

**THE
SHADOW OF A BIRD
IN FLIGHT**

Selection and translation
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Rupa Co.

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Introduction

Like most educated Indians, I have long kept a diary (or, a commonplace book). I record in it my favourite verses. Unlike most educated Indians today, the verses that fill the pages of my book are Persian. Recuperating from heart surgery a couple of years ago, I began to render, by way of amusement, some of my favourite (and translatable) verses from it into English. The amusement soon became a compulsive task to which I was obliged to devote most of my leisure hours on recovery. The fruit of that labour is now in your hands. If the reading of this book gives you even a fraction of the pleasure that the making of it gave me, I'd consider myself successful.

Let me emphasize that while most of the one hundred and seven pieces from sixty poets represented here are poetry of the highest order, this is not a systematic selection of Persian verse. It is exactly what its source is: an assembly of poems lovingly collected without any scheme, design or organisation. There has been no attempt to place side by side poems on similar themes, or poets of the same period. The idea is to give the reader the delight of discovery. Sometimes, chance has played its part in putting cheek by jowl poems with a strong family resem-

blance (78, 79, 80); sometimes the alert reader will detect faint echoes from earlier pieces in later ones (47, 53). But the idea is to surprise, by variety and by bringing together disparate representatives from a multitudinous tradition. A commonplace book is not divided into sections, or periods, or genres. It has an almost crazy organicity of its own. This book attempts to give you a flavour of the commonplace book of a modern Indian who acquired Urdu and Persian at home and English at school. I hope it will motivate the non-Persian knowing reader to ask for more. To the Persian knowing reader, it should be an interesting collection to browse into and to come upon many unexpected (and some expected) acquaintances from an ancient and powerful poetic milieu which is still quite alive in Iran, Afghanistan and Tajikistan, and also to a certain extent in the Indian subcontinent.

There is another thing that spurred me on in my task: my desire to reflect, in some degree at least, the richness of the Indian contribution to Persian poetry. Persian literature goes back more than a thousand years, and for at least eight centuries, Indians (Muslim and Hindu) have contributed to it. The Hindu contribution reached its peak in the eighteenth century, but was by no means negligible in the seventeenth and the nineteenth. There is a whole style of Persian poetry and prose which is universally described as "Indian", (*sabk-e hindi*, in Persian. I have heard some western scholars call it "Mughal-Safavid", because of some recent Iranians attempts to claim its origins in Safavid Iran). "Oriental" historians and critics of

Persian literature have done little to make the Indian-Persian writing available to their students, far less to the non-Persian speaker. I feel it is high time our place in Persian literature was recognised fully. I also believe that the main reason for the comparative sterility of Iranian Persian literature since the 1600's is the Iranians' refusal to absorb the Indian style into their canon. This little anthology, in which I have taken some pains to present, in addition to the well known ones, many excellent though little known Indian poets from the twelfth century to the twentieth, will, I hope, prove a first step towards foregrounding the intrinsic worth and the amazing variety of Indian Persian literature.

There are five main genres in Persian poetry, and all five are represented here in some measure. The most popular by far is the Ghazal. A ghazal is basically a love poem, especially of unrequited or unfulfilled love. Much of the ghazal can be interpreted as dealing with "sacred" and "profane" love at the same time. Over more than fourteen centuries in Arabic, Persian, Urdu, Turkish (and a host of other languages) the theme of love in the ghazal has acquired immeasurable depth and complexity. It is impossible, for example, to describe 27 or 83 or 102 as just love poems; yet without the deeply embedded theme of love and well-set conventions about how to deal with it, such poems could never have been created. The basic fact is that a ghazal is fundamentally a love poem, and it can at the same time be much more than, or radically different from, a love poem as understood

by a modern western(ised) reader.

In a ghazal, each verse most often stands alone in terms of tone of utterance and meaning; and each is interpreted as a separate poem. There is no unity in a ghazal in the western sense; the metre and the rhyme provide an extremely tight and highly structured formal unity and that's all that there is in a ghazal by way of unity. So it is quite proper and often desirable to pick individual verses from ghazals. Like all readers native to the tradition, I have done so freely. I have also presented two more or less complete ghazals from Khusrau (104) and Hafiz (26).

The next most popular genre in classical Persian is Qasida, a poem of medium length, devoted to praise or blame, or moral teaching and reflection. Its form is somewhat like that of the ghazal, but with greater unity of theme. A qasida is difficult to present in translation, unless given in a big chunk, and would even then not always make much sense to the reader not *au fait* in its conventions. I have, therefore, presented only one verse from a qasida (23). A Masnavi is generally a much longer poem than a qasida; it is in rhyming couplets, and is most often a narrative. Since excerpting is easy from it, and some of the world's greatest poetry is found in Persian masnavis, I give plenty of space to this genre (7, 28, 46, 49, 61, 66, 72, 77). The Ruba'i (a four line poem in a special metre), and the Qita (a poem of indeterminate length, but on a single theme) are the other two most popular genres in classical Persian. The former — made famous by FitzGerald — has attracted

practically all poets of any standing. Ruba'is are not very large in number, but they have always had high prestige, and are regarded as proving ground for poets. Since a fair amount of best Persian poetry is in the ruba'is, and because I myself take great delight in the ruba'i, I have here a fairly large number of them (21, 23, 24, 41, 52, 58, 82, 90, 101, 103, 107). In addition, there are 43, 71 and 87 where I have translated only two lines from the ruba'i. The qita is represented by poem number 22.

Persian is particularly rich in satirical, comic and bawdy verse. I have eschewed the last two in deference to our somewhat Victorian view of such things nowadays. Satire is particularly hard to translate: there are two brief samples in 43 and 82. The latter could also be a serious attempt at the impossible: praise poem for a one-eyed woman. One could, of course, read 90 as a satirical love poem.

The poets included in this anthology can be conveniently placed in one of four categories:

- 1) **The Iranians** — Those who were born in Iran and worked wholly or almost wholly in Iran, (Khvaja Abdullah Ansari, Shaikh Abul Qasim, Shaikh Abu Sa'id Abi Al-Khair, Adib Sabir, Anvari, Asir, Firdausi, Hafiz, Kamal Isma'il, Umar Khayyam, Rumi, Sa'di, Shahidi, Va'iz). In this list, only Asir is regarded as a poet of the Indian style.
- 2) **The Indo-Iranians** — Those who were born in Iran but worked almost wholly or mainly in India (Ne'mat Khan Ali, Ashraf, Danish, Kalim, Malik Qumi, Naziri, Sa'ib, Salim, Sarmad, Talib, Urfi,

Zahuri). All these poets (except perhaps Sarmad) wrote in the Indian style.

- 3) **The Indo-Persians** — Those who were born in India, but wrote all or most of their work in Persian (Azad, Bedar, Bedil, Begham, Faizi, Ghani, Hasan Sijzi, Ishrat, Khamosh, Khushgo, Khusrau, Manohar, Mas'ud Bak, Mas'ud Sa'd Salman, Mukhlis, Nisbati, Sabiq, Sabqat, Sarkhush, Siadat, Valih, Vaqif, Varasta, Zakhmi). Here all but Hasan and Khusrau wrote in the Indian style.
- 4) **The Indians** — Those who wrote chiefly in Urdu, but were substantial achievers in Persian too (Asar, Dard, Divana, Ghalib, Iqbal, Mir, Momin, Sauda, Shibli). All but Shibli and Iqbal wrote in the Indian style. Iqbal used many styles and modes, depending on what he wanted to do at a particular time. He himself was very well read in the poets of the Indian style.

