

## MIRAJI

### Two Poems

#### Love<sup>1</sup>

Yellow-faced candle, dim light  
Strewn on the path;  
I stand beside an iron column,  
My eyes fixed  
On one scene:  
A gust of wind  
Enfolds fragrance of flowers from the garden.

A whole town drowned in sleep,  
No passersby,  
The road deserted:  
The sky ruled by night's deep darkness,  
In the air speaks the breath of silence,  
And my eyes fixed  
On one point  
Ahead:  
In a hole in a wall,  
A shadow.

#### SPHINX<sup>2</sup>

In the outspread desert stands a face, narrating:  
A monument of old grandeur.

Now no festive gatherings or wine-bearer,

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<sup>1</sup>“Muḥabbat,” *Mirājī*, *Kulliyāt-e Mirājī* (Lahore: Saṅg-e Mil Publications, 1996), 75.

<sup>2</sup>“Abu'l-Haul,” from *ibid.*, 68.

But still there stands their guardian;  
Future fables are lost in the mists of history,  
But this storyteller still stands,  
In Time's palace, voicing ancient songs.

And I am nothing, a humble person:  
The desert air's hot, still, silent moments  
I feel  
Those soldiers might come now  
Those fierce armies,  
With decrees of kings in their hearts, over the horizon:  
Does the desert wind scatter this dust  
Or the nearing of those hordes?  
It's but a thought, only thought, which breeds fear  
within;  
But this guardian of history stands,  
With peaceful heart, without a care.

—*Translated by M.A.R. Habib*