

7 ~ DARD

7.1

- 1 No mistress was ever very far from killing her lover, but at least before your time this was not the general rule!
- 2 Last night at the party in the presence of your beauty's flame, when I looked at the face of the candle there was no radiance upon it.
- 3 She used to talk about me openly, but when I arrived she said, 'Well, there was no mention of this!'
- 4 Although Adam had no wings, yet he reached further than was in the power of even the angels.
- 5 I fostered my grief for you to such an extent that I saw every wound in my heart become an ulcer.
- 6 Today the censor was in the tavern in your power. There was no heart which did not shatter like glass.
- 7 Why did you feel insulted at the idea of meeting Dard, beloved? He wanted only to see you.

7.2

- 1 In the meadow the dawn, wet-eyed, was saying, 'O dew, the spring-like freshness of the garden has remained the same, but where is the dew?'
- 2 A drop of sweat fell from her hair on to her cheek. This is something to be astonished at—the dew fell on the sun!

7.1. Source: *Divān*, 9-10

Metre: *ramal* - - - | - - - - | - - - - | - - - - | - - - -

2. The eclipse of the shining candle before the beloved's flaming beauty may be taken as a reference to the worthlessness of worldly splendour before the presence of God.
3. i.e. the arrival was not mentioned.
4. A reference to the fundamental Islamic idea that man is 'the noblest of creatures', outranking even the angels.

7.2. Source: *Divān*, 44-5

Metre: *hazaj* - - - - | - - - - | - - - - | - - - - | - - - -

2. The beloved's face is as radiant as the sun, which in real life dries up the dew.

7.1

- 1 ~~قتل عاشق کسی معشوق سے کچھ دور نہ تھا~~
- 2 ~~پر طرے عہد کے آگے تو یہ دستور نہ تھا~~
- 3 ~~رات مجلس میں ترے حسن کے شے کے حضور~~
- 4 ~~شمع کے منہ پہ جو دیکھا تو کہیں نور نہ تھا~~
- 5 ~~ذکر سیرا ہی وہ کرتا تھا صریحاً لیکن~~
- 6 ~~میں جو پہنچا تو کہا حق، یہ ملنا کور نہ تھا~~
- 7 ~~باوجودے کلا پر و بال نہ تھے آدم کے~~
- 8 ~~وہاں پہنچا کہ فرشتے کا بھی مقدر نہ تھا~~
- 9 ~~پرورش غم کی ترے بال تھیں تو کی طرحکھا~~
- 10 ~~کوئی بھی داغ تھا سینے میں کہ ناسور نہ تھا~~
- 11 ~~محتسب آج تو ہے خانے میں تیرے ہاتھوں~~
- 12 ~~دل نہ تھا کوئی کہ شیشے کی طرح چور نہ تھا~~
- 13 ~~درد کے سلنے سے اے یار بُرا کیوں سانا~~
- 14 ~~اس کو کچھ اور سوا دید کے منظور نہ تھا~~

7.2

- 1 ~~چمن میں صبح پہ کہتی تھی ہو کر چشم تر شبنم~~
- 2 ~~بہار باغ تو بیوں ہی رہی لیکن کدھر شبنم~~
- 3 ~~عرق کی بوند اس کی زلف سے رخسار پر ٹپکی~~
- 4 ~~تعجب کی ہے جاگہ یہ پڑی خورشید پر شبنم~~

- 3 Without you the garden seemed to me a house of mourning. On one side the flowers were bursting their collars, on the other the dew was weeping.
- 4 Association with the pure-hearted has a certain effect. Just by resting on the rose's fire the dew came to rival a glowing spark.
- 5 Just let it be morning and then we shall see her. The dew takes no heed of any lover's weeping.
- 6 The unsteady need no apparatus to rise up. The dew has vanished while you looked, although it has no wings.
- 7 Whoever left this garden never found trace of it again. The breeze never turns back here again, nor does the dew re-appear.
- 8 Dard, I do not understand the puzzle of joy and sorrow in this world. The dawn is laughing, so why does the dew weep, and in whose memory?

7.3

- 1 What heaven of desire should we seek from you? We have no heart left to desire anything!
- 2 All appearances of physicality vanish in an instant when we come before the mirror and cry, *Hijab*.
- 3 O Shaikh, do not object to the wetness of our skirt. We will squeeze it dry, then the angels will use the water for their ablutions.
- 4 Although like the candle we are tongue from head to foot, yet how have we the power to speak?

