

EVERY WORD AGLOW

By Himayat Ali Shair *Translated by* Rajinder Singh Verma

EVERY WORD AGLOW

"HURF HURF ROSHNI"

Room No. 114 Bowled av Hotel

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DEDICATED To The Living memory of MAKHDOOM MOHIUDDIN with Love and Affection

Himayat Ali Shair Rajinder Singh Verma

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(BIO-DATA)

Mirror within Moreor

Mara and the sea

Earth fround

noi incorp !

Evolution of a Scholar-Poet

Professor Abdul Q. Zia (LURENATIAN UNIVERSITY SUDBURY - CANADA)

Himayat Ali Shair had been a primary concern of my preoccupations for a long time. I have always admired his intellectual curiosity, his critical capacity, his indefatigable energy to write lyrical plays, radio dramas, film scripts and movie songs. At the same time I have always appreciated his skill to produce and direct plays and movies. I have also enjoyed his symbolic poignance to write analytical essays and articles. I have also respected his spirit of dynamism to face challenges of complex nature, his singular foresight to be an adorable teacher and above all his inborn gift to write poetry of superior calibre. All these combined made me to envy the multidimensional talents of this scholar-poet, who possessed cultivation, erudition and sophistication.

The second half of this century has seen a striking proliferation of fresh ideas and radical approaches in poetry and literature all over the world and Urdu was no exception. Yet the value and usefulness of these developments for the sake of criticism were neither fully apparent nor seriously realized. About fifty years ago the intellectual scene of the Indo-Pakistani sub-continent was plainly different from what it is now and since 1947 there had been more than one kind of reactions which influenced the literary style and approach and added several dimensions and perspectives to Urdu literature in general and Urdu poetry in particulars. The predominant feature of one such reaction was the emphasis upon art for life sake which replaced the age old concept of art for art's sake. It made literature more communicative. productive and operative and brought it face to face with challenges and problems of life. Urdu literature also became a mirror of life and its roots also went deeper in the realities and intricacies of life. Urdu writers in turn became conscious of everything that surrounded them. They felt very much the same as other enlightened scholars. Their expressed attitudes did translate the feelings of people they associated with and their poetry did represent the trends and traditions they belonged to. They made their intellectual thought an interpreter of life and tool with which to build future a better and healthy future of course. Himayat Ali Shair is undoubtedly a product of such intellectual environments and social conditions. Although he was not exactly a forerunner of new trends but in course of time he did prove himself to be a staunch and responsible member of the liberated school of thought and his genius as a poet got deeply rooted in the grasp of material reality and awareness of the weaknesses of the prevailing social order and political atmosphere. His approach to art and literature eventually became both constructive and qualitative. He acquired a sense of giving primary place to the maturity of his imagination and individualistic bent of mind. To suggest that an insightful peep into the social trends he belonged to make him superior to some and inferior to others will not be a realistic judgement of either his personality or poetry. In fact, he does not need to be compared with others and then treated to be inferior or superior to his contemporaries. As I understand the creative process is an end itself and that it is not to be judged through comparison. Himayat's emphasis was and still is upon originality and creativity and that should become he basis of his assessment. He should be judged on his own merits and that is all to it. To put the matter more firmly, Himayat's poetry, before everything else, explored the way the essential truths affect our lives, a reality that suggest a link between the avenues of perception and higher faculty of heart and mind. His poetic thoughts have been praised and rightly so for their aesthetic beauty, their imaginative sensibility, their universal appeal and their deep insightfulness.

Great poetry always speaks to us in a living voice and in this respect Himayat's poetry is a reflection of this age

and a manifestation of various turmoils and tribulations of human existence. His poems "Tamasha" (Demonstration), "Aadmi ki Kahani" (Legend of a man), "Naya Ahad Nama" (New Contract), all published in the early stages of his poetic thoughts and are included in his book of verses "Aag Men Phool" (Flowers in flames), are the glaring examples of his intellectual maturity and poetic sensitivity. Selection of theme and choice of words was of primary importance to him. All the material of life scattered around him became the subject matter of his poetry. Good poets have a definite attitude towards life and Himayat's poems like "Zahar Khand" (Sarcastic smile), "Insan Amar Hai" (Man is immortal) do suggest that he is a great poet. These poems are coherent and consistent in the development of thought and diction and impressive in their treatment. In these and many other poems Himayat appears to be all through a visionary, an imaginative and a true representative of objectivity and creativity. vity and creativity.

We know that classic temper studies the past, the

romantic temper concentrates on matters of heart and mind and contemporary temper leads us forward and creates new precedents. Himayat's book "Haroon ki Awaz" (The voice of Aaron), which received many awards and prizes and got unblemish recognition as one of the most absorbing and appealing books of verses of this era, indicate that he has vigorously led us forward and has succeeded in creating new dimensions and precedents of posterity. Despite the political uncertainty and insecurity to which he was associated with, Himayat was able to express his thoughts through the verses of this book just as Moses, who had some communicative disability, had taken advantage of his brother Aaron's articulation as a vehicle to interpret his ideas and concepts. This book also suggest that Himayat is not the type of poet who would suffer from morbid solicitude and thus would not realized what he wanted to say. His wealth of verses whether a part of "Aag Men Phool" or "Tashnagi Ka Sufar" (Voyage of Thirst) or "Haroon Ki Awaz" (The voice of Aaron) are undoubtedly expressive of present day realities and his own

conceptual thoughts and deep rooted emotions. Even a cursory glance of his writings will establish the fact that Himayat, most of the time, is direct, straightforward and articulate.

Himayat's deepest love for mankind is also an indication of his affectionate pride that he felt for humanity. As evident in his poems entitled "Madar-e-Watan Ka Noha" (The elegy of motherland), "Lashon Ki Bastie" (The town of corpses), "Ek Istaquabaliya" (A Welcome address), he led a life which brought him in constant contact with day to day problems and situations. This did not essentially cause any mental stress or intellectual fragmentation but lighted up his mind and soul. One can easily discover radicalism, liberalism and strong dynamism in his poetical experience and above all a strong individual protest against outdated trends and outlived traditions.

Those who have had an opportunity to read what Himayat wrote know the fact that he has not significantly modified and adapted existing poetic technique and style but invented many of his own. He is a torch bearer of triplets (Salasiyan) which totally bear his stamp. He invented them. He created them. They are neither prototype of Japanese Haiko nor the shortened form of Quatrains or Rubiyat. They are a unique contribution and a precious gift to Urdu poetry made by him. They have resolutions of time in ultimate peace, joy and ecstasy. Take a look at some of them.

REVELATION

Bless me with some fresh verse, O' Lord of Lords' In the Hara, the cave of intellectual maturity, the sublimity of thought still awaits Gabriel

POETRY

ہر موج مجسد میں کئی طوفال بین شقل مجر مجی روال مول سامل ہے نام کی طنسنے مغتلوں کی شتیوں میں جائے، متابع ول

In every wave of bulging sea many of storm commove yet I feel attracted to an unidentifiable beach adorning the vessels of speech with heartfelt emotions

FINAL STATEMENT

برنفظ میں پرشیدہ ہے فود ایا جاز ایاں میں ذکوں مم ہوست فر اول استادی بوت کا بی موت آناز

Every word uttered vindicates itself
why not learning be the
prerequisite of faith

After all, assertion is the stepping stone of prophethood

ANGLE OF VISION

یہ ایک بخرج رائے میں را ابواہد اے مبتت تاش نے تو بی سنم ہے اے عقیدت وازرے تو بی فراہے

The insignificant stone stranded on the pathway can attain divinity if adorned with faith

The above are only a few specimen of his worthwhile experience in Urdu poetry. They have comprehensiveness of vision and wholesomeness of thought. The same can safely be said about most of his triplets. In feeling, in approach, in imagery they are excellent. They are realistic, rationalistic and romantic. They are realistic because the poet felt very dispassionately without receiving dictation from his emotions. They are rationalistic because Himayat employed his sharp eye and keen mind for making unbiased analysis of the themes he picked up. Many of them are romantic because they reflect his strong feelings and passion for love and understanding. They are a kind of experience which originate in delight and culminate in wisdom. They are the product of his unusual thinking and creative genius that he applied both in poetry and criticism as evident from his book "Shaks O'Uks" (The personalities and their reflections), and other critical writings. The Salasiyan undoubtedly gave Himayat a recognition that many can envy of.

Himayat constantly had a good view of new norms of poetry and new forms of society. In his case one complimented the other. He found the courage to peer, to glance and to gaze steadily at life through his curiosity. His poetry in simple, powerful speech and quiet melody expressed the story of his life and pointed the complexity of

posterity. In course of time his poetic thought soared those sublime heights that we were left with no choice but to call him a major poet. In variety of ways he added glory and glamour to Urdu language. His poems "Bengal Se Korea Tuk" (From Bengal to Korea), "Shikast Ki Awaz" (The sound of vanquish), "Badalte Zawiye" (The changing viewpoints), "Sholai-Be-Dood" (Somokeless flames), are shining examples. They all have a touch of melody, as well as melancholy. They possess sophisticated imagery, touching tenderness, stubborn truthfulness and rhetorical effects, They all have a dramatic impact and a sensitive irony. His long poem "Bengal Se Korea Tuk" is in fact an epic. It is both heartbreaking and heartwarming. It also shows that he has come a long way to find for himself in that poem the chief reservoir of strength and vitality. It is a condemnation of totalitarianism, imperialism and fascism. It stands for the dignity of man, fundamental belief in human freedom, equality, equanimity, the harmonious relationship of heart and mind, the elegance of sincerity, honesty and humility. It is a protest against injustice, unfairness, violence and persecution of human beings. Rousseau once said that "Man is born free but he is in chains everywhere." To break those chains of bondage is the basic theme of that poem. The surprising feature is that it was written in the early fifties when Himayat's poetic potential has not fully bloomed. But the poem itself contradicts that kind of notion. He had attained intellectual maturity even at that early stage.

A short poem entitled "Aina Dar Aina" (mirror inside the Mirror) is a self portrait of Himayat, precisely painted and masterfully developed. It tells so many things about himself in such a precise and concise manner.

"Jawab" (Response) is another fascinating poem that makes the poet to stand beside its subject. It has a depth of emotions and a touch of allusions and a state of mental insecurity.

In his long poem "Harf Harf Raushini" (Every word aglow) once could discover a very different kind of scenario and an unusual depiction of thought and a unique approach

to preach the members of younger generation the complex nature of political and social conditions. It provides a truthful account of the frustrations and limitations of immigration and the legacies left behind by the immigrants of first generation for future. Let us examine the following lines.

HARF HARF RAUSHNI

یرے اور کرچافو۔ جرب جگر پارد سنوا برمری نصیمت بی ہو دسیّت بی

ئىڭقىمىيەن بوددىلىنىيىھى كا ئىگرچىم بود توسىرەن سواسلىت بى

تم ایت نقط آغاز بی سبی لیکن تمالیساته دوال بری دوایت بی

میں اپنے ماضی مروم کی امانت تھا سوکھ تم سے مسوب یہ امانت می

مجع جوغم ب تواتنا کراین بی گویس تممالا ورشر، میرامذاب جرت بی

O' the lamps of my blood
O' fragments of my heart

'Tis my advice and my last testament as well, hark

I am present amongst you today
Tomorrow, I would be non-existent
But with your survival
(Then) my own existence will achieve
eternity

You may make your own start
But my legacies will live along with you
I was a bequest of my decadent past
Now, I am dedicating my legacies to you

My main regret is
That in your own abode
You will inherit the
anguish of my immigration
عرب ابو کرچانو برب برا بار کرچانوار کرونادی

برائے نام ضاہد برائے نام ہویں ضاودیں کا تبکارے مری تاریخ

دآدى كى حقيقت دزندگى كامراغ فقط تصيدة دربار بمرى تاريخ

فقیروشاوون کارسب دظیفروار غلام نکرکا بویار ہے مری تاریخ

جآج" شابی عل" ب کل بی تماحم" صّیتاً بس دلوار ب مری تاریخ

O'the lamps of my blood
O' the fragments of my heart
Ah, my annals are
(nothing but) heaps of
lies and hypocrisy

Meaningless is God insignificant is belief My annals portray my sins against the Almighty and faith Neither there is a clue of man Nor a trace of existence My annals are the panegyrics of stately decorum

Jurists, poets and artists receive stipends for survival Ah! my annals, are a sole deed of slavish mentality

What is known as "Shahi Mohalla" Now - was Harem yesterday What a shame My annals are shameful deals.

It is one of the most dismaying and disillusioning poems Himayat has ever written. It is an elegy of a migrant who suffered at the hands of those whom he thought to be his brethren and the land he move to as his motherland. It carries a message for the kids growing in that painful atmosphere and eventually they will be frustrated too. It is an account of the tragic experience that he poet had to go through with all agony and anguish. It is a serious commentary on the subject of racial discrimination, prejudices and regional biases. The strength of the poem lies in its contrasts and parallels, in the condemnation of sordid squabbles and in the presentation of idealistic goals, which created revolutionary tendencies in him once the truth was fully revealed to him.

Himayat is equally at home in writing poems and ghazals. He feels quite comfortable in expressing his poetic thoughts in both of these genres. The two of course differ in prosodic requirements and it is not easy for a poet to have the ability of writing both with equal distinction. A parallel of Urdu Nazm can be found in any European literature either in rhymed, blank or free verses but Urdu ghazal enjoys a distinction of its own . Although it is a continuity to the extent it borrowed its form and many of its contents

from the larger tradition of the Arabic-Persian-Turkish traditions of ghazal writing, yet it is an expression of Indo-Pakistani mind and lifestyle. It is neither a replica of Arabic or Persian ghazaliyat nor it is a reproduction of mid-eastern cultural traits. The Indo-pakistani ghazal writers displayed many tendencies that set this genre clearly apart from its counterparts. Today ghazal has not only become fragmented but it is much more global than local in its scope, contents and themes. The process of modernization in this age and impact of western intellectual thought and cultural norms has provided new meaning and entity to ghazal. Himayat is of course one of such poets whose profoundness of thought and depth of emotion is fully reflected in his ghazals. A closer examination of many of his ghazals reveal the fact that modernism and traditionalism go hand in hand and many symbols, metaphors and similes, even form and content have found new meaning and significance in his verses. His ghazals have embraced the imperatives, challenges and demands of new lifestyle and pattern of thinking. Here are given some verses of his most popular ghazals.

