

Lord! Send Messages

Azam Malik

Translated By:
Khurram Khirram

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God

In Praise of the Holy Prophet (PBUH)

Lord! Send Messages

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Deep Wounds

Boliyan

Mahiya

Self Portrait

Azam Malik gave provided me with the pleasure of reading the third edition of “Sain Sunehray Ghallay”. This is the second book of his Punjabi poetry. The fourth edition of this book was published in India by the Soorjdan de Waris Publishers in 2021.”Sain Sunehray Ghallay” is a remarkable creative work in Punjabi poetry. This book takes its nomenclature from a hemistich of Shah Hussain. It pockets a.e pieces of “Bolian”, some Mahias certain specimen of the genre "Tappa" and a host of poems. These poems are short mostly some comprising barely four lines; but never short of poetic effect. For instance

My heart wishes

“Should I return her letters?”

I consulted my heart

The sailors went

Wherever the boats headed

The Cranes died

The companionship

The lines dispersed and the cranes dead

The day he separated from me

All the walls of my house wept

This collection casts light over his self, his surroundings, his feelings, his personal pains and passions. One can say that this presentation is a soliloquy of a sensitive dreamer-a dreamer who knows to retell and recast his dreams with fullest effects. This is a work promising a big future. I wish him every success.

Dr. Ehsan Akbar

Azam Malik : A representative voice of modern Punjabi poetry

Azam Malik- A representative voice of modern Punjabi poetry Punjabi poetry has a rich and diverse history. From the early poets like Baba Fareed, Waris Shah, Bulleh Shah, Shah Hussain, Mian Muhammad Bakhsh, and Khwaja Fareed to the present poets the dominant colour is that of Sufism. The Punjabi poets in this part of the world not only promoted the love of human beings through their poetry but they also taught the masses to raise their voice against the exploitation and tyranny. Azam Malik has revived that vein in modern times through his Punjabi poetry taking inspiration from Shah Hussain and other great Punjabi Sufi poets. Sain Sunehray Ghallay is his second collection of Punjabi poetry. He himself writes in his preface that he wants to feel the pain of

the sufferings of the people and this stuff formulates his poetry. Along with using Ghazal and Nazm, he has also revived the old traditions of Punjabi poetry by writing Mahias. Mahia is a folk genre of poetry in which deep meanings are packed into three lines with rural wisdom. His poems have modern themes in which he touches the subject of selfishness, greed and senseless of the people towards one another. Though he is not raising the voice of protest openly but there is an undercurrent layer of protest against the injustice and exploitation meted out to the people. His poetry has deep meanings and his voice is a good addition in the Sufi tradition of Punjabi poetry. He may be regarded as one of the representative voice of modern Punjabi poetry. Below is given the translation of some of his poems translated by me: Lord Send Messages, My plaintive dirge unheard I cry while embracing walls Doors are shut and the streets barren The cities deserted of friends All places Witches peep from behind I recite many amulets No holy remedy works I only raise lamentation "Lord send Messages" The River of heart O God, I pray turn our hearts into river This life may

change its colour As all aspirations are going to die
No one shares the ground with me just telling the
tips from outside The virtuous path is difficult though
But we should be guided to that path.

The sun is cold, O Azam Come and lit the glow of
fire.

Khurram Khiraam

Azam Malik's life tale

I have read Azam Malik's collection of poems "Sain Sunehray Ghallay" many times. Sometimes to get the amusement of vernacular, sometimes to acknowledge the river like flow of his verses, sometimes to fathom the depth of thought and sometimes to feel the prick of deep sorrow. Every time I felt that there was something which was left untouched and unacknowledged. The real art of his poetry or his deep riddles of poetry and people were not coming into my mind.

This has not happened with me for the first time but at numerous occasions but there is only one reason behind which sometimes get deeper. Neither his thoughts are superficial nor does he have any craze of hiding something under the carpet. The thoughts within thoughts and the meaning associated with different words although seek concentration but are not too ambiguous to understand. Even then this book is full of very deep meanings, why?

After carefully thing I got that this is due to the flow of expression in the poetry. The grief from personal becomes collective and social but like Sufi poetry they appear in a unified collective voice but in simple words which sweeten and mitigate the prick of sorrows.

It does not mean that Azam Malik is a mere introvert and he holds his personal grief dearer than the sorrows of people.

Our folk stories had princes who during expeditions were taken to some strange land where people were sleeping and the time stopped and they could only be made alive by some magical spiritual mantra. Azam Malik in this book also appears to be standing at the such place This is not some alien place but the speed of time had made this alien place a common one as we are made like consumers by corporate tycoons and the tenderness, care and love had diminished from our world. It has now become a cancer and a hell blazing inwardly.

