



FLOWER IN FLAMES

An Urdu Poem on World Peace

Written By

HIMAYAT ALI SHAIK

Translated by

RAJINDER SINGH VERMA



HIMAYAT ALI SHAIR

Himayat Ali Shair was born in 1926 in Aurangabad, (Deccan) India. Besides literary achievements he made his mark as a journalist, broadcaster, television compare, playwright, film producer, director and song writer. Received awards in 1962, 63, 64 as "Best Film Lyricist." Has toured U.S.A, Canada, UK, India and Middle East Countries on invitation to Mushairas and literary seminars. He is now teaching in Sind University (Pakistan).

Among his published works are :

POETRY

"Aag Mein Phool" (1956, received President Award in 1959) "Mitti Ka Qurz" (1974, given Writers Guild Adamji Literary Award) "Tashnagi Ka Safar" (1981, long fictional & dramatic poems) "Haroon Ki Awaz" (1985).

PROSE

"Shaikh Ayaz" (1979, critical study of most prominent modern sindhi poet). "Shakhs-o-Aks" (1984, based on critical articles reviews & literary discussions).

برادر محترم خسرو کے لیے
 صوفیہ کے ساتھ
 ۲۰۱۸
 ۲۰۱۸
 ۲۰۱۸

راضیہ مسک ورماتے ج
 سندھ کی لہجے
 ۲۰۱۸

changes.

Page. 93 - 100. 14

{Symbol of Peace
 Picasso.

(on front-Page.)

Page.	Line.	✓
14	5	
39	3	
41	4	✓
47	5	
51	9	
67	5	
75	12	
83	1	✓
89	8	✓
93	1	✓
97	2	
107	14	✓
110	36	✓

Last part - PUNJABI UNIVERSITY.

Reduced . 20/

FLOWER IN FLAMES

(A Poem on world peace)

Entitled in Urdu

“BENGAL SE KOREA TAK”

By

Himayat Ali Shair

Translated by

Rajinder Singh Verma.

Panjab University Patiala

(India)

TURABI PUBLICATIONS

AL-MUSANNEFEEN

KARACHI.

~~Muzna~~

ADRANGABAD
(M.S.)

INDIAN

First (Pakistan) Edition

1988

1985

Cover Painting & Portraits

MOHAMMAD ALI BHATTI

Urdu Calligraphy

GHULAM HUSAIN ABID

Price Rs. 30/- 20

on Front
Page.

SYMBOL OF PEACE

PICASSO

Printers :

Mashhoor Offset Press Karachi.

Publishers

AL-MUSANNEFEEN

C.B. 45 Al-Falah Society

(Drigh Colony Karachi-25

(Pakistan)

MIR MUSAHID ALI

TURABJI PUBLICATIONS.

MOONA. GHATI.

AURANGABAD.

(MAHARASHTRA)

DEDICATED

To

The Living memory of

FAIZ AHMED FAIZ

with Love & Affection

Himayat Ali Shair

Rajinder Singh Verma.

POETRY OF LOVE & PEACE

Mohammad Ali Siddiqui

Poetry is more than the composition of feelings. It reflects the moods of the times through the medium of words in a way which enriches one's own interactions. Modern Urdu poetry—ever since the thirties—has in its corpus the echoes of national and international events. Thomas Mann, the well known German writer, was eminently right when he wrote that the destiny of the modern man was politics. It is true in the case of Modern Urdu poetry as well.

Himayat Ali Shair is surely one of those poets who are the product of the wave of internationalism in literature. Born in Aurangabad (India) in 1930 his youthful years in the '40s saw the twilight of British Raj. He saw the progressives lend their support to the Allies in order to fight Nazism and fascism. It was a strange lesson exhorting revolutionaries to fight imperialism at home and oppose Nazism alongwith the imperialists themselves. This is, in nutt shell, a paradox. Poetry also makes use of the paradoxes into a beautiful whole.

The war over, Himayat Ali Shair saw the dawn of freedom in the sub-continent in 1947 and the downfall of Hyderabad State in 1948. He migrated to Pakistan & found himself in a new matrix. His initiation into internationalism was not going to desert him. It has carried itself with renewed emphasis to the present times when he is recognised as an important poet in the lyrical tradition. Well, lyricism has to be somewhat didactic—somewhat discomfoting for those who are wary of earnestness and viewpoint.

Himayat Ali Shair's long poem 'Bengal Se Korea Tak' (i.e. from Bengal to Korea) is an important poem. The poet himself says about the

CONTENTS

POETRY OF LOVE AND PEACE

Mohammad Ali Siddiqui 5

BENGAL SE KOREA TAK

Himayat Ali Shair

FLOWER IN FLAMES

Rajinder Singh Verma 9

A POET OF BRIGHT FUTURE

Yunus Ahmar 108

A POET OF LOVE AND LIFE

Professor Azhar Qadri 113

poem. "This is not an autobiographical poem; probably this might be termed as one. The central character of this poem could be myself or you. Bengal became the graveyard for tens of thousands of people despite being far away from the theatre of war itself and Korea is the latest Hiroshima. The farther this Hiroshima extends itself the outer limits of (the famine stricken) Bengal would also increase by leaps and bounds. In the light of this background the central character of this story could be reckoned as an individual one as well as a collective entity."

Prof. Rajinder Singh Varma's translation of Himayat Ali Shair's poem is a labour of love. Prof. Varma has earned a name for himself for translating high class Urdu, Hindi poetry into English for a climate of opinion where nothing but the ideas of peace and freedom could flourish. He has acquitted himself well with it. Peace is, by itself, a noble sentiment. There are no two opinions about it. Even the ones who trade in death and promote tensions for the sake of raising their gross domestic product (G.D.P) find themselves constrained to use a confusing & confounding idiom. They are too shy of expressing their real designs.. That's why all those poets & writers who have been holding aloft the banner of peace are unambiguously earnest in their expression. Himayat Ali Shair is surely one and he creates for this poem an architectural edifice starting from the blurred memories of his character's village in Bengal. The first images which dart on his mind at the time of the composition of the poem characterise injustice & inequality. The poet's sensibility carries the 'images' still further. They become for him the stepping stones towards a new kind of awareness. They bring in new insights towards comprehending the exploitative character of the society which breeds flash-points of tensions locally and in conjunction with kindred exploitative forces all over the world, small or big conflagration. Himayat Ali Shair synchronises his childhood reminiscences. His sensitivity to seemingly obscure

details is so refreshing that he lifts up the whole landscape. He employs a dialectical sensibility for recording rural motifs while his contemporary Telegu poet Shishinder Sharma in his poem translated in urdu (Meri Dharti, Mere Log) has subsumed himself with Nature itself. It is nature speaking out to the poet. Himayat Ali Shair employs a different technique & idiom. He makes the centre-piece of his poem look in retrospect on the ghastly wars. He doesn't understand as to why Man allows himself, at times, to turn into Beast. He appears to be crystal-gazing - scene after scene—until the images of eventual sanity start leaping forth. Images of death & decay are superceded by those of life and rejuvenation.

Life is a cyclic movement. The poet sees in the marriage rites of his imaginary character's daughter the triumph of the will to overpower death. The forces of destruction appear finally receding in the shade, he concludes. It is a case of complete identification—intermingling of the thought-processes of the two—the poet himself & his created being.

Life is also a ritual. The wars & pestilences are. It appears, parts of symbolism illustrating the ailments attacking human body. As there is always a moment to grieve, there is not very far behind the moment to feel a bit optimistic. It is like joy & grief alternating themselves in perfect rhythm.

The poem ends with the apocalyptic lines.

"Hid in a single sun's demise is the death of many rays". Himayat Ali Shair's poem is soul-lifting. In a world which breeds feelings of alienation and exile it is a poem which seeks involvement & interaction, placing utmost faith in human destiny. Prof. Varma has translated Shair's poem as a tribute to the mainspring of poet's philosophy of life—humanism itself. Prof. Varma has got hold of most nuances—the remaining few are destined to bypass or step aside. This is the minimum price which every transaction has to pay. Fortunately this translation does full justice to the poem.

I sat upon the shore
 Fishing, with the arid plain behind me
 Shall I at least set my lands in order?
 London Bridge is falling down falling down falling down
Poi s'ascose nel foco che gli affina
*Quando fiam uti chelidon—*O swallow swallow
Le Prince d'Aquitaine à la tour abolie
 These fragments I have shored against my ruins
 Why then Ile fit you. Hieronymo's mad againe.
 Datta. Dayadhvam. Damyata.

Shantih shantih shantih

T. S. ELIOT

(From "THE WASTELAND")



بنگال سے کوریا تک

FLOWER IN FLAMES

This story is not an autobiography but it can be one. The central character of this story may be 'I' as well as 'you'. For during the last world war Bengal despite being away from the theatre of war turned into a graveyard for hundreds of thousands of people; and Korea is a fresh Hiroshima and as fast this Hiroshima will go on spreading, the boundaries of Bengal will go on expanding accordingly. Seen in the light of this background the central character of this story is individualistic as well as collective. And today in the heart of every man of the world the dreadful concern for a new world war has turned into a question mark.

Will our new generation also serve as the fuel of war?

