

Mirza Asadullah Khan Ghalib (1797-1869)

Juz Qais aur koi na āya ba-rū-e kār
Sahra magar ba-tangī-e chashm-e husūd thā

Thā khwāb meN khayāl ko tujh se muāmala
Jab ānkh khul gayī na ziyāN thā na sūd thā

Lethā hūN maktab-e gham-e dil meN sabaq hanōz
Magar yehī ke "raft" gayā aur "būd" thā

DhāNpa kafan ne dāgh-e `uyūb-e barahnagī
MaiN warna har libās meN nang-e wujūd thā

Tīshe ba-ghair mar na sakā Kohkan, Asad
Sargashta-e khumār-e rusūm o quyūd thā

But for Qais none came
suited to the task of love
Perhaps the desert narrowed
jealous as an eye, it was.

In dream, the imagination had
dealings with you
When the eye opened, neither
gain, nor even loss, it was.

I take lessons still
from the school of heart's sorrow
But only this:
"allait"-- he went, "etai"-- it was.

The shroud concealed the stain
of the shame of nakedness
Otherwise in every garment
existence was disgrace, it was.

Kohkan couldn't even die
without an axe, Asad,
Head spinning high drunk on
custom and constraint, he was.