



### 3 Poems by Maroof Shah

#### **Range bael dolum** - Ahad Zargar

My Love, freshness of the youthful flower is gone  
That is my pain  
Unguarded is the treasure trove of secrets  
That is my heart's pain  
Wounded by thousands wounds  
I sawed my body to pieces  
Then my body became a flute  
That is my heart's pain  
Aflame is my body  
And more fanning of the flame  
Burnt to ashes  
That is my heart 's pain  
My sandalwood has turned blue  
Dyed in saffron  
Tongue tied is the bulbul  
That is my heart's pain  
Purposely I glanced at the wheel of samsara  
It is as It has been  
*Six<sup>1</sup> and ten<sup>2</sup> were driving me*  
Having taken the nectar, the bee has gone into a retreat  
Processing the nectar  
The spider has tightened its noose on the self  
That is my heart's pain  
What I bought by selling my life  
I kept cheaply for sale  
The ignorant are still hesitant to buy  
That is my heart's pain  
Ahad Zargar is watchful of the heart  
Feigning a poet  
He is summoning houris of the Garden of Paradise

#### **The Poet Calls: Hymn to the Morning and Praise of the Last Age..... Krishan Joo Razdan**

Morning has dawned, open your eyes  
Banish sleep, banish sleep.  
The sun of the Self shines its light  
Outside and inside is the Sky of Consciousness.  
Open your eyes, don't close the windows  
Banish sleep, banish sleep.  
Your black hair is fading and graying  
Why don't you heed the message?  
Time has gone, and returns with changed colours  
Banish sleep, banish sleep.  
Time is like performance of a troupe.  
Get unburdened, swim along



(Fill its kitty with all and sundry)  
That is why it has thrown up a newer play  
Banish sleep, banish sleep.  
Reckon that knowledge is illumination  
With mind's eyes, contemplate Shiva  
Let not the wind of thoughts arise  
Banish sleep, banish sleep.  
Don't be late in turning towards mindfulness  
Put on the clothes of gnosis  
Become mindful, overcome laziness  
Banish sleep, banish sleep.  
From the mountains darkness is retreating  
The universe is lighting up  
See your face in the Mirror of Nonduality  
Banish sleep, banish sleep.  
Muster your strength and perfect the path with the Master  
The Lord will guide you on the Straight Path  
You will receive in the measure you can conceive  
Banish sleep, banish sleep.  
A moment of attention fetches a night of union  
Dawn is their guide  
From it is born the blessed time that lifts spirits  
Banish sleep, banish sleep.  
Waking up is an achievement  
What does it cost?  
Hopeless people have been greeted by light  
Banish sleep, banish sleep.  
With the footwear of action, the Dharma is trodden  
Go to the pilgrimage of the Self on the boat of your body and mind  
Dive in *bhakti* and enjoy the sweetness of love  
Banish sleep, banish sleep.  
The last age is the best of ages  
God is pleased with eating and drinking  
The last hour has great blessings  
Banish sleep, banish sleep.  
Speed on through the three stages of life  
Seek the freedom of forest dweller, sacrifice the life of household  
Rest is only the Name of the Lord  
Banish sleep, banish sleep.  
Hail the Lord of Time  
This is the Guide  
Experiencing and enjoying, see the Countenance  
Banish sleep, banish sleep.  
Welcome the reign of Time  
Wear the crown of Mindfulness  
Charge the bow and strike  
Banish sleep, banish sleep.  
As all the four approached the Lord  
Privileged place granted to the forest dweller  
Acknowledge and praise the Lordly Station



Banish sleep, banish sleep.  
Receive the grace of the stages  
In the heat of the fire burn the dross of inattention  
Only in this age one finds bloom  
Banish sleep, banish sleep.  
Sleep appears tempting this time  
The Lord grants guidance this time  
Don't forget the Lord this time  
Banish sleep, banish sleep.  
What mighty beings visit you!  
Which souls can afford sleep this time?  
The boat to the straight path is on the bank  
Banish sleep, banish sleep.  
Blooming are the flowers of devotion  
Hail the wakeful people  
Minding one's business this time  
Banish sleep, banish sleep.  
Birds will sing  
Krishan will be the golden oriole  
With love sing songs of Krishna  
Banish sleep, banish sleep.

### **Khudayi Fojdar**

God! There are few lovers of you left now  
There are many self righteous fellows  
An army of theologians  
Having reserved all the seats in heaven for themselves  
They are busy in dispatching your servants to hell  
Because they love you so much  
They can't tolerate your enemies  
And they find your enemies everywhere  
As if Satan is in control of all the affairs  
As if the whole world is infidel  
And all are astray  
Except themselves  
And they alone are worthy of you.  
They presume to be your personal secretaries  
Dividing men in your name  
Coveting the riches of the other world  
Seeking houris and not you  
They have no kind words for the lovers  
For those madmen called mystics  
The Gnostics who know you alone  
Distracted neither by this world nor that world  
They see you alone  
But your policemen  
Are ever persecuting them  
Are policemen also needed in your kingdom, my God?



God! There are lawyers and prosecuting officers  
Fighting cases for you  
When did you appoint them?  
They have not seen you  
Who could see you and not dance in ecstasy?  
They have not tasted you  
As they continue to covet worldly things  
God! Show them a glimpse of your face  
So that they cease fighting for you and instead love you  
And leave your lovers in peace

**Bionote:**



**Muhammad Maroof Shah** holds Master's degrees in Philosophy, English, and Veterinary Parasitology, and has undertaken doctoral research on *The Problem of Nihilism and Absurdist Impasse in (Post)Modern Literature: A Metaphysical Appraisal of Samuel Beckett and Albert Camus*. He has written columns for leading English dailies, contributed numerous book chapters and research papers, and co-edited journals such as *Kashmir Veterinary Journal* and *Animal Science Quarterly*. He has also co-compiled and edited manuals on sheep farming and co-translated the first volume of the medieval Qur'anic commentary *Tafsir-e-Rehmani* by Makhdoom Alauddin Ali Mahaimi. His books include *The Problem of Evil in Muslim Philosophy: A Case Study of Iqbal*, *Muslim Modernism and the Problem of Modern Science*, *Perennial Philosophy in the Postmodern World*, *Revisiting Sufism*, and *Revisiting the God Debate*. His interests focus on the interface of religion, philosophy, and mysticism, particularly within the Islamic tradition in dialogue with other traditions. He blogs at [maroofshah.blogspot.com](http://maroofshah.blogspot.com) and contributes to *The Times of India* blog *Sophia*.