In light of the above lists, I need say nothing more to prove the substantial place of Indians in Persian literature. Appropriately, I have drawn the name of the anthology from Sa'ib, best known poet of the Indian style. The name is appropriate in another way too: a translation is nothing more than the shadow of a being which is evanescent, and alluring; it is far beyond the translator's power to capture it. All that the translator can do is to try and make you imagine the force and the beauty of a polychromatic object from its monochromatic shadow, while the object itself seems to be always slipping away from him. Yet

translations must go on. There is no other way for most of us to make sense of other times, other situations, and other *paroles*.

Both in school and at home, translation was an important activity in my boyhood days. In school, English was taught as much through translation practice as through textual study. At home, my father used to set me, partly for fun and partly by way of serious exercise, sentences and passages from Urdu for translation into English. At that time, all of us regarded translation as a matter of skill and expertise — more a matter of technique than intuition. I remember once my father made me read aloud from some Urdu report while he converted it into English to my reading, without asking me to pause, or repeat a word or phrase. We young and avid students of English idioms and grammar naively believed that all human beings think alike, or could think alike, if they translated from one language to another.

While things did not remain so simple for too long, my faith in the translatability of all texts remained largely unshaken. How could it be otherwise, when I found myself constantly translating (or believing that I was doing so) from English to Urdu in the hope of "enriching" Urdu literature? It was only much later that my illusions were broken. I found that translation was a problematic issue, very nearly incapable of solution. Comprehension of literary texts was itself a problematic of extra-large dimensions, because all language was contextual; and words from one language were not necessarily symmetrical with those of another,

even if both apparently meant the same. (Also, by that time I knew more Urdu and English and Persian than I did as a schoolboy and could see that translations, any translations, could transport but little of the ore of one text into another).

But the business of translation continued to fascinate me. Not for nothing was I born at a time when the great age of verse translations in Urdu was just ending, only to give way to perhaps an even greater age of prose translations. Iqbal was the first great poet in Urdu with whose poetry I had more than a passing acquaintance as a boy. He was the favourite poet of my father too, and I remember him reading and teaching Iqbal to me with infectious enthusiasm. I also remember being struck with the power and apparent competence of Iqbal's translations from the Sanskrit, from Tennyson, Longfellow, and many others. In prose, by the time I passed high school (1949), Hardy, Maupassant, Tolstoy, Chekhov, and a host of other European writers were household names in many Urdu-speaking homes, just because of translations. My later dissatisfaction with the whole enterprise of translation notwithstanding, I did retain the view that an extremely able — and more than extremely lucky — translator could do a good job, given time and incentive. In my case, the incentive was still there — to give to others some sense of the shock of joy, and the vibrant rhythms of the human spirit, that creative writing, and particularly poetry, has always embodied for me.

I have travelled a long way since the hot and humid days of a small provincial town in U.P. when

a high school campus was a big world for me and I used to vie with my peers in finding apt English phrases for Urdu expressions. I now know, to my regret, that lucky and able translators are a rarity. Perhaps two people working together, one a native speaker of the input language and the other a native speaker of the output language, and each having full command of the other's language as well, might succeed where one person cannot. Yet, side by side with my other work, I almost always did some translation, for after all many of the world's great translations were done by individuals, not by teams. (But perhaps the greatest work of translation ever — the King James Bible — was done by a team!)

This little work is my first serious attempt to translate from a foreign language into a foreign language. If it is a little more than moderately successful, it is because I chose only those texts which I thought lent themselves somewhat easily to translation, and also because I have tried to pay equal allegiance to the integrity of the Persian text, and the rhythms and tones of modern, not "poetic" English.

It now remains for me to acknowledge my debt to Jamila, for her interest and assistance; C.M. Naim, for solicited suggestions (many of which I actually accepted); Aslam Mahmud, for introducing me to R.K. Mehra of Rupa; my editor, Sunjoy Shekhar, for his patience and understanding; and Frances Pritchett, from whom I learnt much about the art of translation. I also thank V.N. Manchanda and D.K. Mahajan for their assistance in preparing the typescript of the manuscript.

Shamsur Rahman Faruqi

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1

افسوس برآں دیدہ کہ روے تو نہ دید است
یا دیدہ و بعد از تو بہ روے نگرید است

(سعدی)

2

1

Woe for the eye
that hasn't seen your face
or, having seen it, looked
at another's.

(Sa'di)

3

2

گفتی کہ بروجاں بر از من چه روم چوں
ہر جا کہ روم بستہ بہ یک موے تو آیم

(خسرو)

4

2

You said: Go away
Cut your life off
from me.
But how can I? for I
come back secured
with a hair of your head

Wherever I go

(Khusrau)

5

3

حزت نامنظور دل یک نقطه ہم بیش است و بس
معنی دل خواه گر صد نسخه باشد ہم کم است

(بیدل)

6

3

A mere dot
from a word that's not
desired by the heart
is much too much

A hundred pages
of words that the heart
desires are too few

(Bedil)

7

زیتم بے تو زین ننگ نہ کشتم خود را
جاں فدائے تو میا از تو حیا می آید

(غالب)

I managed to keep alive
without you
and didn't kill myself
for the shame of it.

My life for you, don't
come to me now: I feel
ashamed.

(Ghalib)

5

زده ام بر سر جہاں پا پوش
بے سبب ایں برہنہ پائی نیست

(آزاد بگرامی)

10

5

My sandals
I've thrown
at the world's face

Not without reason
do I walk
barefooted.

(Azad Bilgrami)

11

6

یگانہ بودن و یکتا شدن ز چشم آموز
کہ ہر دو چشم جدا و جدا نمی نگرد

(منہار)

12

6

Learn from the eyes
how to be the same
and different; the two
are apart and yet they see
eye to eye.

(Manohar)

13

7

خامشی بحر است و گفتن ام چو جو
بحر می جوید ترا جو را بحر

(رومی)

14

7

Silence
is Ocean
and speech
a stream
The Ocean seeks you
Don't seek
the stream

(Rumi)

15

8

دیوانگی نہیں کہ یہ ایں دوری ریش
صدجا برے بوسہ نشاں کردہ ایم ما

(شبلی)

16

8

What madness is this?
Far from her that I am
I've marked in my mind
numerous places on her body
To kiss.

(Shibli)

17

9

آفراین روزگار ناقص دوست
لگدے زد کمال را محکم

(مسعود سلمان)

18

9

So, this World
ever a friend to imperfection,
delivered
a solid kick
to perfection.

(Mas'ud Sa'd Salman)

19

10

زبس كه حسن فرود و غمش گداخت مرا
نه من شناختم اورا نه او شناخت مرا

(نسبتی)

20

10

Her beauty
grew so much, and I
longing
for her, grew
so thin
that she didn't
know me, and I
didn't know her

(Nisbati)

21

غوش آں شبے کہ در آغوش گیرمت تا روز
بزیر پہلوئے تو دست من بہ خواب رود

(شہیدی)

Sweet the night
when I hold you hard
until morning
and pressed under your body
my arm should go to sleep.

(Shahidi)

12

خوش آں زماں کہ نکویاں کنند غارت شہر
مرا تو گیری و گوی کہ این اسیر منست

(شہیدی)

24

12

Happy would be the time
when beautiful people come
ravaging the city.

