

**POETRY OF SHAH BHITTAI
TRANSLATED IN ENGLISH BY
ELSA KAZI**



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Kalyan-I (Peace)

1

The One Creator, the all greats;
Lord of the universe-
The living, the original;
Ruler with power innate;
The giver, the sustainer,
the unique , compassionate;
This master praise, to Him alone
thyselves in praise prostrate..
The generous, who does create
the universe in pairs..

2

None shares His glory, "He was..is,
shall be"..who this doth say
Accepts Mohammad as 'guide'
with heart and love's true sway;
None from amongst those lost their way
or ever went astray.

3

"He is without a partner" , when
this glorious news you break-
With love and knowledge, Mohammad
accept ..as cause him take
Why would you then obeisance make
to others after that?

4

From One, many to being came;
'many' but Oneness is;
Don't get confounded, Reality
is 'One' , this truth don't miss-
Comotions vast display- all this
I vow, of Loved-one is.

5

The Echo and the call are same,
if you sound's secret knew-
They both were one, but two became
only when 'hearing' came.

6

A thousand doors and windows too,
the palace has ..but see,
Wherever I might go or be
master confronts me there

7

If you have learnt to long, by pain
be not distressed-
Secret of love's sorrow must be
never confessed-
Suffering is by the heart caressed,
and there it is preserved.

8

The poison-drinking lovers, lured
by poison sweet, drink more and more;
To bitterness of fatal cup,
the poison-drinkers are innured,
Though wounds are festering, and uncured,
no whispers to the vulgar goes.

9

All from Belved's side is sweet
whate'er He gives to you.
There is no bitter, if you knew
the secret how to taste.

10

There is a call to gallow, friends,
will any of you go!
Those who do talk of love may Know

to gallows they must speed.

11

If you a draught desire
to tavern find your way;
Thy head do sever, and that head
beside the barrel lay;
Only when you this price do pay
then few cupe you may quaff.

12

The genuine lover, for his head
care and concern has none;
He cuts it off---joins it with breath
as gift then hends it on ;
Carves down to shoulders, forem loved-one
then begs for love's return.

13

To guard and to preservethe head,
the lover,s business is not this---
One of beloved's glance is worth
so many hundreds head of his---
Flesh, skinand bone, and all there is ,
the 'least ' of loved-one , equals not.

Kalyan-II

1

Thou art the friend; the healer thou;
For every pain the remedy--
Cure for my herat, thy voice alone
the only cure it is for me.....
The reason why I call for thee
is none can cure my heart but thou.

2

Thou art the friend, the Healer thou
for every ailment balm dost send;
Merciful God--all druge are vain;
the pains by drugs will never end;
Unless ordered by thee O friend,
no drug will ever sickness cure.

3

Thou art the friend, the Healer thou;
for sufferings thou the remedy;
Thou givest; curtest disease, dost guide,
master thou art eternally--
Yet, I am wonderstruck to see
that you physicians still provide.

4

Sttike friend-- thy hand raise, favour me--
hold not your hand, and should I die
By such death I shall honoured be
which through this wound is caused.

5

Today still groans the thatches fill,
where wounded lie and suffer;
Although it is their twilight, still
same ointment there and dressing

6

Poor wounded ones, so restless grow,
yet grateful are for pain;
For ever forward wish to go
and here would not remain.

7

Mother, I cannot trust in those
whose eyes with tears do over-flow-
Who bring the water to their eyes,
their sorrow to the world to show;
Who love Beloved, hide their woe,
no tears they show, nor speak about-

8

Physician, blundering and unwise,
you cauterise my skin, and treat
With slops my heart-ache, know to whom
scaffold a bridal-bed supplies,
The one beatific vision lies
in death, which is the union sweet.

9

Physicians you consulted but
dieting you ignored...
Had you obeyed, perhaps restored
to health you would be now.

10

Physicians were my neighbours
I ne'er asked their advice-
Therefore I find that in mine eyes
cataracts I now have formed.

11

Ah! suddenly they found themselves
in sphere of love...and there
They cut their heads, left trunks apart

such garland they did wear!
Beauteous they were...to loved ones fair
I saw them give their heads away!

12

Go to the moth, the surest way
of immolation ask-
The moths, who throw themselves into
the fire every day;
Whose tender hearts became a prey
to cupid's arrow sharp.

13

The moths assembled, gathering
above a raging fire...
Heat drove them not, no fear they had,
flames did their hearts inspire-
Their necks they lost, and on the pyre
of truth they burnt themselves.

14

If you call yourself a moth,
from blaze return not terrified;
Enter by the loved-one's light
and be ever glorified
You are still unbaked...beside
not yet with kiln acquainted are.

15

If you call yourself a moth,
then come, put out the fires sway,
Passion has so many baked
but you roast passion's 'Self' today-
Passion's flame with knowledge slay...
of this to base folk give no hint.

16

Happy those who acquaintance make
with goodly grinding wheel
Their rapiers never then shall take

to rust, nor will corrd.

17

Apprentice of the blacksmith, works
the bellows not with care;
Not close to fire goes, he fears
love sparks that issue there.
And yet proclaims he every where;
“full-fledged blacksmith am I”!

18

Turn your head into an anvil,
then for smithy do enquire,
There the hammer-strokes of fire
may turn you into steel.-

19

When I an arrow do receive
on that spot I remain;
Perhaps my Hero-love again
will strike in mercy sweet.

20

Physician give no medicine.
may health I never see...
May be, enquiring after me
my love to me will come.

21

Sacrifice your head, and ‘suffer’
if loved-ones send dismay...
Say not, ‘Forsaken’ t is their way
like this to form their links

22

Those that cut me up, became
the kindly surgeon too-
The wound they quickly dressed, and cured
within a day the same

Oh heart! and now make this your aim
"stay with them, and be safe from wounds"

23

As long there is no need, so long
physician is not here...
But when one day pain does appear
it is as though the leech had come!

24

They read and read, but what they read
their hearts refuse to store-
The more they pages turn, the more
are deeply steeped in sin.

25

O friend, why are you still inclined
to waste paper and ink-
Go rather forth and try to find
the source where words were formed.

26

The world with 'I' doth overflow
and with it flaunts about-
But its own 'Self' it doth not know...
't is a migician's spell.

27

They do not heed the glorious line
that does begin with 'A'-
In vain they look for the Divine,
though page on page they turn.

28

You only read the letter 'A'-
all other pages put aside-
Book-reading nothing will convey-
but your being purify.

29

Unuttered is unknown...the uttered
is never understood....behold,
Although it be as true as gold,
humanity takes never note.-

30

By 'giving' they were hurt,-'not giving'
to them contentment brought-
So they became sufis, as nought
they did take with themselves.

31

To hear vile words, and not return,
but hear them silently;
This is the pearl, most precious pearl,
we in guide's teaching see-
But decked with jewels he will be
who with 'Silence' the Ego kills.

32

Those who never forgot the sorrow,
and lesson learnt of woe-
The slate of thought within both hands;
'silence' they study so-
They only read page which does show
Beloved's lovely face.

33

Patience, humanity adopt,
For anger is disease-
Forbearance bringeth joy and 'peace',
if you would understand.

34

The inoffensive don't offend
forget who do offend-

In this refined and cultured way
thy day and night do spend
Thus meditating, humbly walk,
until thy life doth end-
A Lawyer keep within, O friend,
to blush not, facing judge.

35

As long as of this daily world
no glimpses you obtain-
A perfect view you will not gain
of your love Heavenly.

36

True lovers never will forget
their love Divine, until one day
Their final breath will pass away
as tearful sigh.

Khambat-III (Haven)

1

A moolit night, an open plain,
and so for yet to go;
My camel look not back, for you
't is shame to waver so;
Be steady, resolute, and show
my loved-ones you can reach

2

O full moon! though you rise adorned,
your beauty to enhance;
You are not a blink worth of my love
With all charms you advance,
Since your whole being but one glance
of the Beloved is.

3

A hundred suns may rise, and blaze
four score-four moons may shine;
I vow, without Beloved mine
I am in darkest night

4

O moon, by magic fade away;
may you be shorn of light-
Or hide yourself so that I might
the soul's Beloved meet.

5

In darkest midnight, the Beloved
shows himself so clear;
the moon and pleiades disappear
yea, like an echo mere.

6

O moon, cast first thy silver-ray

on the Beloved when you rise;
And for thy Maker's sake, O moon
message of helpless one convey;
"My hopeful longing eyes, thy way
with tears are watching everyday."

7

O moon, the moment that you rise
first glance at the Beloved cast
Say to the dear one: I am sick
In you my only comfort lies
"My hopeful and relying eyes
Are ever set expecting you"

8

O moon, when you ascend the skies
first glance at the Beloved cast
My message to the friend convey
Correctly all, and all precise
"My hopeful and relying eyes
are ever set expecting thee"

9

Rise moon, see the Beloved-thou
art near and far am I
Presence of Him in scented dews
I feel, that in night doth lie-
On foot I cannot reach and
father gives camel can't supply
On which riding, ere dawn draws nigh
I easily could reach.

10

I shall die longing, love is kind
but Oh...so far is He
Father gives camel not to me-
I am too weak to walk.

11

To the Beloved, when you rise

O moon, thy very first glance send;
And all the message I give
O moon, convey in truthful wise;
"My hopeful and relying eyes
are ever set expecting you."

12

Thy glance let the Beloved meet,
O moon, and my requests submit
Befittingly; above courtyard
of the Beloved bow and greet;
Speak gently...on Beloved's feet
both of thy light-hands softly lay.

13

O moon, all my entreaties safe
into thy shining garment tie,
Low'ring your head, to loved one tell
in what a wretched state am I;
Remember; to the place you hie
That is whole universe's Hope.

14

O camel! spurn thy slothful mood-
No longer now delay!
But once unite me with my love
no more the truant play,
But speed, ere night doth pass away
to meet my love after.

15

I must go where my love resides;
to the Beloved speed!
There I shall give thee sandal-wood
and thou shalt no more feed
On salt-bush coarse, unfit for thee
or any worthless weed;
O hasten! there is urgent need
to reach while night doth last.

16

Arise and take a forward step-
be not an idler base;
The highway to my love is straight
and hath no winding ways...
Self-pity drop...a gallop raise
to bring us swift and soon.

17

Remember your ancestry, and
your forebear's noble breed;
Your stock is well-known near and far
and you do hold indeed;
Rare pedigree-and so we plead
show us some kindness now.

18

I bound him near some glorious tree
that he some buds might eat;
Ill-mannered camel, on the sly
still finds the salt-bush sweet.
Woe's me-I know not how to treat
Camel that so confounds.

19

I tried to saddle him, but e'en
unsaddled he'd not rise-
The way the herd is gone, he lies
and only gapes that side.

20

My camel, I will give thee reins
of gold, and trappings fine;
Not only buds of sandal wood
but thou on myrth shalt dine;
If to the one Beloved mine
thou wilt bring me this night.

21

The camel did forget the herd,
nor e'en will salt-bush eat...
His blown-up hump has now become
his pampered passion's seat-
Alas, this callous, new conceit
he'll not drop unto death.

22

He goes not with the herd of late
and no more will he graze;
Since Cupid's arrow wounded him
he hugs a curious craze;
To his new love, with love-sick gaze
he crawls, defying death.

23

Now sits with herd, musk-branches eats;
yet calm remains his face
Ah me, apparently my camel
shows no outward trace.
'Here' he is with the world, but graze
with heart doth fondly 'there'.

24

He's not what he was yesterday
returning to the yard;
He never at the manager looks-
all food doth disregard;
Seems, poison creepers on the sward
he ate when with the herd.

25

With zest thee camel browses now
on creepers such as made him yearn;
But owners, keepers of the field,
with shouts his sweet indulgence spurn
The poor intruder, powerless
he grows from voices harsh and stern;
No answer finds he in return

and all his arduous madness flies.

26

Good animal, what you did put
your teeth in, finding them so sweet;
These baneful creepers if you eat
will bring you yet to grief and woe.

