

# FROM BAL-I-JIBRIL: THIRTEEN GHAZALS

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میری نوائے شوق سے شورِ حریمِ ذات میں  
اگر کج رو ہیں انجم، آسماں تیرا ہے یا میرا  
گیسوئے تاب دار کو اور بھی تاب دار کر  
اثر کرے نہ کرے، سُن تو لے مری فریاد  
کیا عشق ایک زندگیِ مستعار کا  
پریشاں ہوکے میری خاکِ آخرِ دل نہ بن جائے  
خودی وہ بحر ہے جس کا کوئی کنارہ نہیں  
یہ پیام دے گئی مجھے بادِ صبحگاہی  
ضمیرِ لالہ مئے لعل سے ہوا لبریز  
اک دانشِ نورانی اک دانشِ برہانی  
وہی میری کم نصیبی وہی تیری بے نیازی  
اپنی جولان گاہِ زیرِ آسماں سمجھا تھا میں  
یا رب یہ جہاں خوب ہے لیکن

میری نوائے شوق سے شور حریمِ ذات میں

1. A blaze is raging near His Throne  
By my strains that burn like flames:  
The cries of 'Mercy!' rise aloft  
From the Temple of His Names.
  
2. Houris and Angels all alike  
My soaring thought can keep in hold:  
The moulds in which Thou dost reveal  
Get ruffled by my glances bold.
  
3. In my search and quest for Thee  
Clois ers and Kirks I did design,  
But my groans and woeful wails  
Can shake the founs of fane and shrine.
  
4. There were times when my vision sharp

Pierc'd the heart and core of life:  
Time again it fell short of mark  
By mine inner doubts and strife.

5. I was the only secret veil'd,  
In Nature's womb in latent form,  
When I was brought to light for show,  
What a wonder 'Thou didst perform !

## II

اگر کج رو ہیں انجم، آسماں تیرا ہے یا میرا

1. If the stars from their courses turn.  
Is the sky mine or 'Thine?  
Why need I bother for this world?  
Is this world 'Thine or mine?

2. Where lies the blame,  
O Mighty Lord! If Void's shore is free

From Life's tumultuous roar:

Is the Void Thine or mine?

3. Why that Fiend held his homage back,

On Creation's Early Morn?

How can I let Thee know: is he

In my Counsels or in Thine?

4. Mohammad, Gabriel and Kuran,

No doubt, to Thee belong;

But its numbers sweet and fine whose

Thoughts expound: mine or Thine?

5. It is the blaze of this clay-born star

That makes the world so bright.

If this earthly star suffer'd blight,

Whose loss is it: mine or Thine?

گیسوئے تاب دار کو اور بھی تاب دار کر

Make your ringlets still more coiled and curled:

Let darts carrying death and ruin on all be hurled.

It suits not that Love and Beauty both be veiled:

Either You reveal yourself or let me be unveiled.

You are an ocean deep and I a river small:

Make me the ocean strong and let my waters in

You fall. I am a common shell; on

You depends my worth:

Change this piece of clay into a gem of noble birth.

Though fated not to share the joys of spring,

Let this birdie mute and dumb, the advent of April sing.

What for you drove me from Eden's gate?

The cares of life are unending, long now You must wait.

On the day of Reckoning, when my sin-charged scroll is  
brought,

Have pity on this sinner and let him with shame be fraught.

## IV

اثرِ کرے نہ کرے، سُن تو لے مری فریاد

1. O Lord, hearken to my woeful wail,  
Though it may move or it may fail.  
This bold and unfettered wight Begs  
Thee not to do the right.

2. Thou hast put this speck of dust  
Midst deep abyss and raging gust.  
Is thine fondness for creation  
An act of mercy or oppression?

3. The red rose, with its lovely dome,  
Found its bed no lasting home. Is this the spring in its  
prime?  
Is this the livening wind and clime?

4. In me there runs a streak of sin,

I am a stranger to this inn;  
But hosts of heaven with all their might  
Could not set this Chaos right.

5. This world of Thine on its shaking founts,  
Lay bare, with unbroken grounds.  
It is indebted to my love for toil  
That has adorned and peopled its soil.

6. The orchard that has no danger,  
Where lies no ambushed hunter,  
Ill sorts with the dauntless mind  
Which is to risks and hazards blind.

7. The lofty state of passions strong  
Is out of the grasp of angels' throng:  
Only they retain it in their hold,  
Who much can dare and eke are bold.

کیا عشق ایک زندگی مستعار کا

1. What can the love of man avail,  
Whose life like glass is short and frail:  
How can a mortal's love accord  
With God, the Everlasting Lord?
  
2. The love whose heat and flame are lost  
With Death's single icy blast,  
To suspense and fret has no claim,  
Like the love that is all aflame.
  