You capture me
and proclaim

Here's my prisoner!

(Shahidi)

25

اڑیں بے رحم صیاداں رہائی کے بود مارا
کہ آتش می زند از بہر یک نچیر صحرا را

(محمد افضل سرخوش)

How can there be
release from

the cruel huntsman who
torches the whole forest
for just
one prey?

(Muhammad Afzal Sarkhush)

14

دل را چگونہ منع محبت کند کے
گیرم کہ بشنود چہ نصیحت کند کے

(جلال اسیر)

28

14

How to forbid the heart
to love?

Granted
that the heart
would listen,

But what should one say?

(Jalal Asir)

29

15

چو در خوابم در آئی بخت بد از بهر محرومی
مرا بیدار می سازد که یار آمد چه خوابت این

(طالب آلی)

30

15

When you come to me in a dream
My misfortune
ever ready to do harm
wakes me up and says:

Your beloved is here and you
Are asleep?

(Talib)

31

16

بر لوح دل چو تختهٔ تعلیم کودکان
هر حرف آرزو که نوشتم خراب شد
(شیخ ابوالقاسم)

32

16

My heart was like a child's slate --
Whatever word of hope I wrote on it
was erased.

(Shaikh Abul Qasim)

33

17

شراب نقل نه خواهد بگير ساغر را
که احتياج شکر نيست شير مادر را

(محمد قلی سلیم)

34

17

What need has wine
for confection?
Pick up the glass:

Mother's milk
needs no
sugar.

(Muhammad Quli Salim)

35

18

عشق آں خانہاں خرابے ہست
کہ ترا آورد بہ خانہ ما

(ظہری)

36

18

Love
is such a home breaker —
it brought you
to my house.

(Zahuri)

37

19

حاصل عمر سه سخن بیش نیست
غام بدم پخته شدم سوختم

(رومی)

38

19

The sum of my life
is not more
than three words —
Green
Seasoned
Burned.

(Rumi)

39

20

نیا زارم ز خود ہرگز دے را
کہ می ترسم درو جہے تو باشد

(نظری)

40

20

I do not knowingly hurt
anyone's heart
for who knows?
You may have a place
there.

(Naziri)

41

21

تا شیر بدم شکار ما بود پلنگ
سالار بدم به هر که کردم آهنگ
تا عشق ترا به بر در آوردم تنگ
از همیشه برون کرد مرا روبه تنگ

(الوسعیدانی الخیر)

42

21

I was a lion
the leopard was my prey
Whomever I sprang upon
was overwhelmed.

When I grasped your love
hard to my breast
A lame fox came

and chased me out of my lair.

(Abu Sa'id Abi Al-khair)

43

محاورة شاعر باراه نما فرشته

گفتم اکنون بگو کہ دہلی چیت
گفت جانت و این جہانش تن

گفتش چیت ای بنارس گفت
شاہدے ہست مو گل چیدن

گفتش چون بود عظیم آباد
گفت رنگیں تر از فضاے چمن

Conversation with his Guiding Angel

I said: Tell me now
about Delhi. He said
It's the soul
and the world its body

I said: What about
Banaras then?
He said, A sweet
beloved absorbed
in plucking flowers

I asked: How about
Azimabad?
He said, It's more
colourful than
a garden's air

گفتش سلسبیل خوش باشد
گفت خوشتر نہ باشد از سوسن

حال کلکتہ باز جستم گفت
باید اقلیم ہشتم گفتن

گفتم این ماہ پیکراں چہ کس اند
گفت خوبان کثر لندن

گفتم ایناں مگر دے دارند
گفت دارند لیکن از آہن

I said: Is the river
of Paradise
sweet? He said
Not sweeter than
the Sone

I asked then about
Calcutta. He said,
Call it the eighth
continent

I said: Who are these moon-
like people? He said
The beauties of the city
of London

I said: Perhaps
they have a heart?
He said, 'yes but
of steel

گفتم از بهر داد آمده ام
گفت بگیریز و سر به سنگ مزین

گفتم اکنون مرا چه زبید گفت
آستین بر دو عالم افشانند
(غالب)

I said: I've come
to seek justice
He said, Go away
don't beat your head
against stone

I said, what's then best
for me? He said
Shake the world's dust
from your feet.

(Ghalib)

23

در جهانی و از جهان بیشی
هم چون معنی که در بیان باشد

(انوری)

50

23

You are in the world
and yet are greater
than it
Like meaning
in a text

(Anvari)

51

24

ياراں بردند شعر مارا
افسوس کہ نام مانہ بردند

(غني)

52

24

My peers took
my verses
Pity they didn't take
my name

(Ghani)

53

25

عقاب جو کشاد است بال برہمہ شہر
کہان گوشہ نشینے و تیر آہے نیست

(حافظ)

54

25

Tyranny's vulture
has a wingspan darkening
the whole city

There's no recluse
doubled up in pain
like a bow

Nor the arrow
of a sigh

(Hafiz)

55

26

غزل

دل سرا پردهٔ محبت اوست
دیده آئینه دار طلعت اوست

من که سرد دنیا ورم بدو کون
گردنم زیر بار منت اوست

56

26

Ghazal

My heart is the secret tent
where her love abides

My eye is the mirror-holder
that reflects her beauty

I, who never would bend
for the sake of the two worlds
My shoulders are bent
with her kindness

57

تو و طوبی و ما و قامت یار
فکر ہر کس بقدر ہمت اوست

دور مجنون گذشت و نوبت ماست
ہر کے پنج روزہ نوبت اوست

(حافظ)

You, my friend, are absorbed
in the thought
Of the tree of Paradise
And I, in the thought of her noble stature;
Everyone thinks up
according to their reach

The age of Majnun is gone
Now it's the changing of the guard
for me.

Everybody has a time —
span of five days
or six.

(Hafiz)

27

گویند بہشت است ہماں راحت جاوید
جلے کہ بہ داغت نہ تپد دل چہ مقام است

(بیدل)

60

27

They say
Paradise is eternal
comfort.

What the hell should one do
with a place where the heart
doesn't throb and burn
with the scar of your love?

(Bedil)

61

28

دل کہ بے عشق شد از رحمت حق دور شود
مردہ را موج ز دریا بہ کنار اندازد

(میرزا رفیع واعظ)

62

28

The heart without love
is far
from God's grace
Dead bodies are washed ashore
by the ocean.

(Mirza Rafi Va'iz)

63

بگئے شیخ کہ پر دل بہ عہد ما نہ گذارد
کہ توبہ نامہ ما مہرے فروش نہ دارد

(میرزا رضی دانش)

Tell the Mulla:
Don't
be too happy at my vow
to give up wine
for my Declaration of Repentance
hasn't yet been ratified
By the wine-seller

(Mirza Razi Danish)

30

همه قبیله من عالمان دین بودند
مرا معلم عشق تو شاعری آموخت

(سدی)

66

30

All the rest of my tribe
were priests and divines —
Your love took charge
of my education
and taught me

The art of writing poetry.

(Sa'di)

67

31

بے تو گر جام مے بہ کف گیرم
آفتاب گرفتہ را ماند

(بندرابن خوشگو)

68

31

Without you
the wineglass in my hand —
like the sun
In eclipse

(Bindraban Khushgo)

69

32

گفتی کہ باز شام بیایم بہ پیش تو
بہنشین کہ ایں ہم از پے رفتن بہانہ است

(سرب سکھ دیوانہ)

70

32

You say: Let me go
I'll be back
this evening

I know that's just
an excuse to go away
Don't.

