

Još Malīhābādī: *Paigambar-i Fiṭrat*  
*The Prophet of Nature*

*transliterated by Walt Hakala and Till Luge*  
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*tāroñ ne jhilmilā ke jo cherā sitār-i ṣubḥ*  
*gāne lagī caman meñ nasīm-i bahār-i ṣubḥ*  
The stars having scintillated, when the sitar of the morning was excited  
Began to sing in the garden the spring breeze of the morning

*ḡuncoñ kī cašm-i nāz se ṭipkā kḥummār-i ṣubḥ*  
*ubhrā ufuq se jāṃ-i zamurrud nigār-i ṣubḥ*  
From the dalliance of the eye of the rosebud leaked the intoxication of the morning  
Risen from the world, the cup of emerald, the embellishment of the morning

*šā'ēr kī rūḥ 'isq kī hamrāz ho ga'ī*  
*dunyā tamām jalwah-gah-i nāz ho ga'ī*  
The soul of the poet has become the confidant of passion  
The entire world has become the place of the manifestation of dalliance

*šam'en hū'in kḥamoš, chukne lage tuyūr*  
*ulṭī niqāb carḳh ne, jhalkā zamīn peḥ tūr*  
The candles became silent, the birds started to chirp  
The skies overturned the veil, the hill[s] sparkled on the ground

*sīnoñ meñ ahl-i dil ke hū'e qalb cūr cūr*  
*āñkhoñ se ruḳḥ peḥ daur gayā ānsū'ōñ kā nūr*  
In the chests of the people of the heart, the hearts were all in pieces  
The light of the tears has run from the eyes onto the cheeks

*daryā bahe, caṭak ga'in kaliyāñ gulāb kī*  
*phūṭī kucḥ us adā se karan āftāb kī*  
The rivers ran, the rose's buds burst open  
Burst open/into tears, somewhat due to the blandishment of the sun

*sabze peḥ lahr ā'ī, jinoñ kḥez ho gayā*  
*jhoñkā har ik nasīm kā gul-rez ho gayā*  
A wave came over the greens, which sprung up/were aroused  
Every single breeze's gust became flower petal shedding

*šab kā sukūt laḥn-i dil-āvez ho gayā*  
*rang-i ḥayāt valvalah-angez ho gayā*  
The silence of the night has become a captivating tune  
The color of life is exciting enthusiasm

*tanvīr khandah-zan hū'ī tārīk rāt par*  
*ḥusn-i azal kī chūṭ paṛī kā'ināt par*  
The refulgence became derisive of the dark night  
The radiance of the beauty of eternity fell on creation

*bād-i saḥar ke jāṃ pēh qurbān hazār jism*  
*dāman tamām šabnam-i tāzah se jis kā nam*  
A sacrifice on the cup of the morning wind, a thousand bodies  
All fresh dew, the wetness of which skirted [it]

*jhonke nahīn yēh carḳh se hai bāriš-i karam*  
*har sāns ḡusl detī hai sīne ko dam bēdam*  
There are no gusts, this gracious rain is from the skies  
Every breath bathes the chest, unceasingly

*thī rūḥ meṅ jo šab kī kasāfat, vōh dhul ga'ī*  
*gahrī jo sāns lī, to girah dil kī khul ga'ī*  
That impurity of the night that was in the soul has become laundered  
When a deep breath was taken, the knot of the heart was loosened

*vāraftagī kī sīnah-i mašriq meṅ hai umang*  
*har cīz meṅ ḥayāt kī paidā hai ik tarang*  
Joy is in the eastern chest of [the sun's] orbit  
In every thing a ripple of life is born

*girdoṅ kī āb o tāb se hotī hai 'aql-dang*  
*halkā sā abr, abr meṅ yēh campā'ī sā rang*  
Dumbfounded by the luster of the skies  
The pastel-colored cloud[s], this yellowish color in the cloud[s]

*jām-i zamurrudīn meṅ maujeṅ šarāb kī*  
*šabnam meṅ cubh rahī hai kiran āftāb kī*  
Waves of wine in cups of emerald  
The sunbeam is striking the dew

*dūlhā bane hū'e haiṅ šigūfoṅ se būstān*  
*kundan banī hū'ī haiṅ pahāroṅ kī coṭiyān*  
The gardens have become the grooms of the blossoms  
The summits of the mountains have become golden

*tāroṅ kā bazm-i carḳh pēh bāqī nahīn nišān*  
*ānkheṅ haiṅ band, sākit o šāmit hai āsmān*  
No trace is left of the stars' meeting with the skies  
The[ir] eyes are closed; the sky remains silent

*hāthoṅ pēh āftāb-i darakḥšān li'e hū'e*  
*jis azal kā dil meṅ tasawwur ga'e hū'e*

Received on the hands was the resplendent sun  
In the heart of the eternity of which they were pictured

*raqsān hai baḥr, anjuman-i āftāb meñ*  
*jis tarḥ rūḥ-i sukr ho mauj-i šarāb meñ*  
The ocean glitters/dances in union with the sun  
In the way the intoxicated soul does in the wave[s] of wine

*lahreñ haiñ yā hai zulf-i dotā pec o tāb meñ*  
*ğaltān hai rūḥ, bād-i šabā kī ḥabāb meñ*  
Either waves or twisted locks are in the writhing  
The soul is wallowing in the bubbles of the wind of the morning breeze

*maujeñ ravān hū'ī haiñ kucch us soz o sāz se*  
*jis tarḥ ko'ī cauñk paṛe ḳhwāb-i nāz se*  
Waves have been flowing, somewhat due to [their] inflammation with passion  
In the way someone woke up from the dream of dalliance