After reading this poem, the setting of Munir Niazi's poem came into my mind as there is a similarity between Azam and Munir but this

similarity is natural as our world has become alien to us due to corporate culture. Man's loneliness after getting deeper had turned into the sickness and the people around and the society is indifferent to him. What else one can do except wailing. So the waiting of the Messages from Lord is timely and necessary. Sain Sanehray Gallay is a story of deep gulf between man's self and his society. This gulf gives birth to injustice, selfishness, tumult and corporate economy. The love and man's companionship with another man had become a dream. Azam Malik is striving to reinvent that love of humanity and wants to restore the prime status of human being to behave like human beings. He is ready to cover all sorts of distances for that individual or social.

Sain Sanehray Ghallay is a complaint which Azam had filed to his Lord regarding the behavior of his society and every aspect of our actions is manifest in it. This book, in this context had become such a document which shows the true colours of our ugly and disfigured visages and our society becomes transparent with all its ill.

Azam's poems are also replete with this pain. I mean to say that his book scrutinizes the world divided by class and selfishness and endeavors to fill its gaps and we also find a steady flame of love spreading like a branch of flowers, between the lines.

Azam Malik is from us and talks about our conducts and existence. He is striving to finish the gulf and wants to remove the distance between, "I and You". He is trying to search the harmony of souls and these sorts of efforts are hostile to the corporate world of today. The world around him, therefore, appears alien and strange to him.

This theme is manifest in his numerous poems, "Dead Swans", Deep Wounds", Celestial Place, Night Seems enemy, The Price of Soil, Timely thought, Self, Loneliness and some other poems are in this vein but a steady heat of love mitigates its agony so that this world of selfishness may become bearable. This theme is not only found in his Ghazals but it also scatters in his poems like The gulf of thoughts, The water of the pain of life, The Water-coloured eye, Loneliness, Fear, The borders of eyelashes and some other poems. This collection along with Ghazals and

poems also include Kafis, Mahiyay, Tappay and Quotes. It means that Azam Malik has employed the classical genres along with the modern ones. These classical genres are dense in techniques and capable of conveying very deep meanings in fewer words. Azam had also used these genres with great mastery.

As mentioned before that these quotes are filled with juice and tenderness and mitigate the flagrant flames of the social fabric afire in his Ghazals and Nazm. Azam appears before us as a representative of his times and society.

Sain Sunehray Ghallay is not a book but the name of a wait. When a man is disappointed, then to mitigate his suffering and to search the shadow of happiness, man's gaze is fixed towards his Creator. We find a poet in this book whose breaths are soiled by the pollution of his times and it is no surprise that he seeks mercy from his Creator in this situation.

Azam Malik's poetry is a heap of combined sorrows whether this sorrow is of the distances between man and man or the sorrow of the separation of daughter, whether it is the flame of

love or warmth of sagacity. Azam never distances himself from his self and his society. The scope of this book is therefore, wider and its effect is deep.

Azam Malik, the letters soaked in sincerity and passion are not torn. It is necessary to acknowledge the true demand of true love. The messages for which you are waiting may be near at hand.

Ghulam Hussain Sajid.

Azam Malik's poetry

I removed man lines and then wrote again about Azam Malik's poetry. I read his book twice. First I enjoyed his poetry emotionally then I read it with more concentration. When I scrutinized his technique and the wisdom hidden in his verse then I discovered that I should have read his book this way. Azam knows how to say something and he also knows how to leave something unsaid. The recurring current of pain in his poetry also tells that there is a sea of worldly wisdom hidden inside him. I was startled many times by his poetry and enjoyed his poetry.

I first read his poetry while travelling in a bus then I read it lying on my bed covered by a quilt. During the second reading I had the bitterness of another book in my mind in which the essay like bitter story of another writer had filled my mind with bitterness and I was in a spoiled mood.

Sain Sunehray Ghallay is a line from Shah Hussain which is adorns the title of Azam Malik's collection of poetry. He has also published another book before that in 1996, titled as "Naal Meray Koi Challay". The first edition of this book was published in 2017 and now second edition is before you. The common thing between these two books is the titles of the book chosen from Shah Hussain's poetry. This tells us the about Azam Malik's school of thought and what kind of trees are planted in his yard. We also find the light of this enlightened tree in his poetry.

Our age is an age of confusion and mist in which we have even lost our identities and original colour to an extent that even the light is hazy and polluted. This is not limited only to colour but also to its impact. No one appears in his true colour nowadays. Everyone is soiled in these misty times. The pagan and the disbeliever are in same light-hazy and blurred. It's an accomplishment on Azam's part that he is not oblivious of the true colour of his life.

