**A Selection of Poems**

**by**

**Ahmad Nadim Qasmi**

**(Aḥmad Nadīm Qāsimī)**

**(1916-2006)**

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From: *Dasht-i vafā* (Desert of Fidelity). Lāhaur: Kitāb Numā. 1964.

[rekhta.org/ebooks/dasht-e-wafa-ahmad-nadeem-qasmi-ebooks-4](https://rekhta.org/ebooks/dasht-e-wafa-ahmad-nadeem-qasmi-ebooks-3)

[*Dasht-i vafā* (Desert of Fidelity)](http://rekhta.org/ebooks/dasht-e-wafa-ahmad-nadeem-qasmi-ebooks-3). Lāhaur: Sang-i Mīl Pablisharz, 2012.

[rekhta.org/ebooks/dasht-e-wafa-ahmad-nadeem-qasmi-ebooks-3](https://rekhta.org/ebooks/dasht-e-wafa-ahmad-nadeem-qasmi-ebooks-3)

[*Intik̲h̲āb-i kalām aḥmad nadīm qāsimī*](http://rekhta.org/ebooks/intikhab-e-kalam-ahmad-nadeem-qasmi-ahmad-nadeem-qasmi-ebooks) (Selection of Works: Ahmad Nadim Qasmi). ʻAlīgaṛh: Anjuman Taraqqī-yi Urdū (Hind). 1956.

[rekhta.org/ebooks/intikhab-e-kalam-ahmad-nadeem-qasmi-ahmad-nadeem-qasmi-ebooks](https://rekhta.org/ebooks/intikhab-e-kalam-ahmad-nadeem-qasmi-ahmad-nadeem-qasmi-ebooks)

[*Jalāl o jamāl* (Splendor and Beauty)](http://rekhta.org/ebooks/jalal-o-jamal-ahmad-nadeem-qasmi-ebooks/). Lāhaur: Nayā Idārah. n.d.

[rekhta.org/ebooks/jalal-o-jamal-ahmad-nadeem-qasmi-ebooks/](https://rekhta.org/ebooks/jalal-o-jamal-ahmad-nadeem-qasmi-ebooks/)

*Sho‘lah-i gul* (Flame of the Rose). Lāhaur: Qaumī Dārul Ishā‘t. 1953.

[rekhta.org/ebooks/shola-e-gul-ahmad-nadeem-qasmi-ebooks/](http://rekhta.org/ebooks/shola-e-gul-ahmad-nadeem-qasmi-ebooks/)

Abbreviations: *DV 1964 = Dasht-i vafā 1964 ed.*

*DV 2012 = Dasht-i vafā 2012 ed.*

*IK = Intik̲h̲āb-i kalām aḥmad nadīm qāsimī*

*JoJ = Jalāl o jamāl*

*SG = Sho‘lah-yi gul*

*001* ***1. Andekhā maḥbūb* / Unseen Beloved**

When, hidden among thick branches, some sparrow sings,

Why does a spark of longing flare up in my heart?

When I see beautiful cattle grazing in pastures,

Why do I then go on searching for sober scenes?

When, at dawn, women go out to the well

And when they mimic, by clapping, the rhythm of reddish clay pots,

For whom do I go searching in desolate palaces?

For whom do I come back after I have kissed the broken balcony?

Suddenly, when the cuckoo’s call rises through the languid night,

Why does an imaginary pang invade in my heart?

When, on cold nights, stars flicker upon the sky,

Of what Venus-like form do I dream?

Who is fluttering those eyes again and again within the stars?

Whose reflection is this in the poppy-field of sunset?

She becomes a pearl, then shines in reddish mother-of-pearl;

In the garden, she becomes a rose and hibiscus, and then gives off fragrance;

Sometimes she hides in the camphor lamp, then shines;

Sometimes she becomes clouds and spreads over the wilderness and fields,

Sometimes in dreadful battles, sometimes in peaceful cities,

Sometimes in the careless waving of a fluttering scarf,

Sometimes in the moldy begging bag of destitute girls,

Sometimes in the broken lispings of children’s innocent speech,

Sometimes in saddened eyes, sometimes in bright lamps,

Sometimes in clay cups, sometimes in crystal goblets.

