نڪا مُرڪ  
 نه ڪا ماڪ ملي،  
 اکين مان اوتيون وينا،  
 رڳو سورن جو شراب.  
 ۽ روز،  
 شهر جو ملان چوي ٿو واعظ ۾،  
 "اڃان به ڏينهن قيامت"  
 اسان کان ٿيندو حساب؟!

## To, General

O' General!  
O' General!  
Today, the entire day,  
You spent viewing maps, and  
Sketching the fields anew!

Wish that time, instead,  
You had spent,  
Chatting with a child!  
Keeping your gun aside,  
You could have bathed flowers in the lawn,  
Then you would have  
conquered this day,  
And you had not  
lost the battle in vain.

## اَوجنرل!

اَوجنرل!  
اَوجنرل!  
اَڄوڪو سَمورو ڏينهن،  
تو نقشا ڏسندي،  
گهات گهڙي گذاري ڇڏيو.

ڪاش اهو وقت،  
ڪنهن ٻار سان،  
ڳالهيون ڪندي گذارين ها!  
پنهنجي پستول کي پاسي تي رکي،  
گلن کي لڻ ۾ وهنجارين ها!  
ته اڄوڪي ڏينهن کي،  
تون فتح ڪرين ها!  
ائين نه هارين ها!

## Mirrors were invented, because...!

The mirrors,  
Were invented, so that,  
They keep on gazing her.

The morning dew,  
reverted from the flowers, so that,  
Her hands do not numb in cold.

Cuckoos were quiet,  
so that  
Her sleep is not interrupted.

Butterflies, spread their wings,  
To catch  
The colors from her beauty.

## آئينا ان لاءِ ايجاد ٿيا

آئينا،  
ان لاءِ ايجاد ٿيا،  
تہ هن کي ڏسندا رهن.

گلن تان ماڪ،  
ان کري موٽي،  
تہ هن جا هٿ نه نرن.

ڪوئلون ماڻ،  
انهيءَ کان رهيون  
متان هو ننڊ مان جاڳي نه پون.

پوپتن پاڻ،  
پر پکيڙي ڇڏيا،  
تہ هن جي روپ منجهان رنگ وٺن.



Suddenly, moonlight blurted scornfully,  
 O Akash, where is she?  
 For whom your body is restive?  
 Remove the shroud, of dreams, spread over you.  
 Remove the shroud, of dreams, spread over you.

اُچتو چاندني چتر مان چيو:  
 اڙي آڪاش اهو آهي ڪٿي؟  
 جنهن لاءِ بيچين آهي تنهنجو بدن،  
 هٽائي پاڻ تان خوابن جو ڪفن!  
 هٽائي پاڻ تان خوابن جو ڪفن!

## Winsome The World Was

Winsome was the world, but  
 Was abducted by the ferocious thugs.  
 Every that battle,  
 fought in my name,  
 Was not my battle!  
 Turning the world into a hell,  
 The fables of paradise were forged.  
 In the name of color, faiths and patriotism,  
 How elongated was the wall, installed amidst!  
 Words are merely, the fists full of salt,  
 If the beauty burns from the thoughts.

## هيءَ دنيا ته دلربا هئي ڀر!

هيءَ دنيا ته دلربا هئي ڀر!  
 وحشي ٽولن جي ور چڙهي ويئي.  
 هر اها جنگ منهنجي جنگ نه هئي،  
 جا منهنجي نانءَ تي وڙهي ويئي.  
 پنهنجي ڌرتيءَ کي دوزخ ٺاهي،  
 جنتن جي ڪٿا گهڙي ويئي.  
 رنگ، ڌرم ۽ وطن جي نالي،  
 ڪيڏي ديوار ڪئي ڪٿي ويئي.  
 لفظ پوءِ لوڻ جون لپون آهن،  
 سوچ مان سونهن جي سڙي ويئي.

## Seasons To You

When your eyes, were the invites  
For us, were those, the source of life!

He met smilingly, & I remained quiet,  
Though, many were complaints to whine.

When your hair turned wet, it rained,  
The rains too had with you, the connecting ties.

O Sindh! Those whom you nurtured,  
All of those for you were snakes & reptiles.

## نيٽ نينديون نياپا هيا

جڏهن نيٽ تنهنجا، نياپا هيا،  
اسان لاءِ جيئن جا جياپا هيا.

هو مُرڪي مليو ۽ اسان ماڻ ڪئي،  
ڏيڻ لاءِ ته ڏاڍا، ڏوراپا هيا.

پنا وار تنهنجا، ته بارش وئي،  
مُندن جا به تو سان ئي ماپا هيا.

اوسندڙي تو جنهن جي سُرڪشا ڪئي.<sup>③</sup>  
سڀئي سڀڙيون ۽ سانپا هيا.

<sup>③</sup>. سرڪشا: حفاظت

## Roving only, is our identity

Roving only, is our identity!  
We are, as if a desert's call.  
Calls us, the mountain of Nida,  
O beloved! But we are not apart.  
Like the seasons, changing attires  
To be fragrant in your smiles,  
We are coming since the times eternal,  
Ceaselessly, we are coming.

Sometimes we pass by as a song,  
Dance for you, sometimes, as the desert's peacock,  
Sometimes disappear like a war militant,  
Sometimes become fire and burn within  
Sometimes become song, and permeate in each vein,  
All these are our coqueties,  
The pains of parting will not persist  
Beloved! We are not apart!

## سفر ئي اسان جي سُڃاڻپ اٿئي!

سفر ئي اسان جي سُڃاڻپ اٿئي!  
اسين ڄڻ ته صحرا جي آهيون صدا.  
اسان کي پُڪاري پيو، ڪوہ ندا<sup>④</sup>  
پرين! پر ڪٿي پاڻ آهيون جدا!  
اسان موسمن جيئن مٽائي وڃا،  
تنهنجي مُرڪڻ ۾ مَهڪڻ،  
سدا پيا اچون.

ڪڏهين گيت بڻجي ٿا گذري وڃون،  
ڪڏهين مور ٿر جو ٿي تولد نچون.  
ڪڏهين جنگي گوريلى جيئن گم ٿيون،  
ڪڏهين آڳ ٿي پاڻ پڙ ۾ پچون،  
ڪڏهين راڳ ٿي رڳ رڳ ۾ رچون،  
اهي سڀ اسان جون ادائون اٿئي!  
نه رهندي سدائين فراقن فضا،  
پرين! پر ڪٿي پاڻ آهيون جدا.

<sup>④</sup>. ڪوہ ندا: الف ليلوي داستان ۾ موت جي وادي.

## Journeys Of Awaiting

## تون ايندين ضرور

In the shadows of sky now  
 Heavenly lanterns dimmed down,  
 Stars, becoming tired, turned down and slept,  
 Since long the star-clusters turned their directions  
 But the caravans awaiting (for you)  
 Get never exhausted, drained!  
 You will come, you will come, surely you will come.