It is a positive thing that one should never be disappointed in his life. There is always a silver lining in cloud. Times will change one should be hopeful.

This is life and this is the high value of life.

I found many hues in Azam's poetry. Many times which he had gone through or suffered but one colour is dominant in his poetry and that is the love for humanity. He feels pain of land and the people of his land. There is no doubt in the fact that we the people of third world countries only go through pains and our joys are also hidden in these pains. We cannot find what we are looking for. We are forced to suffer with these pains and trials and at last we make it a part of our life and carry these pains with us. No one else does this work we do it but ourselves. We organize these spectacles ourselves and then are amused by it.

There is a poem in this book whose darkness has blurred all our community. We have not yet come out of that darkness and no one knows how far we are destined to be lost in this darkness. That poem is "The desire of the life of my heart. Our face is reflected in the first part of this poem.

The desires of my heart's life
I wounded by the taunts of the world

The world of my inside tattered
I, imprisoned by the sayings
The custom and rites ripped me apart
I became half-dead
Make me a second time
The desire of my heart's life
The place where we squatted
Come on that spot today
Let us see the Ka'aba of love again
Let us perform a pilgrimage together
After killing the separation
Inhabit my deserted place

Iqbal Qaiser

A voice near heart and soul

"Sain Sanehray Ghallay" is the news of the attainment of wisdom which passing through our Punjabi Sufi poets has reached the poets and intellectuals of present times. They are using it with new style in a new setting and are searching the new meanings from the wisdom and trade of the man of present times. There is a deep hidden meaning, wisdom in this wisdom. A certain type of sensibility is therefore required to talk about and understand about this which may harmonize the old tradition with the sensibility of present times. We should admit this fact that a majority of our intellectuals is alive about this wisdom and is trying to spread it among the masses.

Azam Malik appeared on the scene of contemporary poetry during the decade of 80s and that wisdom which becomes a source of spreading

the feel of land its soil its society its joys and sorrows yearnings and aspirations to the people took roots in him and this urge assuming the shape of poetry showed a new face and guise of Azam Malik which is true literary and learned appearance and one can indentify this face through his poetry in " Sain Sunheray Ghallay".

This book is an exclusive sign of our Sufi wisdom which is very dearly preserved by us and we completely agree with the competent critic of his poetry Dr. Aslam Rana,

“When Azam Malik should speaks in his poetry we also in the fragrance of the soil in it."This is the real thing which pertains to our intellect, wisdom and the soil of our homeland and when the shape is fashioned by the soil of land it is bound to have the voice of soul. When we see the soulful poems written by him we find everything closer to us. The reason of this familiarity is not a difficult one. When somebody talks about an experience which you have passed through you find a strange attraction and pang inside you and it spreads in the entire self. Azam Malik has preserved this low in his poems. We

find lines in his poems which are near to our soul and heart.

Azam Malik is a poet of commitment and this is not a thing which is heard or seen but it is experienced by him. We have seen and experienced the vibes of his personality and he loved his land and language and more than that he loves humanity. This features stands out in his poetry. The beginning, middle and end of " Sain Sunehary Gahllay" comprises of this brotherhood and love which he has conveyed to his readers and listeners in a very charming and original style.

Zahid Hassan

The Poet's own Reflections

Poetry is to give the robes of words and to adorn the pains of the world, want of love and the pangs of separation. Everyone has its own sorrows, someone yearns for another one, somebody languishes due to the sorrows of people and somebody suffers with the pains of the entire world. It is great favour of Almighty that he endowed me with the pain of other people. I took the help of poetry to harmonize my inner pain with the pains of the world. I tried to stop the injustice meted out to the poor, and to give an expression, through my poetry, to the pains of people suffering from poverty for ages.

It is difficult to make one's mark in the field of literature and it is more difficult in case of poetry. One identifies oneself in this field by harmonizing with the sorrows of the world and nurturing these sorrows. It is a deal of loss for a worldly man. In this field, therefore, it is a rarity that someone dwells

upon the sorrows of others. Many a great men, trying to reach the top of ladder have lost their identities. It may be a very difficult choice for me as well. Some illustrious person of that field had said that if a person discovers himself he becomes silent and if he starts speaking then he becomes a poet.

I became associated with poetry during my school days. While studying in Masters in Persian language in the government college Lahore I became the president of the "Punjabi Majlis" in 1993. I became associated with daily Jang before that in 1988. Due to my participation in the local politics and working with the organization international, I got a chance to know the people who lagged behind in the race of life. It was due to the good family background and mercy of the Almighty I tried my best to recognize the pains of others as my own and to become conversant with the depth of their pains and it happened so.