27

Torrents of rain and wind-camel
there obstinate he lies-
How shall I saddle him when rise
unsaddled he will not.

28

A solid braided rope construct,
with this your camel blind,
The frgrant creepers everywhere
all over grounds you'll find,
Once tasted, he will leave behind
all else, if he's not tied.

29

I fettered him with rope and chain,
but shackles were in vain;
He broke them all, and dragged them on
where creepers decked the plain-
O God, put sence and understanding
in this camel's brain
With mercy free him from this pain
to rise above this curse.

30

O rise, and to thy haven far
thy earthbound glances bear,
May be a happy welcome there
awaits thee from thy love.

31

No-go and schackle him, he will
run wild if left alone;
By tempting him to cat, he'll play
more pranks, but won't alone;
Load him and let him graze and groan
with heavy fetters bound.

32

Who laid a spell on you? and who
waylaid you, wished you ill?
Blinkers you wear-your soles rubbed off-
your kind not meet you will;
And round and round, as in a mill
you circumambulate.

33

My comely camel, won't you eat
the sandal wood and drink your fill
Of cleanest purest water, food
the finest you refuse it still-
What law gave you the tasty thrill
of salt-bush mere, above all else?

34

At last my camel every day
is browsing in that garden, where
Two tree-shoots are worth millions there
handful of leaves are thousands worth.

35

Two tree-shoots are worth millions...nay
one leaf alone five lakhs will be-
Now to enrich his soul he eats,
the wholesome blossoms of this tree-
Here e'en a withered leaf we see
is many, many hundreds worth.

36

My lakhs-worth camel, that I bought
for hundreds, beautiful became
For any eye to see; don't blame
and say too dearly he was bought.

37

My invaluable camel, friend,
no praise is now for him too high;
His manager fill with cardamoms
then saddle him, and he will fly,
All distance he will defy,
and here and now the Loved-one reach.

Sorath-IV (King and Minstrel)

1

The minstrel came to Junagarh
and here took out his lyre;
With his entrancing melodies
he did all hearts inspire;
With his bewitching magic-strings
he set whole town on fire-
But palace-servants, princesses,
were struck with anguish dire;
"That Raja's head was bard's desire,
lute spoke in accents clear."

2

The bard at though a living string
played with humility;
The Raja in his palace fine,
to hear him did agree;
He mercifully called him in,
and met him graciously-
Then prince and bard, one harmony,
one single 'self' became!

3

"I travelled many foreign lands,
and have arrived today;
Poor minstrel I, no treasures crave
but for your life I pray-
To win this favour, let me play,
Oh Sir, the time is short.-"

4

"Leaving all other doors, O king
I wandered to your door!
Blest Sorth's husband, see my need
a beggar doth implore,

His empty apron fill once more
and happiness restore!"

5

The king sat on his glistening dais,
the bard below him played;
The faintest note of music sweet
up to the Raja sped-
To private folks that could not come
the minstrel too was led;-
Fine horses were produced, rare gems,
before the bard were spread,
Who said: "no wealth like this, but head
of Raja do I claim!"

6

No jewels can the mistrel please
no wealth, no property-
From riches and from great rewards
His only wish is, near to be
the giver of this wealth.

7

prince said: "I'll gladly sacrifice
My head for thee O Bard,
Although this is a small reward
For all thy music's worth..."

8

"Were I to own a hundred heads
And weigh them with thy strings-
Behold the scale, how down it swings
On side of strings divine!

9

"O Friend, my head is only bone:
An empty, empty bone-
If thousand heads my neck would own
I'll cut them all for thee!"

10

The strings, the dagger and the neck
were reconciled all thee-
King said: "nought is so lovely than
your wish to come to me,
My head you craved...most heartily
I do thank God for that..."

11

"But singer, it astounded me,
That while you played your strain.
How could its sweetness you survive
And could alive remain?
Last night, my being all in twain
was by your music cut."

12

The flower of Girnar plucked;
The town is plunged in mourn and pain,
Hundreds like Sorath stand and raise
Their lamentations all in vain-
The minstrel, holding lock, receives
The prince's head adorned again-
While virgins chant the sad refrain;
"Last night the Raja passed away."

13

Sorath is dead; and all is peace-
Ruler removed his tents-
There are no singings and no shows,
no tuneful elementss.-
And after this, artist presents
The head again to king!

14

Sorath is dead, and all is peace-

Raja pitches his tents;
Music is heard again...the show
goes on with merriments-
Echo sounds song's sweet sentiments...
Behold, the happy king!

Asa-V (Hope)

1

In Infinitude I ross,
O guide no bound perceive mine eyes
Tortuous beauty of the Loved,
Has no limit, has no size-
Here intensive longing lies,
There the Loved-ones do not care!

2

Cursed be duality, Beloved,
From 'Self' do shelter me-
O, hold the 'I' near thee,
But thou canst reach 'thyself', O master.

3

But thou canst reach 'thyself' master;
Nothing but Beauty is;
O doubter, couldst thou doubt dismiss,
There's no Idea then left.-

4

Beloved, hold the 'I' near thee;
All self concern I've cast from me;
Protector mine, with duality
I wasted far too many days!

5

That is real dualism, when
Non-dualist yourself you call;
Be shorn of separateness, and
'Ego' let not thy soul enthrall;
For 'this', doth not exist at all;
And 'that' not known is without 'this'.

6

'That' is not known without 'this', and
From 'this', 'that' doth not separate stand;
"Human my secret is, and I
Am his, that thou must understand"-
This voice did spound from end to end,
By seers, and the knowing ones.

7

No one who loaded is with 'Self';
The other side will see,
For God is one, and Oneness loves;
So spurn duality;
And all thy anxious tears "to be",
Shed at altar of unity.

8

The servant too has no beginning,
And no end shall see-
Who the Beloved found, shall be
Absorbed for ever there.

9

Everyone knows where he is
I know not where I stand;
Guides and books there many are,
And they are close at hand-
But I, do seek the distant land
Where 'yes' and 'no' are not.

10

'Yes' and 'no', still within reach
Of earthly idea are;
But beyond all vision far
Is the Beauty that I seek.

11

Sometime or other, beauteous forms
Will be overwhelming thee;
But falcon of Reality,
Let not heedlessly escape.

12

The sensuous beauty thrashed me so
As carders cotton beat;
And now my hands are obsolete,
My body's paralysed.

13

Confound thy senses, and renounce
Thy 'Self' ...Him-knowing be;
To recognize the Loved-one, drop
Thy personality;
And then coarse multiplicity
With unity destroy-

14

The Loved-one bound me-
Threw me into waters deep;
And said: "Now dry do keep,
And getting wet avoid."

15

One that is into water thrown
From getting wet, how could be free?
Enlightened one, this mystery
How I might solve it, say-

16

"Rely on contemplation, but
Of law neither neglectful be...
Your heart get used to Reality
Which is your Destiny to see;
Be resolute, and verily

You'll be immune from getting wet."

17

Ah, Reality broke my
Existence, so that I;
Can no more breathe without it,
In its presence high;
My soul suffused doth lie,
Exclusive of all else.-

18

Be silent- do not move your lips;
Your eyes do close, your hearing stay...
Drink not your fill, and at your meals
When still half hungry, turn away-
And then a glimpse enjoy you may
Of image that your mind's depth holds.-

19

Would of the august secret
I divulge one whit-
Trees would burn up,-unfit
For growth all earth would be.-

20

Let your eyes an offering be
For Loved-one ere you break your fast;
Sumptuous dishes serventy
You'll get by seeing Loved-ones face.-

21

If my eyes at rise for other
Sight than the Beloved care-
From their sockets I will tear
My eyes as morsels for the crows.-

22

Facial phenomenalists
Do not try to see with those,

Longing gapings with those eyes
Never Loved-ones features shows-
Only when both eyes you close
The Beloved you will see.

23

Dwell in mine eyes Beloved fair
That I can close them now;
No one may ever see you there
And I nought else shall see.

24

Acquire eyes that able are
to visualize Beloved's face;
Not then at any other gaze
Loved-ones are very sensitive.

25

About dead Elephant amongst
the blind arose parley-
They handled it all over, but
Blind eyes could nought convey-
Decisive word can say-
The 'seers' only can display
The genuine truth of things.-

26

The sense of wonder doth not dwell
Within the vulgar mind-
Secret of Love to trace and find
Is no task for the blind.-

27

For whom so anxiously we pine,
We ourselves are those;
O doubt, be gone with all your woes
For Loved-ones we have found.-

28

Eyes weep and yet rejoice each day
to look and to adore-
The more they see loved-ones, the more
drunk they with love do get.

29

The more I prohibited eyes
to look, the more they longed;
They crossed the sleeping world, to find
loved-one at any price-
They killed me ah...but in this wise
peace for themselves secured.-

30

Relationship with the 'visible',
In no case do desire-
Why not you for the real enquire
and set out, seeking that?

31

Hear, and take note, that you yourself
are 'barrier', and what is
Between the union and its bliss
Is nothing but yourself.

32

The love wants that love's secret
alone his own shall be;-
But eyes that flow continuously
and sinking heart;...betray.-

33

Corrupt ones can corrupt, whose love
Is very weak, indeed-
But whom love has consumed, succeed
they can't for he the vile one slew.-

34

When praying, think not of yourself,
Or prayers are in vain;
All thinking of yourself restrain
Drop self, and then do pray.-

35

You profess to be a 'faithful'
Holy maxims you recite...
But your heart deceit is hiding
Duality-satanic spite-
Faithful outward, you delight
in idolate' rise inside.-

36

Seek not the form of one that your
'Beloved' you do call,
As conversation not at all
can happen face to face.-

37

Converse you hold when cross you are
Can never loved-one reach
Some mischief monger longs to mar
your heart, and spoil your love.

38

For to be cross is not the way;
two stones, can they unite?
'tis love that doth the cosmos sway-
through love alone it lives.-

39

Each claims to be on right path here;
But I have lost myself-
Desiring and acquiring are

So very, very near-
I set my mind on distant sphere
where 'yes' and 'no' are not.

40

Demerits world decries, loved-one
at so-called merits cross would be-
My deeds, I mentioned with my tongue
now all undone in dust I see.-
Then I discounted all my deeds,
which once I thought were charity,
An embassy I sent of shame;
Regrets and deep humanity,
But oh...my love made up with me
only when 'I' had disappeared.-

41

Whose body is a rosary,
the mind a bead, a harp the heart.
Love-strings are playing there the theme
of unity in every part;
The nerves do chant: "There's none like thee;
the 'One' and only one thou art.-
E'en sleeping beauty they impart,
their very sleep their worship is!

Pirbhati-VI (Song of Dawn)

1

These are not ways you knew before
thy fiddle hanging on the peg,
And lovely dawn, as if it were
your enemy, so to ignore;
'Musician' call yourself no more
if to adore you thus forget,-

2

How fast you sleep! in pillows put
your face and weep with sorrow;
May be your violin lies tomorrow
forsaken on the ground.

3

The true musician has no peace;
nowhere for long he carries-
On shoulder-strap his violin carries
and asks the way to wastes.

4

Confounded do you roam...O say
where were you yesterday?
My minstrel, now no longer loll,
but leave your listless way-
Go to the king's door, beg and pray
for things of genuine worth!

5

The king is giving secretly
gifts to ungifted ones;
If this those artists were to hear
they never would agree,
Their fiddles instantaneously
to smithereens would reduce!

6

So many minstrels, of what use
is all the craft they ply?
What servant deems so precious, may
be sin in master's eyes-
Alchemy thou, and brazen I
thy look turns me to gold!

7

Bestowal is not due to caste,
whoever works, obtains,
At childish ways of innocence
forbearance king maintains;
Who one night at his court remains
shall e'er be free from pains!

8

It is the Givers great reproach,
against musicians vain;
"Why do you beg at other doors
and mine do not approach
Hence harm and hardship do encroach
upon their happiness.