The voyagers, sailing on the other side of the sea,  
 Chanted all the verses of (Sur) *Saamundi*,  
 And inside the waves of the seashore's sand  
 The winds hid the songs and their melodies.  
 The separation lost all its joys,  
 But (without you) this heart crazy, cannot be tamed at all,  
 You will come, you will come, surely you will come.

هاڻي ته آڪاش جي اوت ۾،  
 آسماني ڏيئا پڻ اجهامي ويا.  
 سمهي پيا ستارا، ٿهي جهيٽا جھڪا،  
 ڪڏهانڪر ڪتين ڪر موڙي ڇڏيا،  
 مگر انتظارن سنڌا قافلا،  
 ٿا ڪين ٿڪجي ڪڏهين چور چور،  
 تون ايندين، تون ايندين، تون ايندين ضرور.

ساگر جي هن پار ٻيڙيءَ ۾ ملاح،  
 سامونڊيءَ جا سڀ بيت ڳائي ڇڏيا،  
 ۽ ڪناري جي واريءَ جي لهرن اندر،  
 هوائن به سرگم لڪائي ڇڏيا،  
 ولهه وري ڇڏيو پنهنجو سارو سُور،  
 مگر دل هي پاڳل مڃي ڪين مور،  
 تون ايندين، تون ايندين، تون ايندين ضرور.

A bird solitarily hovering (in the skies),  
 exhausted, landed on the banks of *Keenjhar*,  
 Neither there glitters the moon, nor chirps the chakor  
 The night passed away for them too,  
 And over the lotus, the sleep poured in its light,  
 But this heart crazy, cannot be pacified at all (without you),  
 You will come, you will come, surely you will come.

ڪو پنڇي اڪيلو اڪيلو اُڏامي،  
 ڪينجهر ڪنڌي تي لهي پيو ٿڪي،  
 نڪو چنڊ چمڪو نه چُهڪي چڪور،  
 انهن لاءِ پڻ رات گذري چُڪي،  
 ۽ ڪنولن مٿان ننڊ نائي وئي نور،  
 مگر دل هي پاڳل مڃي ڪين مور.  
 تون ايندين، تون ايندين، تون ايندين ضرور.

## In the desert of soul!

Like the last star, of an autumn night,  
Of the deserted bank of the river Puraan,  
Like an innocent child, like the gesture of a handicap,  
Your Akash was incomplete, partial, desolate.  
Like the traveler vagabond, smacked by the deserts,  
Moments of the separation night, drained, weary  
Exiled from the world, alone, only,  
Whose tears too, were like useless, seasonless, rains!  
Whose all dreams were,  
in the open thorny valleys of the Khirthar (mountain range),  
Like the shadows of a thirsty highland  
at the twilight.

Everywhere were there, life's  
thousands of winds, rains and whirlpools,  
But tell you the truth, O my beloved!  
In the ghastly pathways of the thoughts and dreams,  
Like a vagrant nomad's

## تون ايندين ضرور

سره جي رات جي ڪنهن آخري تاري وانگر  
قتل "پراڻ"<sup>5</sup> جي دريا جي ڪناري وانگر  
اڻ سمجهه ٻار، اڀاهج جي اشاري وانگر  
تنهنجو آڪاش هو اڻپورو، اڏورو، اجڙيل،  
رُجن جي ماريل رولاڪ مسافر وانگر  
وڇوڙي رات جي ويلا جيان وياڪل وياڪل.  
ترڪ دنيا ٿيل، تنها، تنها،  
جنهن جا ڳوڙها به هئا، بي مندي، بي جا، برڪا،  
جنهن جا سڀ خواب،  
ڪير ٿر جي گليل خاردار وادين ۾،  
پڇاڙي جي ويل ڪنهن پياسِي پهاڙ جا پاڇا.

هر طرف هئا حيات جا،  
هزارين واءِ، مينهن، وڇوڙا،  
پر سچ پڇين ته او سڄڻ سائين!  
خيال خواب جي پر خوف خيابانن ۾،  
ڪنهن خانہ بدوش جي

<sup>5</sup>. پراڻ: سنڌوءَ نديءَ جو پراڻو وهڪرو.



Bare tent,  
 Your love was but a shelter,  
 It was a backing, in the time of separation!  
 Each image of yours, divulges secrets of the journey  
 Was the guide, in the wilderness of the soul!

کلیل خیمي وانگر،  
 پيار تنهنجو پناه گاه رهيو  
 ويوڙي ۾ به منهنجي واه رهيو.  
 تنهنجو هر روپ، مون کي راز سڻي راهن جا  
 روح جي رڻ ۾ رهنما رهيو.

## Dama Dam Mast Qalandar (Dance of the Sage)

And when these sages will rise,  
Who are the people of this land,  
Then won't linger the worries same!  
Chant would all of them then - *Mast Qalandar*  
*Dama Dam Mast Qalandar!*

Over the land of the mystics, a fire is aflame,  
This land is not forsaken, we cherish love for this land,  
Accomplishing Sarmad's vow, folks will come, delighted  
Chant would all of them then - *Mast Qalandar*  
*Dama Dam Mast Qalandar!*

The joyous folks of mine, harder than the rocks,  
Chains are nothing, neither handcuffs, nor the kantha,  
They would come wearing shrouds made of Ajrak,  
Chant would they all, then - *Mast Qalandar*  
*Dama Dam Mast Qalandar!*

## جنهن وقت هي جوڳي جاڳيا

جنهن وقت هي جوڳي جاڳيا،  
هن پونءَ سڄيءَ جا پاڳيا،  
پوءِ سُر نه رهندا ساڳيا،  
ڪندا جي مست قلندر،  
دمادم مست قلندر.

بيراڳين جي پونءَ مٿي ڪا، باهه ڀلي پئي پڙڪي،  
هن ننگريءَ سان نينهن اسانجو، ننگري ناهه نڌڻڪي،  
سرمد جي سنت پارڻ لئه مارو ايندا مرڪي،  
ڪندا سڀ مست قلندر، دمادم مست قلندر.

منهنجا مست ملنگ هي مارو، ڏونگر کان پي ڏاڍا،  
نير نئين ڪا چيز نه آهي، نڪي ڪڙول ۽ ڪنڀا،  
ڪفني پاڻي ڪلهن ۾ ايندا، اجرڪ جي سا اوڍا،  
ڪندا سڀ مست قلندر، دمادم مست قلندر.

