

May **CRAVINGS,**
May **TROES**



HILAL AHMAD MIR

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1. My School

How superb, how beautiful is my school!
How fructiferous, how gainful it is!
Humans it makes, abolishes bestial traits,
Removes darkness and lights the dark world.
The school is the second lap of mother.
Mother rears children only physically.
The teacher physically and spiritually.
Mother feeds with milk, the teacher with knowledge.

How to oar the boat of life it teaches us.
How to dive into the sea it teaches us.
How to fight with the buffets it teaches us.
Fear not thunders and lightning, but hug them.
Distinguish between right and wrong it teaches.

Obey parents, respect elders, love youngsters.
Be hope and fociation to others,
Help the poor, slake the thirst of the thirsty.
Life is respect, live a dignified life.
Uphold equality, brotherhood, justice.
Sing songs of love, extinguish fire of malice.
Abhor none, respect all the religions.
The school is the training place, trains children.
Let bottom vanish away, height kiss you.
Chase not destination, let it chase you.
Serve the nation, be a source of light.

2. The Human Life is Cheap

The life of a human being is paltry.
No valere is to the human life.
How they enjoy themselves in slaughtering them!

No cry, but go on with it dauntlessly.
Here and there is blood, everywhere is blood.
This grand world has become an abattoir.
Ah! where the flowers danced merrily,
There tombstones tell their tale of woes painfully.

Hark cries! Crying daggers even hard hearts.
Hearts burst! eyes flow in streams, ears fear to hear.
How mothers cry! How they call their own kins!

They call their young one's pathetically.
Dear light, you left your home in the morning.
It is dusk! why have you not returned yet?
See! how your mother waits you on the threshold!

Come my dear, how your mother sees your way!

Where have you gone? Come apple of my eyes.
See, how your impatient siblings wait you!
Come soon my dear, let us have a supper.
My blood to you! My life to you, my heartbeat!
How dare you sleep alone in the dark depths!
Have you forgotten your forlorn mother?
How I lulled you to sleep in my lap!
Come my light, did you not suckle my milk?
Come, I wait you with thurible and henna.

I will make you groom and get you married.
Come, I will move you on the embellished horse.
See, how many people wait you restlessly!
Dear son, who will succor us in old age?
Who will perform obsequies and shoulder our coffin?
Come, dye your sister's hands with henna
And accompany her to her in-laws.
Dear son, why do you not respond my calls?
Are you cross with me? what sins have I done?

Come dear, do you like to grieve your mother?
How long shall I wait you on this path?

3. September 2014 FLOOD in Kashmir

O God! What we see with our eyes today?
What we see, we have never seen before.
Ah! we get the fruits of what we have sown.
How sweet are seeds, but its fruits are lethal.
People cry, cry for help, weep bitterly
And repent of their sowing fatal seeds.
Eyes fear to see the fruits of the sowing.
Some drown, some float, some wail, some run for life.
Families scatter, kins unknown of their kins.
Parents search for children, children for parents,

Some die, but get burial in alien land.
What a woe! they get no place in their grave yards.

The whole atmosphere resounds with mourning.
Some wait for news, some hear heart-rending news.
People run for life, care nix for others.
Children leave parents, parents leave children.
Has our house collapsed? Have you seen our kins?

Give water for drinking, something to eat.
Forgive us God, Save us from this wrath, they pray.

Ah! we remember wrath for some moments.

4. Spring in Kashmir

Hurrah! winter is gone, spring has set in.
Darkness has gone away, light has appeared.
How long will winter sway? Spring has to come.

Nights give way to days, the sun has to appear.
The earth has awakened after a long sleep.
Fruits now, period of gestation is no more.
How assiduously she bore the period!
Seeing the fruits, she forgets the travails.
How earth has embellished herself with beauty!
O! What verdure! what blossoms! what flowers!
The nude trees have worn new beautiful garments,

Making merry, smiling and dancing fain.
Snow blushes to slumber has started to thaw.
Rills sing songs, flowers dance rapturously.
Birds twitter, lambs frisk, children play tip-cat.
Ants, earthworms, frogs have shed the quilt of sleep.
See! how farmers are on their way to fields!
Spades, ploughs, harrows with yoke on their shoulders
And plough their land with the yoked oxen
And sow seeds, plant saplings, singing sweet songs.

Thunders and lightning have resumed their game.

How nicely it rains and lulls us to sleep!
The sun has got his lost power again.
Days have curtailed the long journey of nights.
Every corner of the dale reverberate

With chirping, croaking, bleating of creatures.
Flying and walking guests in lakhs come here
And enjoy themselves in the lap of nature.
People bid adieu to fire-pots and warm clothes.
They move to Tulip garden, Mugal gardens.
Children fly kites, they float paper-boats.
Girls play hop-scotch, boys play hide and seek.
No sign of darkness, light is everywhere.
Despair is gone, brightness is on every face.
How Nature throbs and bewitches all creatures!

Nature smiles and smiles and makes everyone smile.

