

AGHA SHAHID ALI

GHAZAL

Adapted from Makhdoom Mohiuddin

Rumors of spring—they last from dawn till dusk—
All eyes decipher branches for blossoms.

Your legend now equals our thirst, Belovéd—
Your word has spread across broken nations.

Wherever each night I'm lost to myself,
they hear from me of Her—of Her alone.

Hope extinguished, now nothing else remains—
only nights of anguish, these ochre dawns.

The garden's eyes well up, the flower's heart beats
When we speak, just speak O! Forever.

So it has, and forever it should last—
this rumor the Belovéd shares our pain.