Disrespectful fool, seek not
Comparison with Dard.

Dard is the author of eight books and tracts on sufism and religious subjects, and a volume of verse, all in Persian. He left only one short volume of poems in Urdu, consisting of less than two thousand lines. He wrote only when the mood took him, and held the highest conception of poetry. He was a believer in monism, and his experience was intuitive. His system had no place for sensuousness and worldly love. Yet he achieves sincerity and a unique intensity of emotion which are expressed with great beauty of word and image.

Mysticism has been an essential part of oriental sensibility. The religious background, philosophic discipline, and the uncertainties of life have inclined the poets to mystical thought; and there has been no poet, except Sauda and Dagh perhaps, who has not been influenced by it. But Dard’s vision is purely mystical, and he remains the only consistent Sufi poet in Urdu, for which reason he has suffered an eclipse today, as no one has the aptitude for high seriousness and spiritual fervor. Yet the sense of eternal sadness found in some of his poems has seldom been surpassed, and brings him close to that great master of sorrow, Mir, who was his close contemporary, and who speaks of Dard with the greatest respect in his account of the poets. And with Mir he is ranked a great lyrical poet. He died at the age of sixty-six in 1785. His pseudonym means ‘pain’.

O Sauda, change the rhyme,
And rewrite this ghazal:

The loved one’s irresistible ways
Have lured my heart,
Although I knew how tricky was
Their art.

Man was made to bear the pangs
And pain of love;
For other fealty angels were
Enough.
The eyes themselves were wandering,
But then, alas,
Their wandering ways have waylaid too
My heart.

So long as life remains
I'll search for thee;
And so long as I live
This will my prayer be.
For thee, dear love, alone
My soul aspires,
And all my longing is,
Beloved, thy desire.

Where has my heart, O Dard,
Cast its eye?
Wherever I behold
I see no one but thee.

Blame was all
That we received;
What we were born for
Never achieved.
Is it a storm,
Or is it life?
We die of living
And the strife.
I do not care
For flowers, O breeze;
They bloom a moment,
Then they cease.
So like a spark
Is beingless being;

It's just as well
I've lived my term.
Farewell, my friend,
I've seen the show
Of the earth and now
Must homeward go.
Time moves and soon
We shall be gone;
So fill the cup,
Let wine flow on.
Do you perchance,
O Mir Dard know
Wherefrom we come
And whither go?

When I could not see Thee and all Thy majesty,
I do not care if I saw the world or did not see.
Pain, affliction, suffering, sorrow, grief and blame,
I've known them in Thy love and all their agony.
And yet when with the wounds of love I gloved like a tree
Lit up at night, you did not care to come and see.
I was myself a veil upon the loved one's face,
For when I looked there was no veil 'twixt me and Thee.
Night and day, O Dard, I'm looking for the one
Whom no one in the world has seen or hopes to see.

Whether school or mosque or tavern,
Kaaba or the temple,
You were the master everywhere
And we but only guests.
Alas, the foolishness! It was
Proved at time of death
That all we saw was but a dream,
A tale all that we heard.
When I was free of cares you had
Dwelt within my heart
Which now remains the dwelling place
Of vain and futile thoughts.
Forget, be glad, remember not
Those bygone days of old:
What use relating now if, Dard,
The friend was there or not?

They say the rose garden
Was struck by Autumn, alas,
I had a friend residing there—
A lonely blade of grass.

MUKHAMMAS

All those who are of inmost self aware
Never look at appearances here.
The fire of love is present even in stone,
It's not the heart that burns with it alone,
Glowing in every rock you'll find this fire.
Give up discourse with men and quiet be,
Desire only the soul's serenity.
Seek joys of union in a state of wonder,
Look for guidance in your heart's own mirror:
Each eye can see if sincere is desire.
Though life has decked out all its market place,
The seeing eye can always see that face.
You should not walk a step carelessly here,
But cross the mountain gently till all's clear,
Each stone is the glass-makers' workshop here.
Each rose that blows points to the object of sight,
The hyacinth decks the tresses of the night.
When I reflected, all astonishment,
Then fell apart the veil of hue and scent,
And I saw Spring in full refugence there.
Distance makes no difference, far or near,
Be not overwheled with despair:
All this is no more than the mirror of fancy,
Out of the eye see as the eye should see;
You travel only to your own self here.
Hidden behind each weakness lies the strong,
In each defect perfection all along;
For no one in the world is bad or faulty,
Each has goodness, virtue, piety;
The fault lies in concealing virtue here.

A poem of five-line stanzas.
O Dard, the secrets of Eternity
Cannot be known to wily preachers, earthly.
Never without humility will they
Reach where the wings of my fancy find their way,
For mortal flesh arrests all flight here.

TARKIR-BUND STANZAS II—IV
Waiting for the morning breeze am I,
Like a bud a shut up heart am I.
I spent my whole life trying to understand,
But could not know what, after all, am I.
I could not even move a single twig,
A straw attracted to the straw am I.
My love is like a stranger even to me,
My one misfortune is that lover am I.
That faithless one accepts the existence
Of none, not even God, so who am I?
I could not rid myself of ill fortune,
The shadow of the phoenix though am I.
So grieve me not and try to understand,
The only one left in the world am I.
Now access too is difficult for me,
The great despair of a lonely heart am I.
No trace of Faith's red rose I ever found
Though wandered in and out this garden have I.
Do not fall in love, therefore, again;
The world's a place of warning for all men.

Although the sun may be the orb of day
Yet from my cold breath it's not far away.
The wound within my heart has made me ill;
This ulcer bleeds and bleeds, and bleeds away.
When someone asks me news of this or that
I talk of no one else but you always.

It is the anguish of your love that fills
My heart with light and beauty night and day.
There's ecstasy in pain as though in the sting
Of the bee its antidote were hidden away.
O Solomon, do not be proud or vain,
Not different from ants' wings are throne and sway.
Believer I am not in man's free will,
His life is pre-ordained, let come what may,
Just look around and see the show of Love:
One has arrived, anothercast away.

The candle and the moth embrace, are close,
But parted are the bulbul and the rose.

Of human life there is no certainty;
It will depart unnoticed, silently;
For I have seen this wide, wide universe,
It's all a faint footprint wherever you see.
Be gentle once, O cruel one, for soon
Things may decay and change entirely.
You may destroy the heart, but don't forget
That it's the seat of God's great majesty.
Annihilation's all the eye beholds,
The bubble solved for me this mystery.
When all this universe from you alone
Takes form, why should you yourself hide from me?
Your wits are wandering, it seems, that's why
From this world you expect stability.
Turn not your face away from any one
If your heart has the mirror's purity.
But lost is the heart and can nowhere be found,
For no one knows in whose search it could be.

And I am searching for it on my part,
Carrying this wound deep in my heart.