A collection of Punjabi poetry containing these half felt sorrows titled as "Naal Meray Koi Challay" was published in 1996. This edition of my second collection of Punjabi poetry "Sain Sunehray Ghallay"

is in your hands. Now it is up to you to tell me how far I have been successful in harmonizing with the sorrows of the world.

Let alone the claim to be a poet I cannot even claim to know myself properly. I made these complaints so that my Lord may send me messages to finish the pains of the people. After the publication of the first edition of "Sain Sunehray Ghallay" I became recipient of "Mehkan Adabi" Award and the second one from "Dil Darya Pakistan".

I did not want to enhance the image of those who helped me in the publication of my second collection of Punjabi poetry, as the friends are there to do good for you.

Azam Malik

Hymn

Your providence manifest in every thing
Your glory is supreme
Every pore of my body is grateful
Under your bounties

The tongues are dumb in praising you
But your attributes can never be estimated

حمد

ہر ہر شے وچ قدرت تیری
اُچیاں تیریاں شانناں

میرا لوں لوں شکر گزارے
تیریاں بیٹھ احساناں

صفتاں تیریاں کردیاں کردیاں
ہوون گنگ زباناں

God

He, who holds the sun onto his fist,
And controls the wind
He, whose yard had our dreams,
In its lap
Who illumined the day?
And made night for calm
He is the sustainer of all.

In Praise of the Holy Prophet (PBUH)

The creatures
Strayed for centuries
At war with themselves
Consumed by the fire of hatred
The creator showed benevolence
And sent you as Mercy
The truth incarnate came in view
Illumining the entire universe
The lost ones got their destination
The fire of hatred cooled down
All the minarets of falsehood fell down

نعت

صدیاں توں سی
بھلی خلقت
اک دو بے دی ویری بن کے
اپنے آپ اچ لڑ دی پئی سی
کوڑھ دی اک وچ سرڈی پئی سی
خالق نے احسان چا کیتا
اس دھرتی تے آپ نوں گھلایا
حق سچ رحمت کامل کر کے
حق دا چان ہر تھاں ہو یا
بھلے سارے راہ تے پئے گئے
کوڑھ دی اک نوں چھٹے و بے
جھوٹ دے بُرج منارے ڈھیبہ گئے

Lord! Send Messages

My plaintive dirge unheard
I cry while embracing walls
Doors are shut and the streets barren
The cities deserted of friends
Everywhere witches peep from behind
I recite many amulets
No holy remedy works
I only raise lamentation
"Lord! Send Messages"

سائیں سنیہڑے گھلے

ہاڑا سنے نہ کوئی
کندھاں دے گل لگ لگ روواں
بوہے بند تے سنجیاں گلیاں
خالی شہر نیں یاراں توں
تھاواں سبھے پکیاں جاپن
پچھل پیریاں مڑ مڑ جھاکن
کوئی وی دم درود نہ چلے
میرا اے بس اکو ہاڑا
"سائیں سنیہڑے گھلے"

My Heart Wishes

"Should I return her letters?"

I consulted my heart

The sailors went

Wherever the boats headed

دل کر دالے

اوہدے خط وی موڑ دیاں
کیستی دلوں صلاح
جدھر گنیاں بیڑیاں
اودھر گئے ملاح

My beloved across the stream

Neither bridge, ferry nor any oar
The evening standing apart
My beloved across the stream

This distance spans over centuries
Chanting the rosary in neck in vain
My beloved across the stream

Since my beloved turned away her face
Time turned hostile
My beloved across the stream