یہ کہانی آپ مینی نہیں، لیکن آپ مینی ہو سکتی ہے۔
اس کہانی کا مرکزی کردار میں "میں" بھی ہو سکتا ہوں اور
آپ بھی۔ کیونکہ گزشتہ عالمگیر جنگ میں بنگال جنگ
سے دور رہ کر بھی لاکھوں انسانوں کا مدفن بن گیا اور کوریا
— تازہ ہیروشیما ہے اور یہ ہیروشیما تیزی سے
پھیلتا جا رہا ہے گا بنگال کی دستوں میں بھی اسی سرعت سے
اضافہ ہوتا جائے گا۔ اس پس منظر کی روشنی میں اس
کہانی کا مرکزی کردار انفرادی ہونے کے ساتھ ساتھ ایک
اجتماعی کردار بھی ہے۔

اور آج نئی عالمگیر جنگ کا ہولناک
اندریشہ دنیا کے ہر انسان کے
دل میں ایک ولولہ طاعت بن گیا ہے

کیا ہماری نئی نسل بھی جنگ کا ایندھن بن جائے گی؟

یادوں کے غبار میں

آئینہ خستہ تصور میں
 ایک اک نقشِ امیر آتا ہے
 اور کچھ دیر تفرقہ کرتے ہی
 آپ ہی آپ ڈوب جاتا ہے

IN THE DUST OF REMINISCENCES

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

وہ مرا کاؤں — میرا اپنا وطن
 میری جنت — مرا جسم زار
 چند اونچی جوہلیوں کے گرد
 زندہ لاشوں کی ٹڑبوں کا دیار
 سبز شاہد اب کھیتوں کے بیچ
 بھوکے ننگی حیات کا بازار
 ارتقاے جہاں کی پستی کے
 ہر فریب حسین کا آئینہ دار
 حسنِ نظرت کا سادہ لوح الیں
 زرگنیزیدہ سماج کا شہکار

اسی جنت — اسی جہنم میں
 غنچے چٹکے، کھیلے، گلاب ہوئے
 اسی چھاؤں کی نرم حدت میں
 دڑے تپ تپ کے آفتاب ہوئے

That village, my native land PLACE
 Paradise and hell of mine
 Surrounding a few mansions
 Burial place of living dead
 Amid lush and leafy fields
 Mart of famished bare life
 Mirroring every lovely trick
 Of lowness of world advance
 Simple guard of nature's charm
 Greedy people's masterpiece.

In this heaven, in this hell
 Blossoms into roses bloomed
 In dim heat of this very shade
 Atoms heated into Suns

نوجوانی کہ موج طوفان جوشش
 نوجوانی کہ آندھیوں کا خروش
 پتھروں کی رگوں میں کھولتی آگ
 زندگی کے لہو کا نقطہ جوش
 ایک فراہنگی — جنوں کی سی
 ایک دیوانگی — بقید ہوش
 ایک راحت نواز بے چینی
 ایک سکون۔ اضطراب درآغوش
 ایک خاموشی — اپنے شور میں مغم
 ایک ٹوٹا مگر بہت خاموش

کس قدر تھے حسین وہ دن رات
 کتنا دکھش تھا زندگی کا ڈب
 ایک ہی بات تھی مرے نزدیک
 چاندنی ہو کہ چلپاتی دھوپ

Youth - a wave of surging flood
 Youth - a loud cry of gales
 Seething fire in pebbles' veins
 Boiling point of life's blood
 Wit akin to craziness
 Frenzy to wisdom allied
 Assuaging restlessness.
 Composure so turbulent
 Silence in its noise lost
 Clamour full of perfect calm.

How lovely were days N nights !
 How winsome was life's charm !
 To me it was all the same
 Light of moon or sizzling noon

جہل زائیدہ فکرو اسلمات
 پتھروں کو انجلیں سمجھتے رہے
 اک مقدس فریب میں آکر
 آسمان کو زمیں سمجھتے رہے
 ہر توہم کے آستانے پر
 سجدہ ریزی کو دیں سمجھتے رہے
 چیتروں کے کفن میں دفن کر
 زندگی کو حسیں سمجھتے رہے
 اشک پنی پنی کے مسکراتے رہے
 زہر کو انجلیں سمجھتے رہے

کس کو معلوم — کوئی کیا جانے
 کس نے ٹوٹی حیات کی تقدیر
 کن خداؤں کے جال میں سپاہیر
 لیلیٰ کائنات کی تقدیر

Thought and feelings folly-born
 Took pebbles for precious gems
 Cheated by a sacred trick
 Looked on firmament as earth
 Reckoned bowing at the sill
 Of every delusion, faith.
 Wrapping life in shreds of shrouds
 Looked on it as elegant
 Sipped on tears smilingly
 Looked on gall as honeyed drink

Who does know, who understands
 Who has looted life's lot
 And what gods have ensnared
 Fate of Laila of the world.

ایک مسرت ایک موت

آئینہ خانہ تصور میں
 ایک اک نقش اُبھرتا ہے
 اور کچھ دیر تم قسرتے ہی
 آپ ہی آپ ڈوب جاتا ہے

A JOY AND A DEATH

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

وہ مری سائولی سلونی شام
 میسری آباد شام تنہائی
 اپنے ہی دل کی دھڑکنوں پر جیب
 زندگی پہلی بار شرمائی
 چھپلی چھپلی سسی آرزوؤں کو
 لوریاں دے رہی تھی شہنائی
 میرے خوابوں کے اُجڑے کھیتوں میں
 ہنستے گیوتوں کی فصل لہرائی
 اک اندھیری اجاڑ گئی میں
 کہکشاں کی بارات اُتر آئی

کس قدر تھے عجیب وہ لمحے
 کتنے نیک رنگ، کس قدر متضاد
 کتنے خاموش، کتنے طوفانی
 کتنے پابند، کس قدر آزاد

Eventide - My tawny love
 Happy eve of solitude
 When at its own pulsations
 Life intially blushed
 To my panting urges flute
 Lilted lovely lullabies
 In my dreams deserted fields
 Crop of smiling ditties waved
 Into empty dim hut burst.
 Wedding team of milky ways

How lovely those moments were
 How even, how divergent
 How silent, how turbulent
 How pentup how care free

سوئی سوئی سی ایک بیداری
 صبح سے تا بہ شام رہتی تھی
 نوجوانی کے خواب زاروں میں
 چاندنی سی مدام رہتی تھی
 اپنا ساتی تھا، اپنا سے خانہ
 زندگی غرق جام رہتی تھی
 شام ہوتی تھی صبح میسر لیے
 اور سویرے سے شام رہتی تھی
 دوشن و فردا سے بے خبریوں ہی
 عمر محو نسواں رہتی تھی

کون سوچے کہ ہر گلستاں میں
 خار و گل ساتھ ساتھ ہوتے ہیں
 عیش و غم زندگی کے بستر پر
 ساتھ اٹھتے ہیں، ساتھ سوتے ہیں

Day N night a wakefulness
 Dipped in sleep I underwent
 In the sleeping rooms of youth
 Lingered ever light of Moon
 Saqi mine and tavern mine
 Life was ever sunk in cups
 Evening was as morning sweet
 And at sun-up evening fell
 Indifferent to lapse of time
 Life flowed at even pace

Who thinks in such flower beds
 Thorns and blossoms co-exist.
 Joy N grief on life's bed
 Wake and slumber side by side

ایک جھٹکے میں ٹوٹ ٹوٹ گئے
 خود فریبی کے کیفیت آگئیں خواب
 یاد صرصر نے نوچ کر رکھ دی
 شبنمی شبنمی قبائے گلاب
 ہو گئے پھوڑا ک تھپتھپ سے میں
 موجِ ساحل پہ رقص کرتے حباب
 شب نے انجڑائی بھی زلی تھی ابھی
 درد پہڑنے لگا رُخِ مہتاب
 بھوک کی آگ اتنی تیسر ہوئی
 رہ گیا گل کے پتروں کا شباب

زندگی اپنا مسر بناؤ سنگھار
 ایک دوکان پر اتار آئی
 رگ پڑا شاربِ گل سے ایک اک پھول
 میرے گلشن میں جب بہا آئی

Crumbled with a sudden jerk
 Drunken dreams of self-deceit
 Raging tempests tore to shreds
 Cloak of roses dipped in dew
 With a whiplash shattered all
 Roses dancing on the waves
 Night hadn't yawned as yet
 Face of Moon began to pale
 Flame of hunger whetted so
 That the youth of pebbles waned.

Life all its beauty aids
 Put off and left at a shop
 In my orchard every bud
 Fell off twigs as spring arrived.

