

Your sorrow in search of someone

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willing to spill his blood
but they who once lined the roads
ready to give up this life
at a moment's notice
for you
have left
no longer to be found

Beloved
the night waited with me for you
at dawn it admitted defeat and left
My consolers also departed
hurt to find my eyes
without tears
let down that I held back my grief

Nothing's left now
no possibility of the night of love
and no way to show even a glimpse of pain
there's no room for complaints
no margins allowed for suggestions

Tyrant
it's your era
the restless heart's lost its every right

It was me
it was my shirt
that was printed
with blood on the streets
darkened there with inks of accusation

I declared these stains a new fashion
and went to mingle with the guests
at my lover's home
Nowhere anymore
that abandon of passion
no one wear's fidelity's raw fabrics

Hangman
what will you do with that rope?
who's asked you to build the scaffold?
those once proud to be accused of love
they all have vanished.

Translated by Agha Shahid Ali