Becoming intoxication, someone is engulfing my dreams;

Wherever you look, she beckons with faint signs.

1938

*JoJ*, 225

*002* ***2. Bārish* / Rain**

Last night rain knocked so incessantly on the prison roof

That its sound, becoming an echo. cut through the stagnant darkness

Spreading and contracting everywhere.

I swear by these ramparts raising their heads, I thought

That, in the prison corner,

All the roads of life are closed;

But today, life sings, even in this lock-closed land.

Beauty calls the artist even in this stone-steel fort.

December 1958

*DV* 1964, 158

With Munibur Rahman

*003* ***3. Bahār āʼegī* / Spring Will Come**

[*Bahār āʼegī*](https://global.oup.com/academic/product/urdu-poetry-1935-1970-9780199403493?cc=gb&lang=en&)  is quoted in full in [*Urdu Poetry, 1935-1970*](https://global.oup.com/academic/product/urdu-poetry-1935-1970-9780199403493?cc=gb&lang=en&)

I complain not only of the garden's destruction,

But even find very few stars in the sky.

Be it an evening sunset or a morning dawn,

I find very few springs in all scenes;

The body says: You should touch the horizon;

The mind says: You will find very few supports to do that.

I have reached here from foreign paths, but

I have not yet learned to be at ease in this gathering.

Having become fragrance, I even kept on floating in the cage, too;

For had I become color, I would have been imprisoned;

Darkness of the farmer’s cell remained before;

I did not learn how to be the lamp in a king’s chamber.

O you who say my destination is beyond the horizon!

I have looked from one horizon to the other and saw no one;

If there were one center, then seeking would seem to have some promise,

But the earth goes on revolving in innumerable circles;

The echo of new horizons comes at every horizon:

“Your destination is somewhere, somewhere very far.”

What does the traveler now have to do with the new ambitions of travelling;

Now my banner will be waved upon this very place.

In this desert, to adorn the garden

My feelings will become my mirror;

I will raise such a storm that

The farmer will emerge from his coffin.

The ray of the sun will crack open the frozen fog,

Will alight in the heart of this mist;

Shadows will shrink lest darkness be hurt;

Darkness will desire but will not find refuge.

Spring will come to this age with such force

That gardens will bloom from the heat of the bosom of stones.

1948

*SG*, 112-14

*004* ***4. Fikr /* Thought**

In night’s expansive silence,

When the moon feels drowsy

And branches bend with the weight of flowers

Create an atmosphere of lullabies;

When, mingling in the lake’s mirror

The gait of the stars has been lost,

Every tree seems a picture

And every flower a question;

When, from the earth to heaven’s heights,

The wrinkle of Time unfurls,

When the silence of centuries

Has pitched its tent from my thought to God,

Then on my burning heart

Someone sprinkles dew

And from the divine chamber

Someone calls out to Man.

December 1953

*DV* 2012*,* 74-75

*05*  ***5.* *G̲h̲azal:* *Āfāq nihān̲ hai* / Ghazal: If the horizon is hidden**

If the horizon is hidden, then let’s speak of the limitation of the glance.

If the stars drown, then let’s speak of dawn.

Let us speak of space, of ocean and land;

Paradise is very far above; let us speak of our home.

Let us make autumn run over with the smell of flowers and roses;

If spring has not come, let us speak of green.

My dear sir, you speak of the philosophy of good and evil;

As for us, we care only to test the greatness of Man.

Who will puck stars with hands covered with wounds?

Come, let us speak of the dust on the road!

*SG*, 202-203

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Translator’s Note: Page 202 in this text is incorrectly written 102.