(Sarab Sukh Divana)

71

33

یک عمر ز دوری شنیدم اورا
دربہر بخیال می کشیدم اورا
انہوں کہ چو آئینہ رسیدم پیش
خود را او دید من نہ دیدم اورا

(میر درد)

72

33

A whole lifetime
I scented

her fragrance from far —
In my mind
I held her close to my heart

Now, mirror-like, when I
am in front of her
She sees herself in me and I
don't see her.

(Mir Dard)

73

اے دوست بہ دوستی قرینیم ترا
 ہر جا کہ قدم نھی زمینیم ترا
 در مذہب عاشقی روا کے باشد
 عالم بہ تو بینیم و نہ بینیم ترا

(رومی)

I'm close to you, my friend
 because of friendship

I am the earth you step on
 wherever you go

Is it the proper faith of love then that I
 should see the world through you
 but I shouldn't see
 you?

(Rumi)

35

جرم منست پیش تو گر قدر من کم است
خود کرده ام پسند خریدار خویش را

(نظری)

76

35

It's my fault entirely
if you don't
value me
For I chose
my own buyer

(Naziri)

77

36

حدیث لیلی و مجنون شنیدہ می گویم
کہ نقنہ خیز تر آمد زمانہ من و تو

(فیضی)

78

36

I know the story
of Laila and Majnun

I say:
our times
are more full of mischief

(Faizi)

79

37

پے مشورت انجمن ساختند
نشستند و گفتند و برخاستند

(فردوسی)

80

37

They formed a committee
for consultations.

They sat, they talked,
they dispersed.

(Firdausi)

81

مرا دلست بہ کفر آشنا کہ چندیں بار
 بہ کعبہ بردم و بازش برہمن آوردم

(چندربھان برہمن)

My heart is so much in love
 with heresy
 that times out of mind
 I took it to the Ka'ba, yet
 everytime
 it came back
 the same old Brahmin.

(Chandar Bhan Brahman)

بر دل ماتیره روزاں از صف مشکاں گذشت
انچه از فوج دکن بر ملک هندستان گذشت

(آنندرام مخلص)

To us, black of fortune
the array
of her eyelashes
did what the army
of the Deccan did

to the people
of the north.

(Anand Ram Mukhlis)

40

نخلت نگر که در حسنا تم نه یافتند
بز روزه درست به صبا کشوده

(غالب)

86

40

Such shame !
Good deeds they found none
in my record
but a fast correctly kept
though broken
with a glass of wine

(Ghalib)

87

دل در خم زلف تار بستیم و خوشیم
 در گوشه عافیت نشستیم و خوشیم
 هر چیز که بود ریخ روحانی بود
 پیما نه آرزو شکستیم و خوشیم

(چندر بھان برہمن)

I tied my heart
 to a curl
 in her dark tresses
 and am happy

I sat
 in a peaceful nook
 and am happy

All that the world had was
 trouble to my soul

I broke the cup of Desire
 and am happy

(Chandar Bhan Brahman)

42

آنم که به سحر کاری ژرف
از شعله تراش کرده ام برت

(فیضی)

90

42

It's me who worked
profound magic
and chiselled out
ice, from fire

(Faizi)

91

دغلا كه نه كردي به كلام الله است
بيته كه نه برده تو بيت الله است

(وارسته، درانجو محمد قلی سلیم)

The only text
that you didn't corrupt
is the Koran;
the only construct
that you didn't steal
is the Ka'ba.

(Sialkoti Mal Varasta; satirizing Muhammad
Quli Salim)

چنین شنیدم کہ لطف یہ نرداں بروے جوئندہ در نہ بند
درے کہ بکشاید از حقیقت بر اہل عرفاں دگر نہ بند

(ادیب صابر)

I've heard it said:
God's grace
doesn't close the door
in the seeker's face

The door upon the Truth
that he opens
on those who know
is never
shut again.

(Adib Sabir)

مردم ز رشک چند بہ بینم کہ جام ے
لب بر لبش گذارد و قالب تخی کند

(کلیم)

I die of jealousy —
for how long can I see
the wineglass putting
its lips upon hers,
and emptying its life
into her?

(Kalim)

زن بدست مرد در وقت لقا
 چون خمیر آمد بدست نانبا
 بسر شد گاهمیش نرم و گاه درشت
 زو برآرد چاق چاقه زیر مشت
 گاه پهنش واکشد بر تخته
 در همش آرد گه یک لخته

Woman in the hands of man
 when they meet —
 like leavened dough
 in the baker's hands.

He kneads her
 now softly, now hard
 smack, thwack
 blow upon blow,
 he pulls her under his hands
 sometimes he spreads
 her wide and open
 suddenly sometimes
 he draws her close

گاہ دروے ریزد آب و گہ نمک
از تنور و آتش سازد محک
این چنین پیچند مطلوب و مطلوب
اندریں لعب اند مغلوب و غلوب
این لعب تنها نہ شور را بازن است
هر عشیق و عاشقے را این فن است

(Rumi)

sometimes he puts
a bit of salt into her
sometimes he pours
a bit of wetness
into her

Testing her with heat and fire
thus they twist and twine,
the seeker and the sought —
in this game they end up
both victor and vanquished;
And the game is not
for just wife and husband
It is rather an art
shared by all lovers
and loved ones.

(Rumi)

47

دشمنی در برم نشسته اثر
من گمان برده ام دله دارم

(میراث)

102

47

An enemy has taken residence
right into my side
I in my folly imagine
I own a heart

(Mir Asar)

103

48

نظر به خویش چنان بسته ام که جلوه دست
جهان گرفت و مرا فرصت تماشا نیست

(اقبال)

104

48

My gaze is fixed
upon my own self, so
that the loved one's Image
has taken the whole world,

but I have no time
to stare.

(Iqbal)

105

در درون بيشه شيراں منتظر
تا شود امر تعالوا منتشر

پس بروں آيند آں شيراں زمرج
بے حجابے حق نہايد دخل و نخرج

جوہر انساں بگيرد بحر و بر
پيسہ گاواں بسلمان روز نخر

(ردی)

Deep into the bush --
tigers
waiting for the command:
Come!

Out from the secret meadow
they come
those tigers;
and God unveiled
comes and goes
freely among them.

Man's essence overtakes
land and sea
and pied cattle
are slaughtered on that day
of Sacrifice

(Rumi)

50

بر خرمن آرزو گذشتم
از خوشه زیاده خوشه چین است

(طالب)

108

50

I passed by the harvest
of Desires.
There were more gleaners
than corn.

(Talib)

109

51

عارف و معرّف به معنی یکپس است
آل که خدا را بشناسد خداست

(مسودیک)

110

51

The knower and the known
are in truth, One

He who knows
God

is God

(Mas'ud Bak)

111

دریا در موج و موج اندر دریاست
 در ذات و صفات حق تفاوت ز کجاست
 اے محو حقیقت نظر انگن بہ مجاز
 بے رنگ بہ صد رنگ چساں جلوہ نہاست

(سوامی بھگم بیراگی)

The ocean is in the waves
 the waves, in the ocean
 where then is the difference
 between Attribute
 and Substance?