3. My strength and reach are no more  
Than a moment's breath and roar:  
How can a faint and tiny spark  
With 'Blazing Flame' on war embark?



4. First of all, on me bestow

A deathless life with constant glow,  
And Thou wilt see the zeal and zest  
Of restless heart within my breast.

5. A thorn within my breast infix

To make me feel its prods and pricks:  
I pray Thee, Lord, to me impart  
A ceaseless pain, an endless smart

## VI

پریشاں ہو کے میری خاک آخر دل نہ بن جائے

1. My scattered dust charged with love

The shape of heart may take at last:  
O God, the grief that bowed me then,  
May press me low as in the past!

2. The maids of Eden by their charm.

May arouse my urge for song:

The flame of love that burns in me,

May fire the zeal of Celestial Throng!

3. The pilgrim's mind can dwell at times,

On spots and stages left behind:

My heed for spots and places crossed,

From the quest may turn my mind!

4. By the mighty force of love,

I am turned to Boundless deep:

I fear that my self-regard,

Me, for aye, on shore may keep

5. My hectic search for aim and end,

In life that smell and hue doth lack,

May get renown like lover's tale,

Who riding went on litter's track!

6. The rise of clay-born man hath struck  
The Hosts of Heaven with utter fright:  
They dread that this fallen star,  
To moon may wax with fuller light!

## VII

خودی وہ بحر ہے جس کا کوئی کنارہ نہیں

1. The Self of man is ocean vast,  
And knows no depth or bound:  
If you take it for a stream,  
How can your mind be sound?
2. The magic of this whirling dome  
We can set at naught:  
Not of stones but of glass

Its building has been wrought.

3. In holy trance in Self we drown,

And up we rise again;

But how a worthless man can show

So much might and main?

4. Your rank and state cannot be told

By one who reads the stars:

You are living dust, in sooth,

No: rul'd by Moon or Mars.

5. The maids of Ed'n and Gabriel eke

In this world can be found,

But alas! you lack as yet

Glances bold and zeal profound.

6. My craze has judg'd aright the bent

Of times wherein I am born:

Love be thank'd for granting me  
The gown entire and untorn.

7. Spite of Nature's bounty great,  
Its grudging practice, mark!  
It grants the ruby reddish hue,  
But denies the heat of spark.

## VIII

یہ پیام دے گئی مجھے باد صبحگاہی

1. A message in my ears was poured  
Early by the wind of morn  
That one who knows the worth of Self  
Is as free as a noble-born.

2. It is the source and fount of life  
And keeps up Honour's flame:

If blest with it, you are a king:

If b'reft, a prey to shame.

3. O sage, your teachings do not yield

A clue to aim or goal;

But you are not Devout or Saint,

So you are not to blame.

4. The dauntless free, who well can play

The regal mode and part,

Is still unripe and raw in my

Realm of poetic art.

5. These problems fine and intricate

Can lead to brawls and strife:

Do what you will and like, but I

Vote not for cloistered life.

6. This world is not your destined end,  
Your goal and aim is high:  
Your sojourn here is for your good  
And will lift you to the sky.

7. Your recital that there is no  
God but He, Whatever your race and land,  
If not attested by your heart,  
Is like a print on sand.

## IX

ضمير لاله مئے لعل سے هوا لبريز

By dint of spring the poppy cup  
With vintage red hath overflown:  
With her advent the hermit too  
Temperance to the winds hath thrown.

When great and mighty force of Love,  
At some place its flag doth raise,  
Beggars dressed in rags and sack  
Become heirs true to King Parvez.

Antique the stars and old the dome  
In which they roam and move about:

I long for fresh and virgin world, Where my mettle I can  
prove.

The stir and roar of Judgement Day Hath no dread for me at  
all:

Thine roving glance doth work on me Like the Last Day's  
Trumpet call.

Snatch not from me the blessing great of sighs heaved at early  
morn:

With a casual loving look  
Weaken not thine fierce scorn.



My sad and broken heart disdains  
The spring and dower that she brings:  
Too Joyous the song of nightingale  
I feel more gloomy when it sings.

Unwise are those who tell and preach,  
"Accord with times and the age:"  
"If the world befits thee not,  
A war against it thou must wage.

X

اک دانش نورانی اک دانش برهانی  
One lore can set the heart aglow,  
Another rests on reasoning skill:  
Learning gained by means of head  
Leaves a man bewildered still.