> ہرت م رنت نے مانچ میں ہمل مانے ہیں اوگ دکھتے ہی دکھتے ، کتنے بدل جانے ہیں لوگ

> People revitalize their pattern of life at every step They change instantaneously (without remorse)

> کنے سادہ ول بی أب بى ، مُن كے آواز جرى پيش ويس سے بينجر، گرے كل جاتے بيل لوگ

How simpleton are folks
Hearing clarion call
They step out of their homes
without demur

شمع کے انت ال مجسن سے بے نیاز اکٹر اپنی آگ بیں جب چاپ بل ماتے ہیں وگ

Like the taper, indifferent to the audience Many people burn without complain in the fire they lit themselves

اں وشت سخن میں کوئی کیا بچول کھلائے چکی ہو ذرا دھوپ تو خِلنے مگے مائے

In this waste of poesy
What flowers one could attempt to bloom
with the sun shining bright
the shadows were aflame

ده شهر، شهر چراعت السهى مركز إك دن بوائي ياد دلائيل كي است كادّل ائت

Let that city be brightly illuminated but one day the winds will refresh his memory of his own village

Many more verses can be quoted here from Himayat's heart touching ghazals, but it is a subject that needs to be treated in its own entity and entirety. Nevertheless, Himayat is very romantic and rhythmic in his ghazals and his romance is not a vague beacon floating in a distant void but it is real, earthly and cherishable.

So far critics have failed to allocate the position and place that Himayat legitimately deserves in Urdu literature. They have not talked about his poetic potential as a coherent whole. They have failed to recognize the fact that it takes a considerable effort and courage to write either poems (some of them have been referred to earlier) and ghazals which are neither philosophical nor abstract but down to the earth type, realistic, concrete and subliminal. His absorption with his ownself and his spontaneous thoughts have inspired his readers for more than four decades and will continue to do so in future. Employing the sensible imagery and subtle imagination he has broken new grounds of poetic technique and tradition. A dignified aspect of Himayat's career as a scholar-poet was that he was fully conscious of socio-economic abnormalities in which his talents were maturing. The greater part of his nazms and ghazals express the faith in a progressive vision and universal perspective. He did not set goals for his poetry. They developed automatically and spontaneously for the simple reasons that the concept for determined objectives was repugnant to him. He believed in expressing his feelings without associating himself to any particulars thought, ideology or doctrine. He is not a doctrinaire under any definition. The flow and inter assimilation of awareness, the give and take of references and cross-references, the dislike for dagmas and orthodoxy are some of the chief characteristics of his penmanship. If there exists an element of ideals in his poetry that is his faith in an abiding, inextinguishable principle of goodness, protest against violence, cruelty and barbarity where ever it exists and whenever it appears. His poetic activity and creative sensibility was largely conditioned by such facts of his life which taught him that he was not alone in an inanimate cold world but was accompanied by many who felt the same way. It was the realization of these undeniable truths of his life that made him a distinguished scholar and a distinctive poet.

Himayat Ali Shair:

his thought exhibits imaginative vision

Yunus Ahmar

In February 1952, when I came down to Karachi to take up my assignment as a script writer in Radio Pakistan, the few persons who came close to me, there was also a young man of hardly 22 or 23 years of age. His smiling face, melodious voice and amiable nature were some of the qualities which attracted me towards him. This was the early period of his poetic life. But at the age of twenty he had already one collection of poems titled "Ghan Gharaj" to his credit. This was the indication that he would attain high degree of fame in the near future. And this came true when he wrote his long poem "Bangal Se Korea Tak". This proved to be the turning point to his poetic life. He is Himayat Ali Shair who is now a Asstt. Professor of Urdu Literature in Sind University.

Born in 1930 in Aurangabad (Hyderabad-Deccan), he travelled a long way to get himself settled in life. His eventful life is a glimpse of the tortuous life of Prometheus whose only sin was that he stole fire from heaven for which Zeus chained him to a rock, to be tortured by a vulture. Like Prometheus, Himayat was also tortured a great dealmentally, physically and financially. Being a poet of progressive outlook and the dreamer of peace and prosperity for the world at large, he outpours unhesitatingly what he feels inside his conscious heart. In "Aag Mein Phool" he encompasses the whole perspective of what had taken place during the turbulent period from 1940-50. His young but awakened mind then reflected in his verses the agonies and the strife of human heart. The period when he started life as a matured poet was the period of political squabbles and disorderliness is social life of Pakistan. He migrated to

this country from Hyderabad-Deccan at a time when Pakistan was passing through its most difficult period.

Having been uprooted from his ancestral home and finding no means of livelihood, he had to accept the post of a staff artist in Radio Pakistan, Karachi to keep himself and the members of his family alive. From then onward he wandered from one place to another. From Radio Pakistan he tried his luck in the film world. He stayed there for sometime only to say good-bye. Like Radio he also wrote for Television. But all proved futile. Eventually he had to join the teaching profession which he had left earlier.

Side by side he continued to write poetry. He could not give up this exercise because he gains spiritual peace through it. Although now he has attained the age of fifty, still he could not get away from scathing questions of life. These questions are indeed the part of his turbulent and tormented life. He has been searching for his identity since long and still the search is on. As he says: "I who am a poet, am at the same time divided in my own shadows. And in search of my identity in these shadows makes me fight with myself, as a result, that poet finds disappointment and disillusionment who is a symbol of my soul. And I for a long period kept myself engaged in collecting and connecting the scattered particles. This period is really the period of pain and anguish for me. From "Aag Mein Phool" to "Mitti Ka Qarz", I have passed through these ordeals several times. God knows how many more stages and periods of torment, I have yet to pass through."

The feeling of torment and anguish has made the highly sensitive poet of today a wandering Gypsy knowing not their goal. Like Himayat, all of them are not aware of the outcome of the battle which is going on between the body and soul. The question does arise: Will they remain in the debris of man divided in shadows or will they succeed in saving that poet who wants to be alive having sunk in the abyss of death; who dreams for existence in destruction; who seeks for a new style of manifestation? This is the catastrophe of these poets. The question of identity always

haunts them. The environment of social misery and decay before them has, in fact, created in them a sense of revolt.

What then is poetry? Himayat has a befitting reply to this question. He says: So long as poetry does not brighten the consciousness of history, it is like the glow-worm in the darkness. The consciousness of history makes a poet an epoch-maker and informs him of the dialectical process of values in society." Again despite his sincere efforts that he has been making to brighten the gloomy face of the strifetorn mankind, he does not know what will be the verdict of history for him, who in search of truth and wearing a shroud revolves round himself and sometimes round his land and sometimes he cries in the chamber of literature - "I am present, I am present."

The verdict of history for a conscious poet like Himayat is not always favourable. Mostly it goes against him. This feeling is beautifully portrayed in his poem titled, "Tashnagi Ka Safar" (The Journey of Thirst). He says:

ایک لو۔
وہ تمناؤں کے صحرا کے بگولے وہ سراب
وہ تمناؤں کے صحرا کے بگولے وہ سراب
صریت کس میں بیدار لہو کی گردش
آر دو۔۔۔۔ آگ ہے کم ہوجائے
آر دو۔۔۔۔ آگ ہے کم ہوجائے
آر جہ لمحہ مرے خواب میں بیدار ہوا
جھ ہے ہر قرض گزشتہ کا طلبگار ہوا
دل ہے دل ہر سریکار ہوا
دل ہے دل ہر سریکار ہوا
اور ہر آئینہ کرزے ہوئے لحات کی تصویر بنا
دوت بین ٹوٹ کے بھوا کہ افتی تاب افتی
دوت بین ٹوٹ کے بھوا کہ افتی تاب افتی
میری تقذیر کہ چھڑوہ پھلتا ہی تمیں
دوت بین ٹوٹ کے بھوا کہ افتی تاب افتی

(One moment!
That whirlwind in the desert of hopes
That mirage
The circulation of blood in the affliction of touch
And the silent pain of burning solitude

Under the shades of broken stars
I desire that this fire be put out!
Each moment has awakened today in my dream
Which claims the past debt from me.
The heart started quarrelling with the heart
And a loud sound was heard
Time broke into pieces in such a way as if
Galaxy spread out from horizon to horizon
Each star turned out to be my mirror
And each mirror became the portrait of past moments
of my fate.
My fate of like a stone that does not melt
(And) my mirror does melt into my reflection.)

Each moment for a poet like him brings with it the lamentation of unfulfilled desire and the cries of wounds which are oozing from the afflicted heart. This is the tragedy of a modern poet, who is saddled with various problems ranging from social injustices to political upheavals. Every incident of life directly affects him. He is forlorn in a wilderness. As Himayat says:

کل بھی جنگل میں تھا اور آج بھی جنگل میں ہوں کل مرے ہسائے تھے خونی درندے، بھیریے آج انسانوں میں ہوں اور خون کے جل تھل میں ہوں جھے کو شندیوں نے آئینہ دکھایا تو کھلا روح کا قاتل ہوں میں اور جم کے مقتل میں ہوں

(As I was in the wilderness yesterday, so I'm today! Yesterday the bloody beast, were my neighbour, and the wolves,

Today I'm among human beings drenched in blood The civilisation showed me the mirror And I saw myself in it As the assassin of my soul Lying in the slaughter house of my body!)

This is the difference of yesterday and today. Although man has attained the highest knowledge of science with the help of which he has even conquered space which was regarded as impossible yesterday. The result, however, did not lead man to peace and prosperity. On the contrary, every moment of today is exposed to the fear of annihilation and destruction. Man is, therefore, shivering to see his future bleak. In his poem titled, "Bagola" (The Whirlwind), Himayat says:

میں ایک انسان ہوں' ایک مشت غمار ہوں میں۔۔۔۔ ابھی میں بیہ سوچ تن رہا تھا کہ ایک آواز سرسرائی فضا کی خاموش وسعتوں میں میں حویک اٹھا

> پلٹ کے دیکھا کوئی ہوائی جماز پرواز کررہا تھا میں اس کو نکما رمامسلسل

میں اس تو تکارہا مسل نہ جانے کب تک---

نہ جانے اس لحد گریزاں کے نگ دامن میں کتی صدیاں سٹ گئی تھیں نہ جانے میری نظر میں کتنے نئے افتی جگمگائے کتنے ہی چاند مورخ ابھر کر ڈو ہے نہ جانے دو کون ساجہاں تھا

زیس --- که پیروں تلے کوئی فرش ذر ہو بیسے
فلک ---- که سمبر ردائے آب گرہو بیسے
فلا منطر
المعظم
المعن فلس میں ہی ہوئی عکست گل تر
فلا وَں میں مشتری و زہرہ کا رقص جاری
تمام عالم پہلکا بکا سمور طاری
نہ جانے میں کس نبال میں گم
نہ جانے میں کس نبال میں گم
کر ایک دادوز چے کو ٹی فضائی خاموش وسعتوں میں
کہ ایک دادوز چے کو ٹی فضائی خاموش وسعتوں میں
بیں چو تک اٹھا کہنے کے دیکھا
علی ہے ایک پڑیوں کا ڈھانچہ گزر رہا تھا
جو چے کر ایک اک ہے کہتا تھا
جو چے کر ایک اک ہے کہتا تھا
جو چے کر ایک اک ہے کہتا تھا
دیکھا کے دیکھا

(I think
I am a man, a handful of dust
In the midst of this thought

A voice was heard in the wide silent atmosphere Which startled me I turned back to gaze at it An aeroplane was flying I continued to stare at it Not knowing for how long. In the narrow space of this fleeing moment Who knows How many centuries had shrunk! How many new horizons glittered in my eyes Who knows And how many moon and sun had sunk in them? I don't know what was that world like Whose earth was like the floor of gold under the feet, Whose sky was like the cloak of pearl over the head. The fragrance of fresh flower was coming out from the breath And in the space, Jupiter and Venus were dancing. The whole world was in the midst of exhilaration Knowing not lost in what imagination! I was floating with the clouds And staring at the stars with pride. Suddenly a heart rending scream Echoed in the silent atmosphere Which startled me. I turned back to gaze at it. A skeleton of bones was coming through the lane Crying -- "Only a bread -- God will do good to you."!

The thought expressed by him is like waves on a running and violent sea and a flash of visionary wisdom. The total phenomenon of Himayat, the vision behind the poem, the aphorisms and the life portrayed of the two different worlds convey the bitterest truth through which helpless and terror-stricken people are passing day in and day out. He feels with full intimacy the martyrdom of the toiling, suffering humanity of his country. And when he sees no hope for the betterment of toiling masses. he becomes

frustrated and then comes out with this feeling:

No matter whatever way, let someone
Put out the burning flames of my heart!
I'm inside my eyes but lost at the same time.
I'm a presumption or truth, let someone tell me
How long will this game of sunshine and shadow go on!
Let someone wake me up from this slumber.
I'm that prince of this magical wilderness
On whose head the sky is standing like a dome without any door.
My goal is writ large on my chest.

My goal is writ large on my chest.

But I'm planted on my own path like a stone.

I need a hard blow to break this constant silence!

Why does he need the hard blow to wake up? Is he disillusioned to find life without bubbles? Why does he want the burning flame inside his heart to be extinguished? All these questions arise when we study such verses by a poet who believes in optimism and struggles for bright future. He has himself declared: "What relationship has a poet with his age? Whether the relationship was based on falsehood or truth? Whether he was the ambassador of his ownself or was he that messenger of his age who delivers messages from door to door? Has he only dreamt a dream of Khizr's eternity having drunk the water of life or had he himself taken that poison which the blue necked Jay had to drink for the love of mother earth?