O Akash, complaining door by door, you are naïve,  
 In your arms, why don't you feel strength,  
 Early or late, the pains will end o friend!  
 Chant would all of them then, then - *Mast Qalandar*;  
*Dama Dam Mast Qalandar!*

تون ”آڪاش!“ اياڻو آهين، در در تي ٿو دانھين،  
 ڇو نه اڃان تائين تون پنهنجي ٻانهن ۾ ٻل پائين،  
 نيٺ پڄاڻي ٿيڻي آهي،  
 سورن جي او سائين!  
 ڪندا جي مست قلندر،  
 دما دم مست قلندر.

## Time is an unbridled, wild Horse

Time is an unbridled, wild Horse  
With the neighs of that  
Throbs, the heart of the land,  
Whose speed and track  
Winds can never trace.

Before whose vigorous alertness  
Deterred are the thunderstorms.  
Before whose terror  
The dread too crashes hanging.  
Out of its nostrils as if,  
an eternal fire is ablaze,  
Whose speed,  
as if  
Sindhu gushes in the floods.

Yes but, yet the foes of sanity, and  
enemies of understanding, thoughts and views  
Have come once again, O friend!

## وقت آجهنگلي مچريل گهوڙو

وقت آجهنگلي مچريل گهوڙو،  
جنهن جي هٽڪار سان،  
ڌرتي سندو سينو ڌڙڪي،  
جنهن جي تيزيءَ کي،  
هوائون ڪڏهين ڇهي نه سگهن.

جنهن جي چُستي اڳيان  
طوفان جي هستي ڌڙڪي،  
جنهن جي دهشت اڳيان  
وحشت جو پڻ گردن لڙڪي،  
جنهن جي ناسن مان چڻ  
ڪا باهه ازل جي پڙڪي،  
جنهن جي رفتار چڻ  
سيلاب ۾ سندو ڪڙڪي.

ها مگر، پوءِ به عقل جا ويڙهي،  
فهم، فڪر و نظر جا دشمن،  
آيا آهن اڄ وري سائين!

To guard their false ego,  
 Riding on the chariots of the night,  
 To slay the lion of the day,  
 Carrying the baggage of their delusions,  
 To conceal the Sun of time,  
 Friends, someone must tell them, that,  
 Time is an unbridled wild horse,  
 It cannot be restrained if someone would want to rein it,  
 Time is a gushing flow, of oceans of the history,  
 None can pass through it, even if ventures to do so,  
 Time is an unbridled wild horse!

پنهنجي ڪوڙي انا بچائڻ لاءِ،  
 رات جي رُت تي هسوارِي ڪري،  
 ڏينهن جي شينهن کي ڪُهائڻ لاءِ،  
 پنهنجي خوشفهمين جا ڪارا ڪٽي،  
 وقت جي سج کي لڪائڻ لاءِ.  
 دوستو! ڪوئي ٻڌائي تن کي،  
 وقت آ جهنگلي مڇريل گهوڙو،  
 جنهن کي واڳڻ به ڪو چاهي ته نه واڳي سگهندو،  
 وقت آ وهڪرو، تاريخ جي سمونڊن جو،  
 جنهن کي جهاڳڻ به ڪو چاهي ته نه جهاڳي سگهندو.  
 وقت آ جهنگلي مڇريل گهوڙو.

## What is all this?

This life!  
Is not merely a bubble of water,  
Neither a mark on the sand,  
Nor a blow of the wind.  
We accept!  
Of course, today, or tomorrow,  
The Bhanbhore ruins of this body,  
Will be obliterated,  
The beloved of breathes/life, will bid farewell,  
But  
Just now,  
In that very moment,  
in which you and I survive,  
Who denies,  
the very existence of this moment?  
What all this is?  
These lamps of eyes,  
Remain alight or turn off,  
It is not a big deal,

## اهو سڀ ڇا هي؟

هي جيون!  
رڳو ناهي ڪو جرقو ٿو.  
نه واريءَ تي لڪو،  
نڪو واءُ جهو ٿو.  
ميون ٿا!  
برابر، ته اڄ ياسپاڻي،  
بدن جو هي پنيور  
پڙ پانگ ٿيندو،  
پنهل هي پساهن جو ويندو پلاڻي.  
مگر  
هاڻي هاڻي  
اهائي گهڙي جنهن ۾ تون مان جيئون ٿا  
انهيءَ جي هجڻ کان ته انڪار ناهي!  
اهو سڀ ڇا هي؟  
هي نيئن جا ڏيئڙا!  
برن يا اجهامن  
وڏي ڳالهه ناهي،

But in the whispers of four eyes,  
 the voiceless words  
 must have a meaning?  
 What all this is?  
 Between the kisses and lips,  
 Amidst the shores,  
 There flows  
 The sea of the emotions,  
 Is that sea, in any way  
 Going to dry out?  
 What all this is?  
 Or  
 In the deserted  
 moonlights of separations,  
 From a remote radio station,  
 In the soft melodies,  
 Is Lata, humming songs of Meeran?  
 Is there death or defeat to that song?  
 What all this is.  
 This life!  
 Is it not merely a bubble of water,  
 Neither a mark on the sand,  
 Nor a blow of the wind.

مگر چئن اکثرين جي سرگوشين ۾  
 بي آواز لفظن کي  
 معنيٰ ته آهي؟  
 اهو سڀ چاهي؟  
 چمين ۽ چپن جي،  
 ڪنارن جي وچ ۾  
 احساس جو،  
 جيڪو ساگر وهي ٿو،  
 ڇا! اهو ڪنهن به صورت ۾  
 سُڪڻو به آهي؟  
 اهو سڀ چاهي؟  
 ... يا  
 جُداين جي ويران  
 چانڊوڪين ۾،  
 ڪنهن ڏورانهين ٽيشن<sup>®</sup> تان  
 مڌم سُرن ۾،  
 لتا، گيت ميران جو ٿي گُنگنائِي ڇا!  
 انهيءَ گيت کي موت ۽ مات آهي؟  
 اهو سڀ چاهي؟  
 هي جيون رڳو ناهي ڪو جو ڦوٽو،  
 نه واريءَ تي ليڪو،  
 نڪو واءُ جهوٽو.

<sup>®</sup>. ٽيشن = ريڊيو اسٽيشن



## Oh Mother!

Mother, Mother,  
 Oh my dear mother!  
 If, by the brutal (killers) of the middle of the night  
 I am also slain  
 Like my fellows,  
 Take a swear upon  
 your own motherly love,  
 Never you wail,  
 and not once lose your heart.

For the sake of,  
 Truth, beauty and triumph ever  
 If I am also made to lie down  
 over the edges of piercing broken glass pieces,  
 In the thirst of that dawn,  
 Like my loved ones,  
 If at dusk, I too am called

## او امان!

او امان! او امان!  
 منهنجي جيڪل امان!  
 جيڪڏهن، رات جي  
 رهڙن جي هٿان،  
 مان به ماريو وڃان،  
 منهنجي ساٿين جيان،  
 توکي پنهنجي ئي ممتا جو آهي قسم،  
 ڪين تون روئجان،  
 ڪين دل لاهجان.