*006* ***6.* *G̲h̲azal: Iʻjāz hai yih /* Ghazal: This is a miracle**

This is the miracle of your scattered, careless glances;

Do not put the blame of madness on love.

She’s not playing the right role in the affair;

She’s as responsible for problems of love as love is.

This melancholy youth lost in thought—

Perhaps it is a new style of showing oneself to lovers.

Your coming at this time into my narrow room of sorrow

Is as unexpected as the lost gust of the morning breeze.

I am asking you the address of your lane;

My doing this shows the world of my unawareness.

This floor which has echoed with your dancing

Is the highest heaven of my vision.

His high vision does not seek God,

But only the ground where her feet dance.

O stars of dawn tossing about in fog,

I am grateful to you for your consolation.

1941

*JoJ*, 349-50

*007* ***7. G̲h̲azal: Phir bhayānak tīragī men̲* /**

**Ghazal: Again, we came in a horrible darknes**s

Again, we came in horrible darkness;

We were deceived by the sounding of the hour.

Ah! How our dreams can create gardens!

As soon as we opened our eyes, the garden withered.

Who was it who, near the destination,

Had spread sheets of mirrors?

Their coming was nothing less than a doomsday;

And when they left, they created havoc again.

Again, that very system of counting stars!

We’re fed up with this repetition.

Those whirlwinds we thought to be

The spring cloud—how many gardens did they ravish.

While they kept on hiding the purpose

Of man's evolution, we found it anyway.

Now only a typhoon will bring the dawn, for

When the sun arose, the clouds turned dark.

*SG*, 194-95

*008*  ***8. Insān /* Man**

God. is great, the land is great, the times are great; if someone here is lowly, then it is only Nadim,

That very Nadim, that very darling of Paradise, that Nadim who was the angels’ object of worship,

He who raised the rapture of knowledge above predestination, he who made the world’s vastness in a single leap;

He who, when punished for the crime of love, then brought spring to the wilderness of the universe;

He who gave the beauty of heaven to earth, who smiled and brushed aside the aggressive elements;

When he advanced, then he carved out roads; when he flew, he spread song; when he bowed, he made flowers bloom;

He by whose name greatness swears is being made fun of by God’s creation today.

My nature is not to get angry with anyone, with no one; there are gardens in my nature, not heaps of fire.

I have smiled at thousands of defeats; I've also hummed in the face of misfortune;

If I meet death in the house of immortality, then in this very death I learn the etiquette of immorality;

I am one who knows God and one who knows himself; I am also far from God, but I am also near God;

My work is also creation on this very earth because my name is ascribed to [God’s epithet] Greatness;

The earth is mine, the air as well, and also space; if space is mine, then the kingdom beyond is also mine.

I am the greatest piece of art of God’s mind; I am the groom of every age; I am Nadim.

April, 1947

*SG*, 36-37

*009* ***9. Is daur men̲* / In this age**

My every couplet is, in reality, a history of a nation;

I swear by my world-wanderings His universality.

The world calls that free man, who in this age

Is a seeker of justice and munificence, mad.

Even the Greatest Creator Who still lives in the solitude of every soul

Is called the idol of our imagination.

That poet who is holding a pen of gold

Solves the problems of poverty.

Every person is avoiding the hard facts;

Every person lives the practice of shying away.

Nothing new in emotions; no breadth in ideas;

In writing, no beauty; in discourse, no strength.

Ambition of newborn youth is chilled

And old age is goaded down with the heavy burden of sorrow.

That thing which is written in Western books

Is, in the eyes of the East, equal to the Quran.

Permission of laws is deeded to live!

My God, this is tyranny, tyranny!

1941

*IK,* 18-19

*010*  ***10. Kal aur āj /* Yesterday and Today**

Yesterday, in every step we used to feel that the good world had finally arrived;

Today, every difficult destination is a message to move on.

Yesterday, every rejection was grave impertinence and the destruction of Time;

Today, every false step is proof of Man’s greatness;

Yesterday, sultans’ authority was political games;

Today, the farmer is the guarantor the formation of law.