9

The only Giver thou, and we
the humble beggars are;
Rains seasons have...Thy bounty's rain
doth pour eternally;
A visitation sweet, from thee
exalts, though soiled I be!

10

The morning star has risen...Oh
arise, adore thy master,
He swiftly turns away; doth know
minds of musicians all!

Ramkali-VII (Yogis)

1

The glorious yogis in this world,<
some 'Fire' bring, some 'Light'-
Who kindle themselves to 'ignite',
"I cannot live without them"!

2

I on a festal bed did sleep,
then from a sigh woke I,
Those who aroused me with a sigh
"I cannot live without them"-

3

The music of renouncing ones
great 'wealth' for me is this
They have no need of words; nor speech
their way and fashion is
Ah, those that have 'become', I wis,
"I cannot live without them"-

4

O nothing with themselves they take,
with 'Self' they parted company-
And those in whom such traits I see,
"I cannot live without them"!

5

With hunger yogis pack their bags
preparing for a revelry...
By tempting foods, they are not moved,
and out they pour so lustily
The 'thirst' to drink; their minds they flog
until like beaten flax they be...
So through long wastes they wade, to see

at last fertility and life!

6

Food has no charm for yogis, since
it left them with a bitter taste;
From human beings they beg not;
their call for help is in the waste;
They choose poverty, and embraced
sorrow with reverence sincere!

7

No bowls they carry, nor to ask
from houses they do care;
God-loving, oh so far away
from human-doors they fare
No law they need, within they bear
a court of justice pure!

8

They sleep at sunset, and again
at midnight rise, God-lovers these-
Their faces only wash with dust...
When dawn approaches then one sees
them lie by road-side ill at ease;
that they are 'Yogis', ne'er they tell.

9

These God-lovers, they do unfold
humility within their eyes-
They have no fathers, mothers, castes,
no pedigrees, no ties untold;
God is their One relationship
that they within their pure souls hold;
Of all the treasures manifold
a lion-cloth all their savings is.

10

And when their lion-cloth they have bound
ablutions more they do not need...
They too had heard the holy call,

Before Islam that did sound
All ties they severed, and they found
at last the guide they wished to meet.

11

The selfless ones you know by this,
that no desire they do bear;
Their sign the non-dependence is,
and freedom from relationship.

12

Whose heads bent on their knees must be,
their beings integrated are;
Their hearts like compass do return
to the Divine perpetually- divested are by 'Reality';
From sin's account-giving all free,
are those whose state 'Direction' is!

13

This night they will with you remain,
tomorrow they will wend their way;
A longing for the patient ones
in every of your veins retain;
For, only fate will bring again
this kind of yogis to your door.

14

They will abide with you today,
tomorrow they will disappear-
On yogis feast, and so enrich
your soul, before they go away...
Oh seek their feet, or else you may
pine vainly after they are gone.

15

Before they leave your homely door,
with them a heart-to-heart talk have;
And sacrifice yourself on them
ten times during the day, or more-
As soon they leave for Hingalore,

then only fate can bring them back!

16

God-seeker's voice today I miss,
the courtyard now is desolute;
The sight of empty places here,
Kills me, so tortuous it is-
Who to the soul gave life and bliss,
the selfless ones, departed are!

17

Today the yogis disappeared,
remembering them, I wept whole night;
Those whom I searched and so revered,
are vanished never to return...

18

As men are hunting after food,
would they journey's direction ask;
E'en creeping , they in holy mood
the track would find, and all woe.

19

And as for bread some chase, were they
in self-same manner seek for God
They'd drag themselves to find the way,
and their sorrows then would end!

20

What feast is for the vulgar, know
sweet hunger that for yogis is;
They love to keep the fast and go
ne'er near where feasts they see.

21

The yogis that are favouring still
delicious morsels, garments fine;
To get near God they never will
but far away from Him they dwell.

22

as always wet they are...
They wake and weep and so they keep
sleep at a distance far!

23

Alas! correctly you don't hear
with ears appended to your head-
The 'Message' you should hear instead
with ears that are within you placed.

24

In asinine ears do not trust,
dispose of them without delay;
Purchase such ears with which you mayIV

25

Purpose that made them yogis,
so long that's not attained,
So long renouncers' life constrained
To tears and longing is.

26

They never laugh, nor do they feast-
With no man do converse-
In depths profound they do immerse
'These' are the mystery!

27

Where there's no height, no heaven,
And of the earth no trace;
Where moon doth never rise, nor sun
Doth ever show his face;
There yogis see their limits,
And see their resting place-
Their clues reach far, till now their gaze
Found in negation Reality!

Khahori-VIII (Wandering Ascetics)

1

Traversing far off realms, O friends
Khahoris have returned at last;
Their feet covered with dust...what lands
it came from-oh, how do I know.

2

On wild growths hill-ascetics feed,
they seek the land ne'er known or heard-
Upon the dusty, stony grounds
they lay their flanks when rest they need;
To seek the light they do proceed
and seek it from infinity.

3

The hill-ascetics I did see,
those who do not in houses dwell;
In biting wind they weep like rain
with longing for Divinity-
With sorrow they keep company,
and live on sorrow day and night.

4

Old ragged ropes for shoes they wear;
their faces are dried up, and wan-
Oh, at that land they had a peep
that learned ones could see no-where
Secretive ones, have secrets rare
of regions that still further lie.-

5

Their arms hold water-bags all dry-
and on their feet ropes old and torn;
Eyes pouring rain...O passer-by
Ascetics such did e'er you meet!

6

The load of truth cannot be borne
upon the head, I fear,
And deaf you have to be, the call
of Reality to hear.-
Make yourself blind, so that the dear
Beloved you may see.-

7

How beautiful is darkest night
in which you lose world's way-
Your greed for this and that,-O quite
forgotten it will be.

8

The common road do not go near;
but walk where 'they' walk not;
Cross over then by longing mere
and nothing take with thee.-

9

Wanderers need no conveyance, no!
for horse do not care-
Although their minds are set on
destination far and fair;
In wastes search food...torn rags they wear,
and that their sign-mark is.

10

I saw the wand'ers that a peep
at the Beloved had;
One night I in their place did stay
their company to keep.
To know them, is in drowning deep
to have a safety raft.

11

Dust-covered they do walk their way,
and mix themselves with clay;
No secrets tell to stupid folk,
nor gossip or delay;
Some secret of the Loved-one they
bear in their heart all-time.

12

Knowledge hides snakes, and many find
folly as honey sweet,
Who passed them both...left both behind
he found the 'Reality'.

13

Those who had lost their way were with
a deep emotion stirred
Those seers in the waste stood blind
and nothing more they heard-
Their ears were closed-like dumb they walked
as if their minds were blurred...
Their only sorrow separation was
which they incurred-
All they gave up for 'Lahut', but
for this they hungered-
Asleep...awake...longing was spurred
but never was alleyed.

14

The spot where One Beloved dwells
how happy't is, how sweet-
Turn off from places where you meet
all the inhuman crowds.

15

Those who the bare hills came to know
no more for harvests cared-
To Ganjo-hills they longed to go
Lahutis to become.

16

Those who the bare hills came to know
forthwith all books did close...
Their sleep had gone, for Ganjo-hills
their longing hearts did glow...
They yearned Lahutis to become
when dust from hills did blow.-
From smell of hills left wordly show
Lahutis to become.

17

See where the bird can never fly;
a tiny fire twinkles there-
Who could have kindled it so high
except the wandering, homeless kind?

18

Restless Khahoris did destroy
their bodies in a holy mood
And so their spirit gained the food
they had wished to obtain.

19

Wand'ers had girded up their loins...
on heights they one with dust became,
So they at last had reached, their aim
through sorrow mountains top had found.

Purab-IX (East)

1

Dear crow, after obesance fall
at the Beloved's feet-
Message I give thee, dont't forget,
in transit, I entreat,
I beg in God,s name secretly
my message do repeat;
My words correctly and repeat;
convey just as say.

2

Come flying my dear crow, bring news
back from the other side;
Sir down, a note of union strike,
and all in me confide...
My loved-ones that seem to abide
so far away, bring here.

3

From loved-ones, there in foreign lands
bring news, and not delay-
Thy feathers I will cover with
a wealth of gold-array-
Circle above his house, convey
my message to my love.

4

Oh! crow, I'll tear my heart from this
my breast with my own hands;
You peck at it before my love,
that dwells in foreign lands;
May be he says; "there are no friends
that dare such sacrifice."

5

The crow is back, and sitting now

On yonder twig, quite near;-
He came last night, and greetings sweet
Brought from my precious dear-
Stop spinning sisters! that I hear
All what Beloved said.-

6

The crow brought happy news for me,
From the Beloved mine;
My wishes all have been fulfilled,
No more I need repine-
My life is joy, powers divine
Have fruitful made my prayers.

7

A dog, a crow from loved-ones' side
Will so delight mine eyes!
On them my 'Self' I'll sacrifice
A hundred times a day.

8

Not make that crow a messenger
That doth for carrion search!
Will he deliver messages
Or heed his stomch's urge?
What message carry will that scourge
Whose speech is: "Caw, caw, caw?"

9

In longing for my loved-ones I
Do rove around all day;
Hoping he'll raise his eyes, and may
Sweet recognition grant.

10

My comfort all is from those eyes,
That smilingly they raise;
Loved-one's smiles have relieved my woe
And all my sorrow flies...

World thinks their emaciation lies
In hunger, but from sorrow' tis.

11

At mid-night Eastern Yogis closed
Their house...I failed to hear
Their soul-converse, when gradully
Dawn's pale lights did appear.-
Strange yogis, whose detachment here
E'en by compassion is not marred.

12

On high-way they already are,
To East, far East they roam-
And they have sacrificeed this home
To build the future one.

13

The East has killed me...none I find
To whom I can complain;
Advising world, and guiding it,
I lost myself my mind-
I made love to higher kind
Who were not likes of mine.

14

You comfort seek, and call yourself
'Sami', yet are not trained;
At journey's start exhausted grew,
And more and more complained-
You had not even found a guide,...
To be consummate, so you feigned-
Your soul should be to 'Sami' chained
With 'Him' identified for aye.

15

To keep your greedy body fit,
You beg for grains pretentiously,
May be that you your ears have slit
Palate to lease with luxuries.

Bilawal - X (The Tune of Life)

1

Believe in word of invitation
of the Giver kind;
Just rinse your mouth, and you will find
that food you will receive.

2

Drive vulgar crowds out of the house,
peace with the sovereign make-
From that door then on favours browse
receiving gifts each day.

3

Don't long for wine of paradise,
cross over, nearer still-
Between you and the Union lie
rewards,...this do realise!
Sama's presence to find, arise!
your wishes to fulfil.

4

Sama, the crown is on your head
else many leaders be-
Oh, from your treasure house, such thousands
beg the priceless bread,
And bounty rich for them is spread
according to their bowls!

5

The kettle drums break one and all,
all hollow are inside
On no one but on Hashmi call
The door of Hashmi seek.

6

One who upholds those in despair,
helps those who seek refuge;
This prop of humble ones, shirks not
when millions crave his care...
Aghast all chieftains stand...but there
the smiling one they spy!-

7

Stop not at every watering place
but seek the deep, full lake;
Head of the realm if you can reach
there wait wealth and solace;
The one who made poor rich, only
his turban try to trace,
Tarnish of hundreds he'll erase,
when head he lifts and speaks!

8

All credit due to Jakhro is,
others commands obey
This favourite's station, ah, where
it be, no one can say;
From what he fashioned was, that clay
was just enough for him.

9

Jakhro worthy is, and the rest
but name of 'king' do bear;
As Jakhro was produced, others
that way no fashioned were;
Clay needed for his make so rare
for him was just enough.

10

The leader's messages I store
so deep within my heart
Of other doors I think no more
Since Jakhro I have seen!

11

No one like Jakhro I can see
On earth where'er I gaze,
The leader of all leaders, of
Exalted status he-
Two bows' length, even less, his place
is from divine glory;
O lord, greaty you favoured me
by giving me this guide!