غم حاصل

آئینہ خبازہ تصور میں
 ایک اک نقش اُجھتا آتا ہے
 اور کچھ دیر تھر تھرتھرتے ہی
 آپ ہی آپ ڈوب جاتا ہے

WOE OF HARVEST

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

Ah ! the sweating dawn N dusk
 Punishment of sins of youth
 Every breath in pain engulfed
 Every glance in search of bread
 Worrying for dawn at night
 Seeking night's loaf at dawn
 Urges thronging in the soul
 Prick of penury wounding heart
 Youth - a wave of surging flood
 Youth - a breathing cadaver

In my sensibility's dark
 Many lamps were lit and quenched
 So many milestones on path
 Not one fit to guide me

وہ پینے میں عسرق صبح و شام
 نوجوانی کے مجرم کی پاداش
 ہر نفس اپنے سوز میں غلطاں
 ہر نظر رگڑاؤں کی مہاش
 رات کو فکیر صبح کھاتے ہوتے
 صبح کو ایک نان شب کی تلاش
 دل میں بے تاب حرتوں کا بجوم
 رُوح میں غارِ مٹسی کی خراش
 نوجوانی کہ موجِ طوفانِ جوش
 نوجوانی کہ ایک زندہ لاش

میسرے ادراک کے اندھیرے میں
 کتنے ویپک سنگ سنگ کے بجھے
 راہ میں کتنے سنگِ میل آتے
 کوئی رستہ دکھانا نہ مجھے

میں کہ میرا ضمیر بھی محکوم
 میرا احساس، میری فکر نظام
 مجھ کو کیا علم کتنا اونچا ہے
 بزمِ فطرت میں آدمی کا مقام
 میری ہر صبح — ایک صبح حیات
 میری ہر شام — زندگی کی شام
 ہو رہے زندگی ہی جب اکثرت
 کیوں نہ کرتا میں موت ہی کو سلام
 پائٹی چاولوں کے بدلے میں
 بیچ دی میں نے اپنی عمر تمام

اک بگن کی صدا پر قصاں تھی
 میری فکر و نگاہ — میری تہیں
 دل تو ویسے بہت تھا خوش لیکن
 میں کہیں تھا — میری حیات کہیں

لہ ناپ کا ایک پیاز

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
 My each morn's life's dawn
 Every evening's life's eve
 Since my life is but death
 Why should I not salute death
 For a tiny bowl of rice
 I did barter all my life

At the sound of bugle danced
 My insight, thought and brow
 I was mighty happy but
 I had no rapport with life

جنگ، تہذیب کا نشان تھا سارے
 سارے عالم پہ چھائے جاتی تھی
 دل میں کانٹے، لبوں پہ پھول کھلاتے
 تلوں مسلسل بہائے جاتی تھی
 صبح فردا کا واسطہ دے کر
 شب کی ظلمت بڑھاتے جاتی تھی
 جھونپڑوں کے چراغ گل کو کے
 شہر کے شہر کھائے جاتی تھی
 مستقل امن کی قسم کھا کر
 زندگی کو مٹائے جاتی تھی

میں کہ جاہل غریب ایک دہقان
 مجھ کو اسرار دہر کیا معلوم
 ہاں یس اتنا یقین تھا مجھ کو
 وہی ہو گا جو ہے مرا مقصوم

Holding civilisation's flag
 War was going round the globe
 Bitter-hearted, lips as smile
 Ever kept on shedding blood
 In the name of coming dawn
 Dark of night intensifies
 Putting out lamps of huts
 Swallows town after town
 Swearing by the peace of world
 Goes on obliterating life

I, a yeoman, witless, poor
 What secrets of life I know
 Only I was certain that
 I would get what was in store.

وداع

آئینہ خیالہ تصور میں
 ایک اک نقش اُبھرتا آتا ہے
 اور کچھ دیر نقشہ تھرتے ہی
 آپ ہی آپ ڈوب جاتا ہے

ADIEU

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

That depression, hush N calm
 Curbing cries 'neath the throat.
 Touching lips and turbing words
 Trembled out of fear unknown
 Awe inspiring shadows grind
 Bloody teeth at every mote
 Anguish stirs with din of cries
 Reaching lips become a sigh
 Fluttered throbs beating hard
 Sip on tears silently.

TURNING

How horrid that sight was
 What fantastic thought I had
 In sad, awful nooks of house
 Life wouldn't dare peep

وہ اداسی، وہ خاموشی، وہ سکوت
 کتنی چیخوں کو زیرِ حلق دبا سکتے
 لب تک آ آ کے لوثنا ہر لفظ
 ایک انجانے خوف سے تھرتھرتے
 ڈرے ڈرے پہ اپنے خوفی واقت
 کچلکچلتے ہوتے بھیانک سانسے
 درد۔ چیخوں کا شور لے کے اٹھنے
 اور ہونٹوں پہ آہ میں وصل جلتے
 دل کی دھڑکن تڑپ کے سر پیٹے
 آنکھ چپ چاپ آنکھ جیتی جلتے

کس قدر تھا ہیبت وہ منظر
 کیسے کیسے خیال دل میں آئے
 گھر کے پڑھول، اُداس کونوں میں
 زندگی جھانکتے ہوئے گھبراتے

اور پھر جب مرے لرزتے ہونٹ
 ماں کے قدموں کو چومنے کو جھکے
 کتنے نالوں کا جاگ اُٹھا شور
 کتنے لادے تڑپ کے پھوٹ پڑے
 چیخیں مگر آئیں آ کے پیڑوں سے
 بہنیں بھائی پلٹ گئے مجھ سے
 آسمانوں پر وار کرتی رہی
 ماں۔ کھینچے سے مجھ کو پٹا کے
 اور۔ اک نوجوانی روتی رہی
 لگ کے چپ چاپ ایک کعبے سے

میں کہ ہر چوٹ سہہ گیا چپ چاپ
 اپنے سینے پہ رکھ لیے پتھر
 سارے گھسہ کی متڑوں کے لیے
 اپنے دل میں بھجولے لہستر

And when quivering lips of mine
 Lowered to kiss mother's feet
 Din of many laments rose
 Many lavas did explode **ERUPT**
 Cries 'gainst the cries struck
 Sisters, Brothers clung to me
 Mother hugging me to breast
 Kept on hitting firmament
 And a youth did cry hoarse
 Clinging to a pillar quiet

I did calmly bear hurts
 Piled stones on my breast
 For the joy of house mates
 Lancets in my heart I thrust

میں چلا تو گئی، مگر یہ اشک
 ہر قدم میرے ساتھ ساتھ آئے
 چینیں کانوں میں گونجتی ہی رہیں
 دل نہ بہا کسی کے بہلائے
 ایک لمحہ بھی گرے خاموش
 گھر کا گھر آنکھ میں ٹھٹھکتے،
 بوزھی عورت کو دیکھ کر سہراہ
 روح کچھ پیچ و تاب سی کھاتے
 سوچتے سوچتے نہ جانے کیوں
 اچھلے بھرائے، دل لرز جائے

اور میں اپنے دل کو کھائے ہوئے
 زہر پیتا رواں رہا چپ چاپ
 دودھ سی پاک ماتا کا پیار
 رہ گیا چیخا ہوا چپ چاپ

I did leave but my tears
 Accompanied me all along
 Cries echoed in my ears
 None could cheer up my heart
 If I get a moment quiet
 House shrinks into my eyes
 Seeing a woman full of years
 On the way my soul's upset
 While musing who knows why
 Eyes flood and heart's quake

And I holding heart of mine
 Drinking venom journeyed on
 Motherhood as pure as milk
 Kept on crying silently

جنگ کے میخانہ میں

آئینہ خاں تصور میں
 ایک اک نقش اُبھرتا آتا ہے
 اور کچھ دیر تھر تھراتے ہی
 آپ ہی آپ ڈوب جاتا ہے

IN THE WAR THEATRE

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

وہ برستے لپکتے شعلوں میں
 دوڑتے، چپختے، چپختے سر
 دیوہیکل گر جتے طہیتارے
 خاک برسر دھواں دھواں منظر
 سڑتی گلٹی کربنہ لاشوں کے
 خون میں تر ہر ایک راگنڈ
 دل کو اپنی خبر نہ اوروں کی
 بہکی بہکی ہوتی ہر ایک نظر
 شام زخموں سے چور چور نہ حال
 صبح کے لب نموش۔ آنکھیں تر

جس طرف بھی نگاہ بڑ جاتی
 موت منہ پھاڑے برستی آتی تھی
 زندگی کے سین گلابوں کو
 اپنے پیروں سے روند جاتی تھی

In those lashing, leaping flames
 Racing, crying, cracking heads
 Roaring giant aircrafts
 Dusky, smoky spectacle
 In the blood of rotting grime **GRIME**
 Cadavers each passage dipped
 Heart to self and others blind
 Drunken each and every glance
 Even lacerated and sore
 Morning wet-eyed and mute

Wherever the eyes turned
 Gaping death was marching on
 And it trampled on the way
 Life's roses 'neath its feet

ہر طرف تھے ہزار ہا انسان
 اور ہر سو — ہمیں تنہائی
 ناگ کی طرح خوف میں پھیلائے
 ذہن مبہوت، آنکھ پتھرائی
 آہٹ آہٹ پر وہ دہکتے دل
 کس پر کیا جانے کیا گھسٹتی آئی!
 گونج اٹھی فضا میں کوئی پیچ
 اور نظروں میں موت ابھرائی
 پھپھکتی پھسرتی تھی کونے کونے میں
 زندگی سہمی سہمی گھبرائی

موت کی زد میں آرزوئے حیات
 دل میں کتنی شدید ہوتی ہے!
 کیا خبر ان کو۔ جن کی ہر ساعت
 زندگی کی نوید ہوتی ہے

All around men galore
 And an awful solitude
 Fears waving snaky hoods
 Eyes glazed and mind aghast
 Shaking hearts at every step
 Who will suffer what who knows
 Echoed in the air a cry
 Death before the eyes danced
 Lurking in the crannies was
 Life puzzled, horrified.