You, who are lost in Reality
 cast an eye
 on the Tropes as well

How brightly
 The Colourless One
 shines
 in a hundred
 colours

(Swami Begham Bairagi)

53

دل زما ساعتے نیا سودا است
ما ز دل لحظہ نیا سودیم

(اشرف)

114

53

My heart wasn't pleased with me
for even an hour
I wasn't pleased with my heart
for one moment.

(Ashraf)

115

54

به پیری مکن توبه از عشق خوبان
که آتش بهار است برگ خزان را

(صاحب رام خاموش)

116

54

Do not give up
loving the lovely ones
even when you're old
for fire
is spring
to the yellow leaf.

(Sahib Ram Khamosh)

117

ز اجرم چه پرسى كه يارب مباد
ز صبرت چه گويم كه هرگز نه بود

(خسرو)

Don't ask
about the days of separation
God! may they never be
and what can I tell you
about patience?

I had none.

(Khusrau)

56

ماٲم و کتابے و چراغے کہ فرودش
از خانہٴ تاریک بہ ایوان نہ رسیدہ

(نظری)

120

56

I, and a book, and a lamp
whose light didn't reach
from a dark home
to the halls of the great.

(Naziri)

121

گر ز فرات حسن گم شده حیرت است
 ماله ترا یافتیم یافته حیران تریم

(حسن سجزی)

Hasan, who is far from you
 is lost in your wonders –
 And I, who found you, am
 in greater wonder
 still.

(Hasan Sijzi)

58

بے ہودہ بہ حرف لب کشودن چه ضرور
تیخ ہمہ بر خود آزمودن چه ضرور
دانا محتاج نیست ناداں منکر
پس مصدر فعل لغو بودن چه ضرور

(نہمت خان عالی)

124

58

Why open my mouth futilely
to speak?
Why test everybody's dagger
on me?
The wise have no need, the fools
deny
So why be
the subject of a foolish deed?

(Ne'mat Khan Ali)

125

59

ہیچ شکلے بے ہیولی قابل صورت نہ شد
آدمی ہم پیش ازاں آدم بود. لوزینہ بود

(بیدل)

126

59

Nothing takes shape
without raw material –
Man, before he became man
was a monkey.

(Bedil)

127

60

گیرم امروز دہی کام دل آں حسن کجا
اجر ناکامی سی سالہ ماگشت تلت

(غالب)

128

60

Granted, today you agree
to give me my heart's desire;
but where is that beauty now?

Thirty years of frustration
gone to waste.

(Ghalib)

129

61

توبہ کرم و عشق ہم چوں اثر ہا
توبہ وصف خلق و آل وصف خدا

(ردی)

130

61

Repentance is
a worm
and Love,
a Python
Repentance is
the quality
of creatures, and
Love,
of God

(Rumi)

131

62

ہمہ عمر با تو قدح زدیم و نہ رفت رنج خار ما
چہ قیامتی کہ نمی ز کنار ما بہ کنار ما

(بیدل)

132

62

All my life I drank with you
and yet the anguish of my thirst
is the same. Tell me,
How is it that you don't come from me
to me?

(Bedil)

133

63

طغیان ناز ہیں کہ جگر گوشہ خلیل
آید بزیر تیغ و شہیدش نمی کنند

(عرفی)

134

63

What supreme indifference!
What perversity of pride!

Abraham's dearest
steps under the sword
and is not found fit
for sacrifice.

(Urfi)

135

64

از آں به وعده و صلح امیدوار کند
که آنچه بجز بگرد است انتظار کند

(ملک تپی)

136

64

She promises to visit
and fills me with hope
for she knows that waiting
can do what separation
couldn't

(Malik Qumi)

137

65

محو یاریم و آرزو باقیست
وصل ما انتظار را ماند

(بیدل)

138

65

I am lost
in my beloved
and yet I
long for her.
Our union
is the same
as waiting.

(Bedil)

139

66

آں کہ پاک از فطرت ما و شہادت
نہست گر گویند اورا ہم رواست

(بہیم)

140

99

Untainted as He is
by the nature of I and you,
it would be quite proper
To have called Him
Nothing

(Begham)

141

67

من و انکار شراب ایں چه حکایت باشد
غالباً ایں قدم عقل کفایت باشد

(ماظ)

142

67

I? Deny wine?
What tales are these?
I believe I've sense
Enough

(Hafiz)

143

68

در ہاے فردوس وا بود امروز
از بے دماغی گفتیم فردا

(بیدل)

144

68

The doors of Paradise were open today
I wasn't in the best of moods, I said –
"Tomorrow."

(Bedil)

145

ماز آغاز و انجام جہاں بے نجریم
اول و آخر میں کہنہ کتاب اقتاداست

(کلم)

I know nothing
about the world's
beginning
I know nothing about
its end

The first and the last
pages of this ancient
book have fallen
off.

(Kalim)

70

دل پاره پاره گشت و نشد جوش عشق کم
کشتی شکست و بحر هماں در تلاطم است

(جلال الدین سیادت)

148

70

My heart is shattered
yet love's ardour is
undiminished

The ship is wrecked, and the sea
is raging still

(Jalaluddin Siadat)

149

71

راضی شو و خوش باش کہ یک ہفتہ دور
مستقبلہ آید کہ تو ماضی باشی

(خواجہ عبداللہ انصاری)

150

71

Be content
and live
happy, for it's only
a week away –

The future, when
you will be past.

(Khvaja Abdullah Ansari)

151

براه انتظار ماست دل تنگ
پری زاد شرر در شیشه سنگ

*

به آهنگ پر افشانی مهیا
درون بیضه طاووسان رعنا

*

نه کوہت سنگ رہ نے در نہ دیوار
دو عالم بر صدا راہست ہموار

*

بیاتاد خستے در پیش گیریم
مبادا چوں شرر در سنگ میریم

(بیدل)

She waits for us, desolate
The fairy-spark
deep in the heart of the stone
like a peri in a mirror

* * * *

Enclosed within the egg
Are young and beautiful
peafowl, ready
to fly out

* * * *

Nothing can be a stumbling
block for you. Mountains,
valleys, walls -- nothing.
Earth and sky
spread smooth in the path
of sound

* * * *

Come, let's fire
a bit of madness together
lest we die like the spark
deep in the heart of the stone

(Bedil)

73

جلے در دیدہ خورشید کند چوں شبنم
ہر کرا دقت سحر دیدہ بیدارے ہست

(گلاب رائے بیدار)

154

73

Whoever has the seeing eye
rises like dew
at crack of dawn
and settles in the eye
of the sun

(Gulab Rai Bedar)

155

74

مچو درستی عهد از جهان است نهاد
که ای عجزه عروس هزار داماد است

(حافظ)

156

74

Don't hope
for the feeble-founded world
to be firm of promise.

This ageless crone
has been mistress to
a thousand men.

(Hafiz)

157

75

کہ کشید دامن فطرتت کہ بہ سیر ماومن آمدی
تو بہار عالم دیگری ز کجا دریں چمن آمدی

(بیدل)

158

75

What was it
that plucked at the strings of your heart
that you came here
to divert yourself among such as me,
and us?

You are the springtime
of another world. How is it
that you're here, in this garden?

(Bedil)

159

76

گماں مبرکہ تو چوں گزری ایں جہاں بگذشت
ہزار شمع بجشتند و انجمن باقیست

(عرفی)

160

76

Don't imagine
that with your passing
the world too shall pass

A thousand
lights are dead
and yet the party goes on

(Urfi)

161

77

تو کار زمین را منکو ساختی
که با آسمان نیز پرداختی

(فردوسی)

162

77

Did you set
this world's affairs
right
that you muscled your way
to the sky?