Yesterday, that height where orders for killing were given

Today is contemptible in the masses’ eyes.

Yesterday, that which lit Nimrod’s imperialism, that fire from hell,

Is today Abraham’s garden.

Whereas fear of Cain permeated everyone’s heart yesterday,

The blood of Abel [anger] has risen in the eyes today.

Yesterday the foreigners’ red face was the touchstone of beauty;

Today, the Abyssinian is also thought a beautiful creation of God.

Yesterday, poor, helpless lamentations were banners of patriotism;

Today, in our mind there is no distinction of Tigris, Ganges or Nile.

Yesterday, the edge of that ocean which was searched by Columbus

Today is a shrunken, shriveled lake.

Yesterday, a beautiful thought was just a matter of curly hair and cheeks;

Today, the history of labor is thought a beautiful thing.

Yesterday, those orders which fell on Adam as calamities and hurt Man

Today, Nature obeys them;

Today, Man is at the highest point to which

Not even Gabriel’s imagination, not to mention his wings, has risen.

1945

*IK,* 32-34

*011* ***11. Kāravān*** **/ Caravan**

The music of the caravan bell, informer of the caravan’s pace;

The caravan bell’s silence, marker of the caravan’s standstill;

The caravan bell’s lamentation, teller of an uncompleted journey.

No harmony, no roaring were heard, nor was night’s lamentation in our fate.

A few robbers had been going by somewhere; O friend, when was this ever a caravan?

The stink of a rotten corpse was in the heart, though respect for religion was on their lips;

They would cry “Life! Life!” but eating the dead was their old practice.

The star we saw in their eyes was, in fact, a burning.

Why be concerned about the melody of the caravan?

Let us be at least concerned with finding its tracks first.

That lamp of firm resolution whose flame points out the way—at least let that be found first.

Silence is in deep thought; a snow flake is falling;

All about, stars are falling stars; in every direction spiders weave their webs;

Suddenly, a wave arose in the silence, like someone singing out in sleep,

Like a crescent in piled-up clouds, like poppies in the desert’s lap.

O you who are waiting for the caravan bell!

If you can hear the sound of the steps, then listen!

These hundreds of thousands of foot prints, these flowers,

If you can pluck them with your glance, pluck them.

Steel thundering in the factory is making flaming speeches in its frenzy of creation;

Field, mine, broken mountain range; yes, these are the very marks of the caravan.

Those in whose direction a world is watching have passed on this very path;

Due to them, there is an impulse to grow on the land; due to them, life sings songs;

Their creation is the pivot of culture; life is easy from their work;

Their past is dusty, their future, a young sun.

The circle of robbers is already broken; if you prepare for the journey, we can go.

Comrades, if you are able to rise up from the dreadful swamp of blood, we can go.

You who wait for the caravan bell, if you can hear the moving footsteps, then we can go.

*IK,* 51-53

*012* ***12. Khushk patte /* Dry Leaves**

When the wind blows a little quicker,

The voice of the dry leaves comes forth:

Dry leaves, the companions of my years;

Dry leaves, the flowers of my loneliness;

Dry leaves, the principles of my honor.

The silence of the desolated garden

Is as frightening as a corpse

Which hangs in the arms of the night

As if moonlight is its shroud;

Death bubbling from every side,

Death, walking, silently holding its breath

Suddenly knocking at my mind.

The dry leaves called me.

Whether the garden remains desolate or flourishes,

The mind should be free of the anxiety;

That new gusts of wind will no more blow here

And the things, wherever they are placed—

You will see them there even on Doomsday.

Whether it is the flower-season or the time of autumn

When the wind blows more quickly,

The footsteps of Time echo

And the voices of the dry leaves come forth:

We are near you, we are with you.

We are the same—the companions of your years;

We are the same—the flowers of your loneliness;

We are the same—the principles of your honor.

