

ABDUL GHANI KHAN

A POPPY FLOWER

In a desert, once, on a hunt did I find,
With a radiant smile, a flower so fair
Sadly, I approached and sighed, "Ah! Of my kind
Are you too – a hapless flower from a beloved's hair.
Frail fingers wouldn't take you to a soft face so close,
Nor would you be kissed by lips delicate and rose."

With a silent smile the flower replied, "Don't lose heart!
This desert I wouldn't give up for the gardens of Iran,
A solitary I am here while legions are there,
Amidst this cursed soil I stand apart
In this gray desert, a flamboyant flame of divine light am I,
Beauty's silent song, a miracle from the sky.

In your garden, there are thousands of flowers like me
A nameless droplet in a nameless sea.
You too, in your desert, don't feel forlorn,
To behold you at last shall come a sore Ghani Khan."

Abdul Ghani Khan (1914-1996)