12

Oh Jakhro, may you ever live;
Of you may I no evil hear-
Solace to eyes and heart you give,
their only sweet support, is you.

13

Oh leader, well your ways are known
all over foreign lands;
How many have you set on horse backs
that had weary grown?
You ask no faults of those who moan,
But all you do accept!

14

He even gives in anger...lo,
when pleased his bounty pours,
Benevolence doth overflow
in noble Jakhro's mind.

15

Don't punish the obedient ones;
but head strong do destroy;
Forget not 'Battle Great', no joy
no gain give battles small.

16

Come to the Major Battle, though

many small battles fight...
And never cease to sweep away
passion-worshiper's blight.-
With the support of Hyder's light
fight, and destroy the foe!

17

Jakhro adore! he who appeared
the hunger of the land-
Those who were trembling in their rags
in silken shawls now stand;
It was by noble Jakhro's hand
the needy ones were filled!

18

The moment I arrived my feet
were cooled, my thirst was quenched;
A desert walker water sweet
had found in scorching waste.-

19

Beneath whose shelter I do dwell
noble man, may he live!
The waters that wayfarers drink,
may never dry that well...
Oh smiling one! mine eyes excel
in comfort, seeing you.

20

Vagand has now returned again,
his efforts all were vain...
So gladly would he here remain
dress, food, bed to obtain!

21

Vagand has now returned again-
when all had got their share
A beating from his wife he got,
nought else she gave him there!
And now with zest he doth declare

he'll e'er lie at my feet!

22

Ah...in the hope of breakfast fine
Vagand again is here;
He never more will leave this place,
nor will he leave his Pir-
Perfume of spring he smells- so dear
prospects of breakfast are!

23

In body he so shrivelled looks,
at eating he is great;
He smells...sweetness to cultivate
he begs master for scent-

24

Poor Vagand, now so dutiful
is always at the door;
He loves perfumes so much...therefore,
he rakes the horse' dung.

25

Vagand has now returned again,
returned a hell complete!
He says: "Pir's heaven, dirty ones
turns into roses sweet-
Keep near perfumes, to be replete
with clean, refreshing smel

Sarang XI (Rain Song)

1

Warm preparations are again
in progress everywhere;
Again the lightnings have begun
to leap with arduous flare;
Some towards Istanbul do dive,
some to the West repair;
Some over China glitter, some
of Samerquand take care;
Some wander to Byzantium, Kabul,
some to Kandhar fare;
Some lie on Delhi, Deccan, some
reach Girnar, thundering there
And greens on Bikanir pour those
that jump from Jesalmare
Some Bhuj have soaked, others descent
on Dhat with gentle air...
Those crossing Umerkote have made
the fields fertile and fair...
O God, may ever you on Sindh
bestow abundance rare;
Beloved! all the world let share
thy grace, and fruitful be.

2

O see, the low'ring, sombre skies!
the cum'lous clouds have poured
Their big-dropped showers; now take out
your herds, prepare, and rise;
Leave lower grounds, to uplands go
and practise old device,
Take your provisions and supplies...
despair not of God's grace.

3

Today too from the northern side
the rain-quails notes reach here;

The ploughers ploughshares ready make,
herdsmen are full of cheer...
Today too nature doth appear
in rich array of rain!

4

Today too there are hopes of rain,
the clouds are dark and low-
O friends, with monsoons, longing for
the loved one comes again-
I hope the rain will water well
the parched and longing plain...
Beloved come! my life sustain,
all seasons then feel spring.

5

Man, deer and buffaloes do pant
for rain, ducks hopes for clouds;
After as though in supplication
sounds the rain-quail's chant;
At sea, each morn the oysters beg
that skies the rain may grant-
Give lots of rain! with joy rampant
the herdsmen then become.

6

The rain pours on the desert-sands
on hills and vales around;
At early dawn we, rise to hear,
the churns soft, humming sound-
The hands are full of butter, wives
with merriment abound-
Each buffalo for milking brought
athwart the grassy ground;
In thatches here we never found
mistress and mind so glad!

7

The cloud, with colours rich and bright
paints towers in the skies-
It brought the violins, zitherns, flutes,

tambors that give delight...
While jar on jar rain-sprite at night
pours into Padam lake...

8

Season's orchestra's in full swing,
fresh showers ease the mind;
On mountain-side so green with grass;
cattle abundance find;
Gay herdsmen's wives about their necks
of blossoms garlands wind;-
Cucumbers, mushrooms, vegetables
food of every kind;
Lord! days of dearth let lie behind,
ne'er let them reach the earth.-

9

Season's orchestra's in full swing,
rain-quails pipe tenderly;
Peasants repair their ploughs, herdsmen
rejoice with ecstasy-
My friend in perfect from...O see
predicts a downpour great!

10

Season's orchestra's in full swing,
clouds move up, near and far;
The grain is cheap, and brimful now
of butter is each jar-
Rust that my heedless heart did mar,
this God-reminder cleansed.

11

Cloud was commanded: 'Rain must come',
and cloud obeyed so fain-
Lightning arrived, rain pattered, poured,
came to remain and reign;
The hoarder who for dearness hoped
now wrings his hands in vain,
Five multiplied to fifteen; so
the page has turned again,

The profiteer may disappear
and cause no longer pain...
The kine-herds sit together now,
relating tales of rain-
O God, who happiness would gain,
must on thy grace rely!

12

O, rain, were lessons you to take
from my poor, pouring eyes,
Then night and day, in cloudy guise
your drizzle would not stop!

13

Mists do not leave mine eyes, if clouds
are there or not, mists stay;
Remembering Loved one, o'er my cheeks
my tears flow night and day...
Oh, those whose loves are far away
may never cease to weep.-

14

Though inside all is overcast,
outside from every cloud is free...
Lightnings mature within, in whom
Love doth reside eternally...
Their eyes shall never rainless be
in whom thought of 'Beloved' reigns.

Suriraag - XII (Sailing)

1

O friend, I often did beseech
an old boat do not have;
With worn out sails, the heavy wave

2

Thy boat oil daily, mend its leaks,
and keep in mind, one day
The vessel has to sail away,
a voyage long to make!

3

With riggings furnish it, and then
take it to depth remote,
So that from every harm thy boat
secure and safe may be.

4

Acquire you such merchandise
which time corrupteth not,
That when you sell to far off lands
no loss may be thy lot-
In goods deal only which allot
to thee mainstay secure.

5

Those who with merchandise of Truth
a lasting bargain made;
"You will get your reward", to them
these tidings are conveyed-
Those were they whom the Powers led
through mighty ocean's swell.

6

To ocean dedicate yourself
where endless waters flow;
Thousands of pearls and precious things
its current holds below-
An ounce of such wealth will bestow,
on you a fortune rare.

7

No wave the path of those can stay
who worship the sublime;
Effect of their repentance makes
them safely swim away;
Propped by 'Reliance absolute'
they pass wild current's sway,
By 'Perfect Sailor' met were they
in mid-current, as guide!

8

With precious ware of 'service great'
their vessels they did lade;
'Real Recognition' s' pearls they won
whose worth can never fade;
'Restraint from sin and evil', oh-
that bargain too they made;
May with their blessing I evade
perils, when crossing sea!

9

So difficult it is to fare
on the path to 'Divine'.
So difficult, so very hard
the way, for those who dare-
And even those who know the land
confusion meets them there;
Its violent cross-current to bear
enter with love intense!-

10

Goods there were heaps and manifold,

traders forgetful were;
Some came in good time and purchased
all that the stores did hold-
Some loitered, and all things were sold
when they had come to buy.

11

The water through the boat did seep,
and precious goods were spoiled;
With spots and smudges some were soiled
and some with rust got black.

12

You came and had at shores a peep,
that you had heard about.-
When everyone had gone to rest,
you also went to sleep;
And so you brought the boat heading
to whirlpools wild and deep-
The wreck that is too worn and old
may God from sinking keep-
The wretched ones inside rely
on you, they fret and weep,
Arise and help! their praises reap
and bring them safe to port!

13

Boatman, upon the raging sea
both ways you cannot have;
Whole nights you sleep, resting your back
on rudder carelessly-
But there across at morn they'll be
and of your doings ask!

14

Sleep not O helmsman! shun your cot,
when danger lurks ahead;
The shore is foaming like the curd
that foams in churning pot...
O helmsman, sleep befits you not
in such an awful state!

15

The divers met the waves that foamed
with hidden treachery-
They battled with the eddies deep,
their fight was grim and dree;
Yet, 't was they who sought the sea,
and brought the lovely pearls.

16

Where'er a pearl exists, behold!
the thieves their haunts will have,
And him awaits fortune untold
who guards the pearl from thieves.

17

Not offer precious stones to those
who know not gold from brass;
To true jewellers in exchange
your jewels you may pass;
Ah, those who deal in gold, the mass
of metals base they spurn.

18

But gold- dealers have gone...Oh gold
't were best you too should go-
Since no one here your worth doth know
they'll mix you up with brass.

19

The glass-beads are in fasion now
real pearls no more appeal...
My tunic's full of Truth, I feel
ashamed to offer it.

20

The lapidaries that cut gems,
since long from there they fled;

And their successors do not know
e'en how to deal with lead,
And smiths now pewter beat instead
where lapidaries worked!

21

I dealt in glass, and never made
purchase of any pearl;
All tinsel-stuff and leaden ware
and trash I bought instead;
But suddenly, I found, my trade
was placed with gold-experts!

22

With falsehoods I did pass my days;
divine commands I broke-
The vessel overflows with sin
and with my doings base;
Oh knower of the secret ways
thou know'st already all!

23

The lies that you had hugged, forsake!
approach the source divine
Drive from your heart chicanery,
to honest dealings take;
The Master liketh truth of heart
In mind love's fire wake,
Thus humbly do approach, and make
a bargain, fruitful, good.

24

O God! a bargain that is best,
I beg bestow on me;
The helpless one no power has,
but Master, turns to thee,
O guide, without thy help no one
can reach his destiny-
Who faces high wave on the sea,
with mercy pick him up...

25

The maid unwarily
the gem in casket broke...
The gem when whole, its price
a lakh or two would be,
Now it is crushed...ah me,
'tis more than millions worth!

26

Those who kept up all night
to adore Glorious One;
Latif says: E'en their dust
became with honour dight;
Scores to their resting site
flock, homage there to pay.

Samudi - XIII (Mariners)

1

Lady, at moorings do remain;
and so prevent the mariners,
From plunging you in sudden pain
by setting sail all suddenly.

2

Lady, at moorings do reside,
and keep the fire in your heart;
Burn on, that mariners abide
with you, not leave you suddenly.

3

At moorings settle down, nor try
to take a rash and careless step,
Or else they will not wait, but will
at once to foreign regions hie,
You knew their home was ocean...why
did you not with them go?

4

Anchor and chains lifted, they are
already far upon the way
Desolate are port and bazar
for mariners have sailed away.

5

When loved-ones did voyaging start
I was in youth, my blossom-time,
Oh friend, my weeping could not hold
my merchant-love, he would depart;
On fire did he set my heart
and then did sail away.

6

They sailed away! leaving you here-
aeons have passed and none came back,
Sorrow for vanished ones, alack
will surely kill you poor one!

7

They sailed along so very far,
Till to the mighty deep they got,
Where swell of ocean swept them off,
and swiftly down and down they shot,
Descending to the traceless spot
which is fathomlessness!

8

Ah me! a mixture of deep woe
are nuptial ties with mariners;
My body he on spikes laid low,
and then my merchant hoisted sail.

9

May you forget the trade you learnt-
-But yesterday I met you here
Today I see you disappear
sailing on ocean waves!

10

My love seems feeble, luckless fate;
They pushed the boat off ere I knew;
With sailors yesterday a bond
I should have made, today's too late.
Why did I not throw myself straight
Into the boat, with hawsers bound?