Life force in throes of death
 Is how intense in the heart
 They don't know whose every hour
 Is a happy news of life.

میں بہ ہر گام سوچت رہتا
 میں کہاں ہوں ہماری حیات کہاں
 میری گولہن کہ جس کے سینے میں
 مامت کا غرور ہے پتہاں
 اور میری بہن کہ جس کے خواب
 جلنے کن جنتوں میں ہیں رقصاں
 جس کی خاطر اٹھا کے دکھا ہے
 ماں نے اپنے جہیز کا ساماں
 زہر کس طرح پی رہے ہوں گے
 ان کے دل کے نئے نئے تار ماں

اور بکلیت اک دھماکے سے
 دل کی دنیا دہل دہل جاتی
 ٹوٹ جاتا ہر اک یقین حیات
 زندگی موت سے بدل جاتی

I did muse at every step
 Where am I, Where's my life.
 Hid in bosom of my Bride.
 Is the pride of motherhood
 Reveries of my sister dance
 In what heavens no one knows
 For whom mother has preserved
 All the dowry of her own
 How their hearts' evernew **HEARTS'**
 Urges should be drinking gall

And in a jiffy with a bang
 Shook the world of my heart
 Every faith of life snapped
 And death overpowered life

آگ میں پھول

آئینہ خندانہ تصور میں
 ایک اک نقش اُبھرتا آتا ہے
 اور کچھ دیر تقرق سراتے ہی
 آپ ہی آپ ڈوب جاتا ہے

BLOSSOMS IN FIRE

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

وہ مری صبح — میری شام حیات
 وہ شرب سے صبح کی تنگ نماز
 وارڈ کے مرگ انر سکوت کا شور
 زندگی سے پیار کا نغز
 دم بہ دم ڈوبتی ہوئی نبضیں
 دم بہ دم تیز، سوش کی پرواز
 کوئی اپن نہ کوئی بیگانہ
 زندگی پھر بھی گوش بر آواز
 خشک ہونٹوں کے چہینے مکشول
 کوئی یزداں نہ اہرمن دم ساز

کیا خبر تھی کہ ایسے عالم میں
 زندگی مسکرا بھی سکتی ہے
 موت کے جھلڑوں کی پورشن میں
 شمع کوئی جلا بھی سکتی ہے

O my dawn and my eve
 Since the even seeking dawn
 Din of wards killing hush
 Betraying gusto for life
 Pulses sinking momentarily
 Every moment soaring thoughts
 None a friend and none a foe
 Life harking all the same
 Crying bowls of seared lips
 God or devil, friendly none.

No one knew in such a clime
 Life could put on a smile
 Facing lashing gales of death
 It could kindle little lamps

میری دیران خلوتوں سے دُور
 میسر گھر میں بہسار آئی تھی
 زندگی اپنی رفتوں کا جمال
 ایک عورت پہ دار آئی تھی
 موت کی زد میں دیکھ کر مجھ کو
 نقش اک اور اُبھار آئی تھی
 اپنے شعلوں میں آپ تپ تپ کر
 حُسن اپنا نکھار آئی تھی
 ایک دنیا کو مٹا پا کے یہاں
 ایک دنیا سوار آئی تھی

کیا بناؤں کہ اُس گھڑی دل میں
 کتنے نشتر زخم گئے یک لخت
 کتنی کلیاں پتک کے پھول ہوئیں
 کتنے گلشن اُجڑ گئے یک لخت

Far beyond my solitudes
 In my house entered spring
 Life did its lovely heights
 For a woman sacrifice.
 Seeing me in throes of death
 Novel image it had stirred
 Life burning in its flames
 Had its loveliness enhanced
 Seeing here a waning world
 It had decked a newer one.

Can't say at that time at once
 How many lancets pierced me
 How many buds to flowers turned
 How many orchards dried up

میں بصد ضبط و احتیاط تمام
 کچھ عجیب کش کش میں تھا غلطان
 اک طرف موت کا بھانک خوف
 اک طرف دل کے منت بستاراں
 سوچتا تھا کہ کس لیے ہنسر
 ہم ہیں آپس میں یوں حیلے تباہ
 ہم میں کیا دشمنی ہے جس کے لیے
 خون اگلتا ہے جنگ کا میدان
 زندگی کے سبھی ہیں شہیدانی
 میں بھی انساں ہوں، وہ بھی ہیں انساں

کتنی مجبور بربریت پر
 آج انسانیت اتر آئی
 چند سکوں میں بیچ کر خود کو
 زندگی — آج تو کدھر آئی؟

With a total calm and poise
 I was at my wits' end
 On the one hand, fear of death
 On the other, longings new
 Methought after all for what
 We were thus at daggers drawn
 What's the bitterness for which
 War theatre spouts blood
 All are devotees of life
 I'm human, so are they.

To what savageness to-day
 Human race has climbed down
 Selling for some coins, life
 Whither have you come to-day?

WHEN FLAMES WERE QUENCHED

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

جب شعلے بجھ گئے

آئینہ خزانہ تصویر میں
ایک اک نقش اُبھرنا آتا ہے
اور کچھ دیر تھر تھراتے ہی
آپ ہی آپ ڈوب جاتا ہے

وہ صبا کے لطیف جھوکوں میں
 پہچپاتی ہوئی سحر کی نمود
 تیسرگ دم بہ دم سستی ہوئی
 دم بہ دم پھیلتے شفق کے مدد
 روشنی کا نشاں اٹھائے ہوئے
 ہر کرن کا وہ فاتحانہ دُرد
 رات کے موہے پہ لہراتا
 صبح کے دل کا شعلہ بے دود
 ظلمتوں میں پھینکتے نقش قدم
 پاگئے اپنی منزل مقصود

وقت کی گود سے عروجِ حیات
 صحنِ گیتی میں پھر اتر آئی
 ارتقا کے رستے ڈھانچے کی
 ڈوبی ڈوبی سی زمین اُمیر آئی

O in gentle morning wind
 Outburst of chirping dawn
 Every moment shrinking dark
 And sprawling twilight
 Shouldering the flag of light
 Every ray's triumphal march
 Waving at the night's front
 Clear flame of morning's heart
 Prints of feet in dark astray
 At the cherished goal arrived

From the lap of time life's
 Pride came in world's court
 Failing pulse of sobbing did
 Frame of evolution stir

نوجوانی کے کبھرے کبھرے خواب
 مہر سنورنے لگے نگاہوں میں
 زندگی کی اینٹ پیراک بار
 سانس لینے لگی کراہوں میں
 جگمگاتے تہمتوں کے چراغ
 بجھتی نظروں کی غافقاہوں میں
 دل کی دھڑکن مچل کے ناپح اٹھی
 آرزوؤں کی جلوہ گاہوں میں
 یوں حسرا ماں تھے نوجوان جیسے
 صفت برصفت گلستاں ہوں ابولیں

ہیں کہ میسر دھڑکتے سینے میں
 جیسے کلیاں پتنگ رہی تھیں کہیں
 دور — حد نگاہ سے بھی دور
 میری نظریں پتنگ رہی تھیں کہیں

Topsy turvy dreams of youth
 Started stirring in the eyes
 Zest of life began to breathe
 In the sighs and cries again
 Glittered lamps of sunny smile
 In abbeys of fading eyes
 Panting throbs began to dance.
 In the showplace of desires
 Rambled so the youth as if
 Flowerbeds all lined the paths

In pulsations of my heart
 As if somewhere flowers bloomed
 And beyond the sight's bound
 Wandered somewhere my eyes.

چند سکوں کی اہلی چاندی میں
 کتنے خوابوں کی صبح مٹی خنداں
 کتنے چڑھتے دنوں کی شانِ جمال
 کتنی راتوں کی مانگ کی افشاں
 کتنی محبوب پالوں کی چھنک
 کتنے گیتوں کی نغمگی مٹی نہاں
 ہنستے کھیتوں کا ہلبانا شباب
 کتنی فصلوں کا گنگنا تا سماں
 دل کی دھڑکن میں جھولتے رہتے
 کیسے کیسے اُچھوتے سے ارماں

میرے ہاتھوں میں آج بھی مٹی آج
 میرے ایک ایک خواب کی تمبیر
 اک اندھیری اجاڑ کتیب پر
 رشک کرتی مٹی صلہ کی تقدیر

In the silver gloss of coins
 Morning of my dreams smirked
 Grace of many rising days
 Spangled stars in night's hair
 Clank of many anklets coy
 Lilt of many songs enshrined.
 Waving youth of smiling fields
 Humming crime of reaping crops
 Swung in beatings of the heart
 So many urges yet unfelt.

CLIME

On that day I came to know
 Meaning of each dream of mine
 On a dark deserted hut
 Prided fate of paradise.

