

ASADULLAH KHAN GHALIB

## Ghazal\*

Some, not all, came back as tulip and rose;  
What faces must lie beneath dust, who knows.

What colorful gatherings I would recall,  
Now pictures in oblivion's niche, they repose.

Let my eyes shed blood, this night of parting:  
As two lighted candles I shall imagine those.

On these beautiful women shall fall my revenge  
In paradise: they'll be houris, forever close.

To him belong sleep, peace, the fullest nights  
On whose arms, disheveled, your hair flows.

Wine rejoices the heart. To whom the cup came,  
His hand's lines like the vein of life arose.

I profess One God. I abandon old rites.  
When all sects die away, one faith follows.

When man is used to sorrow, sorrow fails;  
Many hardships have made easy hardship's blows.

Should Ghalib still weep, you will find, O world,  
These dwellings drowned in ruin, where nothing grows.

—Translated by M.A.R. Habib

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\* From *Dīvān-e Ghālib*, edited by Imtiyāz ‘Alī Khān ‘Arshī (New Delhi: Anjuman Taraqqī-e Urdū (Hind) 1982 [1958]), 238–39.