11

I at the pier did stand when they
Their anchor lifted and set sail.
On God relying, night and day

I shall not cease for them to pray
My longing sighs my life shall sway
Till to my arms they do return!

12

On foot I cannot reach...they say
so far from me the ports do lie;
No fare in pinaforce or purse
I possess for the strip to pay;
Oh ferry-man, so manage that
The dearly loved-one meet I may;
In anguish at thy door I stay
Each day beseeching thee with tears.

13

Alas! no one doth lift a hand-
no one will have them in the boat..
Without a fare, and at the shore
all day till sunset they did stand-
Then God Almighty help did send,
and to the landing place they got!

14

The wives of merchants, waiting there,
Did bring their offerings to the sea;
Bright lights they kindled everywhere-
And even musk to waters gave.

15

Ah...now the mast-flag is in sight,
Although the sails not yet they see...
And thrilled with infinite delight
Are those who loved-ones do expect.

16

The ploughers of the salty deep,
The waters sweet have entered now;
Their inmates bargained not for gold
But greater wealth they wished to reap,
The flourishing mariners, lo

Port of Ceylon for pearls did sweep,
And safely in the boat they keep
The treasures they in "Lanka" found.

17

Oh sisters, if to my homestead
My love would come, what joy for me-
Handfuls of pearls around his head
I'll turn, and then to others throw.

18

For those, for whom I sacrificed,
Did worship waters, kindle lights-
My hopes all have been realized,
My loved-ones have returned to me!

19

She kindled lights on land and sea
And pretty tufts to trees she tied
"Oh God I have great hope in Thee
My Loved-one, back to me let come."

20

She who to sea no offerings makes,
And doth not kindle floating lights-
Is not in earnest, hath no stake,
Beloved she will never meet.

Kamod - XIV (Love-dependent)

1

You noble are, I humble am
the seat of demerits am I-
Seeing your queens, O king, your eye
turn not away from fisher-folk.

2

You noble are, I humble am
scores of defects abide with me-
When heaps of smelling fish you see,
turn not away from fisher-folk.

3

You are king, master of the land
and I sell fish, poor fisher-maid,
Do not forsake me, for't is said
that I, oh king, belong to thee.

4

Those who do feed on smelling fish,
and fish is all their property-
The king, the noble king, O see!
with them relationship has made-

5

The basket full of smelling fish,
and all the loaded herring-trays-
Fishers, whoses touch avoided is
and such unpleasantness conveys
The king strands in their thatch always
and gently holds converse with them!

6

Now she longer catches fish,
nor cuts, cooks, cures as formerly;

She neither holds the scales and weight,
not fish-net in her hands we see-
Now to the court-modes cleaveth she,
such as befits a kingly house!

7

Her hands and feet, her face and form
no more of fisher-maid remind-
As there's a chief-string in the lute
she's queen of all the queens combined;
From the beginning all her ways
were queenly, noble and refined,
The king perceived it and did bind
the regal bracelet on her wrist!

8

Fie upon maids of princely caste
who walk stiff-necked, so haughtily-
Praise to the daughter of the lake,
her true love to the king gave she...
Out of all royal ladies, he,
the pearl bestowed on fisher-maid.

9

Court-ladies now adorn themselves,
to win king back with beauty spells-
But king midst fisher people dwells,
within his hand the fishing-net!

10

The fishing-net in hands of king,
and fisher-maid did rudder sway!
Upon the lake all yesterday
fish-hunting gay was going on!-

11

"On deep, clear waters of the lake,
with my beloved now I sail,
Of my desires none did fail,
all are fulfilled, none went astray."

12

Upon the waters transparent,
along the banks float lotus-flowers,
And all the lake rich fragrance showers
as sweet as musk when spring-winds blow.

13

Credit of raising fisher-maid
Belongs to Tamachi,
He took her in his carriage, and
a human-being he
Made out of her,...in Keenjhar, see!
All say this is the truth.

14

Of those before the 'Jam' was born
the fish-maid nothing knows,
They don't attend ceremonies,
go not to weddings, nor to shows,
What hath lake-life to do with those?
they only know the head, the king.

15

...None gave king birth, to no one birth
gave He-He's generous,...alone-
The fisher women old and young,
as His relations He doth own;
"He is not born, He gives no birth"-
blance unique, to change unknown
Tamachi's high eternal throne,
so great and oh, so glorious is!

Sasui: Desim - XVI (The Native)

1

I careless was first part of night;
so morning brought despair-
For while I slept my rider-spouse
for travel did repair;
For my destruction to prepare
at mid-night they did leave.

2

O mountain-, that does stand between
my love and me, thy threat is vain-
Had there a thousand mountains been
my longing would have crossed them all.

3

The sacred knot that love has tied
between Punhu and me...
Now in beauteous Bhambore to stay
Poison for me shall be...
Do not advise me sisters, to
return to home and glee;
Because my breath is property
of my beloved Hoat.

4

With linging I lay down, with eyes
awake and found no slept, he came
and then I could not rise-
Sisters I erred, for in what wise
is longing kin to sleep?

Sasui: Kohiyari - XVII (The Mountain Path)

1

Careless one, drop this drowsiness;
no more for slumber seek-
O shameless one, drive sleep from eyes
and be no longer weak-
So that you may not have to shriek
in mountains after him-

2

Those who upon their couches lay,
with outstretched leags, alas...
The company did pass away,
leaving such sleeping ones.

3

Reproach comes to unlucky ones
who so much sleep desire;
Why after Punhu do enquire
who sleep from sunset on?

4

Hard-hearted mount, vain was my plea,
high-handed tyrant thou;
My being you sawed, as wood-cutters
do cut the helpless tree;
But for decree of Destiny
Oh, who would walk thy stones?

5

O mountain, when my love I meet;
your tortures I'll relate;
Your hideous shadow ghosts at dawn,
your winding way's deceit,
You did me not with kindness treat
but dimmed the loved-one's tracks.

6

O silent mountain, not a clue
you give me my love-
But yesterday a camel-cade
in long row moved through you,
This dead one's spouse, did you not view
amongst the company?

7

O mountain, to the friend I'll bear
at once the gret reproach;
That you to shreds the very soles
of my poor feet did tear;
That your soul is of pity bare
and ne'er any worth you know.

8

O mountain, hearts of sorrowing ones
you should console and soothe;
Instead of that, their feet you bruise-
you stony, callous one.

9

O mountain, each day in sacrifice
I throw myself on you-
Because there are mysterious ties
'twixt you and my love's tale.

10

O mount, the helpless one in woe
now sits with you and weeps;
But never anyone lets know
the links twixt you and her.

11

O mountain, though you hot have grown
you cannot harm me now;
You may be made of hardest stone

my limbs are iron-made-
't is no one's fault, it is my own
my own strange destiny.

12

O Punhu do not leave me here
in mountains weird and dire-
I'll walk with you on foot, and fire
to Bhambore I will set.

13

Reflection of my Punhu, light
it doth display and shade;
I have to walk the chequered road...
O see, the cloth is laid
In soda-wash, and clean is made
ere colours it receives.

14

Reflection of my Punhu is
like cloud and flash, and I
Follow this Prince and sob and sigh
and weep without respite.

15

Reflection of my Punhu is
the acme of all Bliss-
For his sake my most luckless day
for me comfort it is
Calamity my Prince left, his
sweetest gift for me.

Sasui: Ma'dhuri - XVIII (The Helpless)

1

Hast thou not heard a voice Sasui?
or dost at random walk?
Hundreds of Sasui's walked behind
their lovers before thee-
From start Baluchi progeny
has no compassion learnt

2

O grieving one; brush pain aside,
and comforts do forget-
Your eyes on Punhu's footprints set,
that you may find him soon.

3

Start on the road denuded, greed,
temptations do not keep-
And those who are too fond of sleep,
their tryst with loved-one miss.

4

Leave all your lovely robes behind,
and nothing with you bring;
One, burdened not with anything
Keeps forefront on the way.

5

One that without a burden walks
will soon the loved-one meet-
But she has missed her union sweet
who affects lovely wraps.

6

She who adorns herself, in vain

waits for the meeting true;
She is deprived like Leela, who
sold her love for jewels.

7

A thousand thorns do prick my feet;
they cause me endless woe!
Alas, my feet are torn, one toe
meets not the other toe;
And yet, with bare feet I will go
to my beloved one.

8

With hands, feet, knees, and every breath
Sasui you must proceed;
Your guide will meet you at the stream
and give you further lead;
As long there's breath, place nought, indeed
But Punhu in your heart.

9

I could not my Beloved meet
and now you set, o sun!
My message to the loved-one bring
before my day is done;
when you reach Kech say: "Helpless one
is dying on the way".

10

I could not reach my loved-one, and
my life's already past...
Alas, the woeful one did waste
her days declining fast-
In old age now, her eyes are cast
upon her Punhu rare.-

11

Alas, I could not reach my love-
already death appears...
Beloved did not come, although

I looked for him for years-
Destroyed by separation's tears
I destined am to die.-

12

Die and relieve, so that Beauty
of loved-one leaves you never;
Acceptable you'll be for ever,
accepting this advice.

13

Die to be beautiful, life is
hindrance twixt him and you,-
Helpless one, boldly do pursue,
give breath to find the friend.

14

Who die before death, never will
destroyed by dying be.-
Who live ere second life they see
will live eternally.

Sasui: Husaini - XIX (The Wailings)

1

O look not back! nor hesitate,
for sun declines in West-
Thy pace do quicken, do not rest
ere sunrise try to reach

2

O sun, make it not hard for me,
by setting very soon:
The tracks of Punhu let me see
ere I in mountains die.

3

A rain is pouring from my brow,
hot perspiration's stream;
What I thought love, revealed is now
consuming fire flame.-

4

The day is burning, she doth move
now swifter on her way;
This Brahmin girl, an ancient love
for the Bluchis has.

5

As long you live, aglow remain;
there's no way without fire;
In hot and cold, swift pace maintain
there is no time to rest.

6

On rising, thought of mountaineers
did overwhelm me there;
I shall leave Bhambore, nought endears

this Bhambore to my heart.

7

Sisters, for pleasures of Bhambore
the caravan I missed;
Therefore I now with sorrow sore
the mountains have to search.

8

Sisters, your freedom do secure
by leaving Bhambore now;
Our old comrades here did endure
much sorrow and much pain.

9

In Bhambore is the smoke of hell;
Sisters, from Bhambore part-
Sasui take the guide and start
early and not delay.-

10

Sisters, my heart is sorrow-cleft.
and wounded I do live...
Of loved-ones all, for whom I long
alas, I am bereft;
Can I forget those who have left
e'en now before my eyes?

11

Bhambore, the town of ugliness,
the noble prince adorned;
Lord of the mountains, from whole world
removed fear and distress,
Maids art of printing learnt, model
was Punhu,s loveliness-
Unrivalled one, Bhambore did bless
and decent it became.-

12

The Bhambore that not walked behind
the Hoat, confounded got;
Unrivalled One, the town did not
recognize, walked like blind;
Those priviledge were, who did find
his beauty with their hearts.-

13

Who saw him with their hearts, did feel
to follow him at once;
When Punhu did himself conceal
e'en then they followed him.-

14

In hot and cold incessantly
walk on, and do not wait;
At fall of night you will not see
the tracks of him you seek.

15

There was a time when princely Hoat
my clothes to wash did choose;
Now even camelmene refuse
to take me with themselves.

16

My gown is at my shoulders torn;
alas my head is bare-
O sisters in your Bhambore fair
What have I now to do?

17

From grief and woe she did obtain
the lead, to walk the way;
It was from guidance of the pain
she Punhu found at last.-

18

A hundred comforts I will give
and bargain too my head,
If in exchange I may instead
a single sorrow get.

19

Sweet sorrow, do not you depart
as went away my love...
To none I may pour out my heart
but you, since he has left.

20

Sorrow, joys' beauty constitute;
joys without sorrows spurn;
By virtue of such sorrow's mood
my love comes to my arms

21

We walk in fellowship with 'Care'
but keep the world at bay-
When even very young we were,
sorrow made home with us.