Only he takes poison who loves his soil It was the love for the soil that forced Adam to come down to the earth and then encouraged it to avenge his humility. Thus the war which Man has been waging against Nature since eternity is, in fact, the confession of this love. The poet gives words to this confession and then transfers them to history along with the voice of his age. It is the history then that decides how much truth the voice had and how much elegance of words" This lengthy extract clearly brings out Himayat's concept of poetry. The temporary feeling of frustration envelops his

personality only when he finds a sense of suffocation all around. He expresses this same feeling in his poem titled, "SANNATA" (The Stillness). He says:

اپ دامن میں سیٹے ہوئے سرماییہ ہوش رات اک چور کے مائند گزرتی ہے خوش اٹا گرا ہے اندھرا کہ عدھر آگھ اٹھے اپنی ہی کور نگاہی کا گمان ہوتا ہے دور و زدیک مسلط ہے وہ پہول سکوت جو کمی قبر شکتہ میں نمان ہوتا ہے کوئی اندیشہ فردا ہے کہ بیٹیا ہے خموش کوئی اندیشہ فردا ہے کہ بیٹیا ہے خموش کوئی ایسا نہیں جو نور کا عنوان بن جائے کوئی فورشیر بھی اس شب کے تعاقب میں نہیں کوئ اس مقبرہ زیست کی تقدیر جگائے

Gathering up all the wealth of senses
The night passes silently like a thief!
So deep is the darkness that wherever I look
It appears as if I'm blind.
That awesome silence pervades far and near
Which takes shelter in some ruined grave.
Is the sky an attendant of a tomb that it is sitting quiet?
Who has neither the fear of tomorrow nor had the sorrow
of yesterday.
Neither lightening nor star, glow-worm or the lamp
There is nothing which could become the source of light!
There is not even the sun chasing away the night
Who then would change the fate of the grave of life?
Gathering up all the wealth of senses
The night passes silently like a thief!

SANNATA (Stillness) describes a sense of frustration but in it is hidden the roar of the sea and the sound of the footsteps of a formidable hurricane. As he says in the following verse:

Be attentive! is it the knock of the breeze Or the sound of a hurricane!

Closely related to the necessity of reading each poem in terms of its state is the vital importance of the point of view. Superficially there seems to be little to distinguish one from the other as more or less the same idea is repeated by him but there is no doubt that it exhibits imaginative vision. Within the gloomy idea as is evident in his poems, lies the ember which can leap into flame at any moment to light the way. Himayat more often than not uses symbols to portray his thoughts. His poems "Bagoola" (Whirlwind), "Addmi" (The Man), "Sang-e-Meel" (The Milestone) and "Sannata" (The Stillness) are all symbolic. The physical identity of each poem may shift, but the symbolic value remains constant. Like other modern Urdu poets, the feeling of loneliness also finds a place in his poetry. For instance he says:

You are oppressed like Mary
I'm also alone like the Almighty God!

It is the fire of loneliness that has been burning in his heart. He does not know why it is do. He addresses God to find an answer to this question, but in vain. Thus he say:

میں بنتا توڑتا ہوں ملقہ زنجیر وحشت کو ای سرعت سے اک زنجیر نو' ڈھلتی ہے سینے میں

What is this fire O God! that is burning in the heart Why does the desire take birth when it remains unfulfilled?

What this sorrowful night will bring, who knows?

A thing like the sword exists with the breath.

The more I break the ring of the chain of horror

A new chain is forged around the heart with speed!

This opens a new range of questions to us. Is Himayat a morbid poet that he always looks at the dark side of the picture? Why does he complain to God for not fulfilling his desire? Why does he say that he has lost hope for any good in life? The poet finds that he can answer these questions with reasons. But his reason informs him that it will be an exercise in futility and that "you are floating in a void."

The "MUSLIM" Daily Friday, January 2, 1981 (Islamabad -- Pakistan)

EVERY WORD AGLOW

Professor Nasim Nasho Fauz

John Stuart Mills in one of his classic essays defines Poetry as "Poetry, accordingly, is natural fruit of solitude and meditation". Himayat Ali Shair is a person who possesses the most emotional out bursts of his won meditation and all his feelings are recollected in the poetic sanctuary of pure solitude. But the Poetic sanctuary of Himayat Ali Shair is earth-bound all tinged with the Philosophic consciousness of humanism.

Faiz Ahmed Faiz, the most eminent Poet of our Urdu literature duly paid his far-sighted tribute and gave his sustained opinion. He said that Himayat Ali Shair has invented such patterns and styles in Urdu Poetry which were not hitherto been invented. Himayat Ali Shair possesses the feeling of patience, sobriety and curiousity. He has studied life and its surroundings with subjective thought.

Giving his critical evulation on "Mitti Ka Qarz", Late Faiz Ahmed Faiz commented:

"These days people are fond of breaking older traditions which is definitely a healthy sign but to trample those very traditions is not good. Shair didn't trample the traditions of the past".

Faiz Ahmed Faiz also said:

"Himayat Ali Shair writes with brevity. When he writes with brevity, it becomes rhetoric. A reader finds multi-facted meanings within the framework of such brevity.

Thus rhetorical sensibility one of the Himayat's fundamental characteristics. In the brilliance of poetic spectrum Himayat Ali Shair's HURF HURF ROSHNI (Every Word Aglow) is the clarion-call of optimism and hope, although the optimism is inmixed with satire and bitterness.

Himayat Ali Shair the effulgence and lustre all along

dull-colored horizon that appears as nonentity or nothingness but the same becomes transmigration of hope and light. In fact, HURF HURF ROSHNI is a long Poem which is dedicated to the young generation, the inspiring posterity. Unmystically, it is a preaching of "Faith" and the love of motherland. But such preaching is not done in a pedantic fashion but with patriarchal grace and affection. It becomes an expression of moral sense, keeping in view of panorama of pastness, the glory of Aryan and Moghul Culture and of human weakness on the whole. We find Himayat's treatment of historic theme as evocative, serious, realistic but above all "humanistic".

The Triplets (Sulasi) is indeed a beautiful new poetic genere. The Triplets of Himayat Ali Shair saw the heyday of its climatic point. These Triplets are the most vivid expressions of his poised soul the agonies of heart, and soul are there no more. It is a by-gone phenomenon. Himayat's Triplets begin tosing the primal hymn of life. These Triplets are reflective, mystical, intensely intellectual and aesthetically imagistic. These are the truest living imageries of our life. It is the very life of bitters-sweets-sweet contemporaniety.

In the woods of God-realization, Himayat Ali Shair is not all alone. He has the invisible companionship of Prophet Aaron's (Prophet Haroon) rhetorical voice, he sees the Rod of Prophet Moes which becomes the blow of death for the magicians of capital-mongering nature. He is touched to its inmost by the piety of virgin Mary. Himayat is also inspired by the Enlightenment of Gautama Buddha. The everpresence of these universal symbols elevate the poetic sensibility of Himayat to its utmost. Such sensibility gives Himayat the firm belief in the sanctity of earth and earthliness. His Mother-nature love becomes the holy essence of Patriotism.

The bi-lingual translation of Rajinder Singh Verma shows his keen sense of perception and command over poetic meaning and diction. His last venture "FLOWER IN FLAMES" (Bengal Se Korea Tak) a long poem on world peace, has already proved its worth.

In HURF HURF ROSHNI, Rajinder Singh Verma has virtually captured the inner spirit of Himayat's perceptive wakening world of Poetry. Verma's Poetic venture must be equally acknowledged and appreciated. Verma did his translator's task with excellent accountability.



TRIPLET

الهاهم کوئ آزہ شر، اے رہے بیں ذہن کے فارحرا میں کہے ہے فکر – مو ہتنگ رہیریں

LEARNING

Bless me with some fresh
Verse, O lord of lords
In the "hera" cave
Of mind, thought
Has been waiting long
For Gabriel the great

اسلوپ کس طرح زان کرسمائی ادرد منیال کے بدن پر نفظوں کی سبی ہوئی قبائیں

رفع اعرى بر موج مبسري كئ طوفان بين شقتل چرمي روال بول سامل بيه نام كاطنت نفظول كي شتيول مي سجائے، شاع ول

اساس کب ہوا کی کوئ مسسدیہ نظریں کائی گرزیں ہو، قرمراک نیج میں امکان مشجر بے زمیں ہو، قرمراک نقش فرہے — کائ

STYLE

How to sculpt and decorate On the form of thought unseen Gowns tailored by the words?

POESY

Many a storm's commove
In each wave of the sea
Still I press towards
Beach without name
Donning fund of the heart
In the boats of words

FOUNDATION

Who did ever see
Any writ of the wind
If sown, every seed
Is credible tree
If unsown each mark
Of breeding is moss

عظم مُرَّا ہے تو ُوٹ میں تناثا کوئی کھا مینا ہے تواس گونشار تنائی میں اسٹیل معنی کی طرح افضا کے سینے میں اُتر ما

حرب آخر

سر لفظ میں پرشیدہ سے خود اہا جواز ابیال میں ندکیوں علم ہوسٹ طر اقل "استرار سے بتوت کا مجی خرف افاز

محسن محر کر ہے۔ یہ عظمت بستم کی اِک اوفا ولیل ہے اربستگی کوموت من این عطب ہوا میتھر ہی رائے کاسی بسنگ میل ہے

KNOWLEDGE

If you'd die work
Wonders are you die
If you'd live, O heart!
In this lonely nook
Into the heart of words
Like the content slip

LAST WORD

Each N every word Vindicates itself Why not learning be Prerequisite of faith "Assertion" is the start Of the Prophet hood

THE MIGHTY PEN

'Tis a minar proof
Of greatness of Pen
That on speechlessness
Glib tongue is bestowed
May be stone on the road
It is a milestone.

والأار تو عرور ب يسهل أوانسيس ہم برجی کعل ہی جام کے اسرار شرعلم ہم ابن جب ل ہی سی، درجول تو نیس

تور فرونی الفاظ کے طواف یں ادباب علم بیں لیکن یہ بات اہل مادی سے کیا کہیں ياملم فؤنين افقط أوابعهم بين

CERTITUDE

Yes, 'tis pretty hard Not an easy job We too shall the town Of learning explore We may be witless But not ignorant Like stubborn Bu'Jahal

SELF DECEPTION

Men of letters run Round N round the words How shall I impress This fact on the dons That these gimmicks are Not true scholarship

REVELATION

I was a man of Parts, scholar erudite On waking my worth I did realize Wrapt in cloak of words I was fast asleep

راور کا اور کا اور کا اور کا ایسان کار

ر معتراس کس نے کمند بھینی ہے ڈٹ الامین پر میں سوچ ہی رہا نظاکہ دیکیا۔ فزیب ہی بادل كاسابه رئيك ريانقا زمين بر

مالیجرالطبعیات مون درنگ موت سیانلار کے کوابیں مادرائے ذہن بھر سیل ، ہر کرواد میں ادى كى كرزد سير، كرى كى تواب يى

POINT OF VIEW

Lying on the Path This one humble stone Can be God if faith Is bestowed on it

ACCESS

Who flung lasso on Angel Gabriel I was wondering, lo! Close to me I saw Shadow of a cloud

METAPHYSICS

By word, tint N tone We express ourselves Beyond the mind in each Image and character Man's desire rests In the dream of man

ارتفاء

یہ اوج اِک سنساری آوارہ بادلو کونیل نے سراعظ کے برائے نیسے کہا باؤں زمیں میں کارکٹ شوئے فاکس جبو

> ارلھ ک اپی رئیں کامش منا اپنی نظسرے دُور دنیا کو ماہتاب سے دیکھا توریکٹسلا مہم ہوں اگر بلندتو یہ فاک جی ہے فارُ

PROGRESS

"Vagrant clouds your Height's an escape" Raising head with pride Tiny shoot observed, "Planting feet on earth Towards the sky rush"

VIGILANCE

Tell the proud wind Not to forget that The Vagrant hurricane Blowing O'er the rains If settled, become Giant mountains too

EXALTATION

We were blind to
Beauty of our earth
Witnessing the world
O'er the moon, we learnt
If we raise ourselves
E'en this dust is light

زندگی

رحوب کے پیچے سایہ بھاگے اون کے پیچے رات اسکھ مچ لی کھیل رہے ہیں ثابت اور سید سب کی ایک متنا لیکن ، کوئی نہ آئے ہافتہ

ميليات

منون می میات کاخلان می بول میں برے نشادسے ہے عبارست مراوجود کر زہر بول قر زمر کا تیان می بول میں

مناسخ اگرم چنب مین شب کی، اُنزگیا فارشید زمی اُجائے سے چرمی نامونکی ممشرم مد و بخوم کی صورت اُمورگیا فارت بد

LIFE

Shadow chases the sun Night follows day All mobile and firm Things play hide N seek Each aspires alike But no one is caught

DIALECTICS

I'm the creature and Maker of this life My being is but Pack of opposites If venom am I As am its antidote

TRANSMIGRATION

Though the sun did descend
Into the grave of night
Still the earth was not
Divested of light
Sun rose in the guise
Of the moon N stars

مٹٹمرط شب کو مؤرج کہاں بھتا ہے اس جہاں میں تواہیٹ سایہ می روسشنی ہو توس مقرطیتہ

کھ جی بنیں ہے سندق سفید و سیاہ میں چھوُ ٹی ہے حیب بھی کھٹ کر ان دات ہو کر دن مائے ٹیل پڑھے میں اگبائے کی جاہ میں

مون مجمی خن ہے سورج کرکٹ گئ ہے وات کاش یہ بی اسے خبسر ہوتی ملئے مائے میں بٹ گئ ہے دات

CONDITION

Never does the sun Show up when 'tis night In this world indeed Your shadow as well Walks along with you Only in daylight

CONCERN

Between shade N light Distinguish you can't Be it day or night Whene'er darts a ray Shadows too set out Lusting for the light

PRESUMPTION

Happy is the sun That the night's spent How I wish it knew This truth also that Night has been in Legion shadows split ودسرائ

مورج کا یہ اڈاز گواہی تو نئیں ہے اسینے وکھاناہے اُمالا مجے ہیم مایہ برے اندر کی سیای تونیں ہے

الميير

می کو موس ہو رہا ہے اول اپنی صورت میں ہول نڈونیسا میں زنگ کاود کا مینے میں ہول

کے سی کون ڈیٹ میں رسیق غم بال ہوتا ہے دل میں ماگ اٹھا ہے جب بی کوئی تو یا ہوا در د قط ف راشک می مکول برگزال ہوتا ہے