My friend left me friendless
I, unaware of these milestones

Azam you hold me with hand
Lest I am left in between

My beloved across the stream

ماہی میرا ندیوں پار

کوئی پُل، پتن نہ بیڑی
رہی کھلوتی شام اُرار
ماہی میرا ندیوں پار

صدیاں جیڑی لمی و تھ اے
اُنچ پیا جا پے گل دا ہار
ماہی میرا ندیوں پار

سجّناں جدی کنڈا اے کیتی
ویلے دتی کندھ اُسار
ماہی میرا ندیوں پار

نالدا میرے نال نتیں تڑدا
کمیہ جاناں ایس کلیاں گھار
ماہی میرا ندیوں پار

بانہوں پھڑکے لے چل اعظم
رہ نہ جاواں ادھ وچکار
ماہی میرا ندیوں پار

Separation

Life a mourning of the departed ones
An illness inflicted by separation

After living together for years
Life, is a bane of separation

وچھوڑا

دُور گیاں دا سوگ اے جیون
ہجراں والا روگ اے جیون

عمران تیکر کٹھے رہ کے
اوڑک اک وجوگ اے جیون

Adam's Son

I am Adam's son, O friends

I am Adam's son

I am Mansur, who was crucified

As Socrates I drank goblet of poison

I was tormented at many places

I am Adam's son

I as Majnoon, who chose Jungle

As Farhad, I dug the mine

As a hermit, I remained anxious

I, the son of Adam

I, a dweller of the world of love

Azam my grief went along with me

Separation finished me over

I, the son of Adam

میں آدم دا جایا

میں آدم دا جایا لوکو
میں آدم دا جایا

میں منصور آں، سولی سینا
بن سقراط اے زہروی پیتا
تھاں تھاں پچاہ گل پایا
میں آدم دا جایا

میں مجنوں، میں جنگل چُنیا
بن فرہاد، پہاڑ وی کھنیا
ہو جوگی میں کن پڑوایا
میں آدم دا جایا

میں سال دیس پیار دا وایا
اعظم رُ پئی نال اُداسی
ہجراں مینوں مار مکایا
میں آدم دا جایا

The River of heart

O God, I pray
Turn our hearts into river

This life may change its colour
As all aspirations are going to die

No one shares the ground with me
Just telling the tips from outside

The virtuous path is difficult though
But we should be guided to that path

The sun is cold, O Azam
Come and lit the glow of fire

دل دریا

ربا ساڈی اک دُعا
کردے ساڈے دل دریا

کُجھ تے بدلے رنگ حیاتی
مُکدے جاندے سارے چاء

کوئی نہ لہندا وچ مدان
باہروں دسن سارے داء

بھاویں اوکھا سچ دا راہ
سانوں او سے راہے پا

سورج ٹھریا ہویا اے
اعظم آ کے مچ مچا

Prison

The bird of soul
Imprisoned in the body
Sitting dumb and silent
Bears the rigors of time

At last, one day after leaving the cellar
Becomes a prisoner elsewhere
One cage changes into another
The second into the third
This imprisonment, written in the fate
Freedom lies in the chain

قید

روح دا پنھی
جئے دے وچ
چُپ چپیتا بیٹھار ہندا
ویلے دے پھٹ
پک تے سہندا
آخر اک دن چھڈ کے پنخرا
ہور کتے بن قیدی جاندا
اک پنخراے توں دُوجا پنخرا
دُوجے توں فریجا ہور
قید جویں تقدیراں وچ اے
آزادی زنجیراں وچ اے

Dedicated to Hazrat Sultan Bahu R.A

While crossing the rivers of the heart
Many travelers exhausted
Some plunged into it
And died by drowning
Some did not even place a step
Fearing death

After listening to the tunes of flute
Took the prayer mats of grief
The river of hearts deeper than the ocean
As none would fathom it

سلطان باہودے نال

دل در یادے کنڈھے ٹُر ٹُر
کئی مسافر تھکے
کئی ڈُبے اشان کریندے
کجھ رہ گئے وچ مکے
مَرَنوں ڈردے پیرنیں دھر دے
کھلے کھلوتے اکے
کئیاں جہل ٹکانے کیتے
سُر و جھلی دی سُن کے ٹُر پے
درد مُصلے تانے
"دل دریا سمندروں ڈُونگھے
کون دلاں دیاں جانے"

The Water-coloured Eye

The face radiant like the moon
The water-coloured eye
There is none like her
Although multitude are like me
How could one search oneself?
By getting separated from self

پانی رنگی اکھ

مُکھڑا چٹے دن دے وانگوں

پانی رنگی اکھ

اوہدے ورگا کوئی ننیں تکیا

میرے ورگے لکھ

اپنے آپ نوں کسراں لہیے

اپنے آپ توں وکھ

A Memory of the Government College

On that tower of the college
The birds still perch
Those abodes of the friends
Are still inhabiting the heart
The departed friend, when I remember
The stars sparkle into my eyes

گورنمنٹ کالج دی اک یاد

کالج دے اُس ٹاور اُتے
پکھو آ کے بہندے نیں

جیویں سیانے بندے کولوں
لوکیں متاں لیندے نیں

The Loneliness

Sometimes it happens
I get lost among the friends
As a lone tree
On a deserted land