October 1959

*DV* 1964, 191-92

With Munibur Rahman

*013* ***13. Manẓar o pasmanẓar*** ***/* Landscape and Background**

Scars of feeling burn

Lamps light up in the mind

Night is heavy, like a mountain

The whole universe, silent

When a tear sprouts from the eyelashes

Earth’s stagnation breaks up

The cascade of a waterfall

Wind sings in the trees

Stars bathing in the lake

Burn the water

Fireflies have scattered in the valleys

Landing in the foliage

As if carrying ruined jungles in our eyes

We are shattered by weariness

Glances are overlaid by nights

And grope for the road for centuries

The landscape insists we smile

But from where should we bring moisture to our lips?

August 1953

*DV* 2012, 30-31

With Munibur Rahman

*014*  ***14.******Mashriq o mag̲h̲rib /* East and West**

I am the inhabitant of warm lands;

How many seas away from the snow fields!

In the plains, like a blister,

Sets my mud hut;

In the cracked door shutters

And the near decay of its threshold

The antiqueness of its architecture

Is sitting like a desolation.

The moonlit night of cold countries

Reflected in blue snow

And veiled in the hangings of its beams

Comes like a romance;

And the moonlight-lit night of warm lands

Bearing on its naked back

The utter silence or the fatigue of work

Comes like a storm.

The dress of noon-cold countries

Is such a thin sheet

In whose folds the gold of the body

Smiles like electric bulbs;

And our dress, nakedness

On which the sun strikes its beams

With such anger

That it leaves only an ash heap.

The values of beauty in warm lands

For how many blind, ancient centuries,

Having kindled the fires of their own bodies,

And becoming the smoke of their tresses,

Are sitting round their bonfire,

Its flames blazing,

Burning rosebuds.

The youth of warms lands whose

Profession is love

Drive the plow and sow seeds

In earth burning in sunlight

And then crying over fate.

Ecstatic over their youth labor,

The clusters laden with pearls,

The more filled up they are,

The more distant they become.

The wave of beauty and love

In cold countries march in step with life,

Like sky and space

Hang over day and night;

In the homes, in places of worship,

Or by the roadside,

Everywhere, in every place, and at every time

Whenever beauty and love meet,

The flowers of warn kisses unfold.

How much warmth is there in cold countries?

How much warmth of the body is there

In cold countries, of souls, of ideas?

Over warm lands a cold and dead silence cast

Their shadow like a calamity.

The consciousness of life in cold countries

Adorns even a particle of dust.

In warm lands, the feeling of death

Goes on kicking life.

O friend! In habitant of cold countries,

Like the killer in the broken ruins

Of this wasteland, I think:

If I am only what I am,

If I am the debris of my urges,

If I am the grave of my longings.

Then what is the justification of my living?

O, what is the secret of this helplessness?

I think the moon, which has risen over my house,

Will also peep into your hall.

The earth where I stand

Is pressing down, rising, bending.

Under the blue ocean,

And, becoming the earth of your country,

Coddle your feet.

I think: Whether my adverse state

Is only the mischief of colors,

Whether I am low only because

The sun burns here,

Whether you are great only because,

From your windowpanes,

When the sunbeam peeps in,

The snow makes fun of it?

Color and season are not the basis of life;

Color is an angle of the sun;

Season, just a facet of earth.

My sun is the color of my face;

Our snow is the color of your face;

You pine for my sun;

I am restless for your snow.

We are two travelers—our way is one.

*(Incomplete)*

*DV* 2012*,* 259-64

*015* ***15*. *Nāguzīr* / Unavoidable**

Cobwebbed window; shadows on the balcony; spotted columns, bleakness on the ceiling.

Darkness, as if its arms flogging the air; some places dark, some with pale light.

Here, the blows of ages show on overturned slabs of marble floor;

Centuries’ headings appear on doors with mirror-like finishes in the shape of scratches;

Here, the scratches of the thrush’s claw passed like leaves on flowing water.

