

A GHAZAL OF IQBAL

O! Long-awaited Truth for once express
Theself in golden garb of shape and Form,
For at my brow, that it Thy Feet may press,
A thousand fealties have stirred a storm.

Be music-imbued movement of delight:
Thou art a Tune, unto mine ears be free.
What strain in this that hides its airy flight
In silence in the folds of Melody?

Do not Thy Mirror in close safety keep.
For shattered into pieces when it lies.
It then becomes a thing of love more deep,
Of love gar greater in its Craftsman's Eyes.

The moth thus said whilst fluttering round and round
The flame: Ah me! The same effect of old,

Is not in story of They burning found:

My tale of immolation too is cold!

For my heart's peace, there was no earth no place;

Yet peace I found at last, last, but where?

In Thy Forgiveness and befriending Grace,

My wild, destructive sins had found it there.

No warmth is left in Love for least desire

In beauty to display before the world.

No Ghazanawi burns in his feelings' fire,

Nor Ayaz' tresses now are lustrous, curled.

Once with my forehead as I touched the ground

At one of my devotions strange and rare,

Then from the Mosque arose an echoing sound,

“Lover of Idol, what avails this prayer?”

Amin Khorasanee