THE OTHER SIDE

This pose of the sun Isn't Proof at all Light does ever hold Mirror upto me Shadow isn't what Blackness my inside

TRAGEDY

I have a feeling that I am not in my Figure nor I am In this universe Just reflection in Rusted looking glass

HELPLESSNESS

Ah! who shares here Sorrow of your soul Whene'er in your heart Stirs a sleeping pain Even a tear-drop Your Iashes resent

وانشور

م کہ روش ظلمتوں میں مشمع کی صورت ہوئے نوش قدول کے درمیال میسلے خود اپنی آگ میں ادرم ہی انجن میں سب سے کم قامت ہوئے

ابن الوقت

مورج تفامرطبند تو مين دين مورج ومسلا تودل كى سابى مى دينى كوراه كامتون كي مي مائد داز تخف

کرمنی حِنگل کا نونخوار درنده کل مت برا مها به اپنی مان میائه، نین حیگ سے شسمر بیل کیا شریعی میں ہے میں نون کا پیاسا اک جو ہا ،

INTELLECTUAL

We who in the dark
Like a taper shone
Amid lankies we
Melted in our flame
And 'tis, we who did
In this meeting Dwarf

SYCOPHANI

When the sun was up Prostration was deep As it set the heart Inkiness was a sight E'en the be Pigmies did Shoot up in their size

CHAIR

Bloody beast in the wood Was my neighbor then For saving my skin To the town I turned One quadraped's here To my mortal foe رومی*ت ب*لال هٔ به م_کی وست میرند

نود کم گئی زیجت نی ونظسه بلی ده قوم آج بھی ہے پرستار چاندگی میں قوم کو روایت شق الخسر " بلی

دوق عمير

م میں دہ مٹون عبادت ائب کہاں مرمقے میں باتے ہیں — گر اے مت اُنے لامکاں ، تیرامکال

نائش

قرال بوشدا، رسول ہے، سب کی زیان پر مرفظ کم سے یوں ہے معانی سے بے نیاز المقی ہو جیسے نام کی شنتی مکان ہے

TRADITION OF THE CRESCENT

No self-knowledge nor New insight it gained Ah! that people still Does worship the moon Whose tradition is "Splitting of the Moon"

INSPIRATION

No longer are we devouts Still for you O Boundless God We make home in every lane.

EXHIBITION

On all lips you find
The Quran, Prophet, God
Every word's today
Empty of content
Like nameplate hung
Outside the house

مساوات زندگی بعر نوننیں — بال گراک ونت نماز اینے امیسال کی سرمام نائش کے لئے ایک ہی صف میں کھڑے ہوگئے محمود وایاز"

> کن من لفاق ازاد کب مواکن نیسوسام بالنصری بے کوئی توکن بے کمنوی ترک وطن کے دیدجی نبست ہے ہے

EQUALITY

Though not through out their live: Yet at Prayer time awhile Just to make an exhibit Of their faith for Public sight Pose together side by side Serf N monarch in a file

MAGNETISM

Who could ever get
Free from bond of space
"Lucknawi" is one
The other "Jalandhari"
Quit their native place
Yet cherish its name



GHAZAL

ازُل سے ایک عذاب بھول در دہیں ہوں کبی حضد ا تو کبی ناصنداکی زئیں ہوں فُدا بنیں ہوں مگر زندہ ہوں ضدا کی طرح بین اک اکائی کے ماننڈ ہوسے ردیں ہوں

یُن اپناآپ، ی خالق بون آپ، ی مخلق یُن این حدسے گذرکر بھی این صدیش بول

مرانضادی میری بعت رکاضائ ہے مین طمق ہوں اگر اپنے جزرومد میں ہوں

یم برائ ہے میسسی کہ آدی ہوں یں کر ایج ہوں یا کہ ایج ہم میں ہوں اپنے قال دفیل ہوں

I've been ever torn
Between faith and doubt
Now target of God
And now of athiest.

Though I'm not God I
Do flourish like God
Like a unit I'm
In each number found.

I'm a creator and Creature of myself Even surpassing myself I'm in my bounds.

My contrariety does
Guarantee my evolving
I'm snug if I am
In my ebb and flow

Yes, my glory lies In my being man That I'm in my frame, My figure, my form. یش موحب بول کرمیری موج بی کیا ہے
اس ایک خواب حقیقت ہے، کم کمی کیا ہے
ہراکی بات زبال بہتے، گفتنی کے موا
اس افت یار بے بیجب بر فامشی کیا ہے
دہ کوشنی ہے کہ ہرشے نظرے اوجیل ہے
یہ روشنی ہے تو بھراور ترب رگی کیا ہے
دہ مُشتِ فاک ہُوا نے جے کمھیر دیا
سیلنے کی تک و دوہے اوئی کیا ہے

یس کو شنے میں مجا ہوں کو شنے کے باہر مجی مرے دمود کی وصرت میں بیدوں کیا ہے I do ponder but What use is my thought Just a dream of truth Knowledge is what else?

> On my lips is all But what must be said What freedom of speech! What oppression of hush

What a dazzling light Nothing can be seen If 'tis light what Else is inkiness?

Scattered about to pick
Just a handful of dust
Which the wind dispersed
O what else is man

I'm within and Out of looking glass What a dualty In my single self برن پر بیری فاک کے سواکیا ہے برسے الاقیم ائب داکھ کے سواکیا ہے بر شہر سجدہ گذاران دیار محم نظر را ں بیر شہر سجدہ گذاراک کے سواکیا ہے تام گنب ومينارومنبروغراب ير ميراد توي خورسيني دجهال بين مرى جالت مقاك كے بواكيا ہے جان سرول میں یہ میرائے موجود فق ناکش پوشاک کے سواکیا ہے تناعم رکا مال برفض رہے ہے متاع دیدہ نناک کے مواکیا ہے

But fol cloak of dust What is on my form? But for ashes what's In my fire left?

This prostrators' town
Land of the dimsighted
Is nothing else but
Orphanage of wit.

All these canopy domes
Rostrums and spires
Are only estates
Of the city divine.

My claiming that I Know the world and self Betrays only my Savage Ignorance.

In this world of thought And action my pride Of self is but show Of my gaudy dress.

> By the grace of God Harvest of this life Is nothing but fund Of eyes bedewed.

دستك بوانے وى ب ذراغور سے سنو طوفال کی اربی ہے صعب افور سے سنو ثاخیں انعث کے بافذ دعا مانگے مگیں سروكشيان چن مي بل كي واسيكسو موس کر رہ ہوں میں کرب شکستگی تم مِي ثُلُفت كُولُ كام را يوزي و به اور بات ، خشک بن انگیین ، گرکمین كُنُ كُول رى بيدكن افورسے كسن ناخوں سے تولئے ہوئے بتوں کو دیکھ کر روتی ہے اکن میا کے ہوا فولسے سنو

Listen rapt, the wind's Knocking at the door Listen rapt to sound Of approaching storm

> Raising hands the twigs Are going to pray In orchard what they Whisper, listen rapt

I'm deeply touched By the ache of rent You too listen rapt To blowing of buds

Though my eyes be dry
Still somewhere else
It is raining hard
Listen intently

Noticing the leaves
Shedding from the twigs
Stealthily the wind
Cries, listen rapt.

ی بازگشت ، میری صدا کی ہے یا مجھے اواز دے دباہے مثرا، فورسے ف واحق مي بيدادي رسامي شدي کرفین میں ہے حشر ب ، فود سے نو کب تک زمیں اصلے دہے اسمان کا بھ اك لالتى ب ركسبى وفا ، تولييك نو ین وائت ہول، نیر مجھ وائن ہی ہے دُمُدِنَ پِی مِنْ رہی ہے ذرا، تو ایسے نو خاصت ر زاشتہ تو ہودل میں فَدا کا بُت اوازه شكست أمًا ، فورسے سنو

Is it echo of My sound or me God is calling out Listen intently.

> Tension's mounting on Heaven and the earth Twin worlds are perturbed Listen intently.

How long shall the earth Carry heaven's load Now the link of love Severs, listen rapt.

I'm breaking, well!
I had got to break
Earth's cracking too
Listen intently

"Shair", Sculpting God's Idol in your heart
To the crash of your
Ego, listen rapt.

بو پیمی گرزا ہے مرب دل پیر گذر جائے اڑا ہوا چہرہ مری دھرتی کا تھے۔ جائے اک شہر صدا سینے ہیں اباد ہے کی اک عالم خاکوش ہے جی سمت نظر جائے ہم بھی ہیں کہی کہفت کے اصحاب کے انڈ الیا نہ ہو، جب اٹھ کھنے وقت گزر جائے جزیم زباں پر ہے دہ دل ہی بھی اُٹر جائے جوزیم زباں پر ہے دہ دل ہی بھی اُٹر جائے جوزیم زباں پر ہے دہ دل ہی بھی اُٹر جائے Any trial let my heart Undergo I do not mind Only may mother earth's Wilted visage glint again

O my bosom does enshrine Citiful of sounds but As far as the eye does rove Silence dominates the scene

To the seven sleepers of
Esephus we are akin
On waking we may regret
We've missed the pleeting time alas!

Comrades, If we do enjoy Being bitten by the snakes Why not let the bane on our Palates sink into our hearts کشی ہے گرہم میں کوئی فرج بنیں ہے ایا ہوا طوف ان فدا جائے کدھر جائے میں سیر کے ابر کے مانڈج پل گا اے دوست جہاں کہ جی کی مجد جائے میں کچھ نہ کہوں ادر بیچا ہوں کو جری بات خوشبو کی طرح اُڑ کے بتے دلیں اُڑ جائے

Yes, we do possess a boat But ah none of us is Noah Whiter turns the raging hurricane Only God Almighty knows

Superimposing, like a cloud I shall move along with you Right upto the point, your Passage leads, O dear friend!

Strange desire that I may
Keep quiet, Yes my word
May like heady perfume spring
And descend into your heart

ده ستاره که جود کیمو توشب افار جی ہے سویسے تو دہی سوئرج کا پرستار بھی ہے صرف دیوار کورستے کی رکاد سط نہ سجھ پس دیوار کہیں ،سٹ یہ دیوار بھی ہے یہ الگ بات کہ بئ بی نہیں یوئسف در نہ بکنا چا ہوں تو یہاں مرصر کا بازار بھی ہے نفتہ جاں چھینے دالوں سے کوئی یہ کہدے مرے قبضے بی ابھی ددلت پیدار بھی ہے مرے قبضے بیں ابھی ددلت پیدار بھی ہے The scintillating star
That heralds the night
If you ponder it's
Sun-adorer too

The path of love's smooth But O'er exacting too Looms behind the, wall Shadow of the wall

This different that I'm Not a Joseph else If I go on sale Egypt-Mart's there

Are the grabbers of Life's fund I aware! Still I can boast of Wealth of dignity یر عجب کیفیت دل ہے کرسنب کھ کہم کر اک خلش ہے کہ ابھی تشدیۃ اظہار بھی ہے دہ جھلا کیسے سکوں پائے کہ جس کی قبرت دل حماس بھی ہے، دیدہ بیدار بھی ہے یک تو یوں چہ ہوں کہ انے نہ تر ذوت پر مر یوس فہم ہے، غالب کا طرف اربھی ہے

Strange is heart's lot After saying all I've a feeling that Something else be said

Peace he cannot get
Who is doomed to have
A sensitive temperament
A wakening vision too

I'm mum lest they
Disfavour your taste
A verse connoisseur is
A Ghalib fan as well

رئیس سمجھ رہی تھی کر موری گن میں تھا دکھیا جو روشنی میں توسیہ بدن میں تھا میری فرٹ کا دان مرے ہیر بان میں نھا میری فرٹ کا دان مرے ہیر بان میں نھا مانچول کی طرح جم سے لیٹی بوں جب رگی میرت بی کیا جو زم می حیث میٹن میں نھا دیکھا وہ خواب دات ، کر ہیں بہتے بینے اٹھا میراسٹ را مجوج سے لئے داردلان میں مقا People thought the sun Was under eclipse As I saw in light Shadow was in form

> Gaudy robes of mine Covered all I lacked Secret of my death Was in mine cloak.

Like the serpents, veins To my body clung No wonder there was Venom in my word.

Yesternight I saw
Horrid dream and shrieked
E'en my God was
Caught in hanging noose.

سشبنم سے رو ئے میں دیا باومنو تو کیا موشیہ میں مقا موشیو کا داز لبتر کل کی شکن میں مقا یا دول کے سائیس ن میں مشعبیں جل ہوئی است متنا بھی فقا ہوئی تو بھری آئین میں فقا دو دورب بالذن فتی دہ متنظر بھی پیٹول سے کیا مائے سے کیا مری فاک وطن میں فتا کو فون میں فتا کو فون میں کیا کرے کو کی خوش قالتی بہ ناز کیا جانے دہ میز کوئی ہو میرے فن میں فقا

If the face of morn Had ablution of dew Clue of scent was in Fold of rose-bedding.

> Tapers were lit 'Neath Remembrances' tent If lone, I was so In full assembly.

Its pebbles were buds And sunrays, moon beams O what spell was there In dust of my land.

Amid dwarfs one
Cannot preen on height
How could one evaluate
And know worth of my art.

جب کی زمیں پر رینگئے سائے رئیں گے ہم مُونج کا بوجوک ربالطائے رئیں گے ہم کون کر برس بی بائیں کو مشکری ہو ول کی آگ کب کے خلامیں باؤں جائے رہیں گے ہم جمائے کا آئیسنوں سے کوئی اور جب تعک باعقوں میں نگ وخشت اعمائے رئیں گے ہم باعقوں میں نگ وخشت اعمائے رئیں گے ہم So long as we are Creeping shades on earth Out heads would keep Holding load of sun

Why not pour and slake
Fire of the heart
How long shall we keep
Suspended in space

So long as someone Peers through the panes We shall, in our hands, Carry bricks N stones برت م پرنت نے مانچے میں دھمل جاتے ہیں اوگ دکھتے ہی دیکھتے ، کتے بدل جاتے ہیں اوگ کسے میں محت کی تلاش کسے میں کے کھونوں سے بہل جاتے ہیں اوگ حب کہ می کے کھونوں سے بہل جاتے ہیں اوگ کستے میں مان کے آواز جری میٹ میں میں میں میں میں میں ایک کا جاتے ہیں اوگ ایسے میانے میں اوگ حالے ، آہسے نہ خوام جانے کی مانے میں اوگ جانے ہیں اوگ جانے میں جانے میں اوگ جانے میں جانے میں اوگ جانے میں جان

People re-pattern
Themselves at each step
Into a new mould
O how much they change
Instantaneously!

