**Rukī hū’ī hai abhī tak bahār āňkhōň mēň**

*an Urdu ghazal*

Perveen Shakir (1952 - 1994)

*translation by Ateeb Gul*

In my eyes, the spring has made its eternal abode.

As if in my eyes resides the fading intoxication of our night together.

The dust of time, utterly incapable of wiping out

The lover’s picture—the one carved in my eyes.

It was but a journey of a single night, and still is;

In my eyes is the fog of the stars and the moon.

Came along a thousand equestrians breezing through.

In my eyes, though, persists that one horse rider.

A singular specimen he was, but the strike of the sword

Scattered his face into a thousand visions.