This earthly frame one object holds  
And it too belongs to thee:  
To keep it back from lusts of flesh  
Is a charge too hard for me.  
If my complaints have reached the stars,  
Why lay the blame entire to me:  
It was my yearning great for Thee  
That stirr'd my fiery minstrelsy.  
Why repeat the image twice  
If it bore a flaw at first?  
Dost Thou like that Man must be  
Cheap and worthless like the dust?  
The West in me has instilled  
The germs of doubt and unbelief:  
Why are the Mullahs of this age  
For Faith a cause of shame and grief.  
Might enough has man as yet  
To pit against what Fate ordains:

Fools, in sooth, are they who think  
That Man is held by Chance in chains.  
Thou dost hold thy idols dear And  
I no less my gods adore:  
Both of us have earthly pets  
That live for short and are no more.

## XI

وہی میری کم نصیبی وہی تیری بے نیازی

Mine ill luck the same and same,  
O God, the coldness on Your part:  
No useful aim has been served  
By my skill in poetic art!  
Where am I and where are you,  
Is the world a fact or naught?  
Does this world to me belong,  
Or is a wonder by you wrought?

The precious moments of my life  
One by one have been snatched,  
But still the conflict racks my brain,  
"If heart and head are ever matched."  
A hawk forgetful of its breed,  
Upbrought and fed in midst of kites,  
Knows not the wont and way of hawks:  
And cannot soar to mighty heights.  
For song no tongue is set apart,  
No claim to tongues is laid by me:  
What matters is a dainty song,  
No matter what its language be.  
Faqr and Kingship are akin,  
Though at odds may these appear:  
One wins the heart with single glance,  
The other rules with sword and spear.  
Some have left the caravan train,  
And some on Kaaba turn their back,

For Leaders of this Faithful Band,  
Winsome mode and manners lack.

## XII

اپنی جولان گاہ زیر آسمان سمجھا تھا میں

I thought my field of play to be  
On earth below the whirling dome:  
The toy from mud and water wrought  
Methought to be my world and home.  
The display of Thy charms hath broke  
The spell that erstwhile bound my view:  
Ah, my folly deep and great!  
For sky I took a mantle blue.  
The worn and weary Caravan  
Was lost in twirls and twists of space:  
The Sun, the Moon and Mars I thought  
Were my comrades in the race.

The stretch that seemed to have no end  
By Love was traversed in a bound:  
Sans end or marge to me did seem  
The sky above and earth beneath.  
My ardour, though I watched it close,  
The secret of my love reveal'd:  
It proved to be a mode of plaint,  
Though I kept my grief conceal'd.  
The cry of anguish raised by one  
Left behind by 'Travellers' Band  
Struck me as the call of guides,  
"Depart, depart to distant land!"

### XIII

يا رب يه جهان خوب هے ليکن

Oh God, this changing world of  
Thine Is, no doubt, superb and fine;

But why the people do despise  
The true, the honest and the wise?  
Though the rich and bankers' band  
In His Godhead have a hand,  
Yet the men with full accord  
Hold the Man of West as Lord.  
Thou dost not grant a blade of grass  
To men with talents high, alas!  
The Man of West with generous hand  
Bestows on fools squares of land.  
With meat and wine like ruby red  
The Faithful Fold at Church is fed:  
There is nothing in the Mosque,  
But sermons dry and painful task.  
The Laws of God are true and plain,  
But when our scholars do explain,  
They give the Text such twist and bend  
Which makes the laws abstruse as Pzand.

The Heaven for the pure and clean  
None alive as yet has seen,  
But every hamlet in the West  
Is more like Eden at its best.  
For years on end my thoughts have dwelt  
On problems which by man are felt; I beg  
Thee, God, to shut them soon  
Beyond this world in caves of Moon.  
God to me such traits did grant  
Which in angels he did plant:  
Though born of dust and clay I be,  
Yet of links with earth am free.  
The Dervesh with God's love replete  
No kinship claims with West or East:  
To Spahan, Delhi or Somercand  
I do not trace my native land.  
I utter what is true and right  
Without the thought of fear or fright:



The fool of Mosque I am not,  
Am nor the child of Western thought  
Friends and foes are all alike  
In contempt for me and dislike:  
For I could never honey call  
What is bitter like the gall.  
A man with wisdom and insight  
Who loves the truth and loves the right,  
By mistake will not take at all  
A mound of filth for Damawand tall.  
The flames of fire by Nimroud lit.  
Make me not complain a bit;  
For a Muslim firm and true  
Crackles not like the seed of rue.  
Broad mind and clement heart I own,  
Wish well to all, on none I frown:  
Though in chains, my heart is free,  
Devoid of wealth, yet full of glee.

My heart is free and on the spree,  
No matter what my state may be:  
No one can by force or guile  
Divest the bud of pleasant smile.  
Iqbal, no doubt, was blunt and bold,  
His peace before God he could not hold:  
Would, some had bid this ill-bred slave  
To hold his tongue and not to rave!