Why search after some Paradise lost? Folks are all amused With toys of clay.

How simple hearted are folk Hearing clarion call Even now quit their Homes without demur

> Slowly 'neath their shade With heads hanging down Who knows to what goa. Flok are prssing now?

شمع کے مان د الل انجسس سے بے نیاز اکثر اپنی آگ میں جب جاپ ایک اکثر اپنی آگ میں جب جاپ ایک میں اللہ میں اللہ میں موجود اللہ میں اللہ میں موجود اللہ موجود

تائر ان کی دوستی کا اُب بھی دم جرتے ہیں آپ مٹوکریں کھ کر توسنتے ہیں سنبعل جاتے ہیں لوگ Like the taper not Caring for viewers Folk Oft in their own Fire quietly burn

> "Shair"! you still boast Of friendship with her After stumbling, folk Get wiser, they say.

یہ اُرزد ہے کرجب بھی گے لگاؤں اُسے
مصار ذات سے اِسر کال لاؤں اُسے
دہ جل رُما تفاکوری دھُوپ کہ اُرت میں
بلاجوائب قرار طادوں گاری چھاؤں اُسے

يرشق عمى ب عجب امتحان عبدون ده ازمائے مجھے ادریش ازماق اسے

دوشهر،شهر چراعت السهي مكر إك دن جوائي ياد دلائيل كي است كادَل المُص

ده اپنے نواب میں شاید مجھی کو دکھیت ہو میں تبشنہ ال مہی سوتے میں کیا جگاؤں ہے

Whenever I do Caress her I wish To pull her out Citadel of self

> She was sizzling in Heat of scorching Meeting next I will Wrap her in my shade

Love too is a strange Test of yow of faith She puts me to Trail I put her to test likewise

> Let that city be Illuminated, one day Winds'll bring up his Village to his mind

May be in her dreams She sees only me Though I'm athirst why Waken her from sleep?

اں دشت سخن میں کوئی کیا چول کھلائے چکی جو ذرا دھوب، تر عِلنے مگے سائے سورج کے اُجلے میں ہے۔ افال بنیں ممکن مورج کو تجب دو کر زمیں میٹن منلئے متاب کا بُر توجی ستاوں پا گرال ہے بیٹیے ہیں شب تارسے تمید دلکئے ہر مورج ہوا شدے کے دریے ہاؤل سے ول سے کہو، نو اپنی ذرا اور برھائے ول سے کہو، نو اپنی ذرا اور برھائے

کس کوٹ طفلاں میں جلے کئے ہوشائے سے کا دارہ کے ہے تو کوئی سنگ اعلے In this waste of poesy what Flowers one could cause to bloom As the sun grew hot a bit All the shadows were a flame

In the Dazzling broad daylight How could one illuminate Let someone put out the sun So that this earth could enjoy

Even the shadow of the moon Is not relished by the stars They are content, having pinned All their hopes to inky night.

From the start each wave of the wind Has been after taper's life Pray recommend it to your heart To turn up its wick a bit

Into what a lane of kids
"SHAIR" you have found your way
One does laugh at your cost
And another aims a stone.



NAZM

البينه ورامينه

الس باروه ملا توعجب السس كا رباك نفا الف ظ من ترباك نفا الف ظ من ترباك د الهجه و بناك تها اك موي فال وخط من تقى اك بخرى مولى فال وخط من تقى اك وروخنا كرجس كا شهيد الباك الك نفا الك تفا الك تقى كر دا كھ ميں پوت يده تقى كهيں الك جم تف كر دوح سے معرون جنگ تفا الك جم تف كر دوح سے معرون جنگ تفا

MIRROR WITHIN MIRROR

This time as we met
He wore a queer look
No gusto in talk
And no dash in tone
His features N form
Were so care-worn
Every limb appeared
Martyred of great pain
He was a flame enwrapped
In ashes some where
He was a body locked
In ashes somewhere
He was a body locked
In battle with soul

میں نے کہا کہ ارتھیں کیا ہوا ہے یہ
اُس نے کہا کہ عررواں کی عطا ہے یہ
میں نے کہا کہ عررواں توسیحی کی ہے
اُس نے کہا کہ فنکر و نظر کی سزا ہے یہ
میں نے کہا کہ سوتیا رہتا تومیں بھی ہوں
اُس نے کہا کہ سوتیا رہتا تومیں بھی ہوں
اُس نے کہا کہ آگید رکھا ہوا ہے یہ
رکھیا تو میراایت ہی عکس جی تھا وہ
وہ تخص میں خنا اور تمایت علی انتھا وہ

I addressed him "Pal! What's wrong with you?" He said: "It is gift Of my fleeting life". I said: "Everyone's Life's swift a foot". He said: "Tis the price Of sight and insight". I said: "I too oft Chew the cud of thought". He said: "Have a look Here's the looking glass". As I viewed if was My bold reflection That person was I "Shair", Himayat Ali

سمتدر اور السان تازم سیکران! نیرا بھیلادُ زندگی کے شعور کاختاز نیری مُرجوں کا پُرکون بہادُ ژندگی کے سُرور کاخت

تربے طوفان کا آنار ، چڑھاؤ زندگی کے عزور کا عمت ز

سوچا ہوں کہ تری نظات ہے گئی ہم آہنگ میری نظات ہے گئی ہم آہنگ تری دی ہے گئی بے پایاں میری نی ہے گئی دنگارنگ ق ہے گذا کے سے ادر محدود میں ہوں گنا کے بیے اکتا تنگ

> میے مانے پہ کتب دُندر بری مومیں زے لئے زنجیسہ

MAN & THE SEA

Boundless ocean! your expanse
Betrays consciousness of life
Peaceful flow of your waves
Symbolises Joy of life
Ebb and flow of your storm
Signifies pride of life

I muse how your temperament Harmonises with your own O how immense is your world And how diverse is my world How vast and finite you are How vast and shallow I am Fate is writ large on my brow And your billows fetter you

بواب

مورج نے باتے بانے بڑی تکنت کے ساتھ ظلمت میں ڈوبتی ہوگی ڈنی پر کی نظر کے نظر کے نظر کے نظر کے نظر کا کہ کون ہے آب اس کا پاسبال میسے رسوا ہے کون زمانے کا دہم بر میں نظر رہوں گا تو یہ ساری کا شنات اب بین نہیں رہوں گا تو یہ ساری کا شنات نظران میں میکٹی چرے گی شنم رات نظران میں میکٹی چرے گی شنم رات

سورج یہ کہ کے جا ہی رافنا کہ اِک بال

RESPONSE

While setting the sun With its nose in air Looked at the universe Eveloped in dark It observed: who will Now protect the world? Who else but I can Point out path ahead? While I flourished life Progressed smooth and straight Now that I decline And this universe Will keep drifting in Darkness all the night" Saying this sun was Leaving when a lamp Gently lit up and Cast a glance at it.

بابه گل (ایک نفساتی مطالعه)

مئدوں کا فاصلہ جنگل سے میرے گڑک شاخ ٹربکٹ سے شیق کیٹنٹ ڈاک اُس پاپیادگی سے راس برت پاسے فراک

یر فاصلہ ہے میرے زئن رئ کا ضائ منرل سے تا برمنزل برفتش یا کا ضائن برخواب برقیقت، ہرارتقت کا ضائن

EARTH BOUND

There's aeons' span
From wood to my home
From the fruitful bough
To creative art
From pedestrianism
To the voyage apace

This span guarantees
Mine alert minu
Ensures footprints at
Every stage of trip
Surety of each
Advance, dream N truth

اب میری دسترسی می موری بھی ہے ہواجی میر پرکشش زیل بھی ، وہ بے کشش حسل بھی اب ترہے میری زویل دنسے ادراجی

پورچی مزمبانے کیوں یئن تمثل کوات جاہوں فردد کا گئے کہ مراہوم خواب دیکھوں آگن میں کچھ میں قراک بیسے ٹری لگاڈ^ل Now within my reach Are the sun and wind. This bewitching earth And the clumsy void

Even world beyond Is my target now

God knows why still I Cherish jungle so, See fantastic dreams Of the Paradise lost. Let me plant at least One tree in my court. الدليث

سہی سہی کمل رہی عتی إل کلی
میں نے پوچیا
کیا خزاں کا خوت ہے؟
ی نیں ۔ اِک دن خزال تو آئے گ
عجر ؟
مناہے (اس نے پیکے سے کہا)
اس جین کا باغبال کلیس جی ہے۔

PREMONITION

Frightfully a bud was blowing
I inquired,
Do you fear
Advent of the autumn tide?
No such fears
autumn one day must arrive"
What is it then?
"People say", it whispered to me,
"Keeper of this flower garden
Is the flower picker as well"

111

ر ادمی

کل جی بنیجیگل میں بھت اور آج مجی حیگل میں ہوں کل مرسے مہائے نتے نونی ورندے ، مییٹر نیے آج انسانوں میں ہوں اور خون کے میل تشل میں ہوں مجھ کو تہت ذمیوں نے آئیسنہ دکھایا تو کھلا روع کا قاتل ہوں میں اور سے سے تعتق میں ہوں

MAN

Yesterday I lived in the woods
E'en today I live in the woods
Yesterday my neighbours were
Bloody beasts and gory wolves
Living in the midst of men
Now I dip in sea of blood
As the civilizations held
Mirror upto me, I learnt
That I'm killer of my soul
And in body's slanghtery live.

ار مگولا

میں سوچا ہوں میں ایک انسان سوں ، ایک شنب خبار ہوں میں . . . امی میں یہ سوچ ہی رہا تھا کہ ایک ہم واؤسٹ برئرائی نضائی خاموش وسعنوں میں میں جو بک اطا بیٹ کے دیکھا کوئی ہموائی جہاز پرواز کر رہا تھا بو لمحہ لمو بلندیوں کی طون دوال تھا میں اس کو نکما رہا مسل یز مبانے کہ بیک ہے۔

WHIRLWIND

I am thinking that
I'm a human and just a handful of dust
While I pondered thus
Drilling quiet expanse
Came a creeping sound
I was startled and
Turned to look at it,
O there flew a plane
Who knows for how long
I kept watching it

من جانے اس لمحرد گریزال کے ننگ دائن میں کتنی صدیال محدث گری مفیں مند مبری نظر میں کتنے نئے افق عجم کا کئے ہے میں کتنے نئے افق عجم کا کئے ہے کتنے ہی جا ذریری ائیر کے دویے مند میں متا

زمی که پیرون تنه کوئ نسب بن زر بوجید ننگ که مر به ردائے آب گر بوجید ففا — منور موا — معظر نفرنفسس میں بسی بوئی کہت گل نز خلاوی بین ششتری و زمرہ کا رقص جاری تام عالم بر ملکا میکا سرور طاری Who knows in the scant
Hem of moment fled
How many aeons shrank?
How many new skylines
Glinted in my eyes?
How many suns N moons
Sprang up and declined?
I can not tell you
What that world was like.

Earth-a floor of gold
Underneath the feet.
Heavens- O'-erothe head
Sheet of pearly shine.
Atmosphere aglow
Every breath emining
Scent of blossom fresh
Jupiter and Venus
Dancing in the space
Universe entire
Exhilarated, thrilled,
In semi infoxication

ر جانے میں کس خیال میں گم

مر جانے میں کس خیال میں گم

عرورسے معر بیند کر کے مبراک شاہے کو دکھیٹا تھا

کہ ایک ولدوز پینچ گو نجی فضا کی خاموش وسعنوں میں

میں بیچ کک افتحا

میٹ کے وکھیا

میٹ کے وکھیا

میٹ کے وکھیا

موبیخ کر ایک اگ انتخال سے کہنا تھا

میر بینچ کر ایک اک سے کہنا تھا

میر بینچ کر ایک اگ سے کہنا تھا

میر بینچ کر ایک اگ سے کہنا تھا

I don't know immersed
In what thoughts I did
O'er which cloud float.
Holding head high I
Gased at every star.
Suddenly a heart Rending shout range
In the quiet space.
I was startled and
Turned to look at it.
Passing through the street
Was a wreck of bones
Urging everyone

Pray just give me a bread God'll bless you.

ب ایک مؤرج غورُب ہوتا ہے نفرلوگ میں بھتے ہیں باندھیرا زیں کی تقت پر ہوگیا ہے۔ منہ سوال

اہنیں خبرکیا کرمہر داہ د بخوم سارے قررشنی کے بین استعالیے طلوع کا دل فروز منظر

TRANSMIGRATION

Whenever a sun declines Undiscerning people think That earth is now fated to Stay enveloped in the dark And the world has been enchained. Poor things know little that Sun and Moon and all the stars Are but metaphors of light.

غورُب کادل شکن نظآرہ ازل سے اس روشنی کا پر تؤہ جوسٹسل سفر کے عالم میں ہرمکاں ، لامکان کو لینے جلومیں سے کر رواں دواں ہے میر رات ادر دان

Captivating sight of dawn
And heart-rending scene of dusk
Ever since the Primal dawn
Are the shadows of the light
Which in a state of constant rush
Heralding space and infinity
Has been moving on and on.
These days N nights everything
That is hid or manifest
All that's possible is the base
And treble of this very course.
Sweet heart nature's charming blush.

All alog horizon's writ Is that what is nothingness Is transmigration of life.