اپنا وطن

آئینہ خانہ تصور میں
 ایک اک نقش اُبھرتا آتا ہے
 اور کچھ دیر تھر تھراتے ہی
 آپ ہی آپ ڈوب جاتا ہے

MY NATIVE LAND

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

وہ مرادیس — وہ مراہنگال
 وہ مسلسل لہجہ دوتوں کا وطن
 دھان کے کھیت میں سلگتے ہوئے
 لوک گیتوں، کہک دتوں کا وطن
 پھیری موجوں کی زد میں خمیر زن
 ہنستی گاتی مشتقوں کا وطن
 کچھی مٹی کے تاج عسکوں میں
 سانس لیتی محبتوں کا وطن
 ہر فریبِ حسیں میں آئی ہوتی
 بھولی بھالی عبادتوں کا وطن

جس قدر میں قریب آتا تھا
 فاصلہ اور بڑھتا جاتا تھا
 دل میں بیتاب آرزوؤں کا
 سہیل متواج چڑھتا جاتا تھا

O my country, my Bengal
 Land of constant mutinees
 Land of folk sayings N songs
 Blazing in the paddy fields
 Land of workers gay N blithe
 Camping amid swelling waves
 Land of amours breathing in
 Taj Mahals of clay unbaked
 Land of prayers innocent
 Taken in by lovely tricks.

More and more I neared goal
 More and more the distance grew
 In my heart a surging flood
 Of perturbing urges rose.

سوچتا تھا — مرے قدم لینے
 ہلکی ہلکی ہوائیں آئیں گی
 بیٹی پکوں، لرزتے ہونٹوں کی
 تھر تھراتی دعائیں آئیں گی
 چاند تاروں کی آرتی لے کر
 ناچتی پسرائیں آئیں گی
 میسے رنجوں کی یہیپ دھونے کو
 بھیجے بھیجے گھنٹائیں آئیں گی
 نت نئے گیت گنگناتی ہوں
 بانسری کی صدائیں آئیں گی

کس کو معلوم جنگ کا میدان
 کس کی دنیا کو خون دیتا ہے
 اور کس کے جہان کو یکسر
 اپنے شعلوں میں جھون دیتا ہے

I had hoped to welcome me
 Scented breezes would arrive
 Shaking prayers of wet eyes
 And of quivering lips would come
 With the gifts of Moon N stars
 Dancing houris would arrive
 For the washing of my wounds
 Juicy clouds would advance
 Humming lyrics evernew
 Fife music would present.

Who knows war theatre gives
 Blood to universe of whom
 And whose universe it roasts
 Fully in its fireplace

میں تھا اپنے وطن میں اور وطن
 سڑتی لاشوں کی ہڈیوں کا دیار
 دل کو اپنے گلے لگا تھی ہوئی
 سونگھی بے جان پیسیوں کا دیار
 پائی دھان کے مومن سرعام
 بکتی ماؤں کا، بیٹیوں کا دیار
 گھر کی دیرانیوں پر مہربان
 گرد آلود ڈھکیوں کا دیار
 جن کی فصلوں سے قوط پھوٹ پڑا
 ایسی شاہاب کھیتیوں کا دیار

میرے نیگور کی زمیں پر آج
 لاشوں ڈھانچوں کا میں گیا تھا جہان
 اس قدر تھا کھرشہ ہر منظر
 جیسے قے کو چکا ہو قبرستان

لہ بنگلہ میں چلی کو کہتے ہیں۔

I was in my land and it
 Was abode of rotting bones
 Land of inert arid ribs
 Hugging to its neck its heart
 Land of daughters and the sons
 Selling for a bowl of rice
 Land of dusty cereal mills
 Hushed at emptiness of house
 Land of leafy fields in which
 Famines were the only crop

On the land of my Tagore
 Rose a World of cadavers
 Sordid all the scenes as if
 Vomited by burial place.

CADAVERS

اپنا گھر

آئینہ خاندان تصور میں
 ایک اک نقش امیرنا آتا ہے
 اور کچھ دیر نظر کرتے ہی
 آپ ہی آپ ڈوب جاتا ہے

BY OWN HOUSE

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

وہ مرے گھر میں میرا پہلا قدم
 وہ یکا یک شکستِ دل کا سماں
 جیسے یک لختِ اک دھماکے سے
 ریزہ ریزہ سا ہو گیا ہو جہاں
 بام و دیوار و در کی نسا ہوشی
 ایک معلوم خوف سے لرزاں
 کونے کونے سے کوئی شکلِ ہیپ
 آنکھیں پھاڑے مری طرف نگراں
 ذرے ذرے سے جھانکتی ہوئی توت
 اپنے تازہ شکار پر خنداں

چند سکتے تھا کے ہاتھوں میں
 داؤں غرمت پہ چل چکی تھی بھوک
 جھوٹک کر مجھ کو جنگلے مرنے میں
 سارے گھر کو نکل چکی تھی بھوک

O my primal step in the house
 Sight of sudden heart break
 As if with a sudden bang
 Fell to pieces our world
 Hush of door N roof N wall
 Shaking out of dread unknown
 From each corner horrid form
 Stares at me open-eyed
 Peeping out of jots, death
 Ridiculed its latest prey.

Palming off a little cash
 Hunger had beguiled want
 Flinging me in sorrows' mouth
 Hunger ate up total house

ایک میسری بہن ہی باقی تھی
 اپنے سینے سے اپنی لاش لگائے
 میسری بچی کے دودھ کی خاطر
 اپنی تقدیریں کی دکان بجائے
 اپنے احساس کے سپولوں کو
 میری آمد کی آس سے بہلائے
 اپنی عزت کے ہر تھامے کو
 اپنے سینے کی قبر میں دفنائے
 ایک ناکردہ جرم کا حاصل
 اک گتھ کا عظیم بار اٹھائے

میرے آتے ہی جانے کس لمحے
 وہ جی مجھ سے بچھڑ گئی چپ چاپ
 جیب میں روپیے کھٹکتے رہے
 میری دنیا اجڑ گئی چپ چاپ

Only my sister survived
 Caressing her cadaver
 For my little daughter's milk
 She did sell her chastity
 Patting her sensation snakes
 In the hope of my advent
 Dumping in her bosom's grave
 Every call of modesty
 Fruit of uncommitted sins
 Lifting heavy load of a sin

As I came I don't know when
 She too left me quietly
 Rupees jingled in my purse
 Silently perished my world.

میری آنکھیں تو خشک تھیں لیکن
 تہہ ز پاستے تھے کھولتے جذبات
 تھرہرت راتے ہوئے لبوں کا کھوکھلا
 بیخ کر کہہ رہا تھا دل کی بات
 کون بڑواں ہے اہر من اوصاف
 کس نے وہی زندگی کو بر سوغات
 کیسی ذبیح ہے آدمی کو قبول
 جس میں انسان ہیں بدتر از شرارت
 ہے یہ کیسا نظام ذہنیت کہ جو
 چوس لیتا ہے آپ توں حیات

جی میں آتا تھا تو ڈر کر ہر بند
 ایک اک قید سے نکل جاؤں
 ایک شمشیر توں فشاں بن کر
 ہر خدا، ناخدا پر تل جاؤں

DRY-EYED Dryed was I but
 Seething feelings knew no base
 Silence of my quivering lips
 Shouted secrets of my heart
 What is that diabolic God
 Who gifted this thing to life
 Man accepted what a world
 In which he is less than worms
 What a sorry scheme of things
 It sucks itself life's blood

I wanted to cut all bonds
 And step out of every Jail
 Life a formidable sword
 Hit all gods and helmsmen.

حاصلِ غم

آئینہ خزانہ تصور میں
 ایک اک نقش ابھرتا آتا ہے
 اور کچھ دیر تھرکتے ہی
 آپ ہی آپ ڈوب جاتا ہے

HARVEST OF GRIEF

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

روز و شب کا وہ کاروانِ خموش
 اپنے سینے کی آگ میں سوزاں
 زیرِ مٹر گاں دہکتے انگارے
 ریح - ایک ایک رگ میں شعلہ نشاں
 دل میں یادوں کے ٹوٹتے ہوئے غار
 ضبط — بے اختیار ناک کنساں
 اشک — خاموش آتش سیال
 فکر، فسروا و دوش میں غمگناں
 دور و نزدیک اجاڑ تہنہائی
 دوش پر بے بسی کا بار گراں

سوچتا تھا کہ میسری غمگین نے
 اپنا سب کچھ مٹا کے کیا پایا
 ایک خموش حال زندگی کے لیے
 جنگ کے کام آ کے کیسے پایا

Silent caravan of time
 Burning in its inner flame
 'Neath eyelashes burning coals
 Soul aflame in every vein
 Remembrances pricking heart
 Poise crying helplessly
 Tears mute N molten flame
 Looking after and before
 Far and near loneliness
 Carrying a load of grief.

