

Još Malīḥābādī: *Husain Aur Inqilāb [selections]*
Husain and Revolution

translated by Jillian Ingold and Till Luge

kyā sirf musalmān ke pyāre haiñ husain
carḳh-i nou‘-i bašar ke tāre haiñ husain
Is Husain only the beloved of the Muslims?
Husain is the star of the firmament of humankind

insān ko paidār to ho lene do
har qaum pukāregī hamāre haiñ husain
Just allow man to awaken, then
Every nation will cry out, Husain is ours

[31]
jo kārvān-i ‘azm kā rahbar thā, vōh husain
ḳhwud apne ḳhūn kā jo šanāvar thā vōh husain
He who was the guide of the aim of the caravan was Husain
He who was the swimmer in his own blood was Husain

ik dīn-i tāzah kā jo payambar thā vōh husain
jo kabalā kā dāvar-i muḥaššar thā vōh husain
He who was the prophet of a fresh faith was Husain
He who was the arbiter of the doomsday of Karbalā was Husain

jis kī nazr pēh ševah-i ḥaqq kā madār thā
jo rūḥ-i inqilāb kā parvardigār thā
On whose glance rested the basis of just manner
He who was the cherisher of the soul of revolution

[33]
hāñ vōh husain, jis kā abad-i āšnā śabāt
kahtā hai gāh gāh ḥakīmoñ se bhī yēh bāt
Yes, he is Husain whose eternity of acquaintance is permanence
He tells the doctors, too, from time to time to this point

ya‘nī darūn-i pardah-i šad rang-i kā‘ināt
ik kār-sāz zīhn hai, ik zī-šū‘ūr zāt
That is, in the veil of the hundred colors of the universe
He is a producing mind, a sensible-minded personality

sajdoñ se khīnctā hai jo ‘masjūd’ kī ṭaraf
tanhā jo ik išārah hai ‘ma‘būd’ kī ṭaraf
The one who pulls towards the worshiped through prostrations
Who by himself is an indication of the direction of God

[36]

‘ālam meñ ho cukā hai musalsal yēh tajrubā
quvvat hī zindagī kī rahī hai girah-kušā
In the world it has already been continuously experienced
The very power of life has remained problem-solving

sar za‘if kā hamešah rahā hai jhukā hū’ā
nā-tāqatī kī maut hai, tāqat kā sāmna
The head of the weak has always remained bent
The death of powerlessness is [in] encountering power

tāqat sī še magar khajil o bad-našīb thī
nā-tāqatī husain kī kitnī ‘ajīb thī
It was a thing like power but ashamed and unfortunate
How amazing was the powerlessness of Husain

[37]

tāqat sī še ko khak meñ jis ne milā diyā
taḥtah ulaṭ ke, qaṣr-i ḥukūmat ko dhā diyā
Who thrust [lit. mixed] the thing like power into the dust
Having overthrown the government, he razed the palace of the government

jis ne havā peh, ru‘b-i amārat urā diyā
ṭhokar se jis ne afsar-i šāhī girā diyā
Who blew up (into the air) the pompousness of the authorities
Who, with a blow, struck down the royal officers

is tarah jis se zulm, siyah-fām ho gayā
lafz-i yazīd, dākhil-i duš-nām ho gayā
In this way, by whom tyranny was turned black
The word ‘Yazid’ was included among the curses

[50]

tujh sā šahīd kaun hai ‘ālam meñ a’e husain
tū hai har ek dīdah-i pur-nam meñ a’e husain
Who is a martyr like you in the world, oh Husain
You are in every single eye filled with moisture, oh Husain

zuhhād hī nahīn haiñ tire gam meñ a’e husain
ham rind bhī haiñ ḥalqah-i mātām meñ a’e husain
The very ascetics are not in your pain, oh Husain
We, too, are libertines in the gathering of *mātām*

āzād jo khayāl meñ haiñ aur kalām meñ
vōh bhī asīr haiñ tirī zulfoñ ke dām meñ
Those that are free in thinking and speech
Those, too, are prisoners in the trap of your locks