5. Take Back These Vehicles, Give Back Me Those Horses

Take back these vehicles, give back me those horses.

Let me ride on them or walk on foot again.

The bounty of health is no more, but is gone.

What use of these comforts when health is slain?

Who has stolen our pestle, mortar and quern?

How gaily our mothers ground corn and spices!

How did they enjoy themselves at the quay,

Used battle-dores, brought water, faggots from miles!

Let us plough land with ploughs, dig land with spades.

Leave these tillers, bid good-bye to tractors.

They have made us victim of lots of ills.

Let us bring sacks of paddy on shoulders.

Lets us plant paddy saplings jointly again.

And cast away malice, sing thrilling songs.

Let us work together and help each other

And set up again those old cordial ties.

What calmness, what piece, what health in those thatched huts!

What cares, what ills besiege us in these mansions!

How we played in neighbours' yards sine any pales!

Now tall walls, no one knows neighbours' conditions.

6. *We Are One*

Alack! why do we shed our blood in streams
And divide ourselves among hawks and doves?
Chivvy the dove, it will peck at you.
The dumb know how to storm when they are fashed.

We all are humans, we all are brothers.
Our God is one, we all are His children.
Our parents are the same, we belong to them.
Why do we fight with each other for nothing?
We have the same structure, same machinery.
The same air, water, sun, moon, we use here.
The same earth, the same fruits, eatables, we have.

All of us are made up of the same soil.

7. O! Who Is Knocking At My Poor Door?

O! who is knocking at my poor door?
Who is calling me again and again?
How sweetly she repeats my hapless name!
What a fragrance is at my blessed home!
Let me get up and see who is at the door.
She has disturbed my silver sleep many nights.
Come, come, O my dear! My princess of dreams.
Let us have a face to face talk, O dear!
How have you remembered me at this time?
Open your heart, break the ice, O my dear!
What brought you here at my unlucky home?
Come, bless this unblest home with your presence.

Dear angel, dissect my manical heart
And see! It is calcined with your travails.
Come, come and heal it with your company.
How long will it wait for your healing touch?
Ah! How painful the ailment of love is!
The journey of love is meandering.
How many hardships does the wayfarer bear!
Every new turn meets a dreadful snag.
How much I have suffered for you, my love!
See my sunken eyes, pale face, dishevelled hair.
My kins, my pals have become adversaries.
See! How the people pelt stones at me!
O my life! My princess, my dream of life!
Massage my burnt heart with your holy hands.
Let us elapse these days of life together,

And sing dulcet songs of love for ever.
O my lord! What has happened to you?
My blood to you, my life to you, my dear.
Get up! leave this mania, this painful ache.
How cruel I am! How obdurate I am!
Pardon me, my lord, pardon my lethal sin.
Come in my lap, I will lull you to sleep.
Sleep in my lap, never shall I leave you.
Ah! Never did I heed your travails.
O! What my dear! why do you wail bitterly?
How fortunate I am! How glad I am!
I have breathed my last in your holy lap.
Let me die thousand times in your sweet lap.
Dear son, how long will you remain in bed?
It is long past nine, the sun has started trudge.
How birds warble songs! Are you still asleep?
Get up dear son, let us have a breakfast.
Was I dreaming or was it reality?
Dream is dream : reality is reality.
The sweetness of a dream lives for a short while.

The sweetness of reality lives for aye.

8. How Can I forget Those Moments, Those Hours?

How can I forget those moments, those hours
That passed impatiently in your sweet dreams?
How you made me rove in the wilderness
And made me talk with my thoughts and objects!

You made me blubber in the depthless nights.
How sweet were those heart-felt cries and restlessness!

The poor heart boiled like the boiling oil
That kept it boiling with your heedlessness.
Love me, quench my violent thirst of wild love.
If not, that will lead me to matchless death.
Look at me and soothe my manical heart.

See my poor state, I am at last breath.
Love is not a sin : Love is a worship.
Some adore Allah, Some adore their flame.
Love is a sweet pain, no potions, cureless bane,
But all play this adventerous game.

I have come to you, cure my aching ill.
Dear life, give ear to my life-long craving.
You have pulverized me to nil.
Why do you turn deaf ear to my longing?

9. Ghastly Tenebrosity Has Enwrapped the World

Ghastly tenebrosity has enwrapped the world.

Pindrop muteness, only dogs break the ice.

Homes dark, no light, only moon lights the world.

No hope, hopelessness has environed life.

The hunters with bow on toes to hunt the birds.

How inclemently they ravage the nests!

How mothers shield their young one's under themselves

And protect them from the hard blows of force!

10. The Oar Is In The Hands of the Ignorant

The Oar Is In The Hands Of The Ignorant.

The boat will drown and kill all the passengers.

Give the oar to the boatman silently.

He will ferry all the passengers easily.

The whales, the cannibals with open mouths

Wait to swallow all the passengers.

The boatman knows how to fight with the tempest

And cross the violent sea successfully.

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