3. The bursting into bloom of the flowers is compared to the lover's tearing his collar in grief (cf. 6. 2. 6).
 4. The second *mistrā* is a particular instance of the general statement contained in the first. The transparent dewdrop looks red because of its association with the rose.
 5. The beloved comes out in the morning for a short time, quite careless, just like the dew.
 6. The 'unsteady' are the Sufis without attachment to the world, who can rise above it or leave it as easily as the dew.
 7. The garden stands for the world, to which there is no returning after death.
7. 3. Source: *Diwān*, 52-3
- Metre: *muzā'irī* - - - - - | - - - - - | - - - - - | - - - - - | - - - - -
2. *Hā* is the cry used in Sufi ritual (*zih*) to concentrate the thoughts on God and banish the idle thoughts of the world and the idea that all things are not basically one. The mirror is used as an image for the human heart or mind.

- ۳ ہمیں تو باغ تجھ بن خانہ ماتم نظر آیا
ادھر گل پہاڑے تھے جیب روفی تھی ادھر شبنم
کرے ہے کچھ سے کچھ تاثیر صحبت صاف طبعوں کی
ہوئی آتش سے گل کے بیٹھتے رشک شر شبنم
۵ پہلا ٹک صبح ہونے دو اسے بھی دیکھ لہریں گے
کسی عاشق کے رونے سے نہیں رکھتی خبر شبنم
۶ نہیں اسباب کچھ لازم سبک ساروں کے اٹھنے کو
گئی آڑ دیکھتے اپنے بغیر از بال و پر شبنم
۷ نہ پایا جو گیا اس باغ سے مرگز سراغ اس کا
نہ پلٹی پھر صبا ایدھر نہ پھر آئی نظر شبنم
۸ نہ سمجھا درد ہم نے بھید یاں کی شادی و غم کا
سحر خنداں ہے کیوں روقی ہے کس کو یاد کر شبنم

7.3

- ۱ ہم تجھ سے کس ہوس کی فلک جستجو کریں
دل ہی نہیں رہا ہے جو کچھ آرزو کریں
۲ مست جائیں ایک آن میں کثرت نمایاں
ہم آئینے کے ٹکڑے جب آ کے ہو کریں
۳ تر دامنی پہہ شیشی ہمہاری کھڑ جائیو
دامن نچوڑ دیں تو فرشتے وضو کریں
۴ سر تا قدم زبان میں چون شمع گو کہ ہم
پریہ کہاں سوال جو کچھ گفتگو کریں

3. The 'wetness of our skirt' is a mark of outward sinfulness, to which the Shaikh as representative of legalistic morality would object. Seen from the higher level of mystical insight, however, the water is not that of sin, but that of mystical knowledge, with which angels are proud to wash.
4. Mystics cannot speak of their experiences. The candle's tongue is its flame, as in 7. 4. 5.

- 8 What can I say? Don't You see what the fashion of this garden,
the world, is?
9 In the short time it takes for the bud to blossom, Dard went into
the garden and looked—and lo! things looked quite different.
- 7.5
- 1 We have laid a good many serious charges against ourselves. We
have done what we came for!
2 Is this life or is it some storm? Anyway, we have been des-
troyed by living.
3 What use are these roses to us, O morning breeze? We have
come here for a moment, only to leave for the next place.
4 Friends, we have seen enough of the sighs here! You stay, but
now we are off home!
5 Ah! Enough, don't grieve so. We shall know then—when some
spell of Yours is cast over it.
6 Here am I with my heart wounded. Even so, friend, how many
people have you heard of whose wounds healed?
7 Like the candle we came to this party wet-eyed and left wet-
skirted.
8 They seek Him beyond themselves: the Shaikhs have left their
houses and gone out.
9 We were not allowed to go outside ourselves: wherever we went,
He came and stood across our path.

8. i.e. when God knows all, man has no need to tell.

9. Cf. 7. 3. 6.

7.5. Source: *Diwān*, 113-14

Metre: *ramal* - u - | - u - | - u - | - u -
This is perhaps the best-known poem by Dard, and is one of the finest examples
of the mystical ghazal in Urdu.