سچ ۽ سونهن جي  
 سوڀ خاطر ڪڏهن،  
 مان به شيشن مٿان  
 جي سمهاريو وڃان،  
 پره جي پياس ۾  
 پنهنجي پيارن جيان،  
 جي سنجهي جوئي

for the gallows  
 If my (hanging) body is adorned  
 on some majestic castle  
 Or I am called  
 in the Dalai camps,  
 crushed under the long boots,  
 And killed long before my own death,  
 O mother! Don't you ever lament,  
 Don't you lose your heart

My path is  
 fragrant with blood,  
 My breathes,  
 Carry the scents of a riverine bridge,  
 My thoughts, cuffed in  
 the chains of centuries.  
 Within each of my vein, are  
 Open sores.  
 On each of the path I tread on,  
 Loom sabre, arrows  
 and swords!  
 Each step of mine  
 Is attacked by the foes,  
 My each womb is  
 stabbed with stilettos.

سوريءُ پُڪاريو ويان  
 ڪنهن به شاهي قلعي جو  
 مان سينگار ٿيان،  
 يا دلائيءَ جي  
 ڪيمپن ۾ درڪار ٿيان  
 لانگ بوٽن جي هيٺيان  
 چيٽاريو ويان.  
 موت پنهنجي کان  
 اڳ ۾ ئي ماريو ويان،  
 ڪين تون روئجان،  
 ڪين دل لاهجان.

منهنجي راهن ۾،  
 رت جي آخوشبو رچيل،  
 منهنجي ساهن ۾ آ،  
 بند جي بوءِ پيل،  
 منهنجي سوچن تي  
 صدين کان پهرا پيل،  
 منهنجي نس نس ۾  
 ناسور آهن کليل،  
 منهنجي گس گس ۾ پڻ،  
 گرڙ پالا تنگيل.  
 منهنجي وڪ وڪ تي،  
 ويرين جون واريون ٿيل.  
 منهنجي ڪڪ ڪڪ ۾،  
 پنهنجن جا خنجر ڪتل.

My history,  
Is under the debts of centuries.  
My language too,  
is as if of the outcasts,  
Death is mad  
at my folks.  
My fellows have borne  
So much of the torment,  
See!  
Someone is hanging on the gallows!  
And someone burnt in the oils.  
Just see, around in the land  
How tyranny rules over.  
Each hand raised,  
is slashed,  
Such a tyranny, and brutality,  
How to bear with that?  
How to keep quiet on that?

O my wise mother!  
O my lovely mother!  
Do not stop me,  
Do not stop me,  
If I am killed,  
If I go and  
Never return back,  
My beloved mother!

منهنجي تاريخ،  
صدين جي قرضي ٿيل.  
منهنجي ٻولي به آ،  
بالشاهي بنيل.  
منهنجي مارڻن مٿان  
موت آ مڇريل.  
منهنجي سانگين جو ڪيڏو  
ستر آ سئل  
ڪو آ تياسن تنگيل،  
ڪو ڪڙهائين ڪڙهيل.  
ڏس ته آ ڏيهه ۾،  
ڏاڍ ڪيڏو متل.  
جو به هت ٿيو آيو،  
سوئي هت آ ڪپيل،  
هيڏي ڏهڪاءُ ۾،  
کيس ڪهڪاءُ ۾،  
ڪيئن سڀ ڪجهه سهان؟  
ڪيئن چپ مان رهان؟  
منهنجي ڏاهي امان!  
منهنجي پياري امان!  
ڪين مون کي تون جهل،  
ڪين مون کي تون پل،  
مان وڃان ٿو وڃان.  
مان وڃان ٿو وڃان.  
جي نه موٽي اچان!  
منهنجي مٽري امان!

If I do not become  
 your support shoulder in your old age,  
 Like Abbasi  
 Or Bobby Sandus,  
 If I am killed  
 by the pirates of the nights,  
 Like the  
 rest of my comrades,  
 Take swear  
 of your own motherhood,  
 Do not worry,  
 do not be sad.

If I do not become the groom  
 and color my hands with Hena,  
 do not accomplish  
 your dreams and wishes in reality.  
 Like any Hoshu  
 Or like any Hemu  
 If I become groom (hero) of the blood game,  
 You swear upon your own motherhood,  
 Do not worry  
 Do not be sad.

جي نه پيريءَ ۾ تنهنجو  
 سهارو ٿيان  
 ڪنهن عباسيءَ<sup>⑦</sup> يا  
 بوبي سينڊس<sup>⑧</sup> جيان  
 جيڪڏهن رات جي  
 رهزنن جي هٿان،  
 مان به ماريو وڃان،  
 منهنجي ساٿين جيان،  
 توکي پنهنجي ئي ممتا جو آهي قسم  
 ڪونه ڏکڙو ڪجان  
 ڪين دل لاهجان!

جي نه ميندي هٿن تي  
 لڳائي سگهان  
 تنهنجون آسون  
 نه توکي پسائي سگهان،  
 ڪنهن به هوشو جيان  
 ڪنهن به هيمنون جيان  
 رت جي راند ۾،  
 گهٽ ڳاڙهو ٿيان.  
 توکي پنهنجي ئي ممتا جو آهي قسم!  
 ڪونه ڏکڙو ڪجان  
 ڪين دل لاهجان!

<sup>⑦</sup> . شهيد نذير عباسي .  
<sup>⑧</sup> . آئرلينڊ جو جوة ۽ 1980ع ۾ مرڻ گهڙي تائين بڪ هٽال ڪري شهيد ٿي ويو .

To the memory of  
 my childhood photo,  
 To the tear dropped  
 from eyes, frozen,  
 Sing them the lullabies  
 glorifying the bloodshed of heroes,  
 To the completion of my  
 Unseen dreams,  
 To the iron chain  
 containing my hands  
 smear red henna, and  
 Sing my nuptial songs,  
 To console yourself,  
 Swear by my youth  
 O mother,  
 You never cry,  
 You never worry.

منهنجي ننڍپڻ جي  
 يادن جي تصوير کي،  
 منهنجي اڪڙين مان نڪتل  
 جميل نير کي،  
 سورمي جي لھو جھڙيون لوليون ڏجان  
 اڻ ڏنل منهنجي  
 خوابن جي تعمير کي،  
 منهنجي هٿ ۾ پيل  
 لوهي زنجير کي،  
 لال ميندي ملي  
 منهنجي شاديءَ جا  
 گيج پئي ڳائجان!  
 پاڻ پريائجان!  
 توکي منهنجي جواني جو آهي قسم!  
 ڀرتون نه روئجان  
 او امان! او امان! ڪين دل لاهجان.

