

Subh-e-Azadi

This stain, this scarred light, this chosen night's dawn
That awaited dawn, this wasn't that dawn

This isn't that dawn for which the heart would throb
With the hope that somewhere we'd find our friends

In the wilderness of the skies, the stars' final abode
Somewhere the shore of the slow wave night will be

Somewhere the boat of the heartache will halt
From the secret pathways of vibrant blood

When the beloved set forth, how many hands laid on the robe
The abode of beauty's restless dreams

The arms kept calling, the bodies kept yearning
Though dear, but the passion of the dawn's face

Husn's caravan was many, the sighs were light
The desire was light, the exhaustion was heavy

Heard it has become, the separation's darkness and light
Heard it has become, the union's destination and steps

The prescription of the people of pain has changed much
The joy of union is lawful, the torment of separation is forbidden

The fire of the liver, the gaze's anger, the heart's burning
Has no effect on anyone

Where did the morning breeze come from, where did it go
Still, no news of the lamp's head's way

Still, there's no shortage in the night's heaviness
The moment of sight and heart's relief has not arrived

Faiz Ahmed Faiz

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