اکلاپا

کدی کدی تے اِنج ہوندا اے
گمُ جاناں واں یاراں وچ

کدی کدی اِنج کلا ہواں
رُکھ جوں سُجھیاں باراں وچ

The Glory of God

He never objects on whatever I do
Just watching silently

In the guise of my father, O people!
God dwells in our home

ربّ دارُوپ

کُجھ وی کرے کُجھ نہیں کہندا
چُپ چپیتا ہسدا رہندا

پیو دا رُوپ وٹا کے لوکو
ربّ اے ساڈے گھروچ رہندا

To bear a life

My heart, a handful of sand
Gradually slipping away
Sand slipping from the hand
Or the tears falling from eyes
Nothing remains in grip

One can't stop, try as one may

اک حیاتی بھوگن دے لئی

دل میرا اک ریت دی مٹھاے
سہجے سہجے کردا جاوے
کوئی نہ آوے ہتھ پواوے
ریت کرے یا اکھ چوں ہنجو
لکھ ڈکونہ ڈکیا جاوے

Desire

May I spread laughter for the grieved ones!

Here and there

May cover the naked backs

With a eye-holed shawl

Snatching bread from the crows

May give away to the kids

سَدھر

دلِ کر داسی
رَب کرے جوں دُکھیاں لئی میں
تھاں تھاں پاسے ونڈاں
انکھ پر وئی کھنسی نال میں
کجاں ننگیاں کنڈاں
کھوہ کھوہ روٹی کاواں کولوں
بالاں دے وِچ ونڈاں

Courage to Know

The birds perch on the tower of college
Like the people learn wisdom
From sages

Fear

Neither this light clear like milk
Nor it is pitch dark
The merry drums beckon from far
I, surrounded by sorrows
Something may happen instantly
My heart fears

دھڑکو

نہ ای چٹا دھڑاے چان
نہ ای گھپ ہنیرا
سُکھ دے ڈھول پے دُور سیندے
دُکھاں پایا گھیرا
خورے جھٹنوں کیہ ہو جاوے
ڈردا اے دل میرا

Fragile Slumber

I woke up from my fragile slumber
These vigils became by fate
My eyes silent, lips sealed
But the people donor fell silent
Stop my friend, stop!

کچی نیندر

کچی نیندر
اٹھ بہناں وال
بن گئے نیں جگراتے لیکھ
اکھ وی چُپ اے
بلھ وی چُپ نیں
چُپ نتیں ہوندے لوک
روک اداڑ یاروک

The borders of eye lashes

Come, O my beloved
Now you must
Hopes are uprooted
At the night of your arrival
I may lit
The walls of my eyelashes
After peeling off this false self
I may step on the ladder of truth

پلک بنیرے

آ جاہُن تے آ جا سبنا
آساں پٹ لے ڈیرے
جس راتیں توں آویں اڑیا
بالاں پلک بنیرے
گوڑی ذات دیاں چیر کے چھلاں
چڑھینے سچ دے بیڑے

Self

We dared to build a mirror-house
In this settlement of stones
Have planted a berry tree in yard
Harvested the crop of love
The seed of her love is sown in heart
This famished my body
I lost my self

پتھراں دی نگری وِچ

پتھراں دی اس نگری دے وِچ
گھر شیشے دا پا بیٹھے آں
اٹاں روڑے کھاؤن دے لئی
ویہڑے بیری لا بیٹھے آں
بیچ کے اوہدا پیار دِلاں وِچ
لاہجراں دے کھارے پانی
عشق دی واڈھی گاہ بیٹھے آں
جُتے آپ رُکا بیٹھے آں
اپنے آپ نوں لبھن خاطر
اپنا آپ گنوا بیٹھے آں

Wait

We started off together, though

Wait settled into the heart

Like the banks of stream

For Daughters

Joys reigning supreme all round
And happiness may sprout
The father's house may be
Filled with joys
Upholding the esteem of daughters

دھیاں لئی

چار چُفیرے
خُشیاں ہوون
شکھ دا ہووے راج
بابل ویڑھے
پھٹن باسے
رکھ دھیاں دی لاج

Lament

My life depended upon you
The wishes nurtured in your company
Life turned into ashes
Time turned the hairs hoary
Your hand separated from mine
Now it's beyond you to return
Eyes turned white while weeping
All ways deserted, alone
Come, and cast a glance

ٹوک

نال ترے سی کھڑی حیاتی
نال ترے سن جیوندے چا
جندڑی ہوئی ساہوساہ
کیتے سمے نے وال کپاہ
نکلے دم دم ہانہہ چوں ہاہ
مڑ کے آناوس تنیں تیرے
اکھیاں لکھ لکھ ہنجو کیرے
اکھ اڈیکاں تاڑے لگیاں
سُنج مسنج سارے راہ
کدی تے آکے جھاتی پا