## Exactly like you

I, smilingly,  
congratulate the Sun,  
(O Sun!) Pouring poison in the mouth of night,  
Every day, as you still illuminate the East  
Similarly, dreams of the healthy babies  
Being reared in the womb of sick mothers,  
Reared in the birth-pangs of creativity,  
Like the verse or a song of Bhitai,  
I solemnly state,  
The womb of my homeland,  
is still prolific, and fertile.

I see an incarnation  
Exactly like you, as your twin  
Ecstatic, jovial,  
Glowing in joy and delight,  
I become insane  
in pleasure,  
and inside my heart  
I quietly smile.

## هو بهو تو جيان

ٿو سورج کي مُرکي  
مبارڪ ڏيان،  
جيئن تون رات جي وات ۾ وه وجهي  
روز اوڀر کي روشن ڪرين ٿو اڃان،  
تيئن بيمار مائٽن جي ڪُڪ ۾ پليل  
سگهن ٻارڙن جي خوابن منجهان،  
تخليق جي درد ڊڪ ۾ پليل،  
پٽائي جي ڪنهن بيت وائي جيان،  
ساڪ سان ٿو چوان،  
منهنجي ڌرتيءَ جي ڪُڪ  
سائي آهي اڃان.

ڪو جنم ٿو ڏسان  
هو بهو تو جيان،  
بهڪندڙ بهڪندڙ  
جرڪٽا جرڪٽا،  
خوشيءَ ۾ مان پاڳل ٿو بنجي پوان،  
پاڻ ئي دل جو دل ۾  
ٿو مُرکي پوان.

## It all was desert!

Time, like a hawker,  
Brought us dreams, brought us accomplishments,  
I chose those dreams keenly.

Time, brought us, a little of the sea,  
a little of the desert,  
I chose the desert.  
The time showed us the world, and  
your door, and  
I chose you.

When your door opened,  
The time mocked at me,  
Neither were you there,  
nor the dreams,  
Remained there, just the desert,  
And its wilderness!

## رُڳورڻ هُيو

وقت اسان وٽ گهورڙيئي جيئن،  
خوابَ کڻي آيو لاپ کڻي آيو،  
مون ڏوڃي خوابَ کنيا.

وقت اسان وٽ سمنڊ ڌرو،  
۽ رڻ کڻي آيو،  
مون ڳولي رڻ کنيو.  
وقت اسان کي دنيا ۽  
تنهنجو در ڏيکاريو  
مون توکي چونڊيو!

جڏهن تنهنجو در کليو!  
مون تي وقت کليو.  
نه تون ئي هُئين  
نه خواب هئا  
باقي رڻ هُيو!

## On Assassination Of Fazil Rahu

Whose assassination was it!  
Sobbed on which,  
The entire land's birds, and butterflies,  
Behind the glances of humanity  
Scattered were the chockfull clouds,  
Which rained before the monsoons reached.  
The warm tears,  
rolled down the cheeks,  
the dewdrops on flowers wept.

whose death's echoes are these,  
on which the dawn broke down,  
whose death was this?  
On which writhes,  
the curse of the entire land  
Deer and peahens forgot the leaps and hops,  
History teachers of the entire Earth  
Forgot the questions  
of defeats and eternal victories.

## فاضل راهو جي شهادت تي

هي ڪنهن جو موت هو؟  
جنهن تي،  
سموري ڌرتيءَ جي،  
پڪين پڇاڙيو ۽ پوپتن پريا سڌڪا.  
ماڻهپي جي اکين جي اوت ۾،  
پڪڙيل بادل،  
ميگهه جي مند کان اڳ برسي پيا،  
گلن تي گرم لڙڪ پليتي پيا،  
گلن تي ماڪ رُني.

هي ڪنهن جي موت جي آهاڪ،  
جنهن ۾ باڪ رني،  
هي ڪنهن جو موت هو؟  
جنهن تي سموري ڌرتيءَ جو  
عذاب ڦٽڪي پيو،  
ڊيل کان چال ۽ هرڻين کان چال وسري ويا،  
سموري ڌرتيءَ جي،  
تاريخ جي استادن کان،  
زوال لازوال جا سوال وسري ويا.



Whose death was this,  
 on which the entire land's  
 Felons, ill-faced bullies  
 on their unworthy & contemptuous victory,  
 chanted, & staged festivity,  
 Laughed supposing it as their so-called success.  
 They, cursing the light,  
 Labelled it with umpteen, kinds of profanity.  
 Became furious,  
 and intimidated the Sun with the dogs wild,  
 And the dogs!  
 In lust of the loaf,  
 Kill species of their own kind,  
 by ripping them piece by piece.

Whose death was this?  
 On which beasts, muggers, savages and killers,  
 Offered toast of the last sip  
 of hatred, anger and ill repute,  
 (A toast) to their eternal defeats.

هي ڪنهن جو موت هو؟  
 جنهن تي سموري ڌرتيءَ جي،  
 لوفرن، ڪارمنهن، بدمعاشن،  
 پنهنجي بي هوڊه ڪامرائيءَ تي،  
 وڄايون بغلون ۽ خوشفهمين جا تهڪ ڏنا.  
 هزارين روشني کي ويڻ ڏئي،  
 ٿي چتا، سج تي پڇيائون ڪتا.  
 ۽ ڪتا!  
 جيڪي ڳي جي موھ ۾،  
 پنهنجي هم نسلن کي،  
 ڇڏيندا چيري ۽ ڦاڙي آهن.

هي ڪنهن جو موت هو؟  
 جنهن تي سموري ڌرتيءَ جي،  
 وحشين، رهنزن ۽ جلادن،  
 نفرتن، ذلتن خواريءَ جي،  
 آخري جام کي تجويز ڪيو،  
 پنهنجي تابعدا شڪستن جي نالي.

## Virtues I Could Not Hide

Abandoned intoxication of wine,  
 Suicide, as if we committed!  
 To understand the life  
 Entire life, we devoted.  
 She said, puerile you are,  
 Such simplicity we embraced.  
 We dropped off like tears,  
 Such a joy we celebrated!  
 She said we would see, &  
 Suicide we committed!

## خودکشی کئی سین!

ترک مئے کُشی کئی سین،  
 جُن تہ خودکشی کئیسین.  
 زندگیء کی سمجھڻ لئ،  
 وقف زندگی کئی سین.  
 هُن چيو تہ ٻار آھين،  
 ايڏي سادگي کئي سين.  
 لڙڪ ٿي ڪري پياسين،  
 ايتري خوشي کئي سين  
 هُن چيو تہ ڏسندا سين!  
 پاڻ خودکشي کئي سين.