*šam'eñ bujhātī ā'ī haiñ ḥandī hawā kī rau*  
*parvāne sar-nigūn haiñ dhū'ān de rahī hai lau*  
The candles have been extinguished, [by] the stream of cold air  
The moths are depressed; the flame is smoking

*yēh vādiyoñ meñ phel rahī hai siḥr kī zau*  
*yā ā rahī hai sar ko jhukā'e 'arūs-i nau*  
This shining of the morning is spreading in the valleys  
Or [like] a new bride is coming, [her] head bent down

*ānkhoñ meñ dil-farīb tabassum li'e hū'e*  
*kākul hai cašm-i surḳḥ pēh sāyah ki'e hū'e*  
Having taken on an alluring smile in [her] eyes  
There is a lock, casting a shadow on [her] red eye

*a'e još! dekh ḡor se, yēh raqṣ-i rang o bū*  
*thī kab se tujḥ ko partav-i jānān kī ārzū*  
Oh još! Look closely, this dance of color and scent  
Was, since when, for you, the reflection of the desire of the beloved

*hān dekh! yēh tabassum-i gul, nāz-i āb-jū!*  
*kūkū kī yēh šadā'-i dil-afroz kū bakū*  
Yes, see! This smile of the rose, dalliance of the streamlet  
This heart-igniting voice of the dove, from street to street

*ānkheñ uḥā, 'ilāj-i dil-i dard mand kar*  
*pai-ham šadā'eñ ṣalli 'alā kī buland kar*  
Turning a blind eye to the cure for the pain of the heart  
Again and again, voices exalting “[Allāhuma] ṣalli 'alā [Muḥammad va āli Muḥammad]”

*yēh sahn-i gulistān meñ harī dūb kī adā*  
*yēh vādiyōñ kī os meñ ḡūbī hū'ī hawā*  
This blandishment of green grass in the yard of the rose garden  
This air, drowned in the dew of the valleys

*yēh ko'iloñ kī kūk, papīhe kī yēh ṣadā*  
*rukhsār-i gul pēh rang, halkā sā dhūp kā*  
This shriek of the (Indian) cuckoo, this voice of the (Pied Crested) cuckoo  
The color of the pastel-colored light on the cheek of the rose

*rangīniyāñ yēh silsilah-i kohsār kī*  
*yēh tang ghāṭiyōñ meñ ṣadā āb-šār kī*  
These colors of the chain of mountains ranges  
This sound of waterfall[s] in narrow valleys

*yēh āb o tāb-i cādar-i āb-ravān, yēh nūr*  
*nuzhat kā yēh hujūm, laṭāfat kā yēh maufūr*  
This luster of the running waterfall, this light  
This crowd of delight, this abundance of exquisiteness

*yēh dāman-i nasīm meñ, sarmāyah-i sarūr*  
*bikhre hū'e zamīn pēh motī yēh dūr dūr*  
In the skirt of the breeze, this capital of exhilaration  
These pearls, scattered far on the ground

*yēh jhalkiyāñ sī pardah-i zulmat meñ nūr kī*  
*yēh ma'rifat meñ ḡarq, ṣadā'eñ tuyūr kī*  
These flashes of light in the veil of darkness  
These voices of birds, immersed in 'mystic' knowledge

*kucch kah ke najm-i ṣubḥ se yēh ul-widā'-i māh*  
*yēh kunj kī nasīm-i khunuk, yēh harī giyāh*  
Having said something to the star of the morning this [is] the farewell of the moon  
This cool breeze of the bower, this green grass

*yēh nahar kī taṣap kēh ṭhahartī nahīñ nigāh!*  
*yēh phankṛī kā nāz, kēh allāh kī panāh*  
This restlessness of the canal that does not stop the gaze  
This dalliance of the flower petal that [is] Allāh's refuge

*ṣahn-i zamīñ pēh ṣab kī siyāhī li'e hū'e*  
*yēh āsmān, afsar-šāhī li'e hū'e*  
The blackness of the evening has taken over the courtyard of the world  
This sky has taken over the *afsar-šāhī*

*kundan se yēh kalas, yēh dil-āvez kohsār*

*yēh dil-kušā caman, yēh faraḥ-baḵḥš lālah-zār*  
This ball of gold, this captivating mountain range  
This delightful garden, this joy-bestowing bed of tulips

*šākhon kā dil-barī se lacaknā yēh bār bār*  
*yēh mēhr kā jamāl, nah pinhān, nah āškār*  
Through the loveliness of the branches, this bending time and again  
This beauty of the sun, not concealed, not disclosed

*yēh āsmān, jalwah-garī par tillā/talā hū`ā*  
*yēh ḥusn-i lā-zavāl kā parcam khulā hū`a*  
This sky was the coating on the manifestation  
This banner of eternal beauty of was opened

*a`e šaiḵh! tū nahīn hai ḥaqā`iq se bahrah-yāb*  
*fiṭrat-parast joṣ par aur is qadar `ētāb*  
Oh šaiyḵh! You are not prosperous of truths  
And so much reproof of nature-worshiping joṣ

*fiṭrat bhī terī tarḥ se hai ṣāhib-i kitāb*  
*is dīn kā saḥīfah-i zarrīn hai āftāb*  
Nature, too, is like you, owner of the book  
The golden revealed book of this faith is the sun

*ḵhāšāk kah rahā hai jise tū, vōh phūl hai*  
*nādār! ṣubāḥ-i ḡuncah-kušā bhī rasūl hai!*  
What you call rubbish, that is a blossom  
Fool! The bud-opening dawn, too, is a prophet!