

MUHAMMAD IQBAL LAHURI

A P R A Y E R

My invocations are sincere and true,
They form my ablutions and prayers due.

One glance of guide such joy and warmth can grant,
On marge of stream can bloom the tulip plant.

One has no comrade on Love's journey long
Save fervent zeal, and passion great and strong.

O God, at gates of rich I do not bow,
You are my dwelling place and nesting bough.

Your Love in my breast burns like Doomsday morn,
The cry, He is God, on my lips is born.

Your Love, makes me God, fret with pain and pine,
You are the only quest and aim of mine.

Without You town appears devoid of life,
When present, same town appears astir with strife.

For wine of gnosis I request and ask,
To get some dregs I break the cup and glass.

The mystics' gourds and commons' pitchers wait
For liquor of your Grace and Bounty great.

Against Your godhead I have a genuine plaint,
For You the Spaceless, while for me restraint.

Both verse and wisdom indicate the way
Which longing face to face can not convey.

[Translated by Syed Akbar Ali Shah]