## Legends of the Sun!

We have heard this in the legends,  
Or these are the mysterious lies of the myths,  
That quite far from here, in the distant lands,  
In the land of birds, fairies and butterflies,  
In the abode of flowers and beetles,  
A seven-color hues prince comes,  
Sitting with the convoys,  
From the eastern valleys  
The lord of flowers, leader of the lovers  
Yes! The seven-color hues prince,  
Wearing the golden-pearl crown,  
Smiling with the cool morning breeze,  
Glaring at the sunflower,  
With the rainbow of  
golden Sun rays,  
Enlightens the land.

## سورج جي ڏندڪٿا

اسان ته قصن ۾ ئي ٻڌو آ،  
يا ڏند ڪٿائن جو ڪوڙ آهي،  
ته هتان گهڻو ڏور ولايتن ۾،  
پڪين، پرين ۽ پوپتن جي،  
گلن ۽ تانڊائڻن جي نگر ۾،  
ستن رنگن جو ڪو شاهزادو،  
رنگ ۽ روپ جي رت تي ويهي،  
اچي ٿو اوڀر جي ماڻھن مان،  
گلن جو داتا، پرين جو نيتا -  
ها! ستن رنگن جو ڪو شاهزادو،  
سنهري هيرن جو تاج پائي،  
صبح جي ٿڌڙي هو اسان مشڪي،  
سورج مڪيءَ سان اڪيون ملائي،  
سرنهن ڦلن کي ڳلي سان لائي،  
سنهري ڪرڻن جي انڊلٺ سان،  
اُتي جي ڌرتيءَ کي جڳمڳائي.

In the vast skies' series,  
 Within the leaves of green olives,  
 In the open wings of the doves,  
 Gives the riddles of wisdom to the butterflies.  
 With the abundant kindness, and abundant grace inside  
 To the tiny butterflies of the dusk,  
 To the beautiful Jasmine flowers,  
 To the naughty silky vapors,  
 In the soft lap of redness of the sunset and reveries,  
 Make her sleep by chanting sweet lullabies,  
 Let's search end of this story!  
 But we never saw the Sun,  
 Here the night rules all over!  
 Here, the heads of Sunflowers  
 are bowed down forever,

The life of the  
 Butterflies of our land,  
 Of beautiful jasmine blooms,  
 Of naughty, silky clouds,  
 The life of the melodies of fairies' chiming anklets,  
 Of the open wings of doves,  
 Of butterflies, bulbul and bumblebees,  
 The life of the redness of dusk and dreams,  
 O my friend,  
 Is in the hand of a monster wizard,  
 Seven-color hues prince,  
 is merely a lie!

وشال آڪاش جي سلسلن ۾،  
 ۽ ڇهڻ زیتون جي پنن ۾،  
 ڪبوترن جي کليل کني ۾،  
 فهم فڪر جون ٿو ڏي پروليون،  
 پري ڏئي ٿو پنيورين کي،  
 ديا سان دامن، حيا سان جهوليون -  
 ۽ شام جو پتڪڙن پوئتن کي،  
 حسين رابيل جي گلن کي،  
 شير ۽ ريشمي بادلن کي،  
 شفق ۽ سڀن جي نرم هنج ۾،  
 سمهاري سندر سٿائي لوليون،  
 اچو ڪهاڻي ۽ جو انت ڳوليون!  
 پر اسان ته سورج ڏٺو ئي ناهي!!  
 هتي سدا رات جو راج آهي،  
 هتي ته هر هڪ سورج مڪي ۽ جو،  
 سدائين گردن جهڪيل ئي آهي،  
 اسان جي نگري ۽ جي پوئتن جو،  
 حسين رابيل جي گلن جو،  
 شير ۽ ريشمي بادلن جو،  
 پرين جي پاڙين جي سرن جو،  
 ڪبوترن جي کليل کني جو،  
 پنيوري، پنڌورن ۽ بلبلن جو،  
 شفق ۽ سڀن جو ساھ سائين!  
 ڪنهن دؤس ۽ ديو جي من ۾ آهي،  
 ستن رنگن جو هي شاهزادو،  
 رڳو ڪهاڻين جو ڪوڙ آهي!؟

## Internet

When you, like the nomads, were a vagabond,  
How vast and stunning you were!  
But now, all the seasons of love,  
You lost because of the websites,  
The coy melodies of your love,  
which you should have told only to the rivers,  
those you chanted and shared thru the blatant,  
devoid of privacy, piano of the cyber world.

Sinking deep into the  
infinite ocean of the cyber world,  
You missed swimming  
into the rivers of the moonlight,  
You overlooked smelling fragrance of the sprouts  
Gazing at the butterflies out of love,  
And breathing into the open air.  
The (cyber) chatting has sucked up  
the pheasants' coquetry,  
tropical forest and woodlands are lost from you,  
Now you are, as if a domesticated peacock, or  
You have become the game indoor.

## انٽرنيٽ

تون جڏهين جو ڳين جيان رولاڪ هئين!  
ڪيترو وصال ۽ حسناڪ هئين!  
پر، هاڻ پيار جون مڙيئي مندون،  
تو ويب سائيتن مٿي وڃائي ڇڏيون،  
پنهنجي عشق جون شرميلون ڏنن،  
جيڪي توکي صرف، نديءَ کي ٻڌائڻيون هيون،  
سي تو انٽرنيٽ جي، بي حجاب بيانو تي،  
ڳائي ڇڏيون، ٻڌائي ڇڏيون!!  
ڪمپيوٽر جي بي انت ساگر جي،  
پاتال ۾ لهندي لهندي،  
تو کي چاندوڪين جي دريا ۾ ترڻ،  
مگري جي مهڪ کي ماڻڻ،  
پوپڻ کي پاڻوھ مان ڏسندو رهڻ،  
۽ کلي هوا ۾ ساھ کڻڻ، وسري ويو آ.  
چيٽنگ، توماڻ چڪور جي چنچلتا  
چوسي ورتي آهي. جهنگ تو مان وڃائجي ويو آ،  
هاڻ تون ڄڻ گھريلو مور ٿي پيو آهين!  
گيم، ان دور ۾ ٿي پيو آهين.

Indoor.<sup>⑨</sup>

### Whatever we possess!

Till the sarcasm of time is not fading,  
Till the wound of the tragedy, is not healing,  
Till the bowl of life is not, upside down, turning,  
Life! Would remain full of poison, full of poison.

Myriad of hopes, endless devotions,  
Hitches, sense of loss of lost dreams, and confusions,  
Whatever the universe  
poured in over the destiny,  
Assume it all you have, as fruitions.  
Life! Full of poison, full of poison,  
We were given in fortune, was nothing but thirst.

Those separations were the priceless sentiments,  
Emotions of the thirsty and deprived.  
Whatever we attained or possessed,  
do not lament on that,  
Life! Full of poison, full of poison.