تأسيل

میسے رسینے کے دیکتے ہوئے انگانے کو اپنی م مکھول ہیں ہوں انگھ سے اوھبل ہی ہوں میں گنگ کو گئ کا مول کو صفیقات ہوں، تبا وے کوئی وکھوپ چھا ول کا یہ انداز رہے گاگب تک مجھ کو اس خواب کے عالم سے جگا دے کوئی

ین ہوں ای دشت طلسات کا وہ شہزادہ بس کے سُر بر سے فلک، گنب بر بے در کی طرح میری منزل، مرے سینے پہ کھی ہے کیے اپنی ہی داہ میں بول نصب، مُن نیقر کی طرح

رہے نا ہوں گر ایک گام نیں جل سکتا ایس ایک عرب کہ ڈٹے یہ مسل سکتا

MILESTONE

Let someone put out some-how embrers in my heart a flame In sight, and yet out of sight Fact or fancy-what am I? How long game of sun N shade? Let someone shatter my sleep I'm the prince of fantasque waste Which sky lids like doorless dome On my bosom's writ my goal Stone-like to my path I stick Though guide I can't walk a step O for blow that breaks the silence continuous

ستاا

اپنے دامن میں سیمنے ہوئے سرمایہ بوش رات اک پورک انٹ گزرتی ہے خوش

اتنا گرا ہے اندسیا کہ جدھر انکھ انگے ابنی ہی کور نگاہی کا گٹ ں ہوتا ہے دور و زریک منظ ہے دہ پُر مول سکوت ہو کہی قبر شکت میں نہاں ہوتا ہے

اسسال کوئی مجاور ہے کہ بیٹیا ہے خوش کوئی اندلیشہ فرداہے، ماسٹ کرغم دونش

HUSH

Gathering in its hem All its fund of sense Like a thief the night Passes stealthily

Darkness is so deep that till sight's bound You feel as if, your Eyes can not see

Far N near prevails
Such an aweful hush
As you find concealed
In some shattered grave

Firmament's and ascelic Sitting tight-lipped No regret of past Thought of future none کوئی تجبیلی ، کوئی نارا ، کوئی مجنو ، کوئی شیع کوئی ایسا نہیں ہو نور کا عسنواں بن جائے کوئی خورسٹ یدیمی اس شب کے تعافیہ ہیں نہیں کون اس مقبی رئیست کی نقت دہر جیکائے

رات وک پورکے مانٹ گزرتی ہے خوش اپنے دامن میں سمیٹے ہوئے سرمایہ ہوش Lightning or a star Glowworm or a taper There's nothing to be Fountainhead of light

There is no sun to Chase away the night Ah! who shall bring luck To this grave of life

Gathering in its hem All its fund of sense Like a thief the night Passes stealthily

دوراتجربه

کل شب عیب ادا سے تھا اکر شن مہرال وہ شبہ گلاب سی ربحت کو طلی وطلی موسلی مثنا نوں یہ بے تسرار دہ زلفیں کھلی کھلی مرخطِ جسم پربن جُست سے عیاں کھرے بھی گر نگاہ تو گھرے کہاں کہاں مہاں مرزا دیے بین کھلتے ہوئے پیول کی بھین مردائرے میں کھلتے ہوئے پیول کی بھین

SECOND EXPERIENCE

Yesternight I met a kind
Beauty with strange 'landishments.
Her complexion was as fair
As the rose bud dipped in dew,
United silken tresses on
Her shoulders swayed in anxiety
Each N every curve of her
Body shone in tight dress.
Eyes failed to point out
If they linger, at which spots.
For each angle of her form
Was so fresh and elegant.
Every curve of her displayed
Daintiness of blooming rose.

المحول مين دوية بوك نشخ كى كيفت روئے حیں یہ ایک شکستہ سی تمکنت ہونٹول یہ اُن کھی سی تمت کی رزشیں یا نہول میں لمحب لمحب سمٹنے کی کا وشیں سينے كے جزر دمدي سمندر سااضطراب أمرا بواسا جندي بيدار كاعذاب نوٹ بوطوان قامت زیب کیے ہوئے مشيشه برن كا عزم زليخا ليے ہوك یم بول ہواکہ چیو گئی یوسٹ کی داستاں بهرمیں تقب اور یا کی دامن کا امتحال اک سانی بھی تفا آدم وقواکے درمیاں

Swinging in her eyes that Expression of drunkenness. On her flowery face writ large Was a broken haughtiness. Vibrations of unexpressed Passion hovered on her lips. Impatient to momently Glide into lovers' arms. In her heaving bosom was Commotion of the sea Her lovely figure was hemmed By a fascinating spoor. And the crystal of her form Like Zulekha pledged to yield. Then it so conspired that Joseph's story was retold. I was there to undergo Ordeal of continence And between Adam and Eve There was good old serpent too. حرلفي وصال

عجیب شب محق جوایک پل میں سمٹ گئی تھی عجیب پل تھا جوس اں ہا سال کی میانت پر پرنشاں تھا اور اس کے ساتے میں ایک مؤتم مظہر گیا تھا (کس کے دل میں تھاکیا ، کبی کوخبر نہیں تھی)

بس ایک عالم سیردگی کا بس ایک دریائے ترشنگی تعالمی س کی موجیں انڈانڈ کر بھر رہی تھیں کھیلے سمندر میں ڈوٹ جانے کی آوزو میں مجیل روی تھیں

RIVAL - PROXIMITY

It was a queer night To one moment shrunk It was a strange instant Which flapped its wings on Tour of many many years. "Neath its shadow one Clime had come to stay. No one could make out As to who felt what. There existed just Mood of submission. And a stream of thirst Whose billows did surge And then got dispersed Keen to have a dip In big open sea.

Mind lost in charm
Of thought and eye in
Dream of lovely face.
No one knew it was
Meaning of what dream
That stirred in the eyes.
None knew what desire
Was being fulfilled.
Eyes addressed eyes
And lips spoke to lips.
Just one thing was sure
That none knew what was
In another's heart.

As that moment passed
Spell crumbled away
All of a sudden stirred
Sense of fleeting life.
Each face seemed to have
Cleared in its eyes.
Treasure, doors of which
Sesame had oppened
Seemed to vanish straight.

عجیب تعاایک پور دل یس بوس خزانه کاپاسبان تھا بوسانے کی طرح ڈرسیاں تھا

تقاضته ماه دسال تضاده ؟ که دل کی گیرائیوں میں بیدار کو کن خوب مال تحف و ه عجیب سااک خیال تفاده بجوم جذبات میں درایا تھا جو حربیت وسسال بُن کر جو دل کی دینظری میں رک گیاتھا ، حضمیر کا اک سوال بُن کر Strange doubt in the heart Was this treasure's guard Sandwitched like a shade?

That was a matter of time
Striking deep in the heart,
That was fear of the end.
That was a queer thought
Which as a rival joined
Crowd of sentiments,
Which as a scruple stayed
In the throb of the heart.
Became an interrogative of conscience.

مون مون رونی (یک مین قم)

EVERY WORD AGLOW

(A LONG POEM)

Dedicated to the young generation

Through my Posterity

رے اور کے چراغو۔ مرے جگر پارد سنو، یہ میری ضیحت بھی ہے دصیت بھی یک آج تم یں ہوں موجود ، کل بنیں ہوں گا موکر جو تم ہو، تو بین ہوں۔ راساست بھی تماینانقطهٔ اعماز بی مهی سیکن تبالے ساتھ رواں ہے مری رایت بھی ین لینے احتی مرحوم کی امانت تھا موآج تم سے ہے منسوب بیرامانت بھی مجھے ہوغم ہے توات کہ اپنے ہی گھریں تہارا درشہے، میراعذا ہے ہجرت بھی

O lamps of my blood O bits of my heart 'Tis my counsel and My will as well, hark!

> I'm today with you Morrow I won't be But if you exist I for ever be

You may make a start Of your career still My tradition too Continues with you

> I was store of my Past bereft of life This deposit now I entrust to you

My sole regret is That in your own house You inherit mine Anguish of exile م او کے چراف مرے جگیارد دطن کے نام پر کوئی زیادتی ہو لسے علیت بھر ووسستاں سمجھ لینا یہ جروقت بھی تاریخ کا تقاضہ ہے اسے بھی رحمہ از قرض جاں سمھ لینا

O lamps of my blood O bits of my heart Pray consider this Anguish as a test

Don't accuse the earth For your ills N woes Don't believe it e'en If someone assures

> If you are oppressed In the name of land Take it as a gift Of the friendly glance

This torture of time Is demand of the age Take it as a phase Of paying your debts

> If someone inquires What's your parentage You may take my name As ungainful word

رے ہو کے چراغ _ مرے جگرپارد میں آج اپنی کہانی منار کا موں تہیں ده راز بو میرے سینے بیں دنن تھا ابک ده راز أب رشن تنا رها بول تهیں رہ نواجس کی حقیقت ہے عالم سحوات میں ایسے نواب گراں سے جنگار کا ہوں تہیں

O lamps of my blood O bits of my heart I relate today My story to you

> Secret buried in My bosom till now That secret in full Meeting I divulge

Sleep which is indeed State of drunkenness From such sound sleep I am waking you

> With your eyes you may Look at your own face For today I am Showing you my face

To the word of truth Not conveyed to you Listen, for I do First of all convey م برے ہوئے چانو برے جگر پار د دردغ دمنے کا انثِ رہے بری آیخ

رائے نام فدا ہے ارائے نام ہے دین حسندا و دیں کی جنگار ہے مری ایخ

نه آدی کی تقیقت نه زندگی کا سُراغ فقط قصب یدهٔ در بار ہے مری این

نقیه و شاعودن کار ارک دفلیفه خوار غلام ب کر کابیو پارے مری آیی علام ب بواج استالی مخذ ، کل یم عت تحرم " حقیقاً پسس دیوار ہے مری آدی خ

الدركاچكه ، (ميرمندي)

O lamps of my blood! O bits of my heart! Ah! my annals are Heap of lies N fibs

Nominal is God Nominal is faith My annals gave sinned 'Gainst the Lord N faith

> Not a clue of man Nor a trace of life My annals are just Panegyrics of courts

Artists, Jourists, Poets Living on stipends My annals are but Deals of slavish thought

Then was harem what's "Shahi Mohalla" now O my chronicle's But a shady deal

(0)

مرے ابو کے چراخ مرے عگر بار د تہیں گان کر دین دار تقے بہت اسلان

دفار خار عرب وطن عرب الدار على مصلحب كردار تصببت الملات

حقیقت پیپٹر پردہ، بادی کیسے تہیں نشے میں لینے ہی سرشار تھے بہت اسلاف

برلة وقت كتور كوبائب ليق سخ بر گراى سخردار تح بهت اسلات

زیں کی بیاہ مین جاگیٹ کے تصور ہی بی لینے نتاہ کے غم خوار تعیمت اللات O lamps of my blood!
O bits of my heart!
You think your forbears
Were mightydevouts

Patriotic, Sincere Cherishers of the poor Your ancestors lived Great values of life

How could I disclose the reality Behind such respective But self-intoxicated to its utmost Were my ancestors

> They could guage the mood Of the changing times Your ancestors were Well posted indeed

In the lust of land
In the thought of domains
Worried for their shah
Were my ancestors

برے ہوکے چراغو ہرے جگرارد عجب حکایت ندروم بنے یہ افسانہ بجم لفظين إك حرب عن بنيرطت صدائے تے سے بھی محروم سے بیافشانہ یدادر بات ، مرے لوگ باشعور نہیں جبین دقت بیرمرقوم کے سے بیرافسانہ وَرُفِين لِيهِ كُونَ زَمَّ اللَّهِ عِينَ لِيكُن مِنْ اللَّهِ عِينَ لِلْكُن مِنْ اللَّهِ عِينَ لِلْكُن مِنْ اللَّهِ اللَّهِ عَلَى مُنْ اللَّهِ عَلَيْنِ مُنْ اللَّهِ عَلَى مُنْ اللَّهِ عَلَى مُنْ اللَّهِ عَلَى مُنْ اللَّهِ عَلَيْكُونَا اللَّهُ عَلَى مُنْ اللَّهِ عَلَيْكُونَا اللَّهِ عَلَى مُنْ أَنْ مُنْ أَنِي اللَّهِ عَلَى مُنْ اللَّهِ عَلَّى مُنْ اللَّهِ عَلَيْكُولًا مُنْ اللَّهِ عَلَى مُنْ اللّهِ عَلَى مُنْ اللَّهِ عَلَى مُنْ اللَّهِ عَلَيْكُولُ مِنْ اللَّهِ عَلَيْكُولُ مِنْ اللَّهِ عَلَّمُ عَلَّا عَلَّا عَلَّا عَلَى مُل مے فداکو ترمعلوم بنے سے بیرافسانہ

O lamps of my blood! O bits of my heart! What a sordid tale Is this oddyssey

You can hardly know What's between the lines Such innocent and Naive is this tale

> In the throng of words Word of truth is lost And of voice of truth This tale is bereft

My compatriots may
Fail to read it but
This story is writ
On the brow of time
Let listorians give it any colour
But my God knows this anecdote

مرے ہوکے جراغو مرے جگر پارد یں ابتدا سے ساؤں سرداسان عجیب وه آریاتی تدن ہو یا کھٹ می ہو وه غور این کی حکومت ہویا مغل تہذیب مرى زين كوبس نے عن دِل سے اپلا سجوليا كئے اہل وطن نے اپنا جبيب ردى ك ين بو كلي ك ين كوارى بول انبرسنعال كركماب ليفون كترب عجب تی علم میر کے لوگوں کی برایک علم ہے سیننے میں آج بالاترتیب

O lamps of my blood! O bits of my heart! I shall tell this strange Story from the start

Aryan culture or That of the semites Reign of ghauris or Mughal way of life

> Whoever did own Heartily my land My countrymen took Him as real friend

Mighty books composed Or the texts revealed All of them they did Heart close are preserve

My compatriots' thirst
For knowledge was strange
Every lore's in their
Bosoms treasured now

مرے ابو کے چراغو __ مرے جگرپارد دردُد کا یہ عمل بھی مگڑ ہے مغور طلب کمی نگاہ بیں تھی اس زمیں کی زرخیزی حصولِ زُر تھا کہیں علمہ ادری کاسبب کی کودل سے محبّت مز مجرد فن سے بیار کسی نے آئے نہ پر کھا یمال کا علم داد ب جو چندلوگ کہیں تھے بھی اہل دل تو انسیں هر جوگیوں کی تیتیا کہ حتو فیوں کا سل

O lamps of my blood!
O bits of my heart!
Let's study this
Process of advent

Some were tempted by Fertility of land Lust of gold evoked Others to invade

No one cherished faith None loved art or thought None examined our Literature or art

