

# IQBAL'S POEMS

## Self-Awareness

This is a translation in verse of a poem in *Bale Jibril* (pp. 82-83) which starts with the verse:

جب عشق سکھاتا ہے آداب سحرگاہی

کھلتے ہیں غلاموں پر اسرار شہنشاہی

When through Love man conscious grows

Of respect self-awareness needs,

Though in chains, he learns at once

The regal mode and kingly deeds.

Like Rūmi, 'Attār, Ghazālī and Rhazes,

One may be mystic great or wise,

But none reach his goal and aim

Without the help of morning sighs.

No need for leaders sage and great

To lose all hope of Muslim true:  
Though amiss this pilgrim be,  
Yet can burn on fire like rue.

O Bird, that yearn to merge with God,  
You must keep this truth in sight;  
"To suffer death is nobler far  
Than bread that clogs youc upward flight."

A person poor and destitute,  
Who walks in steps of God's lion Bold,  
Is more exalt'd than monarchs great:  
He spurns the worldly wealth and gold.

Men bold and firm uphold the truth  
And let no fears assail their hearts:  
No doubt, the mighty lions of God  
Know no tricks and know no arts.



## TRUE FAKR

Below is a translation in verse of Iqbal's poem in Bale Jibril (pp. 71-72) which starts with the verse:

نگاہ فقر میں شان سکندری کیا ہے؟

خراج کی جو گدا ہو وہ قیصری کیا ہے؟

The splendour of a monarch great  
Is worthless for the free and bold:  
Where lies the grandeur of a king,  
Whose riches rest on borrowed gold?

You pin you faith on idols vain  
And turn your back on Mighty God:  
If this is not unbelief and sin,  
What else is unbelief and fraud?

Luck favours the fool and the mean  
And exalts and lifts to the skies  
Only those who are base and low

And know not how to patronise.

One look from the eyes of the Fair  
Can make a conquest of the heart,  
There is no charm in the Fair sweet,  
If it lacks this alluring art.

I am a target for the hate  
Of the mighty rich and the great,  
As I know the end of Caesars Great  
And know the freaks of Luck or Fate.

To be a person great and strong  
Is the end and aim of all;  
But that rank is not real and true  
That is attained by the Ego's fall.

My bold and simple mode of life

Has captured each and every heart;  
Though my numbers are lame and dull,  
And lay no claim to poet's art.

A, A. Shah

The hills and foothills are illumined by  
The lamps of tulips once again; the bird  
Within the garden bids me cease to sigh,  
Lures me to sing again and thus be heard.  
Are these wild flowers which seem so gay and glad  
Or standing fairies in rows after rows  
In purple, blue and yellow constumes clad?  
The breeze of dawn so gently, gently throws  
Upon the dainty petals pearls of dew,  
The sun's rays fill the cold air with their pale  
Warm light and make these dewy pearls shine too.  
That she may be quite free without her veil  
If the indifferent beauty likes to be  
More in the jungle than the city, then  
Which better is think you, the wood or town?  
Dive deep into your heart like the wise men  
And find the secret of this life within.  
If on being possessed by me you frown

You can at least your own redemption win

By having over self full mastery.

The World of Heart; it is the pain of burning

Desire and attraction, ecstasy.

The World of Body; it is interest earning

Trade, artifice and acting cunningly.

The treasure of the Heart once in your grasp

Is never lost whereas the body's treasure

Is but a shadow which you cannot clasp.

It is this wealth which comes, this wealth which goes.

In the good World of Heart found I much pleasure

And not the alien's rule nor have I found

The priest and pundit with their wise men's pose.

I was much put to shame, my face blushed red

When first it came upon my ears the sound

Of the Ascetic's voice which said to me:

"Before the Stranger when you bowed your head

You lost your Heart and Body both I sets."

پھر چراغِ لالہ سے روشن ہوئے کوہ و دمن  
مجھکو پھر نغموں پہ اُکسانے لگا مرغِ چمن

پھول ہیں صحرا میں پا پریاں قطار اندر قطار  
اودے اودے نی لے ن یلے پیلے پیلے پیرہن

برگگل پر رکھگی شبنم کا موتی بادِ صبح  
اور چمکاتی ہے اس موتی کو سورج کی کرن

حسنِ بے پروا کو اپنی بے نقابی کے لیے

ہوں اگر شہروں سے بن پیارے تو شہر اچھے کہ بن

اپنے من میں ڈوب کر پا جا سراغِ زندگی

تو اگر میرا نہیں بنتا نہ بن اپنا تو بن

من کی دنیا؟ من کی دنیا سوز و مستی جذب و شوق

تن کی دنیا؟ تن کی دنیا سُود و سودا مکر و فن

من کی دولت ہاتھ آتی ہے تو پھر جاتی نہیں

تن کی دولت چھاو ہے! آتا ہے دھن جاتا ہے دھن

من کی دنیا میں نہ پایا میں نے افرنگی کا راج

من کی دنیا میں نہ دیکھے میں نے شیخ و برہمن

پانی پانی کر گئی مجھ کو قلندر کی یہ بات  
تو جھکا جب غیر کے آگے نہ من تیرا نہ تن