

## We'll keep on plying the pen

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We'll keep on plying the pen on the page,

Record shall we the tale of our heart.

We'll keep providing the sorrows of love,

And fertilize the wastes of time.

The virulence of times is yet to grow,

The tyrants will stick to their tyrannous ways.

We welcome the virulence, accept the blows,

Life permitting, we'll redress our grief.

If the tavern stays, with the purple wine,

We'll deck the roofs and walls of the mosque.

While there is blood still in our veins,

Our tears will supply the tint to her cheeks.

A style of indifference will be her way,

A style of submission will be our creed.

Bring the flowers to bloom

Bring the flowers to bloom, let the spring breeze blow,

Come, my love, and rouse the garden from its sleep.

Gloom pervades the prison, say something to the breeze,

Someone, for God's sake, should talk about my love.

Sometime at least the sun should rise from the corner of your lips,

Sometime at least the night should flow from your scented locks.

Strong is the link of grief, no matter if the heart is poor,

Sorrowing hearts will flocking come, once they hear your name.

How I fared matters not, but O lonesome night,

My tears have ensured your peace, here and beyond.

My heart, Faiz, could not approve any place en route,  
Forced out of my love's street, I made for the gallows straight.

Translated by Hamid Rahim Khan