Pollution

Why should we earn enmity unaware?
Wiping away one's own kind
Why to pollute that air
Where the inheritors of our tomorrow
Are heaving the breaths

پولوشن (Pollution)

بھول پئے وچ
ویر کما ئیے
اپنا آپ ای
پئے مکا ئیے
کو تھری کر نیے اوہ واء
جھتھے ساڈے کل دے وارث
لیندے پئے نیں اج دے ساہ

Protocol

I and my bosom friend
Across the Smile cliff
Lost in our thoughts
Were sauntering beside the road
Suddenly, the birds screamed behind us
After listening to the scream of crow
We sat on the footpath
Insects and worms settled in their nest
I and my bosom friend
Suffered a lot by world

پروٹوکول

میں تے میرا جگری یار
شملہ پہاڑی دے اُس پار
کسے خیال چر مکے مکے
جان دے پئے سال سڑکے سڑکے
اچن چلتی ساڈے پچھوں
پکھوواں پایا چیک چھاڑا
سُن دُوروں
کھیرے دی شوکر
پیدل فٹ پاتھال تے بہہ گئے
کیڑے، کاڈھے رڈھانج لہہ گے
میں تے میرا بلی سجنو!
کیہ کُجھ اپنی جان تے سہہ گئے

Riddle

Once suddenly, my beloved friend
Placed her palms on my eyes
Asking to guess who?
If one cannot sense his friend
After touching the hands
One shatters from inside

ویلے دی گل

اک داری تے انج وی ہویا
ہس دیاں ہس دیاں، میرے ہا سے
ذات دے کنڈھیوں باہرنوں ڈلھے
خورے انج کمیہ جھکھڑ جھلے
جنہاں رل مل ہوند میری دے
کلے سبھ اکھاڑ دتے نیں
پر بت گل پچھاڑ دتے نیں
رکھ وی سبھے ساڑ دتے نیں

The Pride of Earth

The smell of your sweat is
The proclamation of good times
You are the adornment of my life
Even God says,
The lock waving at your forehead
Is not less than silver and gold
The markets are on rise
Due to the lines at your palm
The water oozing out from your injured hands
Had kept our trees green

دھرتی دامن

تیرے مُڑھکے دی خنبو
سجّرے ویلے دی کنو
توں ایس ساڈا ہارنگھار
رب وی تینوں آکھے یار
تیرے متھے دے ایہ وٹ
سونے چاندی توں ننیں گھٹ
تیرے ہتھاں دیاں چندیاں
جنہاں نال آباد نیں منڈیاں
تیرے چھالیاں دے پانی
ساڈی ساوی رکھی ٹاہنی

Timely thing

Once it happened
While laughing
My laughter got wild and spread out
The hurricane blowing fast
Uprooted the nails of my self
The cliffs dashed inside
Trees all burnt
Turned me into a lunatic
While searching my dust

ویلے دی گل

اک واری تے اِنج وی ہویا
ہس دیاں ہس دیاں، میرے ہاسے
ذات دے کنڈھیوں باہر نوں ڈُلھے
خورے اِنج کیہ جھکڑ جھلے
جنہاں رل مل ہوند میری دے
کلے بھ اکھاڑ دتے نیں
پر بت گل پچھاڑ دتے نیں
رکھ وی سبھے ساڑ دتے نیں

The value of Soil

How far one can comfort one's heart
After sending the sons
And departing the daughters
Buried in sparkling dress
How far I may kiss the soil
With my eyes, hidden in the shawl

مٹی داموہ

کد تک دینِ دلا سے دلِ نوں
ہتھیں پتر ٹورن
کد تک دھیاں ڈولی پاؤں
لٹھے وچ کفنا کے
کد تک اکھاں چمن مٹی
چنی بیٹھ لکا کے

Spectacle

I cut the branch where I perched
And clapped watching my own spectacle

I set the huts of my heart on fire myself
I lost the winning battle myself

تماشا

اپنے پیریں آپ کُھاڑی مار لئی
آپ تماشا آپے تاڑی مار لئی

دل جھگے نوں آپے اگاں لا لئیاں
اپنے ہتھیں جیتی بازی ہار لئی

Beguilement

I sent my letters to her daily
Beguiled by a hope
God knows she reads it
Or tears without reading

جھورا

اکو آس تے روز ای اوہنوں
لکھ گھنناواں پاڑے
رب جانے اوہ پڑھوے یاں
پڑھن توں پہلاں پاڑے

Celestial Place

There are black holes ahead
With a place for water
The flowers are irrigated here
And a desert place ahead

Everywhere the shadows pass by
Their faces hard to watch
It's hard for me to hide my face
And spend the night there

اوپری تھال

ایس توں اگے کالیاں پھلاں
جنہاں دے وچ پانی دی تھال
رَت پھلاں دی تر دی
ایس توں اگے اک بریتی.....