Methought what my poverty
 Got after it wasted all
 In the hope of affluence
 What did death in war achieve

یہ مرا گاؤں — میری خلد میں
 قبر کی طرح چھپ، اُداس اُداس
 زندگی جیسے عرصہ سکرات
 کوئی آہنگ دُور دُور نہ پاس
 کڑھے کوچے میں وحشتیں تھماں
 ذرے ذرے پر ثبت، خوفِ مہراس
 دل کو چھپ چاہ لکھائے جاتا ہے
 دم بہ دم تھرب مرگ کا احساس
 عمر کے ہر گزرتے لمحے پر
 ٹوٹتی جا رہی ہے ایک اک اس

سوچتا تھا۔ یہ سوچ سے حاصل ہے
 میرا کعبہ تھا، مری ہی چھاؤں
 کس سے پوچھوں کہ کیوں تباہ ہوا؟
 جنگ سے دُور رہ کے یہ گاؤں

My village - a heaven on earth
 Sad and silent like the grave
 Life a plain of agony
 Not a sound far or near
 Fears danced in every lane
 Terror stuck at every jot
 Momently is eating mine
Heart, premonition of death
 With each passing hour of life
 Every hope is cracking up

HEART,

I did muse but what's the use
 My Kaaba was shade of mine
 Who will tell me perished why
 My village though out of way

سارے بنگال کی زمیں تھی آج
 موت کی اک مہیب بازی گاہ
 ایک میسرہ ہی گھسرتھا برباد
 ساری تہذیب ہو چکی تھی تباہ
 ہر تقدس کی کوکھ تھی ناپاک
 ہر تعلق کا اندر تو تھا سیاہ
 مائیں، بیٹوں کے پہلوؤں میں دفن
 بہنیں، بھائیوں کی بستر ت گاہ
 پارہ پارہ تھا شیشہ ناموس
 گودیوں میں ہلک رہے تھے گناہ

اسی قبروں کی زندہ بستی میں
 دفن تھی میسرہ کی کائنات تمام
 اسی جنت کے نرم شعلوں میں
 زندگی جل رہی تھی صبح و شام

Land of Bengal that day was
 Funny playhouse of death
 Perished not only my house
 But all civilization died
 Womb of holiness was lewd,
 Core of each relation black
 Mothers sunk in sons' embrace
 Sisters, brothers' paramours
 Countenance a broken glass
 Sins emerging from the laps

In this living town of graves
 Buried was my total World
 In this heaven's gentle flames
 Day N Night, sizzled life.

دوسری زندگی

آئینہ خانہ تصور میں
ایک اک نقش ابھرتا آتا ہے
اور کچھ دیر نظر فرماتے ہی
آپ ہی آپ ڈوب جاتا ہے

سورجوں کا ترتیب ملا لیا ہے
ط

SECOND LIFE

- (4) Then of itself does immerse
1 In the mirror hall of thought
2 Every image does emerge
3 (4) For a while it vibrates

وہ پیسے میں غرق شام و سحر
 زندہ رہنے کے جرم کی پاداش
 ہر نفس اک کراہ در آغوش
 ہر قدم وقف جستجوئے معاش
 روح میں تشہدِ حسرتوں کی تڑپ
 دل میں غائرِ تنگسنگی کی تراش
 کل تک تھی جو زندگی کی روش
 آج بھی کچھ وہی تھی اس کی تراش
 کل بھی تھا رُوح پر یہ تن بھاری
 آج بھی رُوح پر گراں تھی یہ لاش

سوچت تھا کہ اس تباہی سے
 جنگِ یازوں کو کیا ملا آخر
 کوئی محمود تو رہا محمود
 ہم ایازوں کو کیا ملا آخر

Ah ! the sweating days N Nights
 Sin of living penalized
 Every moment woe-begone
 Every move a quest of bread
 Ache of yearnings in the soul
 Thorn of sorrow pricking heart
 Way of life that day same
 As it was till yesterday
 Body did encumber soul
 And today it does the same

Wondered I what Lords of war
 Got out of this holocaust
 Mehmud is what Mehmud was
 What did we Ayyazes get ?

زندگی کے ہر ایک گوشے میں
 ایک اک چیز کا دوباری تھی
 کھیت کے کھیت تھے گھڑن میں
 اور بیوی خدائی ساری تھی
 دیر تا کتب کوئی دوکان ہو
 ہر طرف زر کی شہریادی تھی
 ہر تجوری میں قبر کی مانند
 موت کی جوئے نہیں جاری تھی
 جنگ تو ختم ہو چکی تھی مگر
 جنگ ایک ایک گھر میں جاری تھی

تنگ آکر نہ جانے کتنی بار
 دل نے سانسوں کا ساتھ چھوڑ دیا
 لیکن اکثر مر سے عزائم کو
 ایک بچی نے ہنس کے توڑ دیا

In every nook of the world
 Everything was business like
 Houses did entomb the crops
 Still was famished human race
 Kaaba shop or temple shop
 Everywhere money reigned
 In each coffer like a grave
 Tender brook of death did flow
 Though the war had ended yet
 It was on in every house.

Many times tired heart
 Gave up fellowship of breath
 But a little girl undid
 All my intents with a smile.

میرا سب کچھ تو لوٹ چکا تھا مگر
 زندگی دے گئی تھی اک سوغات
 ایک ذرہ کہ جس کے گرد و پیش
 گھومتے رہتے تھے مرے دن رات
 سخت سے سخت ہو گئے آلام
 تنگ سے تنگ تر رہے اوقات
 ہر کوشش راہ سے گذرتے رہے
 میسری داماندہ عمر کے لمحات
 ایک کچی کلی سے ملتا رہا
 اک خزاں دیدہ گلستانِ کشتیاں

کیسے کیسے زخموں کے طوفان میں
 زندگی ڈوب کر اُبھر آئی
 ایک بچی کے واسطے یہ لاش
 ہر کوسے دور سے گذر آئی

All I had was looted but
 Life did offer a gift
 Single jot around which
 All my days N nights turned
 Cares toughened day by day
 Time pestered more and more
 Kept on facing ordeals
 Moments of my tired life.
 From a bud the autumn hit
 Flowerbed got sustenance

Out of many bloody floods
 After delving life emerged
 This cadaver for a girl
 Through every ordeal passed.

دوسری مسرت

آئینہ خیز تصور میں
 ایک اک نقش اُبھرتا آتا ہے
 اور کچھ دیر تھر تھرتا ہے
 آپ ہی آپ ڈوب جاتا ہے

SECOND JOY

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

پھر وہی سانولی سلوٹی شام
 وہی آباد شام تہنائی
 وہی راک پر سکونِ سعادتِ غم
 حاصلِ عمرِ ناشکیبائی ،
 راکِ طرب زار، کربِ آلودہ
 راکِ اَلْم کیش ، بزمِ آرائی
 ایک دیرانی، جس کے سامنے بیچ
 سیکڑوں جنتوں کی رعنائی
 اکتیبا حیات کا حاصل
 راکِ نئے دور کی پذیرائی

کتنے برسوں کی گردشوں کے بعد
 وہی سعادت پلٹ کے آئی ہے
 ایک داماندہ سفر کے لیے
 ایک منزل کا خواب لائی ہے

Once again the tawny eve
 Happy eve of solitude
 Calm hour of sorrow same
 Fruit of life impatient
 Agonised place of mirth
 Get-to-gether fond of grief
 Desolateness beating charm
 Of a hundred paradise
 Fruit of faith in human life
 Approbation of new age.

After several years passed
 Same hour has come again
 For a laggard like me
 Dream of destination brought

میری بیٹی بنی ہے دلہن آج
 یہ خوشی بھی عجیب ہوتی ہے
 گل کھلاتی ہوتی ہر اک ساعت
 دل میں اک خار سا چھبوتی ہے
 رشکِ جنت ہوا ہے گھر لیکن
 زندگی منہ چھپا کے دیتی ہے
 کانپ جاتا ہوں جب کوئی عورت
 سوتی میں کوئی گل پڑتی ہے
 مجھ کو شہنائیوں میں بھی محسوس
 اک صدائے بگل سی ہوتی ہے

آج پھر کچھ خدائے دولتِ ارض
 نقشیں ہستی مٹاتے جاتے ہیں
 نیت نئے کو دیا نئے بیگمال
 سولیوں پر چڑھاتے جاتے ہیں

My daughter is bride today
 Queer is the joy indeed
 Every hour causing bloom
 Plunges in your hearts thorns
 Heavenly looks house but
 Life cries hiding face
 When a lady makes a wreath
 Out of blossoms, I do shake
 Through recital of the flute
 I can hear bugle's sound.

Once again the lords of earth
 Are effacing signs of life
 They are busy crucifying
 New Bengals N Korean lands.

جنگ نے کتنے کھٹے پنوں کو
 پھول بننے سے پہلے توڑ دیا
 کتنی راتوں کی مانگ سزا دی
 کتنی صبحوں کا غم چھوڑ دیا
 کتنے کڑیل جوان جسموں کو
 سوکھی شاخوں کی طرح توڑ دیا
 صبح فردا کے کتنے خوابوں کو
 ظلمتوں میں بھٹکتا چھوڑ دیا
 ارتقا کے پسکتے قدموں کا
 رخ کسی اور سمت موڑ دیا

کوئی سوچے، عروسِ فطرت کیوں
 شام سے تازہ صبح رشتی ہے
 ایک سورج کی موت میں مضمحل
 کتنی کرنوں کی موت ہوتی ہے

War has broken many buds
 Ere they could fully bloom
 Widowed many eventides
 Bled so many mornings white
 Several bodies stiff and young
 Like the dry twigs it broke
 Many dreams of coming dawn
 It left in the dark astray
 It diverted pressing steps
 Of progress to other side

Think awhile why wails
 Nature's Bride day N night.
 Hid in a single sun's demise
 Is the death of rays.