### جيڪي ماڻهو اٿئون!

وقت جو ويڻ جيسين وهائي نٿو،  
گهٽاءُ گوندر جو جيسين گهمائي نٿو،  
جيسين جيون جو پيالو هي پلتي نٿو،  
زندگي! زهر ڀر، زهر ڀر، زهر ڀر.

اڻ ڳڻيا آسرا. آڻئون اڻ مڃيون،  
مامرا، مونجهه، منزل جون محرميون،  
ڪائناتن وڌو جيڪي ڪشڪول ۾،  
سوئي سڀڪجهه اٿئي. سوئي سمجھج ٿمر،  
زندگي! زهر ڀر، زهر ڀر، زهر ڀر.  
پاڻ کي جا پکي ۾، رڳو پياس پئي.

سي وره ۽ وچوڙا، وڏي راس هئي،  
اڃين جا املهه ڏاڍا احساس ٿئي!  
جيڪي ماڻهيون اٿئون،  
تنهن جو ماتم نه ڪر،  
زندگي! زهر ڀر، زهر ڀر، زهر ڀر.

The debt of the time must be paid,  
 When Akash left, he will not return now,  
 But till centuries he will never be forgotten by the world,  
 There will not be drought of creativity in this land,  
 Life! Full of poison, full of poison.

موت جو نيٺ محصول ڀرڻو ته آ،  
 هي جو آڪاش ويو، هاڻ ورتو نه آ،  
 پر جڳن تائين جڳ کان وسرڻو نه آ،  
 ذات جو ڏيهه ۾ ڪين ٿيندو ڏڪر.  
 زندگي! زهر ڀر، زهر ڀر، زهر ڀر.

## Helplessness

Now, you be the leader!  
When there is no companion, nor beloved  
Spread is the haze of woes all around.  
You be the beloved; you be the lover.  
Helplessness! Now, you be the leader!

The convoy-leaders marooned the caravans  
My footprints, are lost!  
Neither stars, specks, nor the trance in heart  
Vacillating amid life and suicide  
Entangled within is a cold strife!

My pains were heretic, infidels,  
Couldn't step ahead of the prayer citadels.  
Many resurrections preceded the doomsday,  
Lost faith, even in the judgement day.  
Always, our own deed-recording angels, we remained,  
And trustees of our own conscience we remained.

## ”بي وسي! تون ئي هاڻ رهبر ٿي“

تون ئي هاڻ رهبر ٿي!  
جڏهن نه يار ڪو دلدار آهي،  
چئو طرف غم جو هڪ غبار آهي.  
تون ئي محبوب تون ئي دلبر ٿي!  
بي وسي، تون ئي هاڻ رهبر ٿي!

ڪاروان، رهبرن رُلائي ڇڏيا،  
منهنجا پيرا، مون کان وڃائي ڇڏيا،  
نه ڪو ترورو، نڪو تارو، نه ترنگ آ من ۾  
حيات آپگهات جي وچ ۾  
عجب سرد جنگ آ من ۾

درد ڪافر هئا،  
دعا جو در نه ٿي سگهيا،  
قيامتن کان اڳي ئي قيامتون ٿيون آهي  
رهيو قيامتن تي ڪو نه يقين،  
سدا رهياسين ڪراما ۽ ڪاتبين پنهنجا  
سدا رهياسين پاڻ پنهنجي ضميرن جا امين.



Helplessness!

You tell, you guide, for the sake of heavens!

What felonies we committed, or did we hurt anyone?

Lost the homeland, existence, became dwellers of dust

A hope, as if like the Sun, once just,

may rise, burn,

And in the longest night, it sets down!

Every passing day, leaves a new despair unescapably,  
of course for my progeny!

Yet, the day ends saying this

Helplessness, is the limit of powerlessness,

And that is the last limit of agony

And that is the extreme edge of misery.

بي وسي

تون ئي خدا را ٻڌاءِ، تون ئي چئو!

ته ڏوه ڪنهن جو ڪيوسين، ۽ ڇا بگاڙيوسين،

وطن وجود وڃائي تياسين خاڪ نشين

هيڪر ڪا اميد ڄڻ سورج ڪو هجي،

جيڪو اُڀري، ٽپي،

هڪ ڊگهي رات ۾ لهي ٿو وڃي

هونئن ته هر روز نا اميدي نئين،

منهنجي نئين نسل کي ڏئي ٿو وڃي،

پوءِ به سو ايترو چئي ٿو وڃي،

بي وسي، بي وسيءَ جي حد آهي،

اها ئي سور سندي آخري سرحد آهي

اها ئي سور سندي آخري سرحد آهي

## Love!

O love! I am reverting to you!  
 Suicide, is yet far away from life,  
 You whenever detached your hand from that of mine,  
 I get entangled in my hand palm's luck lines.  
 In your eyes, were some Arghons,  
 My heart was like the land of Sindh.  
 In whose destiny, hell was written since eternity,  
 O God! How to call you kind,  
 O Socrates, if you had sipped  
 only one sip of the poison of life,  
 I would have appreciated, lauded you!

## اڙي عشق!

اڙي عشق! تو وٽ وري پيو اچان،  
 خودڪشي، زندگيءَ کان پري آجان.  
 جڏهين پي توهڻ مان آهڙو ڪڍيو،  
 هٿن جي لڪيرن سان ورڇيو پوان.  
 اوهان جي اکين ۾ ڪي ارغون هئا،  
 اسان جي هٿي دل، سنڌ ڌرتي جيان.  
 جن جي قسمت ۾ دوزخ ڏريان ئي لکيو،  
 او خدا! ڪيئن توکي چون مهربان؟  
 او سقراط! هڪ سُڪ جي ها پرين،  
 زندگيءَ جي زهر جي، ميان ها ميان!

## Fragrance of soil

Who did not recognize the fragrance of the soil here,  
 Who did not honor the bond with the folks,  
 Why would be my relations with him here?  
 Ask him, to go away from my homeland forever!

Who does not honor the sanctity of *Ajrak*  
 Who is not inclined to my language,  
 Whose mind is still divided ever,  
 Ask him, to go away from my homeland forever!

Those, who, with arrows  
 wounded chests of my folks,  
 As if they crushed Mecca and Medina  
 They crushed the summits  
 of the ultimate Ishq's *Abgina* (mirror)  
 Ask him, to go away from my homeland forever!

## مٽي جي خوشبوءِ

جنهن نه مٽيءَ جي خوشبوءِ کي ڄاتو هتي،  
 جنهن نه سانگين جي سڱ کي سڃاتو هتي،  
 تنهن سان ڪهڙو پلا منهنجو ناتو هتي؟  
 تنهن کي چئو! منهنجي نگرِيءَ مان نڪري وڃي.