1. An ironical reference to the way in which the purpose of life becomes the
piling up of sins.
5. Life's meaning cannot be understood without the secret of mystical
illumination.
6. Once the heart is filled with love of God, it is never free of it.
7. A candle begins by melting at the top and ends by melting at the bottom.
Babies cry when they are born (and mystics are grieved by being thrust into
existence, cf. 7. 4. 1). At death one leaves life stained with sin (cf. *Iardāmani*,
7. 3. 3).
8. This and the following line refer to the Sufi idea expressed in the Hadith,
'He who knows himself knows his Lord.' The Shaikhs are symbols of those who
have not grasped this truth, and seek God in external life or formal religion.

- ۸ میں کیا کہوں، تجھے نظر آتا نہیں ہے کیا
اس گلشنِ جہان کا جو کچھ کہ ڈمنک ہے
غنیچہ شگفتہ ہر وہی ہووے کہ اس میں درد
دیکھا چین میں جا کے تو کچھ اور ہی رنگ ہے

7.5

- ۱ تہمت چند اپنے ذمے دھر چلے
جس لیے آگے تھے ہم سو کر چلے
۲ زندگی ہے یا کوئی طرفان ہے
ہم تو اس جینے کے ہاتھوں سر چلے
۳ کیا ہمیں کام ان گلوں سے اے صبا
ایک دم آگے ادھر اودھر چلے
۴ دوستو دیکھا تماشا یاں کا بس
تم رہو اب ہم تو اپنے گھر چلے
۵ آہ! بس جی بت جلا، تب جانے
جب کوئی افسوں ترا اس پر چلے
۶ ایک میں دل ریش ہوں ویسا ہی دوست
زخم کتنوں کے سنا ہے بھر چلے
۷ شمع کے مانند ہم اس بزم میں
چشم نم آگے تھے دامن تر چلے
۸ ڈھونڈتے ہیں آپ سے اس کو ہر
شیخ صاحب چھوڑ گھر باہر چلے
۹ ہم نہ جانے ہائے باہر آپ سے
وہ ہی آگے آ گیا جیدھر چلے

- 10 We came into the world alone, but now we have left it taking Him along with us.
 11 Like sparks, O unreal existence, we have at last served our turn here and gone.
 12 Cup-bearer! All around the bustle of departure is going on. While your strength lasts, keep the cup circulating.
 13 Dard, do you have any idea where all these people came from and where they went to?

~~7. R. 1~~

- ~~1 When those eyes meet mine, my heart is pierced with lances.
 2 Do not rail against her infidelity, my heart! Such things happen thousands of times.~~

7. R. 2

- 1 Who knows what calamity this is that has befallen his heart? It is some sort of fire that has been plunged into his breast.
 2 From the way in which his tears do not stop for a second, it is obvious that Dard has been exchanging love-glances somewhere.

10. Life is as transitory as the appearance and disappearance of a spark.

12. The cup stands for the container of mystical knowledge (cf. 7. 3. 7) and the cup-bearer for the dispenser of this. Life is so short that one has to give and receive this knowledge as fast as one may.

7. R. 1. Source: *Dhvān*, 67

Metre: *xajfj-u-u-u-u-u-u-u-u*

1. The more usual reading in the first *misra'* is *do nigāhēn*, 'When her two eyes become four (with mine)'.

7. R. 2. Source: *Dhvān*, 132

Metre: *kazaj-u-u-u-u-u-u-u-u-u-u*

- 10 مہ جہاں میں آئے تھے تنہا ولے
 ساتھ اپنے اب آئے لے کر چلے
 11 چون شہر اے ہستی نے بود یاں
 بارے مہ بھی اپنی باری بھر چلے
 12 ساقیا یاں لگ رہا ہے چل چلاؤ
 جب تلک بس چل سکے ساغر چلے
 13 درد کچھ معلوم ہے یہ لوگ سب
 کس طرف سے آئے تھے کیا ہر چلے

~~7. R. 1~~

- ~~1 وو نگاہیں جو چار ہوق ہیں
 بچھیاں دل کے پار ہوق ہیں
 2 بے وفائی پہ اس کی دل مت جا
 ایسی باتیں ہزار ہوق ہیں~~

7. R. 2

- ~~1 کیا جانتے کیا دل پہ مصیبت پہ بڑی ہے
 اک آگ سی کچھ ہے کہ وہ سینے میں گڑھی ہے
 2 اس طرح سے اک لخت جو آنسو نہیں تھتے
 معلوم ہوا درد کہیں آنکھ لڑی ہے~~