ہر پاسے پرچھانویں دسدے
جیہڑے شکلاں لین توں نسدے
مینوں شکل اُکائی اوکھی
او تھے رات لنگھائی اوکھی

The Cranes died

The companionship,
Abruptly their queue dispersed
The cranes dead
The day, my friend separated from me
The walls of my house wailed together

کونجاں مونیاں

وچھڑن جہیاں سنگتاں ہونیاں
ڈاریں رلیاں کونجاں مونیاں

جیہڑے دن اوہ وچھڑیا میتھوں
گھر دیاں سبھے کندھاں روئیاں

The desire of my Heart's life

The desires of my heart's life
I wounded by the taunts of the world
The world of my inside tattered
I, imprisoned by the sayings
The custom and rites ripped me apart
I became half-dead
Make me a second time
The desire of my heart's life
The place where we squatted
Come on that spot today
Let us see the Ka'aba of love again
Let us perform a pilgrimage together

میرے دل جیون دے چاء

میرے دل جیون دے چاء
مینوں ونھیاں جگ دے طعنیاں

میرا اندر لیر و لیر
مینوں قولاں قیدی کر لیا
مینوں رسماں چھڈیا چیر

میں ادھورانی ہو گئی

مینوں دُوجی وار بنا

میرے دل جیون دے چاء

After killing the separation
Inhabit my deserted place

I have nose pin of my heart's desire
My heart above earth
Stays, O time, stay a bit
If Azam is not to see me
What good my youth will be
The desire of my heart's life

جیتھے بہندے پاگلو کڑی
آ او سے تھاں تے اج
مڑ کعبہ تلیے عشق دا
مڑ کر یے رل مل ج
اج مار کے سد وراگ دے
میری اُجڑی جھوک وسا
میرے دل جیون دے چاء

میرے نک وِچ نتھلی رِیجھ دی
نتیں بھوئیں تے ٹکدے پیر
کناں دے جھمکے آکھدے
جھٹ ٹھہراو ویلیا ٹھہر
مینوں اعظم جے نتیں تکنا
میرا جو بن کیہڑے بھاء
میرے دل جیون دے چاء

Against the Terror Wielders

The red flowers turned yellow
The fragrance migrated
The sparrows together wailed for the dead trees
And paid condolences
The bullets fell like raindrops
My screams choked at the spot
Now the heart of soil
Have deeper wounds than before

سُکھ دا اُچالا

سُوہے پُھلاں دے رنگِ پیلے نیں
خشبِ وواں اُچالا کر گتیاں
موئے رُکھاں دی رَل کے چڑیاں نیں
ویناں نال مُکاناں دِتیاں نیں
میدنہ وانگول گولیاں انج ورھیاں
میریاں چیکاں تھاں تے مر گتیاں
ہُن بھوئیں کلجڑے اندر وی
اگے نالوں پھٹ ڈُونگھیرے نیں

Boliyan

Whenever I touched the pen
I first wrote your name

.....

We wish to witness the city of Prophet
It will cure all our grieves

.....

My friend, I spend night in vigil
The stars always count me

.....

جدوں ہتھ قلم نوں لایا
پہلاں تیراناں لکھیا



اساں ویکھنا ایں شہر مدینہ
سبھے دُکھ مک جاوے



وے میں اکھاں وچ رات گُزاراں
تارے مینوں نت گن دے

We planted the banyans of honor
While grabbing the daughters under shoulders

.....

Looking at your delicate lips
The flowers stopped
Blossoming in the orchard

.....

I planted your memory carefully
Which yielded the stars of love?

اسیں عزتاں دے بوڑھا گاتے
مڈھاں تھلے دھیاں نپ کے



کیستی یاد تیری دی گوڈی
پپنی تے تارے جم پے



پھل بھل گئے باغ وچ کھڑنے
نی اج تیرے بلھ ویکھ کے

Mahiya

Your face resembles moon
The ills of firmament
How may torment the earth
.....

Some plant of Barna
Those inflicted by Love
Have no fear of death
.....

چن ورگا مکھڑا اے
امبراں دے روگاں دا
کڈ ادھرتی نوں دکھڑا اے



ٹاہلی داڑکھ ماہیا
انجے ساہویں بیٹھارہو
سانوں تیری بھکھ ماہیا



کوئی بوٹا برنے دا
عشق دے ڈنگیاں نوں
کوئی ڈرتیں مرنے دا