(Firdausi)

163

78

مردم به انتظار و دریں پرده راه نیست
یا هست و پرده دار نشانم کنی دهد

(حافظ)

164

78

I die waiting:

There's no way
through the curtain;
or maybe there is
but the doorman
doesn't want me
to know

(Hafiz)

165

79

کے در بند غفلت ماندہ چوں من ندید ایں جا
کہ عالم یک در باز است و می جویم کلید ایں جا

(بیدل)

166

79

Did you ever see
a prisoner of ignorance
such as me? The world
is an open door, and I
look everywhere
for the key.

(Bedil)

167

80

آں را کہ عقل و ہمت و تدبیر راے نیست
خوش گفت پردہ دار کہ کس در سراے نیست

(سعدی)

168

80

To him who has
no mind
no spirit
no skill
no judgement
Well said the doormaster:
"There's nobody home."

(Sa'di)

169

81

او بفكر منت ومن فارغ
بندگی ہا خدایے دارد

(سکھراج سبقت)

170

81

I am the object of
His Worry. I go
worry-free.
Being lowly
is in many ways, being
God.

(Sukhraj Sabqat)

171

داری زپئے چشم بدایے در خوش آب
 یک نرگس ناشگفته در زیر نقاب
 ویں از ہمہ طرفہ تر کہ از بادہ حسن
 یک چشم تو مست است و دگر چشم بخواب

(کمال اسمیل)

To His One-Eyed Beloved

So as to ward off the evil eye —

You, O pearl of bright water
 have an unopened narcissus*
 behind your veil;

And stranger still:
 with the wine of beauty
 one of your eyes
 is drunk, and the other
 asleep.

(Kamal Isma'il)

*Metaphorically: the eye of the beloved

83

ریگ در بادیه عشق روانست هنوز
تا چہا پائے دریں راہ بہ فرسودن رفت

(غالب)

174

83

In love's desert
the sands are shifting still

Countless feet
worn out, walking
this road

(Ghalib)

175

84

نہادہ ام بہ جگر داغ عشق و می ترسم
جگر نہ ماند و این داغ بر جگر ماند

(طالب)

176

84

I have burned the scar of love
on my heart; I fear
my heart may not last
but the scar
on my heart may.

(Talib)

177

85

از شرم بسے من نمی دید
شاید از درد من خبر داشت

(راجہ رتن سنگھ زخمی)

178

85

Out of shame
she didn't cast a glance at me
Perhaps she had word
of my aching heart.

(Raja Ratan Singh Zakhmi)

179

86

رہین منت بخت خودم کہ در ہمہ عمر
بکے بادہ فروشاں مرا گدا کردست

(جے کاش عشرت)

180

86

I am beholden to my luck —
it got me a lifetime job
begging
in the wine-sellers' street.

(Jai Kishan Ishrat)

181

87

سخن بجز جان شیرین نیست پیش صاحب معنی
اگر هر لحظه جان تازه می خواهی سخن بشنو

(محمد افضل سرخوش)

182

87

For the knower of meanings
poetry is nothing
but sweet life:
if you want a new life
for each moment,
listen

(Muhammad Afzal Sarkhush)

183

جان و دل و صبر از توام نیست دریغ
غیر از غم خویش هر چه خواهی بردار

(واله داغستانی)

My life, my heart
my forbearance,
I don't begrudge you any of these —
Take all that you desire, leave me
the pain of your love

(Valih Daghistani)

89

می کنم خوش دل خود را بہ تمنائے وصال
سایہ مرغ ہوائے ست شکارے کہ مرست

(صاب)

186

89

I gladden my heart
in wishful thoughts of union

My prey is the shadow
of a bird in flight

(Sa'ib)

187

در ماه چه روشنی که در روئے تو نیست
 در خلد چه غمری که در کوئے تو نیست
 مشک تفتنی چو زلف خوشبوئے تو نیست
 یکسر هزنی عیب تو بجز خوئے تو نیست

(مسعود سلمان)

The moon has no luminance
 that your face doesn't have
 Paradise has no pleasure
 that your street doesn't have
 The musk of Khotan
 has no fragrance like your tresses

Just perfect
 from head to toe

But for your disposition.

(Mas'ud Sa'd Salman)

بیاکہ رونق ایں کارخانہ کم نہ شود
 بہ زہد ہم چوتے یا بہ فسق ہم چونے

(حافظ)

Oh come on
 the din and bustle
 of this place of public works
 won't diminish
 by the piety
 of guys like you
 or the profligacy
 of guys like me.

(Hafiz)

جاں دود و سینہ مجرودل در بر آتشی
در غمتم قضا بود آتش بر آتشی

(سربکھ دیوانہ)

My life a trail of smoke
my breast a firebox
the heart in my side
fire, pure fire

For my harvest
the destiny was
fire into fire

(Sarbh Sukh Divana)

خارے کہ رفت از سرراہش بہ پایے من
قسمت بہیں کہ تا جگم رفتہ رفتہ رفت

(نورالین راتق)

The thorn
that pierced my foot as I walked
her way —
moved up slowly and
(what luck!)
it reached my heart.

(Nur ul 'Ain Vaqif)

94

تا توانی خویش را از قید دهر آزاد کن
چون شرر اندر طلسم سنگ افسردن چهره

(ملا سبّاق)

196

94

Free yourself, if you can
from the bonds of time
why turn to dust
like fire in the cold-
magic realm of the stone?

(Mulla Sabiq)

197

95

زاهد از ما خوشهٔ تاکه به چشم کم میس
ای نخی دانی که یک پیمانہ نقصال کرده ایم

(غالب)

198

95

Don't look down
upon this bunch of grapes, Mr Pious!

Didn't you know
that in presenting it to you
I suffered the loss
of one whole cup?

(Ghalib)

199

96

نخل عشقت رسید چوں به مراد
حلق های بریده بار آورد

(میر)

200

96

The tree of your love
grew, and bore fruit —
A harvest of slashed throats

(Mir)

201

97

ز نقص تشنه لبی داں به عقل خویش مناز
دلت فریب گر از چشمه سراب نه خورد

(Urfi)

202

97

Don't preen yourself
On your wisdom; rather
know it as a fault of your thirst
if your heart wasn't
deceived by
the mirage-river

(Urfi)

203

گفتند جهان ما آیا به تو می سازد
گفتم که نمی سازد گفتند که بریم زن

(اتبال)

He asked:

Is this our world
in tune with you?

I said:

No, it is not;

He said:

Lay it waste.

(Iqbal)

گر کند میل به خواباں دل من خردہ بگیر
کیں گناہیت کہ در شہر شما نیز کند

(سعدی)

If my heart inclines
towards the beautiful ones, don't
blame it:
it's a common enough sin
in your city too.

(Sa'di)

100

مے باقی و ماہتاب باقیست
مالا بہ تو صد حساب باقیست

(نسبتی)

208

100

There's wine still,
and moonlit nights —
There are hundreds of accounts to settle
between you and me

(Nisbati)

209

101

اسرار ازل را نہ تو دانی و نہ من
ایں صفت معما نہ تو خوانی و نہ من
ہست از پس پردہ ایں حدیث من و تو
چوں پردہ برافتد نہ تو مانی و نہ من

(خیام)

210

101

The mysteries of Eternity without beginning
you know not, nor do I
The text of this Riddle
You read not, nor do I
All our exchanges of "I" and "You"
Are from behind a veil
When the veil is lifted
You are not, nor am I

(Khayyam)

211

102

به لوح مشهد پروانه این رقم دیدم
که آتش که مرا سوخت خویش را هم سوخت

(عرفی)

212

102

The moth's epitaph:

The flame
that burned me, burned
itself too.