جو نه اجرڪ جي عظمت جو ڦاٽل هجي،  
 منهنجي ٻولي ڏي جيڪو نه ماڻل هجي،  
 ذهن جنهن جو اڃا پي ورهايل هجي،  
 تنهن کي چئو! منهنجي نگرِيءَ مان نڪري وڃي.

جنهن سنگين سان سانگين جا سينا چٽيا،  
 جن محبت جا مڪا مدينا چٽيا،  
 عشق عرفان جا آبگينا چٽيا،  
 تنهن کي چئو! منهنجي نگرِيءَ مان نڪري وڃي.

Whose glance is vindictive to my folks,  
 Who is the enemy of the children of my folks,  
 Who is brutal and killer  
 Ask him, to go away from my homeland forever!

Who detests the crops of my homeland,  
 Who abhors the labors and farmhands?  
 Who loathes my folks injured,  
 Ask him, to go away from my homeland forever!

جنهن جي اک ماروئن ڏانهن ميري هجي،  
 جيڪو وانگين جي پڇڙن جو ويرِي هجي،  
 جيڪو جلاد، قاتل ۽ قهرِي هجي،  
 تنهن کي چئو! منهنجي نگرِيءَ مان نڪري وڃي.

جيڪو لائين ليارن سان نفرت ڪري،  
 منهنجي پورهيت پنهورن سان نفرت ڪري،  
 درد وند ديس وارن سان نفرت ڪري،  
 تنهن کي چئو! منهنجي نگرِيءَ مان نڪري وڃي

### Wish before that!

If we are exiled from our land, like aliens,  
And eternally yearn for the soil's fragrance,  
Or be plundered, like Palestinians  
May we before that, be martyred battling.

Or surrender the graves of our forefathers, and  
Surrender the bones  
of our great grand generations.  
Or denunciate the entreaties of Bhitai  
Or smear black curse on the history's face,  
May we, before that, be martyred battling.

How to surrender *Karoonjhar* and *Kaachho*,  
How to surrender *Keenjhar* and Karachi,  
How to surrender our Noori and Tamachi.  
And sell Sindh as few infamous elders did.  
May we before that, be martyred battling.

### شل انهيءَ کان اڳي

ديس پنهنجي مان ڌاريان ٿي ڌڪجي ويون،  
پنهنجي مٽيءَ جي خوشبوءِ لاءِ سڪجي ويون،  
يا فلسطينين جيئن ڦرجي ويون،  
شل انهيءَ کان اڳي ڪاش وڙهندي مرون.

پنهنجي ڏاڏائي قبرن مٿان هٿ ڪڍڻ،  
پنهنجي وڏڙن جي هڏڙن مٿان هٿ ڪڍڻ،  
يا پٽائي جي سڏڙن مٿان هٿ ڪڍڻ،  
پنهنجي تاريخ جي مُنهن تي ڪارنهن مَلِيون،  
شل انهيءَ کان اڳي ڪاش وڙهندي مرون.

ڪيئن ڪارونجهه ۽ ڪاڇي مٿان هٿ ڪڍڻ،  
ڪيئن ڪينجهه ڪراچيءَ مٿان هٿ ڪڍڻ،  
پنهنجي نوري تماچي مٿان هٿ ڪڍڻ،  
۽ وڏيرن جيئن سنڌ وڪڻي ڇڏيون،  
شل انهيءَ کان اڳي ڪاش وڙهي مرون.

Our coming generations unrooted,  
 roam like vagabonds,  
 Grow in the camps of humiliation,  
 Curse and condemn their elders,  
 And we be answerable  
 To the homeland of Marui,  
 May we before that, be martyred battling.

پنهنجا ايندڙ نسل دربدر ٿي رُلن،  
 ذلتن سان ڪيمپن ۾ پلڳا رهن،  
 پنهنجي وڏڙن تي لعنت ملامت وجهن،  
 مارئي جي وطن جا مياڙي ٿيون،  
 شل انهي کان اڳي ڪاش وڙهندي مرون.

## Make your fingers Lamps!

Friends!  
See your wrists!  
Your watches tied there advise you,  
To turn your fingers into lamps.

In our abodes,  
The monster of night has dropped in,  
The city is quiet, asleep, and  
Sleep is awake in all eyes.  
All around,  
the flowers and saplings of grief  
Have sprouted buds.

And the cactuses of heart,  
Putting on new, thorny crowns,  
Have welcomed  
Hopelessness in a way that  
Even the autumns feel gloomy.  
In front of the deity of defeat,

## آڱريون معشون بنائي وٺو

دوستو!  
پنهنجي ڪرائيءَ ڏي ڏسو!  
چون ٿيون پنهنجي هٿن جون واڳون،  
ته پنهنجي آڱرين کي، مشعلون بنائي وٺو.

راج ۾،  
رات جو راکاس ڏوڪي آيو آ،  
شهر خاموش سُتل آ،  
ننڊ جا جاڳي پئي.  
چؤطرف درد،  
ڪڍيا گئونچ ۽ سلا آهن،

۽ دل جي ٿوهرن،  
پائي ڪنڊن جا تاج نوان،  
نراسين جي،  
اهڙي ڪئي آجيان!  
جو خزانن به سر نوائي ڇڏيا،  
شڪستن جي ديوتا جي اڳيان.

In every street  
The Satan of death,  
on the rhythm of hatred,  
dances tipsy.  
Dance of ill fates and savagery,  
Rips apart, the soul of truth.  
The land's magnificence and splendor,  
demands fortification.

Suggest the watches of our hands,  
To add eternal life  
To that infinite splendor.  
And in the villages  
of unsurmountable eyes  
Let's hide the planet Earth.

Before that,  
That the savage of life  
With the ink of death,  
Marks the word, "end"  
Over the fringes of our life,  
And interrupts the ticking arms  
of our watches,  
long before that,  
O friends,  
See your wrists,  
And turn your fingers into lamps.

گهٽي ۽ گهٽي ۾،  
موت جو وحشي،  
ڪراهنن جي، تال تي جهومي،  
نحوستن ۽ وحشتن جو رقص ڪري،  
سچ جي سيني تي پيو مڱ ڌري.  
سونهن ڌرتي جي،  
پيئي سام گهري.

چون ٿيون پنهنجي هٿن جون واڳون،  
تو انهيءَ سونهن کي،  
تا ابد زندگي بخشيون  
اجهاڳ اڪثرين جي گولن ۾  
لڪائي ڌرتي جي گولي کي ڇڏيون.

انهيءَ کان اڳ،  
جو وقت جو وحشي،  
اسان جي زندگيءَ جي سرحد تي،  
موت جي مس سان،  
لفظ "ختم" لکي،  
اسانجي واڃ جي،  
ڪانئن کي ڇڏي بيهاري،  
دوستو!  
پنهنجي ڪرائي ڏي ڏسو!  
اڱريون، مشعلون بنائي وٺو.