

## Messiah of Crystals

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Pearl, crystal, goblet

Once broken is broken

Tears cannot mend it,

It's lost if broken.

You gather the shards

Save them for naught

There is no Messiah of Crystals,

What good is your hope?

Perhaps these fragments hold

The chalice of your heart

That haughty angel's perch

The nectar of life's sweet agony

The world snatched your chalice away

Smashed it,

Scattered that nectar into dust

Cleaved the angel's wing

These colorful shards are perhaps

Fragments of those dazzling dreams

With whose brilliance you decorated

Your bed-chamber in ebullient youth

Beggary, toil, hunger, pain

Kept smashing at those dreams

Brutal was the rain of stones

What could these crystal skeletons do

Or perhaps, in these fragments  
Is the jewel of your honor and your humility  
The envy  
Of the high-statured ones  
The jewel was craved by many  
Traders, robbers  
In this land of thieves, the poor  
Can save either life or honor  
These goblets, crystals, these jewels  
If whole, carry some value,  
Broken, they merely  
Prick, cut, evoke blood-tears  
You gather the shards,  
Save them for naught  
There is no Messiah of Crystals,  
What good is your hope?  
On mended collars of memory  
The heart does not linger  
Unmasking, masking truths  
How can life be spent like this?  
In the workplace of Being  
These goblets and crystals are forged  
Everything is replaceable,  
All wants can be fulfilled  
Every hand that reaches is a helper  
Every eye that looks, fortunate  
There is no end to riches here

No matter the robbers who lie in wait  
Looting, robbing cannot empty  
The coffers of Being  
Diamonds on every mountain  
Pearls in every ocean  
Some,  
Wish to cordon off this wealth  
Auction  
Every mountain and ocean  
Others fight  
Break down those walls  
Foil the schemes  
Of the thieves of Being  
They grapple, fight  
In every village and vale  
In every happy home  
On every lane  
There are those who blacken all around them  
Others who light candles  
Those who set fires and  
Those who put them out  
Every goblet, crystal, jewel  
Is enjoined in the fight  
Arise, all idle hands  
Are summoned to the fight.

Translation by Dr. Ali Madeeh Hashmi