(Urfi)

213

103

سرمد اگرش وفاست خود می آید
گر آمدش رواست خود می آید
بے ہودہ چرا درپئے او می گردی
بنشین اگر خداست خود می آید

(سرمد)

214

103

Sarmad, if he keeps faith
he'll come on his own
if his coming is right and proper
he'll come on his own
why this futile toil and travel after him?
sit still, if he is God
he'll come on his own

(Sarmad)

215

104

غزل

به رخ خاک دلت رفتیم و رفتیم
دعای دولت گفتیم و رفتیم

ز روی خویش دور کردی ما را
چو گیسویت بر آشفتیم و رفتیم

چو غنچه بس که پرخون شد دل ما
چو گل ناگهان بشگفتیم و رفتیم

216

104

Ghazal

I swept the dust of your doorstep with my
face, and went away

I prayed for your prosperity, and went away

You flung me far from your sight
I became deranged, like tresses unbraided,
and went away

My heart was red-full of blood like a
blossom
like a rose I bloomed suddenly, and went
away

217

به خود بیرون نمی رفتم ازین در
دلم از خود بدر رفتم و رفتم

به عهدت خواب خوش هرگز نه کردیم
کنون آسوده دل نخفتم و رفتم

(خسرو)

Of my own will I would never go out of her
door
but I went out of my mind, and went away
In your reign I never slept a sweet sleep
now I sleep with heart content. I went away.

(Khusrau)

105

از بیاض عمر معنی ہاے رنگیں رفتہ است
یک ورق گردانے ماند است این ہم تا کجا

(سودا)

220

105

From my life's book
all colourful themes are fled;
All that remains is
me, riffling the pages
And that too, for how long?

(Sauda)

221

106

آرد زماں زماں بہ درت درد انتظار
صد وعدہ نہ کردہ وفا می کینم ما

(مومن)

222

106

The anguish of waiting
drags me to your door, again
and again. I fulfill
a hundred promises that I never made.

(Momin)

223

107

زانا پیش کہ برست شبنخون آرند
فرملے کہ تا بادہ گلگون آرند
توزر نہ ای اے خواجہ ناداں کہ ترا
در خاک نہند و باز بیرون آرند

(خیام)

224

107

Before they send upon you
the night of devastation,
give the command for the rose-
red wine to be served.

My foolish master, you aren't gold,
to be buried and then dug out again.

(Khayyam)

225

Index of Poets and Poems

- Abdullah Ansari, Khvaja* (1006-1088), of Hirat, in Afghanistan. A major sufi poet, he was also one of the earliest writers of ornate prose. (71)
- Abul Qasim, Shaikh* (flourished 17th century), of Gazrun, in Iran. Was noted for his learning too. (16)
- Abu Said Abi Al-khair* (967-1049), a leading Iranian sufi, widely regarded as the first Persian poet to express sophisticated mystic themes in poetry. (21)
- Adib Sabir* (d. 1143), one of the prominent poets of the early classical period of Persian literature. (44)
- Ali, Ne'mat Khan* (d. 1709), official chronicler of Aurangzeb; was a poet and scholar of extraordinary linguistic skill. He made even Aurangzeb a victim of his barbs. The emperor, however, tolerated him with good humour. (58)
- Anvari, Aubaduddin* (d. 1187), of Abivard, in Iran. One of the greatest of Qasida writers, and a man of vast learning. (23)
- Asar, Syed Mubammad Mir* (1735-1794), younger brother of Mir Dard*, was a distinguished Urdu poet as well. (47)
- Asbraf, Mulla Mubammad Sa'id* (d. 1704), of Mazandaran, in Iran. Tutor to Princess Zebunnisa, the celebrated daughter of emperor Aurangzeb; was a poet of great wit and erudition. Died at Mungger. (53)
- Asir, Mirza Jalal* (1639?-1688?), born of noble lineage in Isfahan; was a major poet of the Indian style. (15)
- Azad, Ghulam Ali* (1704-1786), one of the greatest of

multilingual scholars and poets in the Indo-Persian tradition; born at Bilgram in present day Uttar Pradesh. Among his numerous works is a book on Sanskrit figures of speech not found in Arabic or Persian. (5)

Bedar, Gulab Rai (flourished 18th century), a Khatri from Punjab, not much is known about him. (73)

Bedil, Mirza Abdul Qadir (1644-1720), of Patna and Delhi. The greatest poet of the Indian style, also a noted mystic and a major prose writer. He has the status of a national hero in Afghanistan and many Central Asian countries, and was greatly admired by Ghalib* and Iqbal*. (3, 27, 59, 62, 65, 68, 72, 75, 79)

Begham, Swami Bhupat Rai Bairagi (d. 1720), a disciple of Sarkhush*. Begham wrote highly sophisticated poetry on vedantic-sufistic themes. His main achievement is a long mystical poem closely modelled on the Mansavi of Rumi*. (52, 66)

Brahman, Raja Chandar Bhan (d. 1663), of Agra. Associated with the courts of Shahjahan and Dara Shikoh, Brahman was the first major Hindu poet in Persian. After Dara Shikoh's death, Brahman retired to Banaras. (38, 41)

Danish, Mirza Razi (d. 1665), of Mash-had, in Iran. Greatly admired at the courts of Shahjahan and Dara Shikoh for his striking originality. (29)

Dard, Syed Khvaja Mir (1720-1785), of Delhi. The scion of a family of great distinction, Dard was a profound sufi, an expert musician, and one of the leading Persian and Urdu poets of his day. (33)

Divana, Rai Sarb Sukh (1728/33-1788), a nobleman of Delhi. His father was a Minister to Shuja'uddaulah. Divana's perfect mastery as a Persian and Urdu poet was a household word in the 18th century. (32, 92)

Faizi (1547-1595), son of Shaikh Mubarak and brother of the great Abul Fazl, was the outstanding genius at the court of

Akbar. Friend and rival of Urfi*, his all round talent places him above Urfi in the eye of posterity. (36, 42)

Firdausi, Shaikh Abul Qasim (940-1020), of Tus in Iran; he wrote the *Shahname*, one of the world's greatest epics, on the history and legends of Iran. (37, 77)

Ghalib, Mirza Asadullah Khan (1797-1869), of Agra and Delhi. Often described as the greatest of Urdu poets, he is also the last major poet of the Indian style. In addition, he was a great prose writer in Persian and Urdu, and a fine conversationalist. His poetry has special appeal for the modern reader. (4, 22, 40, 60, 83, 95)

Ghani, Mirza Muhammad Tabir (d. 1669), of Kashmir, one of the most subtle of the Indo-Persian poets, was greatly admired by Sa'ib*, and by younger contemporaries. (24)

Hafiz, Khvaja Shamsuddin (1325?-1389), of Shiraz, in Iran. Arguably the greatest Ghazal poet, his reputation has never waned in the six centuries since his death. Goethe was a passionate admirer of Hafiz, and modelled his own *Der Westöstliche Divan* (1819) on his ghazals. (25, 26, 67, 74, 78, 91)

