

Week 3: Poems of Amir Khusrau.

1) Hindustani Poems

- 1) *man tu shudam, tu man shudi*
man jān shudam, tu tan shudi
tā nagūyad kasī pas az-īn
man dīgaram u tu dīgarī

I have become you, you have become me,
I have become life, you have become body.
From now on, let no one say that
I am other and you are another.

2) *When Our Eyes Met*

I dressed myself up to go see my lover,
but when I saw him, I forgot myself.
You robbed me of everything
when our eyes met.

You made me drink love's elixir
and I got drunk
when our eyes met.

I was left staring –
you made me an ascetic
when our eyes met

Fair arms and green bangles
you caught my wrist
when our eyes met

You became my charming lover–
you left me breathless
when our eyes met.

Khusrau dies for Nizam–
you made me a married woman
when our eyes met.

2) Ghazal 1124: *dil so tan burdī u dar jānī hanūz*

You took the life from my body
and still you dwell in my soul.
You inflicted such pain, yet still

you are the cure. You cleft my breast
for everyone to see,
yet you still lurk there hidden.

With ire's sword you laid waste
the kingdom of my heart, yet still
you rule, sultan, among the ruins.

You've set your price at the value
of both worlds. Raise it higher,
for this price is still too low.

Let, O Lord, no man's blood sully
your robes, though you wallow in it
still with no regrets. Like an infidel

you've wreaked tyranny for years
yet, for mercy's sake,
you still disgrace the faith.

Like salt, I dissolved in tears,
yet your smile remains
as sweet as sugar still.

My soul is freed from the bonds
of its hovel, yet my heart languishes
still captive in your curling locks,

Old age and worship of young
beauties sort together ill. How long yet,
Khusrau, will you be unsettled still.

3) Ghazal 1400: *tā dāman as basāt-i jahan dar kashīda-īm*

Since we've pulled our skirts back
from the spread of worldly wares,
we've rolled up our clothes
And moved to Mendicant Alley.

Sāqī, pour out the wine
from the flask, for we have
drunk too many tears
of blood from sky-blue bottles.

Since the cup of black-and-white dice
that roll across the earth's green baize
is loaded full of trickery,
we have quaffed dark-red wine.

Now it's poverty and the myriad
meanings it contains like threads
that we've woven into a blanket
and pulled over our head.

We've pulled back the skirts
of ambition from all the world
yields since it could never fill
the pockets of greed.

Smash the assayer's touchstone
against a rock. Gold is just
yellow clay when we have
it weighed in wisdom's scales.

Khusrau, we are not children
to seek out shiny yellows and reds.
Like adults, we've pulled back
our hearts from gold and pearls.

4) More Hindustani Poems

1) *Come Colour Me in Your Own Hue*

Colourful, come colour me in your own hue.

You are my lord, Beloved of God.
My veil and my lover's turban,
colour them both with spring.

You are my lord, Beloved of God.
As the price you demand for the pigment,
accept the payment of my flowering youth.

You are my lord, Beloved of God,
I have arrived at your threshold,
protect my honour.

You are my lord, Beloved of God.
Nizāmuddin Auliya is my *pir*,
be my companion in love.

You are my lord, Beloved of God.

2) *The Jogī (the ascetic)*

The young *jogī* boy was sitting in the dust,
Face pretty as Laila's, mind mad as Majnūn's.
His beauty was really enhanced by the dust;
a mirror is brighter when polished with grit.

5) Ghazal 257: *muflisī as pādshā`ī khushtar ast*

Poverty is more pleasant than majesty;
Depravity more pleasant than piety.
Majesty has its headaches, and when
last I looked, beggary was more pleasant.
Since kings let no one approach them,
being indigent among the poor
is more pleasant.

When pride gets into someone's head,
being pals with the dogs from the streets
is more pleasant.

When the heart breaks with melancholy
over some beauty, that breaking is more pleasant
than any salve. Public love play with idols
is more pleasant than all this devout hypocrisy.
Once won, there's no pleasure in love.
Separation, for those who play this game,
is more pleasant.

Put your base love out of your mind,
Khusrau. Love for the sacred secret
is more pleasant.

All translations from Paul Lozensky and Sunil Sharma
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