FRENZY'S DRIVE*

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سما سكتا نهي پهنائح فطرت سي سرا سودا

غلط تها اے جنوں شاید ترا اندازہ صحرا!

The bounds of nature cannot brace, my passions great, in terms of space.

The craze, alas, no longer could guess, the span of desert, more or less.

By ego's call we can shake and break, the spell of grandeur we still make. This ego reminds that God is one, alas, this point was followed by none.

The vision of God is a destined boon,

^{*} English translation of Iqbal's poem in Bāl-i Jibrīl (pp. 37-40).

get the eyes, O blind, to view Him soon.
The oceans of nature can never be,
Deaf and blind to surges of sea.

This knowledge and gnosis are sciences apart, were dubbed as rivals was the pulpit's fault. He thought the gibbet was rival to him, and hanged the poor saint in a fanatic whim.

In ease and quite or pains and strains, in power's pride, or bound in chains, The God's true slaves shall like to remain, under the Contents armoured chain.

O Gabriel! please copy not my course,

of rapturous drives and frenzy's force. The easy-going angels should only devote, In Ka'bah's rounds and rosary notes,

A multiple bars of East and West, have gone through my own thorough test. Here the "bearer" is born obscure, there the "wine" is a tasteless lure.

No longer exist on Persian scene, neither on Turkey's Epic sheen. The fasting figures who had slain, the Kaiser-Kisra's mighty reign.

He is the Shaikh who stole and sold, in sheer misuse of his official hold, once rags of Owais and Bu Dharr's robes, once Zohra's sheet and antiques old.

Once Israfil sensed my dynamic design, and termed me to God as a possible sign. This man is showing potentials great, for Doomsday's cause before its date.

A voice came, Isn't this 'Doom's' looming event? The Chinese are wearing palmer's garments.

The Meccan's move was a cosmic need, in Batha they slept and lost their lead.

A bumper or "Fashion" is full with "LA," the "bearer" holds not the cup of "ILLA".

The fiddler is playing a lullaby slow the Jazzy Western tunes are cautiously low.

At times he gives a bit hard blow* to sell his arms at a rapid flow.

The same river raises waves so strong, which topples the gavials' dangerous throng.

The servitude seizes the right of a race to be a critic of beauty and grace.

They make it a basic right of a race that a charter on grace is free-men's grace.

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^{*} Translator's insertion.

They never rely on slaves' foresight, to them the "Vision" is the freeman's sight.

The man of today with a mettle great, dug pearls for future from ocean's plait.

The stones liquefy by a Western stratagem, I have tempered the glass as hard as gem.

The Pharoahs of time set a trap of mine, No fear, in my cuffs see a bright-hand sign.

How a spark could be damned with hays and weed, which the Lawful begets for the canes and reed.

The Kiths and Kin are Love's main Wings, the Love cares not for Courts of Kings.

No wonder if stars may fall to my trap, I have chained my head to a rich man's strap.

An apostolic guide, for apostolic aim, for prophets need, the final name.

A master grand, who blessed a Dust, with fame and flame like Sina's crust.

To passion's eye and rapturous source,

He is the first and final force.

He is the Yāsīn, 500 He is the Qur'ān, 501

He is the Ṭā-Ḥā, 502 He is the Furqān. 503

I could not dive in Sana'i's field,

A score of pearls this sea could yield.

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⁵⁰⁰ Yāsīn is the "heart" of the Qur'an (according to a tradition).

⁵⁰¹ The Prophet was a figure or image of the Qur'an (a saying of Ḥaḍrat `'ishah.

⁵⁰² Ṭā-Ḥā is a mission of the sacred Moses to Pharaohs which Ḥaḍrat Muhammad (may peace be upon him) accomplished.

⁵⁰³ Furqān, also a name of the Qur'an, means a Criterion and a Standard between false and truth. This sūrah is a blessing of the Almighty to the Prophet, his devotees and the whole universe.

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