22

Those who are seeking for the friend,
one day the friend will find;
The seeking ones will at the end
reach loved-ones domicile.-

23

No more alive...or dead...yet death
I feel is claiming me...
Beloved...I give up my breath
in longing now for thee.-

24

Had you died yesterday, you'd met
your Punhu yesterday,
All hale-and-hearty, never yet
succeeded finding love.

25

As soon or late I death must see;
may I in mountains die...
Sisters, so that my death should be
on my Beloved's count.

26

Better in mountains cut and sore,
striving for Punhu, die-
That all the world for ever more
thy love shall glorify.-

27

She follows in pursuit, calls, cries-
but smiles when tracks she finds;
Who turns one step back when she dies
shall ne'er the loved-one see.-

28

As night advances, swifter grows
her step and swifter still...
Her innocent mind nothing knows
but the word: "rider-spouse".

29

Don't cease to call persistently;
keep calling, begging still-
Then riding-men may suddenly
relax, remembering thee.

To whate'er you in life adhere,
Links after death remain;
And those who cannot see Hoat here
How will they see him 'there'?

Leela - XX

1

By jewels tempted, necklace bright
you craved,....so satam scores did cheat;
You lost your spouse through his deceir-
your era then of weo began.

2

The jewelis no jewel-nay,
nor necklace worth to tempt your heart;
Its origin is clay and bits
of glass it doth betray;
Cursed trinket, in its fine array
made many forme the loved-one part.-

3

Pendant of sorrow was, wath you
a necklace though to be;
Your lord decked your maid with grace
which he forme you withdrew.
May no dickord part lovers true
and union break in twain.-

4

By show she slipped....and by conceir
she fell, shattered was she;
World came to her, called her a fool
reproaches she did meet.
They burnt her heart with scorn to death-
her downfall was complete.-
All her youth's blossoms, fragrant,sweet
dried up with in her heart.

5

Exalted amongst friends; I was
the wise one in the land;
Something upset the balance-and
now I must hang my head.

6

I was in chanesar's domain
first lady, and at social feasts
First was I called, and always first,
until my heart grew vain;
He thrust me off..with shame and pain
now lowest in the land I am.

7

With chanesar's affection let
no waeton maiden play;
No place for coquetry is this
ilearnt to my regret-
His disapproval doth beget
sorrow for happy ones.

8

With zest, all lofry ones have decked,
thier necks with diamonds fine;
Hundred devices they employ
before the loved-one to shine;
But the beloved dose incline
to those who meekly walk.

9

Discard your former ways, be free
from all you learnt before;
Humility's scarf round your neck
do wear...with poverty

Do link yourself, Leela, and see
He'll never let you down.

10

Wise Leela, you have known so well
the nature of your Lord...
With diamonds round your neck, you thought
to cast on him a spell.-
In reading thoughts he does excel
Discerner He of hearts.

11

O God, let me not clever be,
clever ones sorrows see-
Loved-one all favours did to me
when I was simpleton.

12

The meeting place of twon, Elite
my house was formerly-
But when I diamonds touched, my spouse
did loathe my very sight;
All his affection vanished quite
and sorrow's reign commenced.-

13

The happiness that grows from mind
self-centred, cursed it be;
Unhappiness seek, which will find
the pricelesslove for thee!

14

Avoid to show off, argue not
with Chanesar.. beware-
To you nor me beloneth He
and many more are there,
Who once by Him much favoured were
and now weep at his door.-

15

Leela, if by beseeching Him
He won't forgive your fall-
Keep on beseeching more all more
on his compassion call-
Despair not, your pains he knows all-
immense His mercy is.-

16

Despair not, rise and cleanse the house;
prepare to sacrifice
Ancestors, 'Self' and all, there lies
the cleaning process true.-

Mumal and Rano - XXI

1

With love, all unalloyed, is dight
Yogi entirely-
Like image at rising sun
he flutters, he Kak, where with delight
virgins enlivened him.

2

The yogi looks like sun so fair,
when scaling morning-skies
Such sweet entrancing fragrance pours
from out his silken hair;
Show us the land, where fragrance rare
O yogi you obtained!

3

O loin-clothed, one, let us know,
the way you virgins met
Why from your eyes continuously
the tears of blood do flow?
O Sami! on us light bestow
of beauty that you found!

4

“Go, go, to waters of Kak go
where love is made, they say;
Where there is neither night nor day
all shall Beloved see!

5

Resplendent diamondss gleam within
Magnetic Mumal’s eyes...
Common or uncommon, who tries
to see these eyes, is slain.

6

O camel, for such enterprise
master bred you with care;
With vigilance cross over now
to where Ludhana lies;
Mumal we have to face this eve,
or when the sun doth rise;
With her consent on Kak's supplies
of blossoms you may browse.-

7

Beautiful like the roses sweet
are robes of damsels fair...
In Jasmin-fragrant coiffuers they
have piled their long, fine hair.
From Beauty so entrancing, love
is kindled everywhere;
Wondrous show, damsels spinning there
on-lookers dumb-struck gaze.

8

Like fresh pan-leaves are shawls they wear
of shimmering emerald silk-
Their bodies all refreshed with atter
and ambergris rare;
From fullsome platis sandle and musk
perfume all round the air;
And delicate ears, dainty ware
of glistening gold do hold-
Today Mumal's in glorious from
rejoicing, free from care;
Because Rano without compare,
her fiansee hath become!...

9

Mumal had wounded many, lo
she's wounded now instead-
A pointed arrow struck her head
from knightly Rano's bow.-

10

Although Rano not destined is
Mumal to be with thee-
This will be clear from Rano's love...
still not resentful be,
Weep not, but bear it patiently,
Be true to kinship new.

11

Kak could not hold those wanderers
Castles not tempt their mind...
No maid or mistresses their hearts
with magic strings could bind
For e'er Lahutis left behind
myraids of maids as these.-

12

Kak could not hold those wanderers
for wealth they did not care,-
It was by men of such a mould
royal virgins wounded were-
Lahutis they could not ensnare
with all their coquetry.

13

They passed Kak at the corner, long
that corner turned have they...
To those who are now far away
what shall some 'Natir' do?

14

Ludhana is a hell mere
without Beloved mine;
Friends, Rano took offence last night
and left me torture here...
And Kak to me is poison sheer
the moment he is gone.

15

O Rano, hardly had you come,
you turned and went away
But were you not my spouse? why not
to wake me did you stay?
Then soon you would have known who lay
beside me on the bed.

16

Whole night my lamp did burn, but see
the dawn is breaking now;
Rano without thee I shall die-
In God's name come to me
Oh-all the crows of Kak to thee
as messenger I sent.-

17

I trimmed the wick, again, again,
oil is consumed at last
Stranger-beloved, do return
riding a camel fast;
Weeping for Rano, night is past,
the whole of night I wept.

18

Orion stands above my head;
pleiades have declined...
The time is past...he did not come
Rano, for whom I pined-
Fie on cursed night, without my love
it passed, and left me woe-confined-
To give me hell, he did not mind
now rests he in his dhat.-

19

Rano, I weep when I behold
the empty places here
Dust settled on beds and divans
so drab looks all and cold;
Unused by master pillows lie,

and nought but dust they hold-
Without you, trees and flowers fade
and never more unfold...
Who would bear my freaks manifold
but my Mendharo dear?

20

Continuously I watch your way,
mine eyes are at the door-
May you come back to me Rano,
I heaven do implore;
You hold my life, else many more
of Rano's world contains.

21

I did not realize my sweet,
the faults I did commit;
They now recoil on me, and hit
me justly in the face.

22

't was by your patience, I became
a human being dear-
't was through a whim of mine, my name,
myself, you came to know.

23

If Mendharo to my own house
would come as guest, to stay with me-
To flames I'd give self-consciousness
my knowledge and my ancestry;
Pride egoism I would throw
Into the stove, most certainly
My sacrifice for loved-one be
the home, parents, myself.

24

Who with a lion doth ally
herself, must steady be-
Affectionate and vigilant

In Rano's wake do lie-
O Mumal, not like rain do pour
On all that you come by...
When resurrection day is nigh
you will of Rano think.

25

Go straight ahead, and look not back
nor turn this side or that,
Or else, a temple-turning smack
unwar'ly you receive.

26

A messenger! in haste he is
By he is sent;
With promise: "one you love will reach
Ludhana for your bliss;
The speedy camel will not miss
to enter Kak at Dawn."

27

A message great and new arrived
from Mendharo last night;
We have received a gift divine,
from Giver of all light-
"Ask not for caste-all we invite
all are accepted here."

28

Where need I drive the camel? when
Glory all round is beaming?
Kak in my being doth radiate,
In me's Ludhano gleaming;
Of Rano sweet my soul is dreaming
there is none else but 'He' .-

29

Where need one drive the camel? when
great radiance reigns all round?
In my being is Kak...in me

gardens and springs abound;
There is no other voice or sound
But all is 'Mendharo'.

Barwo Sindhi-XXII (Beloved)

1

O say, to what end you to others
would a servant be?
Of Gen'rous one hold stirrup, Lord
of worlds and Destiny?
Who loves Allah alone, but he
supremely happy is!

2

A reed doth murmur with distress
when cut , so even I
Cry suddenly for loved-one in
a fit of wretchedness;-
O leech, brand not my arm, sickness
and pain are in the heart!

3

My breath no longer is my own-
ruled now by other power-
How is my breast assailed by woe
that has a mountain grown?
My love, in dream Himself had shown,
brought joy, and then had gone!

4

When longing for you in despair,
Loved-one if once you came-
My eye lashes upon your feet
I'd lay in humblest prayer
I'd for your carpet spread my hair
and be your slave for aye!

5

Beloved, all from thee is good!
but still, 't was not thy way,

To take me mad with love and then
depart with changing mood;
And let me die in solitude,
e'en though you loved me not!

6

Today again mine eyes are drenched,
remembering the loved one-
The drops of tear ne'er cease to flow,
till all my being,s blenched;
Longing for loved-one is not quenched
by looking at His works!

7

Today they called, with eyes so kind;
and killed me with their eyes...
My flesh they distributed and
left skeleton behind-
Did urge to search for truth and practice
patience in the mind;
They killed her whom they dead did find
aft'r wounding with smiles!

8

Sometimes their doors with latches tied,
On other days wide open are;
Some days I cannot enter, some
they call me with them to abide-
Sometimes I for their voices long;
some days their secrets they confide;
Such are my masters glorified,
beloved masters mine!

9

O you, my dear beloved Sir,
thy slave I wholly am;
With folded hands I ever serve,
thy presence I desire;
Not for a minute from your door
O sir, I would retire,
I pray; Beloved do not tire-

Thy kind looks not withdraw!

10

When with infinite grace, Beloved
Doth walk upon the ground;
With "Bismillah" earth on His path
prints kisses all around-
The 'houris' by His beauty struck
stand with submission bound-
I swear, that never I have found
such Beauty any where!

11

As smith a link with link doth join
to make it ever last,
So Loved-one fixed me up, and fast
He holds me ever more!

12

The worlds os passing soon or late,
one breath it is, not long;
And with their feet they'll bury you
a tomb will be your fate;
The measuring rod and spade, do wait
as last things on this earth.-

13

Friendship by words they do profess;
an easy thing to do;
The proof will come when need and stress
the real friends will reveal.

14

Changed Adam's children now do treat
sincerity as trifle;
Who on this earth a human being's
flesh would like to cat?
O friend in this world nothing will
remain but perfume sweet,

One single-minded you may meet
all else is outward show!

15

The heart loves only One and more
it never doth admit;
Give your heart to that One, even
If hundreds sue for it;
Ridiculous are those that flit
for friends from door to door!

16

My loved ones, all my blemishes...
weaknesses came to know;
They never did reproach me...nay,
nor did they anger show-
Loved-ones a covering did bestow
o'er all my shortcoming!

