

FAIZ AHMAD FAIZ

Yours and Mine^{*}

Endless questions arise,
Then die, so mute,
Within your eyes and mine
The ache of not two
But a thousand desolate hearts
Murmurs beneath your skin and mine
Quills stand aghast,
Witnesses to
Such indifferent fingers, yours and mine!
And in this city
Yours and mine
Unmarked mausoleums
Dot every street and whisper of footprints
Untraceable to all but you and me
Who bruised our skies?
Who wounded this battalion of stars
Now blemishing your nights and mine?
Who crushed the roses,
Who slit the veins
Of your dawn and mine?
These wounds are without remedy
These fissured veins will never heal
The sickly ash of a charred moon
Plays upon the scars
And dew courses, red and bloody,
Through our mangled dawn
And now I ask:
This ghastly dawn, this cosmic ash,

^{*}“Kyā Karēn,” from the poet’s collection *Nuskba Hā’ē Vafā* (Lahore: Caravan Press, 1984.), 568–70.

Do they even exist, my love?
Or are they
Mere fragments of spider silk
Spinning a paranoia that is
Yours and mine?
If that is so, what do we do?
And if not so, what may we do?
Why even pen this concern
On the bleak parchment that is
Your life and mine?
Speak, beloved, speak

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—A creative, interpretive translation by Dur e Aziz Amna