> Even if there were Handful men of taste Wrath of rulers won't Permit them to speak

Yogic penance or Actions of sufis Passed from mouth to mouth And from heart to heart حرم سرا ہو کہ در بار ہو کہ زاج بھؤن سبھی ہیں ایک ، یہ دلوار ڈھا کے مکھولو

O lamps of my blood!
O bits of my heart!
Pick the dust of your
Land and look at it

Each N every mote
In its blood is drenched
Deck with Henna your
Palm and notice it

May be harem or Court or Raj Bhawan These are all alike Fell the wall and look

Same are army chieftains Ministers and lords Pluck a fac and tuck On another and mark

> At no point sky's Border touches earth Reach the hazy heights And then cast a glance

مرے اور کے جانو سے برسے جگر پارد دہ لوگ اور تھے بن سے بیرزیں روشن ده برمبن شخے نهٔ کلّ مذبوتشی مذفقهم ده عام لوگ سخے بن کا دِلوں مِن تَفامَن درئ جہوں نے متان حردت کے بلے دل بشر كو بنايا حيات كامخزن خدا کو قید معاہدے سے کے ازادی رسع کردما ای کانات کادائن زمیں گواہ کہ وہ خاک بھی مقد س ہے جہاں جہاں بھی ہیں اُن اہل درُد کے مُدُفن

O lamps of my blood!
O bits of my heart!
Different were those folk
Who illumed the earth

Brahmins? Jurists? No Priests? Astrologers? No They were common folk Residing in hearts

Yes, those who in place Of idols of words Made the heart of man Fountain-head of life

> By liberating God From the bonds of shrines Amplified the hem Of this universe

Earth's a witness that Sacred is the dust Of the graves in which These dervishes rest مرے ہو کے چراغو _ مرے جگر پارو تہیں خبرہ کہ انسان ہے خواہشات کا نام جو خواہشات ہوں پوری ٹویر جہاں ڈردس وگر نہ مرکب سلسل ہے اس حیات کا نام خيال دنواب بول الآد لونفسس بلي يمن

O lamps of my blood!
O bits of my heart!
You know well that man
Is urge incarnate

If urges fulfilled Heaven is this earth Else you look on life As repeated death

> If your thoughts are free Cage is flower-bed And if shackled this World's prison house

But what notion's this And why is this thought That denial of self Is the proof of life

> Why have masses been Fed on this belief That deliverance is Got by killing self

O lamps of my blood!
O bits of my heart!
This point merits thought
And fit to be voiced

All pleasures are meant For Tajammul Khan But if Ghalib seeks Joys, murder him

For the plebians each Thing's forbidden fruit But for nobility of God? Is so bountiful

> One who's poor must Be ill-fated too And one who is rich Must be lucky too

Canto of town's priest Impressed on me that E'en if thousand-faced Rayana must be killed.

ال مرے ابو کے نیواغو مرے جگربارد میں مانا ہوں کہ ہرجد حض مہرتاہے ہراک زمانہ ہے اِک حدّ ب کر کاباب مد ادر اس کی زر میں ہراک خاص عام ہوتاہے قام ب جو بفاهر خرام مولي ده فلسفه بو خلیقت عرابین برتا در است کا ردعی انتسام بولی

O lamps of my blood!
O bits of my heart!
I do admit that
Every age is flawed

Every era's bound But its thought-pattern And all high N low Are its satellites

> Every moment is Perfected by next 'Tis voyage of time O it never ends

Just a struggle of Contraries is on What appears to be Moving, is at rest

> Way of thinking that Isn't true to life Must evoke a sense Of revengefulness

O lamps of my blood! O bits of my heart! Fall of kingship shows Wane of olden thought

> Hints on non-being, Fate and helplessness Explaining the false Superseding truth

Living cages us Death omancipates Deity embodies Talisman of life

> Stressing shadows more Than the potent truth More than man himself Respecting his shade

Faith in craze of love Shunning common sense That is our sires Legacy of thought

O lamps of my blood!
O bits of my heart!
O this scheme of things
Is target of change

Every action does Reaction provoke Every morning is Fated to decline

> Every emblem of Nature's friend of man On each tablet is Name of man engraved.

Politicians have Divided this earth Else in race of man None is high or low

East N west, white N
Sable, high N low
Place of man's above
All such distinctions

ال مرے اوکے چرافو _ مرے جگریارہ برجد، جد خرد ہے، برنیفن عل

گان دویم کے سارے طلب واصلے گئے۔ کر آدی، کا برہے اور آدمی ، ی الل

نہ وہ جہانِ عدم بے ، دیود کا مامن شریر جہانِ حیں بے ، حیات کا مقتل

فدا بھی ہے تو دہی ہے، جاں ہی جماآاد نظریں دہ بھی ہے موتود، بوہے آٹھ انجل

بروقت کا ہے تسل ، طاؤع ہوکہ فوئب یہ راک علی کا توا ترہے ، زیست ہوکہ اہل O lamps of my blood!
O bits of my heart!
This is age of wit
Thanks to pious acts.

Broken are the spells Of all whims N doubts For man is himself Start and end of time

No longer that world's Asylum of life Nor this pretty world's Life's murder house.

> If there's God he lives In this world with us We can view as well What can not be seen

'This the flow of time Be it dawn or dusk It is chain of acts Be it life or death

O lamps of my blood! O bits of my heart! You've to live on earth As if on the sky.

You've together each Sorrow in your hem With benevolence Of the Prophet's hearts

> Whatever you got In place of my life Pray cherish it as Merchandise of soul

This passage which is Spread under your feet Fondly, sincerely Like a noble host

Is the loving gift
Of the native land
Like a mother which
Brought you into the world

رے اور کے چراغو ۔۔۔ مرے جگر باید مراب جہاں بھی ہواباد اس زمیں ہے رہو جواس زمیں کا ہے ماضی، دہ تہارا ہے دہی تباری ہے مراب ایک ، تم کہیں ہے رہو مراب ایک ، تم کہیں ہے رہو مجاں جہاں جا رہی اگے ہو، دہیں دہیں ہے رہو جہاں جہاں جہاں جی اگے ہو، دہیں دہیں جہ رہو تہاری خاک بھی اس خاک ہی کا جستہ ہے تہاری خاک بی اس خاک ہی کا جستہ ہے تہاری خاک بی اس خاک ہی کا جستہ ہے تہاری خاک بین ال جاد ہے۔ یہیں ہے رہو تم اپنی خاک بین ال جاد ہے۔ یہیں ہے رہو تم اپنی خاک بین ال جاد ہے۔

O lamps of my blood!
O bits of my heart!
Wherever you are
Now settled, stay on

Past of native land Is your past as well 'Tis your chronicle Wherever you live

You can't sever link Of the tree with roots Wherever you have Sprung up, pray stay on

> Clay you are made of Is part of this dust Stay on, you'll get Mingled with your dust

Dreams N fancies are Only spells and fibs Faith's the real truth Ever stick to faith

مراغ متاہے آریخ سے صداقت کا پراز ایک حقیقت ہے ادرزان ہے

O lamps of my blood!
O bits of my heart!
This is patent tale
Of each native land

Every country boasts
Of a primal start
May be land's new
Its culture is old

From annals we get Certain clue of truth This secret's a truth And periodic too

Unity of folk Underlines the fact Cut off from its roots Nation goes to dogs

> Howsomuch may skies Spin, the course of blood Is since primal dawn Pervasive, deathless

O lamps of my blood! O bits of my heart! If you look back, time May display to you

> That town which has Conferred life upon you House thought of which Makes you drop asleep

Mother-like trees
In the shade of which
At the peak of noon
You too had relaxed

Those people you are Symbol of whose love Those passages which Led you to your age

Epoch you are link Of whose continuum Stands before you with Its hands outstretched (PI)

مرے بہو کے چراغو مرے عگر بارد برا تقا اتقاب نے او کریں بربایے اتقا

ہزاروں سال کی بھڑی ہوئی جنت کے کسی کی یادمیس خاکوش انتظار کے باعظ

خزاں کی راہ میں سرمایہ نمو لے کر گلوں کی آس میں بے نگ شافسالے الق

ہوا کا جھونگاہی شاید کو ٹی خبرلائے کسی کی چاپ یر رکتی ہوئی ببار کے اعقر

یہ اتق چھوڑند دینا اگرزمیں ہے عزیز کدان سے بڑھ کے نہیں کوئی اعتبار کے اِتھ O lamps of my blood!
O bits of my heart!
O these loving hands
Hold them in your own

Hands of love cut off Since aeons from you Hands of silent wait Thinking of someone

On autumnal path
With the wealth of growth
Hands of colorless
Thicket seeking blooms

Hoping whiff of wind May bring welcome news Pausing at someone's Foot-click hands of spring,

> Don't let go these hands If you love the earth For there is no hand You can better trust.

SYMBOL OF PEACE



PICASSO

FLOWER IN FLAMES

SOME REVIEWS

One of the objectives of a literary magazine like *Urdu Canada* is to introduce the richness of *Urdu* poetry and fiction to the English reading public. For that reason alone *Flowers in Flames* which is an excellent English translation of the poem *Bengal Se Korea Tak* by Himayat Ali Shair is a significant contribution. The poem deals with the subject of peace and the emotional and social consequences of wars since the beginning of human civilization.

Himayat Ali Shair enjoys a great deal of respect for his versatility and for introducing not only novel and highly imaginative concepts in Urdu poetry but also for being innovative in trying new forms of poetry such as Sulasi (Triplet). The admires of Urdu poetry in North America know him well and he was greatly appreciated as a poet, scholar and speaker during his visit to Canada and U.S.A in 1980.

Among his many collection of poetic works, the present poem was written at a relatively young age of twenty two. In a moving and elegant manner he depicts the tragic human situation that results from global wars. His comparison of Bengal and Korea points to the universal nature of the tragedy and the accompanying depth of human suffering.

Professor Verma has most elegantly conveyed these emotions by skillfully translating the verses into English and managed to maintain the impact of the original poem. Translation is a very difficult task and specially so in poetry. Prof. Verma needs to be highly commended for having accomplished this task with such success. After reading the original text in Urdu one is quite pleased to see how the flow of ideas and the depth of feeling are retained in the translated version.

In addition to the translation of the poem itself, the present volume also includes three brief but scholarly articles by Mohammad Ali Siddiqui, Yunus Ahmar and Professor Azhar Quadri on different aspects of the poetic versatility and creative abilities of Himayat Ali Shair, which contribute significantly to the literary value of the book.

Knowing of the complete dedication and commitment of the late Faiz Ahmed Faiz to the cause of world peace, it is indeed appropriate that the book is dedicated to his loving memory.

ANWAR NASIM URDU CANADA (Vol.1 No.2.1986) Ottawa ONT. CANADA

Himayat Ali Shair's long poem entitled "Flowers in Flames" (in Urdu "Bengal Se Korea Tak") projects the poet's sensitivity to "injustice" and "inequalities" operating on social and perhaps metaphysical plumes of existence. Whether it is the horrifying scenes from famine-struck Bengal or a "fresh Hiroshima" in Korea, the boundaries of "the wasteland" are perpetually expanding. It is the collective consciousness that is aroused to perceive also the images of life and rejuvenation. To make a creative effort to reaffirm faith in human destiny deserves attention, particularly, in the background of the ghastly world war, the famines and droughts leading to images of death and decay. Modern literature usually propagates feelings of rootlessness, alienation and neurosis.

Yunus Ahmar and Prof. Azhar Qadri's critical appraisals of the poet and the poem perhaps help the reader interpret "Flower in Flames" with greater felicity. With their knowledge of Urdu these critics are in a happy position to create suitable directions for the reader.

The message of peace that Himayat Ali Shair presents in his long. poem lies hidden in subtle references to the perishing civilization in the face of aggression, exploitation and violence.

"Flower in Flames" is an important poem charged with a sense of despair and serves its purpose of arousing and urgent awareness of the holocaust that wars have caused and are likely to create. South the second of the second

SUKRITA PAUL KUMAR Daily "HINDUSTAN TIMES" 7 December, 1986.

The book in my hand for review was originally written in Urdu, titled "Bengal Se Korea Tak" by Himayat Ali Shair, one of the most prominent Urdu poets of Pakistan. He was hardly 22 years old when he wrote this long poem in protest against the destructive forces of Imperialism and Fascism which turned Bengal into a big graveyard for tens of thousands of people by starving them into death in 1943 and just after seven years they made Korea a battle-field where thousands of innocent people were massacred. These catastrophes inflamed the artists and writers around the world who expressed their wrathful reactions through their works. Himayat Ali was one of them who could not help unfolding his soul burning with the horrors of what he had never dreamt of.

> On the land of my Tagore Rose a world of cadavers Sordid all the scenes as if Vomitted by burial place

It is the voice of the universal man who cried, thundered and lamented over the crumbling civilization. It is an authentic account of the journey of fire that turned everything into ashes wherever it reached. Shair speaks for the victims, the downtrodden and the exploited. He contends that victims are hardly aware of the designs of the war mongers who inflict them with untold atrocities. He is a cosmopolitan like Tagore. For him universal

brotherhood is indispensable for the maintenance of peace and harmony in the world.

> On the one hand, fear of death On the other, longings new Me thought after all for what We were thus at daggers drawn What's the bitter-ness for which War threatre spouts blood All are devotes of life I'm human, so are they

He raised these questions like other humanists, poets and thinkers. But where are the answers. In the game of power, war is as essential for the politicians as peace for the people. Frustrated the poet turns back to himself to analyze his own existence in context of the prevailing situations.

I whose conscience is a slave I whose mind and heart are serfs I don't know how lofty is Place of man in nature's court

This is how he illustrates his dilemma like Dylan Thomas who scoffed at the meaninglessness of war and its after effects on the people. Shair is a prolific poet who has tried many forms of Urdu poetry but he has never strayed away from his social commitment. His relation with man is unbreakable. Poetry for him is not an intellectual exercise. It is an expression of his aspirations, hopes and despairs.

In the mirror hall of thought Every image does emerge For a while it vibrates Then of itself does immerse

His poetry is powerful direct and thought provoking. It is not confined to certain barriers. It is a voice of the peace loving man, the universal man.