17

The Generous One, presence of loved ones
kindly granted me-
Their thoughts were to return and
re-establish harmony;
Their way is: though a breach there be
they never will forsake.

Dahar - XXIII (Desert)

1

Relate to us some tale, O thorn;
tale of this lake relate;
Of moonlit-nights that did adorn
the place, and how you fared.

2

Be calm, and tell us what you know
of keepers of this lake.
Today in wretched plight and woe
difficult days you pass.

3

Did really all thy friends depart?
thy loving associates?-
With crimson fruit thou laden art
that fall all over thee.-

4

If for the masters of this lake,
you would such sorrow feel,
How could you lovely blossoms make
and such a wealth of fruit?

5

The lake is dry, and brushwood grows
about the dusty banks;
And human being rarely shows
his face about the place.

6

When waters ran abundantly
big fish, you wouldn't return;
Today, tomorrow you will be

in net of fishing-folk.

7

O fish, you grew so over-fat,
Butting against all that you met;
Expanse of water now hath set-
Dried is what once you saw.-

8

“Into my heart their hook they thrust-
the very flesh they cleft,
They did not kill right-out, but left
perpetual sorrow’s line.”

9

As great as is ‘Thy’ name, so great
the mercy I implore-
Without pillars without supports,
thou my refuge e’er more-
When Thou knowst everything before
ah me...why should I ask?

10

Beloved, do not slacken thou
Thy ties with humble me;
One so contemptible has got
no other hold but thee...
Only thy sweet name, verily
I know and remember.

11

Few nights of earth...o’er which your head
you lost Oh simpleton...
Oh many more will come, when dead
you quite alone will lie.-

12

Sleeper arise! akin to sin
Is such a none can win

By sleeping recklessly.-

13

In the mountain there is chatter-
cranes are wanting to go out;
They discussed last night the matter
and this morning they are gone.

14

Have you then forgotten quite
and their talk you never heard
When preparing, they last night
Had decided to depart.-

15

Oh my crane, your flock has gone-
it departed yesterday-
Ah, without loved-one, alone
what will you in mountains do.

16

They in conveys travel ever,
their connections never cut-
Not like man their kinship sever,
Oh, behold the loving birds.

17

O man, at dawn what glitters bright
take not for drops of dew.
But seeing sorrowing ones, the night
Burst into thousand tears.

18

Trouble will come to those, who do
In 'face' and 'from' delight-
Fools laugh and laugh, forgetting quite
the task that they came for.

19

Degenerates enamoured were
Of forth,...milk tasted not,
They lost 'Direction' through world's share
and empty-handed went.

20

Today a bridegroom gay and strong-
tomorrow lies in grave;
Building a fort of sand...how long
will you be builing still.

Ghatu - XXIV (Shark-Hunters)

1

Even the wise confounded got
and heroes lost their wits-
Those who went out to face the sea,
were caught by current's plot;
Of "Ebb and tide", they all forgot
what they had learnt before.

2

A power weird is in Kalach,
lost is who enters there;
No one brings news who does ens'nare
the nets and keeps them down.

3

To Kalachi but yesterday
brave men went forth with spears;
Late were the brothers...none returned,
nought more of them one hears.
Whirlpools have swallowed them one fears-
the fishers all are dead.

4

Where fishers used to seek the fish,
the barren sand-dunes lie;
Fish-sellers ruined, the river dry;
and tax collector gone

5

Had they been near, they would have come;
perchance too far they got-
Fisher folk saw their haunts, called out
to know about their lot...
Alas, resonse received they not
and sadly they returned.-

6

The bazar is without fish-smell,
while market formerly
With small carps, and with herrings too
abundantly did swell.
Now there is not a shrimp to sell
buyers have empty hands.

7

You throw the nets in creeks...not so
the sharks are ever killed;
Possess strong sweep nets that you throw
in deepest sea below;-
Sharks not to shallow waters go,
and depths are far ahead.

8

To enter sea, prepare your ropes;
strengthen them bit by bit-
-Relationship do not befit
Kalachi fishermen!

9

Shark hunter's 'mood', that is the way
a victory to reap-
Their eagerness for whirlpools, and
their longing for the deep,
Deprives them every night of sleep-
they yearn to kill the shark.

10

In search, they into whirlpools got
and to fathomlessness...
They killed the shark; with hapiness
now beam fishermen's eyes.

Kapaitie - XXV (Spinner)

1

Although a spinner, not depend
upon yourself entirely;
The knowing buyer faults at end
may find within your thread.

2

As long as you can spin, spin on,
work-season soon declines;
All spinners are...but work of all
is not in favour lines-
She ne'er breaks thread, nor for rest pines
who has realized the truth.

3

This phase will end so soon, as long,
you acn spin, spinning keep-
For your Eid do prepare a work
of art, and success reap.
That scorching tears you may not weep
'midst your girl friends tomorrow.

4

Toil on and feel not proud, or else
your Lord offended be-
The wheel turn...round your neck hang scarf
Of sweet humility...
You little faulty one-then see
your work is not in vain.

5

When connoisseurs arrived, they found,
the flaws that did not please.
They called to spinner...in their way
they asked: "How made you these?"
"Untidy I, have failed to tease

the lumps from out the yarn." -

6

With rancour in their hearts, although
with fine yarn spools they fill,
Not even an ounce the expert will
Of their product accept.-

7

Wondrous devotion spinners have,
who tremble, spin and spin;
For earning good, in spinning yard
at sun-rise they begin-
Such soul-beauty the connoisseurs
even for themselves would win
Yarn spun by spinners so genuine
without weighing they buy.-

8

Who in themselves the cotton thrash
their thread,s without compeer;
The 'whirr' of spinning wheel, they would
not let their life's breath hear,-
Secretly, tremingly they go
on spinning so sincere-
Those that refuse the jewels here,
priceless themselves they are.

9

Now yesterday you did not spin-
Today you have no time to spend;...
You silly one, how long the friend
shall overlook your faults?

10

The spinners, spinning, spinning were-
but now not one I spy-
Spinning wheels in disorder lie,
and sitting huts are closed.-

11

I neither see same cotton-pods
nor spinners are the same-
So empty the bazar become
to see it, breaks my hearts!

12

Wool in my tunic, I proceed
to spinning-yard...alas,
No single spinner breathing was
they'd gone to sleep for aye.

Rippa - XXVI (Calamity)

1

O mother, sorrow's harrowing
has swamped my whole being-
All honour to the sorrowing
who walk on uphill way.

2

My love took joy and health from me;
sorrow my mate became;
Mother, my fate destruction be
thus parted from my love.

3

Sorrows have neither hands nor feet,
yet wildly run through me-
Within they travel in dense rows
nought can their rage defeat,
Oh, who in loneliness complete
would without loved-one live?

4

Dry ground gives rise to growth, in rain,
the same with me it is...
From separation growth of pain
and sorrow issue forth.

5

The mind awake doth never stay,
although with scorn I keep it reined-
With dust gets covered all the day
just like a road-side tree.

6

When I lay waking on my bed,

Loved-one's favours stirred memory;
My pillow got all wet with tears
hand too, on which did lie my head
Memory kept on...with pain I said:
"Sisters, my life is all in vain."

7

Mine eyes don't sleep, their drowsiness
now all but broken is;
When fires dull, mem'ry's distress
makes flames shoot up again.

8

Rememb'ring your kindness, I live...
favours endless I count,
Numberless graces you did give
Beloved, to poor me!

9

For outside clouds I need not care,
rain ever pours within;
Beloved's clouds are everywhere
on my horizons here.

10

Desiring to forget, I groan,
and yet I can't forget-
Longing hurts like a broken bone
sharp and continuously.

11

Weep secretly, and not disclose
through tears your wretched state;
And all the sorrows bear, still those
arrive who pains remove.

12

O hide your love, as potters do
that cover up the kiln-

Free fire cannot bake a pot,
the potters' ways pursue;
As potters do with kiln, so you
must ne'er uncover fire.

Karayal - XXVII (The Swan)

1

The root of Lotus flower fair
in deepest waters grows-
High soars the humble-bee, but fate
their in most wishes knows.
Through love, fulfilment it bestows,
and makes the lovers meet.

2

The swan that shunned the cormorants
now spreads its wings, to fly
To heavens high! so to descry
fountains where his love dewells.

3

Now from the height, the deepest depth
his eye doth pierce, to find
The things to which he is inclined,
the tiny shining bits.

4

Why not you enter depths and dive
For bits, rejoicing there
My swan, why for the banks you care;
no use have banks for thee.

5

These waters by the cormorants
polluted, soiled they were-
Swans are ashamed to enter there
and never venture near.

7

O foolish swan! with cormorants
do not keep company;
But change the dirty waters, seek
the clean ones speedily...
Or else you'll drink one day...may be
with herons of the swamps.

8

Why do you hang about the banks
or by the roadside hide?
To meadows broad of 'Oneness' go,
plan no escape, abide,
And find the lake of love, to float
in its refreshing tide-
Of secrets hum, of Reality-
With fellow swans reside;
With recognition true your heart
cleanse, and be purified-
Inspired by the guide, pick grains,
and sing, by nought defied;
So that you never on this side
bird-hunter may behold.

9

O swan! come to clear waters, where
you are remembered still-
The hunters here are out to kill
and they are after you!

10

the swans divine are those who pick
the pearls from waters pure;
They never soil their beaks with mud;
some fishes to secure;
In crowds of cormorants, obscure
They are...world knows them not.

11

The lakes are same, but different birds
now in their waters lave...
Ah... those with graceful necks, who gave
sweet songs, flew far away.

12

The lovely peacocks all are dead,
and not one swan I see...
Instead the crafty snipes...ah me
have here their homeland made.

Marui - XXVIII

1

When 'Be' was not yet said, nor was
there flesh-bone scheme or plan;
When Adam had not yet received
his form, was not yet man;
Then my relationship began,
my recognition too.

2

"Am I not thy Lord?" came a voice;
a voice so sweet and clear;
And I said: "yes" with all my heart
when I this voice did hear;
And with a bond I did adhere
that moment to my love

3

Ere God created souls, by saying;
"Be",-all one they were;
Together were they-and behold
my kinship started there-
I still this recognition bear
with thee, Beloved mine.-

4

A prisoner I by destiny...
or who would want, these forts
"We nearer than thy life's vein are"
to that home I will flee-
When will I be from mansions free
and reach my Maru sweet?

5

I'll burn these houses...Mansions tall
that shorn of loved-ones are-
"All things return to their origin"
that's my longing's call;
May I walk home, away from all
and see my land 'malir'.

6

No news, no dream vouchsafed to me
no messenger doth come;
From 'there to here', there's no reply,
no answer to my plea-
Princes, I know not what must be
accounts you did render.

7

O God, do send the messenger
who will my message bear-
I do belong to them, although
to own me they don't care...
I hold the pen within my hand,
may some one paper spare;
Tears check my writing, in despair
O'er pen they fall and fall.

8

Scores of patches my bodice shows,
my head with rags is decked-
I to my people hoped to go
and all robes did reject;
My shawl from Dhat, may God protect
its virtue to hide my shame.

9

In the condition that I came,
could I return in same-
What glory, like a seasonal rain
what joy would I reclaim.

10

Amighty God, let it not be
that I in bondage die
Enchained my body night and day,
doth weep in misery-
O let me first my homeland see
and then my days let end.

11

O where is my distinction gone?
my beauty and my grace?
My homeland I can never seek
in this condition base;
If beauty granted be then face
I dare Beloved one.

12

Omar, my face so dirty is,
my beauty now is done;
And yet, I have to go where none
without beauty's received.

13

Fair Marui does not wash her hair,
She does not smile or eat,
On Omar's justice relies she
who robbed her freedom sweet;-
"The havoc you have wrought, you'll meet
at your arrival 'there'."

14

Fair Marui does not wash her hair,
clotted it is, ugly
The nomad folks of desert land
live in her memory-
"Omar, parted from them, unfree
I'll ne'er in forts reside."

