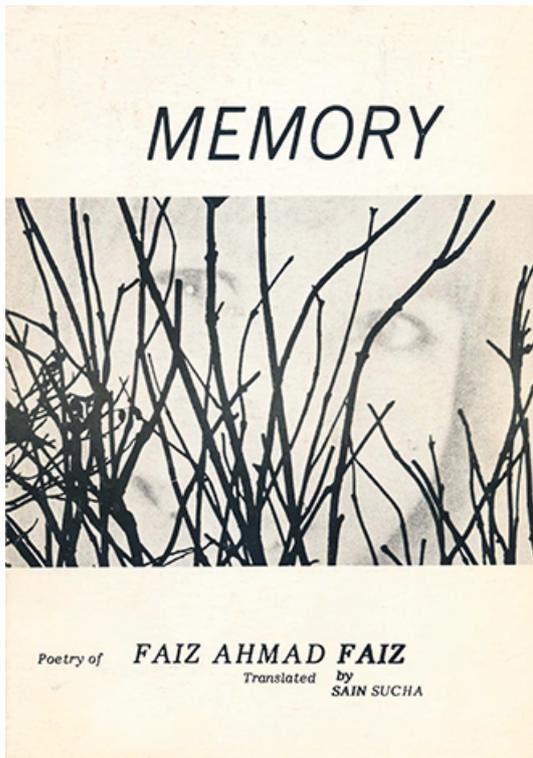


MEMORY



by

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(All poems translated by Sain Sucha)

(A few changes are made in the poems from the book Memory,
and the versions here are to be considered as the final.)



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رَبَّا سچیا

Introduction (1)

Perhaps your eyes shall apprehend one day,
Every soiled page, left blank by the arrest of Word.

Perhaps the banner of that song shall rise one day,
Which hangs low, yearning for the arrival of high wind.

Perhaps the beat of that heart shall reach you,
Which lies disgraced, like a stone on the pathway.

(Duste ´ Teh ´ Sung)

(2) **A lover to his beloved**

This path of memory,
On which you have walked for so long,
Will end, if your were to proceed a few steps more,
Where it diverts to oblivion's desolation
And from there onwards neither you nor I exist.
My eyes, still on you, wait that any instant,
You may return, pass on, or just look back.

Yet, I am aware,
That it is merely an illusion:
When I believe that if my eyes
 ever embrace you somewhere,
A new path shall erupt there;
And a similar encounter shall resume;
Under the fall of your locks,
The journey of my arms.

Then, the other situation is just a false,
Because my heart knows:
There is no diversion, desolation or hiding,
Which may conceal my beloved from me.
So, while this path erupts under your feet,
Let it be so;
And if you never even look back,
It doesn't matter.

(Zindan Nama)

(3) Let it be

Today,

If the breeze, in the garden of memory,

Wants to scatter the petals; then, let it be.

The pain, resting in some niche of the bygone age,

If wishes to kindle again; then, let it be.

Although you behave like a stranger now, so what;

Come and spend some time, face to face.

If we do meet, then afterwards,

The feeling of our loss shall intensify.

The exchange of few words between you and me,

Shall enhance the ambiguity of every word unsaid.

Neither of us shall refer to any promise,

Nor discuss fidelity or oppression.

If my eyes approach you, laden with tears,

To wash away the settled dust of the past,

You may respond, or choose to ignore them;

And words which make you avert the eyes,

You may rejoin, or choose to neglect them.

(Mere Dil Mere Musafir)

[4] **A word**

Today, again, the mind searches for a word:

A word

Imbued with wine or filled with venom,
Replete with love, or fraught with dread.

A word of affection:

Like a joyful glance –
One which carries the caress of soft, warm lips.
Brilliant – like a surge of the molten gold.
The very spring of excitement in the lovers' embrace.

A word of aversion:

Like a wrathful sword –
One which forever devastates the oppressors' strongholds.
Dark – like the night in a haunted graveyard.
The very utterance of it should burn my lips black.

(Shame´ Sher´ Yarañ)

^[5] **The moment to lament time's death**

The blue waters – Sky – stand still.

On the horizon has anchored,

Moon's pale coloured barque.

At the shore have landed,

All the sailors – every star.

The breath of leaves is choked,

The wind has fallen into a lull,

The gong demanding silence reverberates.

Then, stillness absorbed all the voices.

From the breast of dawn's nymph,

Fell the veil of darkness.

Instead,

Dark shadows of despair and loneliness

Have covered her whole being.

Yet, she is not aware of it.

No one is any longer aware, that at dusk,

When he left the town,

In which direction he proceeded;

There was no path, nor any goal.

No traveller, now,

Feels up to the journey.

This is a broken link of duration,

From the chain called as Day & Night –

This is the moment to lament Time's death.