MANY A RAY

A POET OF BRIGHT FUTURE

Yunus Ahmar

During the current century alone, millions of precious lives have been sacrificed on the alters of famine, hunger, disease and war. Societies have been torn apart, fertile lands made barren, rich economies ruined and many of the countries laid waste by the retrogressive forces. What mankind has witnessed all through is a grim tale of miseries and tears. The man-made famine of Bengal that struck the entire province in 1943, still appears a nightmare, a horrifying spectacle of living corpses of men, women and children lying on the pavements of Calcutta with bowels of alms in their hands. The dogs and vultures smelling them as dead, were around them having a good feast, and people unmindful of the tragedy were busy in their day-to-day lives. The whole atmosphere was charged with sobs and cries, tears and shrieks for food to save them from the hands of death.

When my memory goes back to that grim period of the history of Bengal, I shudder to recall it. Because I have seen small babies dying with their mouths sucking the dried nipples of their mothers on the footpath of Chowringhee, one of the most fashionable areas of Calcutta. I have also seen the crowd of hungry people, walking slowly crying for food. These were the dreadful scenes that aroused the conscience of our writers, poets and artists. Zainul Abedin was one of them who felt his conscience tortured with the sceptre of death hanging over his head. He could not sit idle. He made a series of paintings of these hungry men, women and children badly mutilated by vultures and dogs. The artist earned fame for his rational approach. His paintings stirred the feelings and emotions even of those who remain unconcerned

with such gory scenes.

Zainul Abedin expressed his sentiments through paintings while Himayat Ali Shair articulated his poignant expressions through a long poem titled, "Bengal Say Korea Tak". The difference between the two upholders of truth is that Zainul Abedin was present on the spot while Himayat Ali Sha'ir observed the game of death through his inner vision. Although he could not witness the holocaust of the worst famine of Bengal, yet he could feel the pain and pathos of the hungry people. His sensibilities were so sharp that he wrote this long poem at the age of only 22. Very few poets, at least in Urdu, attempted to come out with their emotions. Jigar Muradabadi who was purely a poet of Ghazal, however, felt pain in his heart and thus he wrote a Ghazal on the famine of Bengal.

The famine struck the province of Bengal in 1943 while war in Korea started in 1950. There is a gap of nearly seven years between the two catastrophies when humanity remained at stake throughout this period. At the back of both the events reactionary forces were very active to strike at the very root of progressive trends working for the welfare of the masses. Famine and the powder-keg of Korean war struck heavily on the dreams of mankind. As the poet says :

Wherever the eyes turned
Gaping death was marching on
And it trampled on the way
Life's roses 'neath its feet,

Howsoever he envisions the mighty hand of death destroying the hopes and expectations of mankind, he does not fall victim of despondency and frustration. He always cultivates in his heart the bright prospects of tomorrow. Because he knows that :

"Life burning in its flames
Had its loveliness enhanced
Seeing here a waning world
It had decked a newer one.

Himayat Ali Sha'ir needs no introduction. He

has been in the vanguard of progressive movement playing the flute of love and life, peace and progress. He is one of those poets of his age who has always yearned for the betterment of mankind. His poetry is the harbinger of truth, which invites trouble and problems. But in speaking truth, he keeps before him the tragic end of the great Greek philosopher, Socrates. He is conscious of the fact that manifestation of truth has in store both physical and mental torture yet he is prepared to face the eventuality. Come what may, he says, but he will not break the mirror of truth. The doctrine of truth which he embraced in the early period of his poetic life, he is still adhering to it. The revolutionary thought that he cultivated in the flush of youth, continues to reinforce in him the same vigour and vitality. His emotions and images are still fresh and reinvigorating. He ardently believes in the force of love which triumphs destroying the power of evil.

"Bengal Say Korea Tak" may be described as a drama of love and hate, war and peace, hope and delusion, defeat and success and so on. And this drama revolves round only one main character and that is the poet himself. He passes through many episodes, through many experiences and through various ordeals. He observes different characteristics of life and death; he beholds the agony of famine and war; at times he feels frustrated but then controls himself. We find the elements of both ardour and anguish in the poem. We find the poet in Bengal when he says:

O my country, my Bengal
Land of constant mutinies,
Land of folk saying N songs
Blazing in the paddy fields
Land of workers gay N blithe
Camping amid swelling waves
Land of amours/of clay unbaked
Land of prayers innocent
Taken in by lovely tricks.

Born in 1930 in Aurangabad (Hyderabad-Deccan), Himayet Ali Sha'ir travelled a long way to

of O'w... (claves) - 1930-1933

*Land of amours
breathing in
Tyrants of clay
unbaked*

x

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. Himayet was also tortured mentally, physically and financially. Being a poet of progressive outlook and the dreamer of peace and progress 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.

The feeling and anguish has made the highly sensitive poets of today a wandering gypsy knowing not their goal. Like Himayet, all of them are not aware of the outcome of the battle which is going on between the body and the soul. The question does arise: will they remain in the debris of man divided in shadows or will they succeed in saving the 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? Himayet 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 epochmaker 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 strife-torn 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 him 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 Himayet 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 :

One moment (which is)
the whirlwind in the desert of hope
and the mirage,
the circulation of blood in the desire
to touch

And the silent pain of burning solitude
Under the shades of broken stars
I desire that this fire be put out !

Each moment for a poet like him brings with it the lamentation of unfulfilled desires 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 injustice to political upheavals. Each incident of his life directly affects him. He is forlorn in a wilderness.

Thus, Himayet is a poet of modern sensibility, of progressive feeling and bright future. His poetry demands a careful study.

Mr. Verma has translated this poem with dexterity and skill. He has tried to keep the same tempo and tenor as is in the original. His full grasp in both Urdu and English has made the translation close to the original. Mr. Verma deserves all praise.

A POET OF LOVE AND LIFE

Professor Azhar Qadri

The first conscious attempt at modernizing Urdu Literature was made by Maulana Hali. In this regard his achievements can hardly be overestimated. After Hali Iqbal is the most prominent poet to welcome the new trends in Urdu Literature and to give it an impetus which has gone a long way towards shaping it on the most modern patterns of life. In fact modern poetry has drawn much of its inspiration from him. In the wake of all this modernity was launched the next great and meaningful movement in 1936, by some grown up writers which led to the introduction of the progressive tendency in literature and the formation of the Progressive Writers' Association. The Progressive movement provided the writers with an exhaustive manifesto which set out to relate literature to the realities of day to day life in all its phases. It especially laid great emphasis on the socio-economic aspect of human life and aimed at treating man in his social environment. Obviously enough this movement had a profound effect on the minds of the younger generation of writers among whom Himayat Ali Shair occupies a pride of place.

Right from his youthful days Himayat appears to have adopted a sort of rebellious attitude towards the existing socio-political order throughout the British regime. His personal experience and minute observations played a considerable part in shaping his mind and in moulding his thinking. While fully agreeing with the aims and objects of the progressive literary movement he never lets slip any opportunity of learning much from stark naked and brute realities of day to day life. And these are the realities of human life which have gone to make his poetry what it is

today.

Himayat Ali Shair has successfully tried his hand at most of the forms of poetry. Hence it is that his poetical works, besides containing the popular forms such as ghazals, ruba'iyat and qat'at, consist of blank and free verses, sulasi (triplet), fictional, dramatic and national poems, songs and poetic dramas. This goes to show his multifarious poetic achievements and to point to his versatile disposition.

It is the love of man which invariably gives birth to good poetry. This love of man plays a great role in designing and planning the themes and subject-matter of Himayat's poetry. Consequently it can safely be said that humanism is the base on which he builds the main structure of his poetic thinking. This enables him to keep his feet rooted to the soil and provides him with an opportunity to understand his environment and his fellowbeings. Thus his poetry gives enough proof of his being wide awake to the problems of man as a social animal.

All great poetry from classical to the modern age has been inspired by the love of man. Hence it can be said with great truth that good poetry is always born of humanism. Humanism both philosophical and literary has passed through different phases in different ages. Right from the classical and the Renaissance humanists down to the eighteenth century mechanical materialists and the upholders of individualist philosophy of the nineteenth century such as John Stuart Mill and his followers, humanism has played a role quite different from what it is today. In the past humanism had a religious tinge and concerned itself chiefly with the moral man and paid little attention to his social and economic character. In the modern age the progressive literateurs and thinkers have come to treat man dialectically and to regard him as a being largely governed by socio-economic conditions. This view of humanism has given it a meaning quite different from what it used to be in the past. It is this modern aspect of humanism which plays a major part

in shaping the poetic thinking of Himayat Ali Shair and establishing his relation with the dynamic progressive literary movement of today. This has enabled him to look at the human situation in its true perspective and to distinguish the oppressor from the oppressed.

The Industrial Revolution put an end to feudalism and paved the way for capitalism which is the rage of the modern age. In the evolution of society capitalism is a step forward in that it has done away with serfdom and other evils connected with the feudal period. It has indeed given a dimension to science and technology unique in the history of mankind. The fruits of the progress and advancement of science and technology have no doubt been reaped by the paymasters of the world and it is they who have largely benefited by the scientific inventions. It is, however, fair to admit that science has completely changed the face of the world today and enabled man in general to subdue and bring the brute and naked forces of nature under his control to an extent unknown in the past. And now man is out to conquer the space and has made great strides towards this direction. To this astonishing scientific and technological progress of man capitalism has made great contributions. But despite all this capitalism has created great problems dividing mankind into haves and havenots. Today because of capitalism the exploitation of man by man is so widespread that past history can hardly cite any example to compare with it. This has quite obviously resulted in two antagonistic classes, the oppressor and the oppressed.