15

Fair Marui does not wash her hair,
for Malir longeth she...
Only when prince doth set her free
balance restored will be...
Whole desert will drink milk, for glee
when 'trust' is safe returned.

16

There is no force to make them pine,-
no taxes in their land,
They gather lovely flowers red
for mangers of their kine-
Malir with lustrous smiles doth shine
there priceless marus are.

17

Loved-one I never can forget;
my mind with him is filled-
Nothing you see is like Him, so
to sight he does not yield;
Because, loved-one His house has built
in negativity.-

18

Omar, for me your mansions grand
a double torture are;
Here you torment me...there, so far
loved-ones accuse me too.

19

To Maru needle joined my breath,
a needle, oh so fine,
My heart is there, my earthy flesh
must here to force resign;
My breath is in the thatch divine
my body's to mansions bound.

20

The needle's Beauty, ne'er shall I
compare with kingliness;
The needle covers naked ones
but not 'itself' doth dress;
The twice-born only can possess
knowledge of its loveliness.

21

"Palatial doors and windows I
will build for thee, Marui-
But here now...lovely canopies
I shall raise over thee...
Those who did ne'er enquiries make
why so continuously
You weep for them? something must be
wrong with the desert-folk."

22

"How to forget him, whom my mem'ry
holds for ever more?"
Since: "am I not thy Lord?" was uttered,
or e'en long before;
Ere: Born He's not...gives birth to none
from the inane did soar.-
Remem'ering Him-Marui so sore
may die today or tomorrow.

23

Threads Maru round my wrists tied...gold
fine gold they are for me;
Omar, don't offer silks to rustic
maid, they leave me cold-
Because much dearer I do hold
my worn ancestral shawl.

24

Were I to breathe my last, looking
to my home longingly-

My body don't imprison here
in bondage and unfree-
A stranger from her love away
not bury separately;
The cool earth of the desert let
the dead one's cover be;
When last breath comes, O carry me
to Malir, I implore.

25

As oyster long for cloud, and cranes
long for their native-hills.
So deepest longing my heart strains
till nought of life remains.-
How would I sit here, if not chains
held me a prisoner?

26

The wounds that happy rustics left
today fester again-
Sumro, sorrow dwells in me
of every joy bereft;
From Maru's separation, cleft
is every bone of mine.

27

My girl-friends in reproachful mood,
today sent word to me:
"Silly one, you perhaps have eaten
much of princely food,
Abd friends, and your relations good
you have forgotten all."

28

In corners of the fort, to quell
her grief Marui doth mourn
Remembering Malir, she doth weep,
makes others weep as well-
O may the maid reach home and dwell
amongst her Marus soon.

29

“Would that I never had been born,
or died at birth” ...she says;
“O what a torture, shame and scorn
to Marus I became.”

30

Destiny brought me here...reside
I do unhappy here;
My body's here-my heart is there
where Maru doth abide;
May God now turn this sorrow's tide
and let me meet my love.-

31

The lightnings are now newly dressed,
the season doth return;
Mine eyes do not stop drizzling...for
ancestral land they yearn-
I would not with such sadness burn
if they would think of me.

32

If looking to my native land
with longing I expire;
My body carry home, that I
may rest in desert-stand;
My bones if Malir reach, at end,
though dead, I'll live again.

33

A messenger arrived' this day
authentic news conveys;
“Do not forget your distant love
and do not die”, he says,
You shall reach home; only few days
in this fort you may stay?

34

The one who from my homeland came,
oh at his feet I fall-
And to this traveller, my heart
did open, telling all-
An instant more behind this wall
to be, how I abhor.

35

“Don’t cry, don’t weep and fret;
shed no tears of dismay;
Whatever days appear,
O let them pass away,-
For after sorrow, joy
O Marui, comes to stay-
Desert maid know, your chains
by destiny’s own sway
Are moved, and now you may
throw them into the fire.”

36

Omar, a traveller I did meet
today, with news for me.-
And as he stood and message gave
from the Beloved sweet
I felt all sufferings did retreat
and my chains all did fall.

37

My iron shackles all are gone.-
Love’s chains unyielding are.
Unhappy days without Marus
in mansions, life did mar...
My countrymen, they are too far
reproach them I cannot.-

38

Good were the days that I in pain
in tortuous prison passed;
Storms roared above threateningly,

my cries for help were vain;
But lo: my love by prison chain,
was chastened, purified.

39

The days I passed in deep depair,
away from homeland mine,-
My tribesmen will reproach me, if
my face looks washed and fair-
So to their thatches I'll repair
to wash off mansion dirt!

40

"Don't weep, nor cry in agony
but when the world's asleep;
At night raise both your little hands
to God, and hopeful be-
Where you wedded were, brave Marui
'that homeland' thou shalt see,"

Sohni - XXIX

1

Currents have their velocity,
rivers their speed possess-
But where there's love, a different rush
its currents do express,
And those that love fathomlessness,
are steeped in depth of thought.-

2

Master the lesson throughly
that law doth teach Sohn-
Then contemplate and meditate
till 'truth' comes near to thee-
But "Reality's Vision" will be
reward of lovers true.

3

So many, many line the banks-
"Sahar! Sahar!" they cry-
Afraid some to risk life, and some
Renouncingly would die.
But Sahar meets, who without sigh
joyfully waters seek.

4

The rivulets are not yet deep;
the depth is far ahead,
O friends, relations are secure
When one at home doth keep
But had you seen my Sahar's face
you would no longer sleep-
Nor stop me,-but take float and leap
into the running stream.

5

If you his features were to see
you could no longer rest;
Nor by your husband's side, would you
so comfortable be-
But earthen-jar, long before me,
you would pick up and plunge.

6

If you had seen with your own eyes,
what I have seen and know-
For that you'd surely sacrifice
your homes and husbands too.

7

Ah! those who do their eyes and face
Adjust to Sahar sweet,
Behold! if e'en without support
They plunge in whirlpool's maze-
They are immune from river's ways
For waters drown them not.

8

In wintry night and rain Sohni
seeks flood with jar of clay-
"Oh let us go and ask Sohni
who knows of love's true way;
Whose thoughts with Sahar always stay
throughout the night and day."

9

From Sahar, Sohni drank with zeal,
life-giving draught of love-
Intoxicated with its taste
she still its charm doth feel-
By pointed arrow, sharp as steel
of cupid, she was sruck.-

10

From "Dum", who chides, she has no fright
her spouse he never was;-
See,-even muddy, gurgling stream
her beauty cannot blight!
For Sahar, she in darkest night
will plunge in eddies wild.

11

O sisters, tinkling cattle bells
my every limb have stirred-
The love, by bell-music aroused
one not to strangers tells-
The friend, my main-stay, far he dwells
yet sends his solace sweet.

12

All round the herdsman's bells I hear
the tinkling saddle bells;
When sleeping, echoes of their chime
from far did reach mine ear.
How could I sleep when travelling near
this music rent my heart?

13

Stirred by the bells, how could I sleep
restfully and in peace?
When I a hundred times the day
for Sahar long and weep!
In chains of love Sahar doth keep
my being till I die.

14

On this side of the stream, the strain
of echoes reaching me-
From loving Mehar's bells, old wounds
began to bleed again;
To go to him and soothe my pain
incumbent then became!

15

Young buffaloes she seeks, her woes
with them she doth confide;
"My Mehar of the Buffaloes
oh have you met him yet?"

16

She puts her arms, by grief opprest
around their necks and weeps.-
"Coarse grasses that you eat, I'll place
against my aching breast,
And with your voice I shall be blest
and ever happy be."

17

The sun is setting, and the crows
in trees at rest now are;
The call for prayers Sohni hears
and she picks up the jar,
To float across the river far,
and see where Sahar is.

18

She need not ask for slopes, she finds
a slope at any place;
An easy slope and easy ways
are for the fickle minds-
But those whom love to Sahar blinds
need neither slopes nor ease.-

19

The false ones seek for sloping banks,
and only seek for show;
But those who Sahar truly love
where they must enter, know
For those who with love's thirst do glow
whole river is one-step.

20

Blest be dark night, the moonlit night
be now so far away,
So that except Mehar's, I may
not see another face.-

21

Go without 'Self', seek no support,
and forget everything,
Sohni, thy love alone thee to
the other side will bring;
"Longing", thy guide, the thundering
river shalt easily cross.

22

A call sounds from the other side,
clearly: "Come!" it doth say.-
The river overflows with waves,
skies overcast and grey-
I know that with whom God doth stay
shall never, never drown.

23

A call sounds from the other side,
clearly "Come!" it doth say-
River in spate, and weak one with
an unbaked jar of clay-
I know, nought yields to water's sway
that upheld is by 'Truth'.-

24

A black full night, and from above
sky, rain in torrents sends-
On one side fear of tracklessness
On other, lion stands-
"If even life in effort ends
I shall keep tryst of love."

26

She's neither here nor there, alone
in midst of roaring stream-
On dry banks only Sahar stands
all else is flooded zone-
Oh seek the waves! mercy is shown
only to drowning ones

27

She took the jar...she plunged so deep
may God the maiden save
Her leg in mouth of dog-fish and
her neck the shark will have-
Her bangles, garments in the mud-
her hair floats on the wave-
The fishes big and small, all round
are crowding, food they crave;
And crocodiles prepare a grave-
poor Sohni will be sliced.

28

A drowning man, by feeble grasses
at the banks will hold,
Look at the wondrous chivalry
the tender straws unfold,
To hold him up, they will make hold,
or else with him will sink.-

29

I knew not that the jar was faked
its colours were the same-
My heart beyond control, I thurst
myself on jar unbaked;
The thing on which my life I staked
in midstream landed me.

30

By help of which the longing eyes
did see Beloved's face;

The jar, how could I sacrifice
as dear as life to me?

31

My heart exhausted is and weak,
no strength my limbs have now;
"O Sahar, thou dost know all this,
O help me, cast thy tow-
I am so ignorant, and thou
my love so great thou art."

32

The jar, the means to reach, did break,
alas, the maiden drowned,
But only then she heard the sound
of Sahar's voice draw nigh.

33

The means on which she had relied,
did thrust her in the flood;
And only after she had died
she heard the herdsman's call.-

34

"The jar is broken! let it go
obstructive screen it was mere-
My real being is singing still
soul-music still is here
And still I seek my Sahar dear,
though without 'action' now."

35

My heart, you keep on swimming,
the jar let break and go...
My eyes, I train them every day
more of control to know;
The herdsman led me, and did show
to me friend, the 'straight' path.

36

Suggest no rafts to those who love
nor ask boat-men around;
Sohni that is for Sahar bound
enquiring doth not need.

37

Hundreds were by the river drowned-
but river drowned was by this maid;
The current broke itself instead,
by knocking bluntly'gainst the banks.

38

As long she was alive,-she ne'er
sat down, did never rest
Now she lies underground,...her quest
in silence still goes on.

39

If loved-ones met on judgement day
that would be very near,
But ah! so very far away,
tiding of 'Union' are.

40

Sahar, Sohn and sea
inseparably 'One'-
This ineffable mystery
no one can ever solve.

41

"On what count am I here? O why
bereft of loved ones face?
"You preach: "Deflect from sin", but I
your virtue do deny-
"Moral control I do not need
nor do for music sigh.-
"Keep closed your lips, and from within

yourself oyu'll beautify-
"These that on 'Top' of waters flow
are bubbles that belie.-
"Feed on selflessness, for your love
Mincemeat to be, then try-
"If headlong into dirt you rush
yourself you'll purify-
"Nought does possess more wealth than dust
nothing with dust can vie,-
"Who runs by stirrup of the guide
the other side will spy.-
"Falcon, pick up your greedy self
and fly with it on high.-
"Don't lose sigh of the friends, walking
in veils that mystify.-
"More than Oneness in love, is like
splitting two-lettered tie-
"Those who do long for wine of love
with purest them supply.-"
"These ravings are the vain reply
of tortured, sickly one.-
On what count, am, I here oh! why?
Bereft of loved ones face."