Professor Rajinder Singh Verma deserves acclaim for his excellent

translation.

BALDEV MIRZA SKYLARK - 64 ALIGARH (INDIA) LONDON NW9 - (U.K)

Himayat Ali Shair's famouslong poem, "Bangal Se Korea Tak" (Bengal to Korea), has been translated into English by Professor Rajinder Singh Verma of Patiala University and has now been published as a book entitled "Flower in Flames".

Bangal Se Korea Tak was composed in 1951. The second part of this poem was first published in 1952 in the Urdu College Magazine "BARG-E-GUL" edited by Ibne Insha and A.R.Mumtaz under the title of "TASAWWUR".

The fifth and sixth parts of it were published in May 1953. In the "Mashrab" Karachi. Professor Mumtaz Husain published its eighth part in his journal "Saiyara" Karachi in September 1953.

In March 1954 the "Shahrah" Delhi, edited by Wamiq Jaunpuri,

published the full poem in its annual number.

The central idea of the poem is based on peace and, according to the poet, was conceived during the Korean War. The gruesome consequences of World War II and the disastrous effects of the atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki were then still fresh in the minds of the people. The American involvement in the Korean War naturally gave rise to general fear for another world war.

It is the human side of war that has stirred the poet's imagination and led to Bangal Se Korea Tak. The technique employed in this poem is that of "Flash back" which is rare in Urdu poetry. It is, in fact a sort of reminiscences in which the poet recalls past events in relation to the last World War. Though speaking in the first person singular, he elucidates his point through imaginary characters.

Although it not an autobiography as such, the central character of

the story may be the poet as well as the reader.

Today as science puts even deadlier weapons at the disposal of

warmongers, peace has become one of man's most desired objects.

Professor Rajinder Singh Verma has rendered a great service to literature lovers by translating this poem into English. Versified translations from one language into another are difficult but Professor Verma has accomplished this task skilfully.

Besides the original poem in Urdu and its English translation, the book contains three articles by Yunus Ahmer, Mohammad Ali Siddiqui and this reviewer, dealing with the salient features of the poem and the author's

"Flower in Flames" is as well produced book. The coloured jacketdesign, depicting the ravages of war, is the work of Mohammad Ali Bhatti of the Department of Fine Arts, University of Sind.

> PROFESSOR AZHAR QADRI Daily "DAWN" Karachi 21 February, 1986 (PAKISTAN)

رومیں ہے رحش عمر (میٹرک سر طیقلیٹ کے مطابق) سار جولائی ۱۹۲۷ء اورنگ آماو (د کن) ایم-اے (مندہ یونورٹی) اولاو ام-اے (اسلامیات) علی (لینکونج سر شقکیت کورس) سندهی (لینگونج مرفیقلیث کورس) کراچی پونیورشی ريس فيلو (يي-انچ- ڙي) سندھ يونيورشي تحقيق مقاله "تحريك خلافت- ياكتاني علاقون مين" (زير تحري) ٢-روش خيال ام-ا اراديات) ام-ا ارصحافت) تحقیق مقاله "یروفیسرعزیز احمه - فن و هخصیت" (زیر تحریر) براع (لي-اع-دي) كراجي يونورش ام-اك(ساسات)قي-الذالي-الي-الي-٣- فروزال تحقیق مقاله "تحریک آزادی میں خواتین کا حصه" (زیر تحریہ) يرائ (ني-الخ-وي) كراجي يونيورشي ام-ا_(تعلیم)ام-اید (کراچی یونیورش) ۵-اورج کمال ویلوما (میکیل) ام-اے (محانت) ام-اے (مین الاقوای تعلقات) (طالب علم)=ام- قل

(اریا اسازی سینرفار بورپ) کراچی بونیورشی (طالب علم) فرانسيي (ينگويج سرفيقليث كورس) ١- ياكتان مين ثيليويون صحافت (ترجمه) كتابيل ٢- ابلاغياتي شخفين ام نه ایس می (ریاضیات) کراچی پونیورشی ٧- ذوالجمال فلائث آريش آفيسر(لائسنس يافة)سول ايوى ايش ٧- واكرباندا تبال ام- بي- بي- ايس (واوميديكل كالح-كراجي) ام- وي (امريك) ام-ني-ني-اليس (سال دوم) سنده ميڈيكل كالج-كراچي ٨- زرافشال : ١- صدارتي ايوارو- آگ بيس پيول ١٩٥٩ء اعزازات ٧- نگار ايوار ؤ (بهترين نغمه نگار) قلم "٣٠ پيل" ١٩٦٢ء ٣- نگار ايوار ؤ (بهترين نخمه نگار) قلم "دامن" ١٩٦٣ء ٣- آدم جي ادبي ايوارو (رائشرز گلا) "مني كا قرض "١٩٧١ء ۵- عنانيه كولذميدل (بماوريا رجنك اكيدى) ١٩٨٧ء ٧- نقوش ابوارد (لامور) ١٩٨٧ء ٧- نگار ايوار و (عقيدت كاسفر- في وي يروكرام) ١٩٨٨ء ٨- مخدوم محي الدين عالمي اردو ايوا رژ (د بل) ١٩٨٩ء ٩- علامه واكثر محرا قبال ابوارو (اكادى اوبيات) "بارون کی آواز" ۱۹۸۵ء (ابوارد كا اعلان ١٩٩١ء ميس كياكيا) ١٠- بندي اردوسا سيه ايوارد (الصنو) دبي خدمات كا عتراف ١٩٩١ء روزنامه جناح منزل اور جدرو (حيدر آبادوكن) ١٩٣٨ء تا ١٩٥٠ء صحافت : سازنو (حيدر آبادوكن) ١٩٣٩ء ادارت شعور (حيدر آباد سنده) ١٩٥٧ء تا ١٩٥٧ء

صرير خامه (منده يونيورش) اقبال نمبر١٩٧٨ء-نعت نمبر١٩٧٨ء : (ار وعک کے زیر اجتمام) تقافت ا۔ نظم۔ بنگال سے کوریا تک (میبلو کے اندا زمیں سندھ یونیورشی ك النيج ريش ك كني) ١٩٥٩ء ٢- تثيل-اندهري اجالے (مكالے- تمايت على شاعر) ١٩٥٩ء مين النيج كياكيا : وكن ريديو- آل اعديا ريديو (حيدرآباد) ٢٥٥ تا ٥٥٠ ريديو ريديوياكتان (كراجي-حيدرآباد سنده) ٥١ تا ٢٢ء ثلی ویژن : لامور-کراچی-املام آباد (مخلف سلسله وار پروگرام) ۲۷ء تا ۸۹ء ا فزل اس نے چیزی (اردو غزل کے سات سوسال) ۲- كىونى (دىنى آزمائش كايروگرام) س- خوشبو کا سفر (علا قائی زبانوں کے شعراء کا اردو کلام - یا نچے سوسال) اردو نعتیه شاعری کے سات سوسال) مات سوسال) ۵-لب آزاد (احتجاجی شاعری کے چالیس سال) : (بے ثار فلموں کے نغمات مکالے اور منظرنا مے لکھے) ا- بحيثيت نغمه نگار پهلي قلم- آفيل ١٩٦٢ء ٢- بحيثيت منظرنامه ومكالمه نكار ببلي فلم - تصوير ١٩٦٥ء ٣- بحثيت فلساز بهلي فلم- لوري ١٩٢٧ء ۴- بحثیت فلساز د مدایت کار پہلی فلم-گزیا ۳۲۹ء : ١- يحل كالح (حيدرآباد شده) ١٢٠ء بذريس ٢- سنده يونيورشي اكتوبر ١٩٨٧ء كاجولا في ١٩٨١ء س- پینگ یونیور ٹی (عوای جمهوریہ چین) میں مرکزی وزارت تعلیم پاکتان کی طرف سے تقرر۔ گر طبیعت کی ناسازی کے سب معذرت

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ساحت : امريكه-كينيدُا (تقريباتمام رياسين)

یورپ (انگلینڈ - ناروے - سویڈن وغیرہ) - افریقہ (جنوبی افریقہ اور بو شوانا وغیرہ) بیین عرب ممالک (سعودی عرب - کویت - مقط - دوحہ قطر - بحرین اور عرب امارات) 'ہندوستان بگلہ دیش اور موریشس وغیرہ

(تقنيفات)

شاعری: ۱- آگ میں پھول (نظمیں 'غزلیں' رباعیات) ۱۹۵۷ء ۲- مٹی کا قرض (ٹلا ثیاں۔ نظمیں۔ غزلیں) ۱۹۷۳ء ۳- تشکی کا سفر (طویل افسانوی و تشیلی نظمیں) ۱۹۸۱ء ۳- ہارون کی آواز (نظمیں۔ غزلیں۔ ہائیکو) ۱۹۸۵ء ۵- حرف حرف روشنی (امتخاب) ۱۹۸۲ء

نشر : ۱-شخ ایا ز (جدید سندهی اوب کاعمد آفریں شاعر) ۱۹۷۸ء ۲- شخص و عکس (تقیدی مقالات و مباحث) ۱۹۸۵ء (ان کتابوں کے ہندوستانی ایڈیش بھی شائع ہو بچکے ہیں)

(15)

بنگال ہے کوریا تک (عالمی امن کے موضوع پر کلھی ہوئی طویل افسانوی لظم کے مختلف لسانی روپ) ا۔ FLOWER IN FLAMES (ترجمہ) پروفیسررا جندر سنگھ ورما چنجابی یونیورٹی' پٹیالہ۔(انڈیا) ۲- FLUTE AND BUGLE (ترجمہ) پر کاش چندر ایڈیٹرٹا تمز آف انڈیا' کلھنو۔(انڈیا) ۳- گل باہ مہ (شندھی ترجمہ)ام۔ای۔عالمانی' حدیدر آباد۔ شدھ ۳- بنگال سے کوریا تک (ہندی) پروفیسری- این- نداف ابوالکلام آزاد کالج- اور تک آباد- (انڈیا)

۵- (تلکو) ڈاکٹروسرتی- حیدر آبادد کن (آندهرا پردیش) (اس نظم کے مراشمی اور بنگالی تراجم بھی زیر طبع ہیں)

EVERY WORD AGLOW

«حرف حرف روشتی" کا آگریزی ترجمه پروفیسرراجندر شکه ورما شبد شبد پر کاش (ہندی) قاضی رکیس

مطالع : حایت علی شاعر نمبر"اورنگ آباد نائمز"۸۵ء (اورنگ آباد عماراشر اندلیا)

(زرطع کب)

ا- ثلاثی (ایک نی صنف مخن)

۲- اپ پر چم تلے (توی نغے)

٣- فاصلے (ریڈیائی ڈراے)

٣- مران موج (سنده كي لوك كمانيون كالتشلي روب)

٥- چھ پیشرو کھ ہم سفر انقیدی مضامین)

٢- چاندکي د هوپ (تازه کلام)

۷- پس ديوار حرف (كليات)

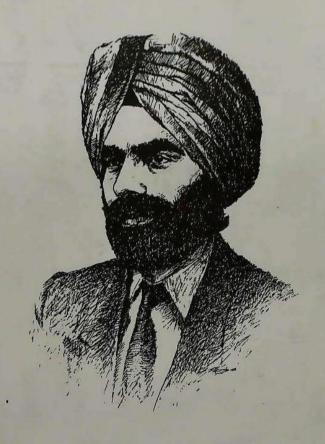
۸- لب آزاد (پاکتان میں احجابی شاعری کا احقاب)

9- راغب مراد آبادی (فن و هخصیت پر مخلف ایل قلم کے مضامین کا تخاب)

192 دنیائے ادب کی مطبوعات

| | . 1 . | | |
|--|------------------|--------------------------------|--------------------------|
| (31/5) | حایت علی شاعر | (نظمیں عزلیں رباعیاں) | آگ میں پھول |
| (दर्भ | حایت علی شاعر | (طویل تشیلی دافسانوی تظمیس) | تشتكى كا سفر |
| (4,17) | حايت على شاعر | (ثلاثيال 'نظمين 'غزلين) | مٹی کا قرض |
| (4,15) | حايت على شاعر | (طويل مخقر نظميس عزليس المنكو) | بارون کی آواز |
| (41) | حايت على شاعر | (چاروں کتابوں کا انتخاب) | حرف حرف روشن |
| (پیالہ) | را جندر عمد درما | FLOWER | R IN FLAMES |
| (امن اورجنگ کے موضوع پر حمایت علی شاعری طویل افسانوی لقم "برگال سے کوریا تک" کا ترجمہ) | | | |
| (حيرر آباد) | ام ای عالمانی | (ای نظم کاسندهی ترجمه) | گل باه سه |
| | حمايت على شاعر | (عد آفری شدهی شاعرکامطالعه) | شخاباز |
| | حمايت على شاعر | (تفقيدي مقالات ومباحث) | فمخفص وغلس |
| | ظامرسعيدبارون | (نظمیں 'غزلیں' قطعات) | نئ رتوں كا سراغ |
| | ويزالحن ويز | (نزلين) | متاع مزيز |
| | سيد حنيف اخكر | (نزلین) | پراغاں |
| | مرورعالم راز | (غزلين علعات) | شرنگار |
| | ادج کمال | | بإكستان مين نيليويژن صحا |
| (پیالہ) | راجندر عكمه ورما | EVERY W (فرف وف ال | ORD AGLOW |
| | 4 500 1 | <i>ذي</i> طبح | |
| | سيد حنيف افكر | (نیا مجموعه کلام) | ? |
| | حایت علی شاعر | (ثلاثياں'نظميں'غزليں) | چاند کی دھوپ |
| 1000 | حايت على شاعر | | بكر بيترد بكرة بم عز |
| | ير كاش چندر | FLUTE (بگال سے کوریا تک) | AND BUGLE |
| | حمايت على شاعر | (حايلة) | پس ديوار حرف |
| (ए) | اوج کمال | | ابلاغياتى تنحقيق |
| ایک سدای جمیده | | | |
| | | 12 1 | |

ونيائے اوب (ديراعزازي) اوج كمال



RAJINDER SINGH VERMA