Himayat Ali Shair is fully conscious of this situation and by virtue of his progressive ideology sympathises with the oppressed class. It is in this context that his humanism should be viewed and his creative activities evaluated.

Society today is beset with multifarious problems which are so acute, confused and complicated that it needs a well-informed mind to understand them in their true perspective and to suggest a solution

to them. Himayat's belief in going through life with eyes wide open keeps him in contact with his environment thereby enabling him to see things for himself. His association with the common people around him gives him ample opportunity to look into their day to day affairs and to understand their problems. The wide experience thus gained forms the basis of his creative activities and gives realistic shape to his art and craftsmanship. While actual observation of surrounding objects and practical acquaintance with facts have given him an insight into the brute forces of contemporary society his deep study of classical and modern literature and his wide knowledge of the philosophical trends, both old and new, have also largely contributed to his historical consciousness. He has learnt a great deal from tradition and has made good use of its healthy elements. From the rhetorical style of tradition he has carved out his own diction which is quite in keeping with the modern demand of the linguistic norm. By assimilating the metaphorical beauty of the classics he has not only enriched his own style but has given it the grace and flavour of modernism.

Right from the beginning the use of *Talmeeh* (allusion to some famous past events) is very common and popular in Urdu literature. Himayat Ali Shair has also made use of *Talmeeh* in his poetry. But contrary to the traditional and common practice he has used it to elucidate his points in a way which gives it freshness and renders it 'nouveau riche'. Since the subjects and issues dealt with in his poetry are modern in their context he has taken good care to see that the use of *talmeeh* has also a modern colour. This method of the application of *Talmeeh* to modern ideas is his own and can hardly be traced in the poetical works of his contemporaries. In this he is quite adept and excels others.

Rationalism and naturalism, which remained in vogue during the first part of the nineteenth century gradually gave way to other movements, literary, social, economic and political. Among these surrealism,

pragmatism, symbolism, imagism, dadism, vorticism and impressionism found their way into world literature. Freud's psycho-analytical views have also equally influenced the thinking of poets and prose writers.

During the past fifty years Urdu literature has also imbibed some of these ideas. Pragmatism, Freudianism, imagism and symbolism of Mallarme and Velery brand have especially held fascination for some Urdu writers. But since these idealistic and rosy movements lack the necessary vigour and potency to meet the economic, social and political challenge of the modern world, Himayat Ali Shair and the poets belonging to his class will have nothing to do with them.

The latter half of the nineteenth century witnessed two very important movements in biology and economics. Charles Darwin (1809-1882) in his world famous books, *On the Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection* and *'The Descent of Man'*, put forward the theory of evolution based on scientific investigation. James McFarlane in *'The Mind of Modernism'* has very ably commented on Darwin's work and ideas. He says, "A special and outstandingly influential role attached in the nineties to the work and ideas of Darwin. By offering a new, exhaustively documented and entirely plausible pattern of cause and effect, based on the slow process of sexual and natural selection and the reductive effects of environmental factors, Darwin stimulated a search in a great many other areas of intellectual endeavour for similarly long-term and slow-acting casual chains in the explanation of natural and social phenomena. The theory of evolution took its place alongside the earlier Newtonian theory of gravity and the "uniformitarian" theory of geology as one of the seminal ideas in the history of thought." The theory of evolution and the theories of political economy enunciated respectively by Darwin and the leading economists of the late nineteenth century brought about revolutionary changes in the general outlook of man. These ideas

made man think and take stock of his beliefs and opinions afresh. They profoundly influenced the course of social, economic and political events and led to fresh inquiries into science, arts literature and philosophy on empirical and dialectical grounds. The progressive elements in literature, philosophy and other disciplines have also profited by these ideas.

Himayat Ali Shair, drawing heavily on these ideas, has introduced into his poetry a delicacy of apprehension and acuteness in analysis of social problems unencumbered by any distorting dogma. He does not seem to agree with W.H. Auden that "a poet must have no opinions, no decided views which he seeks to put across in his poetry" or that "the subject of a poem is only a peg on which to hang the poetry." Himayat believes that it is the opinions and decided views of the poet which go into the making of his poetry and accordingly ascertain his place in the history of literature. Similarly he attaches great importance to subject matter which he very discriminately selects from his surroundings. He does not give free rein to his imagination nor does he allow his intellect to lead him where it will. Similarly he does not believe in going into a surrealist trance, pouring out incomprehensible unconscious material or in the role of the poet withdrawn into a world of wishful fantasies interpreting and creating dreams. He is conscious of the concrete facts of life and knows what he is talking about. He speaks from experience and here, we feel, is a poet with flesh and blood like our own really involved in what he is saying. His thoughts are well disciplined and has immediate relation to the realities of social life so that we do not find it difficult to identify ourselves with the situation out of which he is writing. He stands for peace, social justice, economic freedom and universal brotherhood of man and these, he believes, can be achieved only by defeating the nefarious designs of the paymasters of the world.

In conclusion it may be said that Himayat Ali Shair represents the man in the street and knows how his intense private world can be brought right out into the open and pegged down to every point of everyday interest and life. His commitment to literature is total and his creative output is a brilliant commentary on our contemporary social and cultural history.

Himayat Ali Shair published his first book of poems, *Aag mein Phool* in 1956, which contains nazms, ghazals and ruba'iyat. Since the poems in this book are the productions of his youthful days, they evidently are marked by the vigour, enthusiasm and passions of youth. No doubt lyrical and emotional in tone, *Aag mein Phool* nevertheless shows signs which clearly point to the line the young Shair was to take in the future.

His next selection of poems, *Mitti Ka Qurz*, appeared in 1974. It is based on sulasi (triplet), ghazals and nazms. A production of adulthood and matured thinking *Mitti Ka Qurz* shows its poet at his best. The rudiments of ideas met with in *Aag mein Phool* are fully developed here, sharp, sober, acute and balanced. *Tashnagi Ka Safar* (1981), *Haroon Ki Awaz* (1985), *Shaikh Ayaz and Shakhs-o-Aks* are the titles of his recent publications. "*Tashnagi Ka Safar*" contains longish fictional and dramatic poems. *Haroon Ki Awaz* consists of his recent ghazals, nazms and hkyos. This work is dedicated to Yasser Arafat and shows not only the regard and appreciation of the poet for freedom fighters but also his mental attachment to liberation movements the world over. *Shaikh Ayaz and Shakhs-o-Aks* are based on his prose writings. In *Shaikh Ayaz*, as the title suggests, Himayat has taken account of the poetry of the most prominent poet of modern Sindhi literature. In this book he has made a critical and thorough study of both Urdu and Sindhi poetry of *Shaikh Ayaz* and has tried to do justice to it by ably and skillfully bringing out the salient features of his creative efforts. *Shakhs-o-Aks* is the collection of his articles written during the

last thirty years. It is based on critical writings, reviews and opinions of books and his replies to unjust and unfavourable criticism levelled against himself and others. It gives a thorough account of the controversies that raged in those past days. The book makes interesting reading and is a document of what took place in literary circles in the recent past and for that matter can provide any intending historian of literary movements and trends of the period with adequate and lively materials.

Himayat Ali Shair's long poem, *Bangal Se Korea Tak* (Bangal to Korea) has gained wide reputation and needs special treatment. This poem is a sort of reminiscence. The technique employed in it is very rare in Urdu poetry. The poet here reviews past events in retrospect and though he speaks in the first person singular and seems to be the central character of the poem, yet it can well be the story of any person anywhere in the world. Thus it is as much individual as collective.

The poem deals with peace, the most important issue of the modern world. War leaves a trail of destruction and ravages behind it. It brings famine, hunger, poverty and disease and renders millions of people homeless. The memory of the atomic bombs dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki still makes one's hair stand on end. Conscious of the fact that war is a device by which the privileged class and the paymasters of the world want to keep their economic dominance over the toiling mass of the people, Himayat hopefully looks forward to an order and social system in which war can be abolished and peace is allowed to reign supreme. Today when the most deadly weapons are placed at the disposal of warmongers peace has become the most desired object of the people in general. The poet dwells at length on this theme of war and peace, earnestly hopes that the new generation does not have to face any war in future and thus brilliantly and effectively makes his point for the establishment of peace all the world over.



RAJINDER SINGH VERMA

Prof Rajinder Singh Verma of the Punjabi University, Patiala, India has proved his refined and cultivated taste for literature by selecting Bangal Se Korea Tak for translation into English. The difficulty of translating verse into verse from one language into another may well be imagined. But Prof. Verma had accomplished this task with an adroitness, skill and dexterity which show his command of both the languages. He has kept the beauty, force elegance and spirit of the original. The ease and deftness with which he handles this difficult job point to the fact that he knows how to play his cards well. The credit of introducing such an important and beautiful poem to the English reading public enormously belongs to him and his efforts in this respect need be adequately recognised and duly appreciated.

AZHAR QADRI