Curtains in the windows, candles on the balcony, painted columns, light on the ceiling;

Frank mentions of her tresses, cheek, lips; clean laughter, like cotton puffs.

A dignified fragrance permeating the wrinkles of her dress, the atmosphere, the air;

This soft form tightly held in the arms, elasticity like a young shoot’s; deer’s litheness.

Here, pure wine is dancing in marble cups, like an incarnadine dawn.

There, the banner of some foreign country crowds the mirror-covered wall;

If only time could stop the old sun-chariot for only a moment,

If only this experienced priest, the sun, could challenge the path of revolution—

But to bolt about is in its fate; retreat is even a problem; to pause is hard.

This traveler will rest on Judgment Day; the Day of Creation was its city; eternity, its destination.

If the highways of Time—this evening, this night, this dawn—are predestined,

Then the foreigner’s banner will burn from the glowing heat of the spinning wheel.

1946

*IK,* 35-36

*016*   ***16. Pābandī /* Bondage**

My master has a grievance: Why should my truthfulness

Open secrets?

And, I ask: Why does your politics mix poison in art?

I will never become that pearl which is, day and night,

Raked up by the winds of the shore.

It also happens that the bird stands up against the storm;

If a drop spills on a blazing flame, even that drop will speaks.

April 1954

*DV* 2012, 44

*017* ***17. Qadīm nāqidān-i fan kā paig̲h̲ām* */***

**The Message of Ancient Art Critics**

(*For Modern Artists*)

Dwellers in darkness! Do not reveal the secret of darkness

Lest crystal dream be shattered; do speak slowly

Lest this life becomes poison; mix sleep in this wine flask

And create pearls of dreams.

Let the ship of the mind float in the twisting-turning waves of dance;

Let the jewel of knowledge dissolve into the bloody hollowness of the goblet;

Let the treasury of honor be divided; let the bosom of feelings be opened.

Why make blood and sweat one from such toil?

You should not make naked pictures of the lewdness of nude people;

Put powder on ugly things; apply color.

Why show what we’ve been hiding?

Young man, come to your senses.

God only knows what your aim is; speak clearly; give up vagueness;

The world’s work doesn’t stop; fill your cup; don’t worry about the end.

Forsake ugly inspiration which might be the smell of cancerous sores.

If you get wages, then stop working.

Guardians of law, sit on the ground guarding the highest heaven;

Why get angry in vain? Man is mute; the king is deaf.

Who will cross the broad, deep ocean for you?

He who hesitates is lost.

Wise men declared that it is hard to fight fate,

To pierce swords in the mountain’s bosom,

That ripe berries have to fall from the branch

And rot, putrefy in filth.

Look, that storm arises; run, go hide in caves;

The chamber shook; the lean-tos panted: Come back, come!

Willful crying for a destination is trivial; leave the road; save yourself.

Give me your hand.

Decide on something somehow; heed what we say;

Why are you blinking your eyes reddened in anger? Why trembling?

Steel hardness in your hands; sharp-edged lightning in your breath?

There’s the path we’ve given you. Now go!

1944

*JoJ,* 302-304

*018*  ***8. Qit̤aʻ: Kunj-i zindān̲ paṛā soctā hūn̲ /***

**Fragment: Lying in the corner of prison**

Lying in the corner of the prison, I think:

How interesting the landscape must be;

This moon shining through the prison bars

Must have risen in your courtyard too.

December 1958

*DV* 2012, 115

*019* ***19. Qit̤aʻ****:* ***Yih hijr o vaṣal******ke muʻame /***

**Fragment: These enigmas of separation and union**

These enigmas of separation and union

Are unknown to all but you;

A night passed in centuries; several ages blew past

In an instant.

January 1959

*DV* 2012, 138

*020* ***20. Shafaq /* Sunset**

Every new generation casts a new idol—

Then every new idol, new temple, new modes of worship.

The conch has gone on being played; the colored lights being lit;

The soul has gone on melting; Man goes on being forlorn.

