

Još Malīhābādī: *Kisān [selections]*
 Peasant

translated by Jillian Ingold and Till Luge

jhuṭṭuṭe kā narm-rav daryā, šafaq kā iztirāb
kheṭiyān, maidān, kḥāmošī, ġurūb-i āfṭāb
The soft-flowing river of twilight and the restlessness of dusk
Crops, fields, silence, sunset

dašt ke kām o dahn ko, din kī talkhī se farāġ
dūr, daryā ke kināre, dhundle dhundle se cirāġ
To the work and watering of the desert, respite from the bitterness of day
In the distance, at the river's edge, through the mist there is a glow

zer-i lab arz o samā meñ bāhamī guft o šunūd
maš'al-i girdoñ ke bujh jāne se ik halkā-sā dūd
Heaven and earth are whispering to each other
A light smoke from the extinguishing of the torch of the skies

vus'ateñ maidān kī sūraj ke chup jāne se tang
sabzah-i afsurdah par, kḥwāb-āfrīñ halkā-sa rañg
The vastness of the fields narrows with the veiling of the sun
On the withered crops is a light, dream-exciting hint of bloom

kḥāmušī aur kḥamušī meñ sunsunāhaṭ kī šadā
šām kī kḥunkī se goyā din kī garmī kā galā
Silence, and in the silence a rustling call
The voice of the heat of the day, spoken from the chill of night

apne dāman ko barābar qaṭa'-sā kartā havā
tīragī meñ kheṭiyōñ ke dar-miyāñ kā fāslā
Together with its skirt, the wind traverses
The distance between the fields in the darkness

kḥār o kḥas par ek dard-añgez afsāne ki šān
bām-i girdoñ par kisī ke rūṭh kar jāne kī šān
In the refuse the dignity of a lamentable story
On the roof of the heavens the condition of leaving after a dispute

dūb kī kḥuṣbū meñ šabnam kī namī se ik sarūr
carḥ par bādal, zamīñ par titliyāñ, sar par tuyūr
An exhilaration from the moistness of the dew in the sweet aromas of the grass
Clouds in the sky, butterflies on the earth, birds over head

pārah pārah abr-i surkhī, surkḥiyōñ meñ kucch dhū'āñ
bholī bhaṭkī-sī zamīñ, khoyā hū'ā-sā āsmāñ
Broken clouds of redness, in the redness a bit of smoke

The innocent wandering earth, the lost sky

paṭṭiyān-i maḵhmūr, kaliyān ānkh jhapkāṭī hū'ī
narm jān paudoṅ ko goyā nīnd-sī ātī hū'ī

Intoxicated petals, buds like fluttering eye[-lid]s
As if a soft spirit is falling, sleep-like, on the plants

yēh samān, aur ik qavī insān, ya' nī kāṣṭkār
irtiḳā kā pešvā tahzīb kā parvar-dagār

This weather, and a powerful man, that is, a tiller
The guide of evolution, the nurturer of civilization

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ṭifl-i bārān, ṭājdār-i ḵhāk, amīr-i bostān
māhir-i ā'in-i qudrat, nāzim-i bazm-i jahān

Child of the rain, ruler of the earth, the orchard king
Expert in the laws of nature, manager of the meeting of the world[s]

nāzir-i gul, pāsbān-i rang o bū, gulšan-panāh
nāz-parvar lēhlēhātī khetiyon kā bādšāh

Beholder of the flower, watchman of color and scent, protector of the garden
The monarch of the delicately raised, blooming harvest

vāris-i isrār-i fiṭrat, fātiḥ-i ummīd o bīm
muḥarram āsār-i bārān, vāqif-i ṭab'-i nasīm

Inheritor of the mysteries of nature, conqueror of hope and fear
Sacred signs of rain, acquainted with the nature of the breeze

subaḥ kā farzand, ḵhuršīd-i zar-afšān kā 'alm
mēhēnat-i paiham kā "pemān" saḵht koṣī kī "qasm"

Son of the morning, knower of the golden sun
The promise of tireless labor, the oath of hard work

jalvah-i qudrat kā šāhid, husn-fiṭrat kā gavāh
māh kā dil, mahr-i 'ālam-tāb kā nūr-i nigāh

Witness to the splendor of nature, observer of the beauty of the wilds
The heart of the moon, the light (of the sight) of the world-illuminating sun

qalb par jis ke numāyān nūr o zulmat kā nizām
munkašif jis kī firāsat par mizāj-i subaḥ o šām

On whose soul lies the prominent system of light and darkness
In whose intuition is revealed the nature of morning and evening

[...]

jis kā mas ḵhāšāk meṅ buntā hai ik cādar-i mahīn
jis kā lohā mān kar sonā aḡaltī hai zamīn

The touch of which weaves a fine veil in the litter

The superiority of which being acknowledged, the ground becomes fertile
/ Having obeyed its iron, the ground spits gold

*hal pēh dēhqān ke camaktī haiñ šafaq kī surḳhiyāñ
aur dēhqān sar jhukā'e ghar kī jānīb hai ravāñ*

On the plough of the tiller shine the shades of red of the evening twilight
And the tiller, the head bent down, is moving towards home

[...]