Hasan Sijzi (d. 1307), of Delhi, friend of Khusrau*, and a devotee of Hazrat Nizammuddin Auliya. Died at Daulatabad in the Deccan. (57)

Iqbal, Dr. Sir Mubammad (1877-1938), of Sialkot and Lahore. The greatest Urdu and Persian poet of the 20th century, and perhaps the greatest modern Indian poet, was by training a philosopher and a lawyer. He distinguished himself in the freedom movement too, and is widely believed to be the author of the idea of Pakistan. (48, 98)

Isbrat, Jai Kishan (flourished 1740's), of Kashmir, appointed to high office in Kashmir by Muhammad Shah. Was a disciple of Khan-e Arzu. (86)

Kalim, Abu Talib (d. 1651), of Hamadan, in Iran. Poet laureate of Shahjahan, and friend of the Sanskrit literary theorist,

Panditraj Jagannath; is one of the greatest poets of the Indian style. Spent his last years in Kashmir, by the emperor's permission. (45, 59)

Kamal Isma'il (d. 1237), of Isfahan, one of the famous poets of the classical age; was known as "the maker of (new) themes". (82)

Khamosh, Rai Sabib Ram (flourished 1780's), a nobleman at the court of Delhi, went to Banaras (Varanasi) in 1789 and died there after years of distinguished service. (54)

Khayyam, Umar (1048-1131), of Nishapur in Iran. Edward FitzGerald's translations of Khayyam made both of them famous poets in the West. Khayyam was a brilliant mathematician and astronomer, and may not have written all the Ruba'is attributed to him. The best, however, rank as some of the greatest poems ever written. (101, 107)

Khushgo, Bindra Ban (d. 1756), a Rajput of high lineage, was one of the brilliant men who frequented the circle of Sarkhush*, Bedil* and Khan-e Arzu. Became a sanyasi towards the end of his life; died in Patna. (31)

Khusrau, Amir Yaminuddin (1237-1324), of Delhi. The greatest Persian poet of India, also a master musician, soldier, prose writer, folk poet and sufi. His poems are reported to have won the appreciation of S'adi*. Was very close to Shaikh Nizamuddin Auliya. (2, 55, 104)

Malik Qumi (d. 1615) came from Qum, in Iran, at an early age and became court poet of Ali Adil Shah, of Bijapur. A poet of delicate sensibility, his work influenced many of his successors. (65)

Manohar (flourished 1570's), son of Raja Lav Karan of Rajasthan and friend of Abul Fazl; one of the earliest of Indian style poets in Persian, is generally known as Mirza Manohar. (6)

Mas'ud Bak (flourished 14th century), a cousin of Sultan Firuz Tughlaq, he is reported to have been killed in the Deccan because of his unorthodox views. (51)

Mas'ud Sa'd Salman (d. 1126), of Lahore. One of the earliest of the major Indo-Persian poets and greatly admired by such classical Iranian poets as Adib Sabir* and Sana'i. (9, 90)

Mir, Muhammad Taqi (1722-1810), of Agra and Delhi, was the greatest of Urdu poets, and bilingual in Urdu and Persian. In addition to poetry, he wrote a remarkable prose autobiography in Persian. (96)

Momin, Hakim Momin Khan (1800-1852), of Delhi, major Urdu poet, was perhaps an even better poet in Persian. (106)

Mukhlis, Rai Anand Ram (flourished 1700-1750), a nobleman at the court of Muhammad Shah, was a disciple of Bedil*, then of Khan-e Arzu. (39)

Naziri, Muhammad Husain (d. 1612), of Nishapur in Iran. Spent much of his life in Gujarat, died at Ahmedabad. Perhaps the great poet of the age of Akbar. Sa'ib* and Ghalib* held him in high regard. (20, 35, 56)

Nisbati (d. 1688), of Thanesar, India; an extremely fine poet, was a man of great learning as well. (10, 100)

Rumi, Maulana Jalaluddin (1207-1273), also known as Maulana Rum, or simply Maulavi; composed extempore, but over many years, his vast Masnavi, arguably the greatest mystic poem in any language. Also a distinguished ghazal writer. (7, 19, 34, 46, 49, 61)

Sabiq, Mulla Muhammad Umar (1722-1810), of Banaras (Varanasi); one of the most learned men of his time and a prolific poet. (94)

Sabqat, Sukbraj (flourished 1700's), of Delhi, was one of Bedil*'s brilliant disciples. (81)

Sa'di, Shaiqb Muslibuddin (1184-1291), born at Shiraz in Iran, was perhaps Iran's greatest man of letters. Although better known as the author of the inimitable prose classic *Gulistan* (1258), he is also one of the greatest of ghazal

poets and a major sufi. (1, 30, 80, 99)

Sa'ib, Mirza Mubammad Ali (1601-1669), of Tabriz; the best known exponent of the Indian style, is a poet of great metaphoric brilliance. Himself an admirer of Naziri* and Ghani*, Sa'ib is almost universally admired today and is the one poet of the Indian style whose work is popular in Iran. (89)

Salim, Mubammad Quli (d. 1647), of Tehran, came to India in Shahjahan's time. Died in the Deccan. A poet of great wit and creativity. (17) (Also see 43).

Sarkbush, Mubammad Afzal (1640-1714), an officer at the courts of Shahjahan and Aurangzeb, he commanded a very high reputation in his time. (13, 87)

Sarmad (d. 1688), an Arminian, came to Delhi in the 1680's and immediately attracted attention as a sufi and a poet. Was put to death for his unorthodox ways. (103)

Sauda, Mirza Mubammad Rafi (1713-1781), of Delhi. One of the greatest Urdu poets and a substantial poet in Persian. (105)

Sbibli No'mani (1857-1914), born in Azamgarh, U.P., was one of modern Islam's outstanding scholars; a literary critic, educationalist, historian, philosopher, and freedom fighter of distinction. (8)

Siadat, Jalaluddin (d. around 1700), of Lahore. A poet of wide range and fine sensibility. (70)

Talib, Mubammad Talib (d. 1626), of Amul, in Iran; one of the greatest of Indo-Iranian poets, was poet laureate of Jahangir. Died at a comparatively young age at Ahmadnagar. (15, 50, 84)

Urfi, Jamaluddin (1556-1592), of Shiraz, in Iran, was a prominent poet in the courts of Akbar and Jahangir. A poet of intellectual power and strong imagination, and exemplar par excellence of the Indian style. (63, 76, 97, 102)

Va'iz, Mirza Rafi (flourished 17th century), of Qazvin, in Iran.

Also known for his sermons. (28)

Valih Daghistani (1724-1756), of Isfahan; his poem on his unfulfilled love for a beautiful cousin is one of the famous love stories in Persian literature. Died in Delhi. (88)

Vaqif, Nurul Ain (flourished 1740's), came from Batala, near Lahore; was a disciple of Khan-e Arzu. One of the better known Persian poets of the 18th century. (93)

Varasta, Sialkoti Mal (d. 1766), of Sialkot, author of a short but extremely authoritative dictionary of Persian metaphors and idioms. (43)

Zaburi, Nuruddin (d. 1616) of Tarshiz, in Iran. A master of ornate prose and also a poet of considerable complexity, he was court poet to Ali Adil Shah of Bijapur. Sa'ib* and Ghalib* were his admirers. (18)

Zakhmi, Raja Ratan Singh (flourished 18th century), was a nobleman in the employ of Shuja'uddaulah. (85)