Sapphire and topaz were turn down from the royal palaces;

Helpless—the masses gulp down pebbles;

The flower of charity changes into withered thorns;

Golden reins tighten about parched mouths.

On the other side of gold-brocaded veils, beauty went on being sold;

Love kept listening to the noise of clashing steel;

Caravans have gone on being plundered; destinations being unknown;

The moon has gone on being extinguished;

The imprisoned *chakora* bird has gone on staring blankly.

Every new age came, carrying a hundred hopes in its lap;

Life remained broken, wretched, helpless;

One emperor got up; another emperor moved forward;

From the day of creation, this earth has been caught in this cycle.

Suddenly the smoke-filled window made a rattling sound;

The bright candle swelled up; the flame’s tongue trembled;

from the lowlands of shivering darkness arose

The red glow, singing the song of a new dawn.

The horizon’s redness is the reflection of a new age;

This decoration is for a new beauty;

Low and high have come down to one level;

Now which man has a claim of sovereignty?

1944

*IK,* 26-28

*021* ***21. Tārīk̲h̲ /* History**

Rocks, bending over the streets

Earth’s burned tongues—

Gathering the sounds of centuries

And folding themselves in the dust of ages,

Seeing me advancing in the space—

Speaks in the voice of silence:

The fire of history is burning;

Another tongue is coming forth.

August 1953

*DV* 2012, 32

With Munibur Rahman

*022* ***22. Umīd kī kiran* / Ray of** **Hope**

When the place of revelry became desolate,

The world began to seer confounded;

Flowers lay on the couch, crushed

Like droplets of blood on lips;

A heap of moths lay on the floor,

A spot of rather dirty colors;

When the candle’s flame turned paled

Like the reflection of death upon beauty.

The tall arches, cold and silent;

Life, an ascetic who wears a shroud on his shoulder;

When the candle began to go out slowly,

My feelings shuddered to awakening.

Inside this very house of revelry,

Those very scenes will play again tomorrow.

Dancing to the tune of the sarod,

Love will pick flowers and smell them;

People will sing carefree songs,

They will mock death.

Arms, entangled in arms, will sway in ecstasy.

Glances will kiss arrow-glances.

Long tresses will be scattered upon arms;

The secrets of false pride will be exposed;

Silk curtains will rustle;

People will get tired and leave;

Differences are the foundation of the world—

It does not enjoy monotony.

While night yawns,

The sounds of day are heard.

As soon as some stem is broken,

A new leaf-shoot comes forth.

I have sacrificed body and soul for someone.

I have taken the burden of selfness off my heart;

Having lost everything, I have lost her too.

That is, she’s become someone else’s.

But feelings speak to me:

The waterfall goes on changing its path.

1940

*IK,* 14-15

**INTERVIEW**

“[Leslie A. Flemming Interviews Ahmad Nadeem Qasmi: A Friend and Colleague Reminisces](https://www.worldcat.org/title/leslie-a-flemming-interviews-ahmad-nadeem-qasmi-a-friend-and-colleague-reminisces/oclc/5543068372&referer=brief_results).”

*Journal of South Asian Literature*. 20:2. 1985. 147-51.

**Suggested Reading:**

Qasmi, Ahmad Nadim. *Ahmad Nadeem Qasimi: War* Stories *& Poems*. Ed. and trans. Sajjad Shaikh. Islamabad: Modern Book Depot. 2012.

\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_. *Flower on Grave: Poems of Ahmed Nadeem Qasimi*. Ed. and trans. Daud Kaamal. Oxford: Oxford University Press. 2008.

[*Thoughtful Musings: English Translations of a Selection of Ahmed Nadeem Qasmi's Columns, Essays and Short Stories*](https://www.worldcat.org/title/thoughtful-musings-english-translations-of-a-selection-of-ahmed-nadeem-qasmis-columns-essays-and-short-stories/oclc/983799171&referer=brief_results). Ed and trans. Mujahid Eshai. Lahore: Sang-e-Meel Publications. 2017.

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