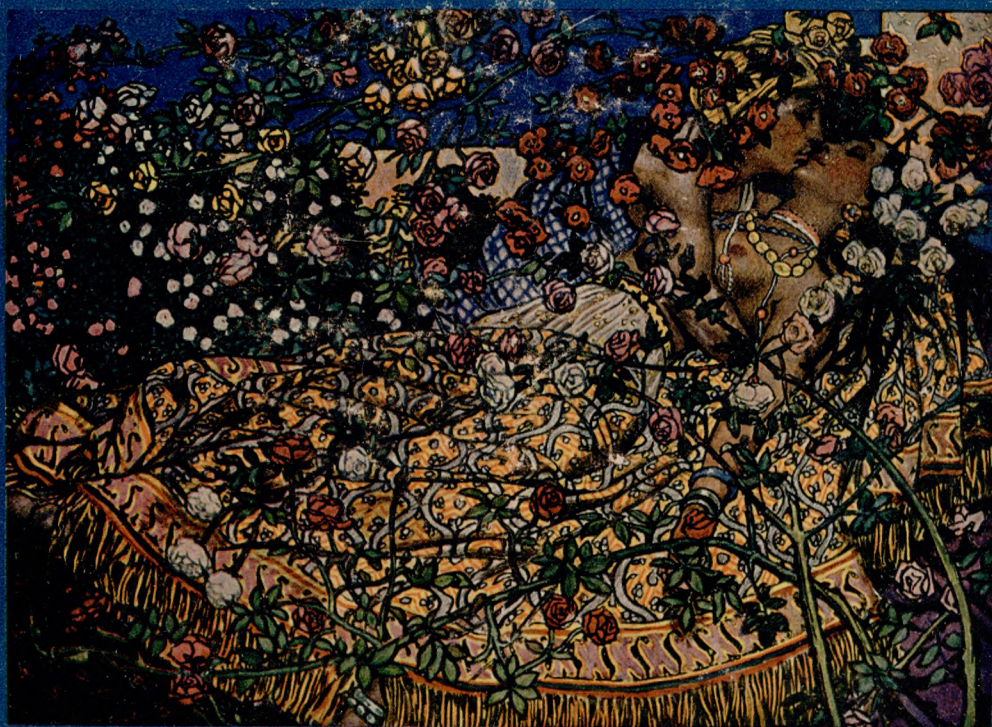


# INDIA'S LOVE LYRICS

*The Immortal Poems of*  
LAURENCE HOPE.



*"Less Than The Dust"—"Pale Hands I Loved,"*  
and eighty-two other exotic poems of the East.









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# the Indian love call in miniature

I have just returned from spending nine months in India, a country that I first visited thirty-three years ago when it was still distant and inaccessible, a legendary dreamworld. Since then, I have had the good fortune to return many times, but this year—for the first time—I was able to devote all my time to the study of Indian art, especially miniatures.

Since earliest times painting has been looked on in this country of colours as an integral part of the complete education that all kings and sages, princes and nobles, received. There are references to the art in manuscripts dating back to the 3rd century, often including whole chapters on painting techniques, the preparation of grounds, colours and pigments, mixing colours, achieving special effects, and painting shadows.

Some of the oldest miniatures known are those on the wooden covers of manuscripts. I had the opportunity of admiring and photographing the covers of the famous manuscripts of Gilgit in Kashmir, which were written on birchbark in the 6th century. Following that, there was a gap until the Hindu Renaissance of the 10th century, when the art of painting began to flourish once more.

Apart from the celebrated Ajanta frescoes, some of which date back to the 1st century B.C., there are several distinct currents in the development of

Indian painting: the Pala School, the Orissa School, the West Indian School, the Mogul School, the Deccan, the Rajasthan and the Southern Schools, and, finally, the school of the Himalayan region, known as Pahari, which means "of the mountains."

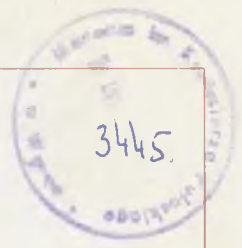
The Himalayan School was responsible for the last flowering of the Indian miniature in a series of small principalities in the Himalayas to the north of the Punjab. In these tiny states, buried in the foothills of the Himalayas and conquered in the 7th and 8th centuries by Rajput princes, several branches of the "School of the Mountains" developed successively and independently, as artists from Delhi, deprived of their patronage or disturbed by wars, sought refuge at the courts of remote rajahs, in distant, inaccessible valleys, protected by the jungle and the mountains, but nestling in green and magical landscapes.

To savour to the full this sensitive and delicate art, in which the painter tries to translate into lines, colours and symbols the songs, the poems, and the spiritual, social and cultural life of the people, one should really spend some time in this extraordinary part of the world, in contact with a nature unsullied since the beginning of time, learning the secrets of the pullulating jungle, listening every evening to its mysterious

music compounded of bird song, the buzzing of insects and the cries and whoops of animals, watching the incredible colours of sunrise and sunset shift and change with the seasons, sampling the fragrances of myriad flowers, drinking in this whole fascinating universe in its unspoilt beauty, of which man has never ceased to see himself as an integral, essential part.

The miniatures show the same main sources of inspiration as other forms of Indian art: a passionate love of life and the beauty of nature, a sense that man is an inseparable part of the universe, a fascination with love, the prime mover of all life, the love of man and woman being seen as a preface to universal and absolute love. Love has a major place in the miniatures of all Hindu schools from the 2nd century onwards, often as an illustration of the Krishna cult, in which it is developed as a religious theme, an amalgam of subtle sensuality and ecstatic mysticism.

Early Indian literature reflects the fascination of love for Indian artists. In the 2nd century, the Sundarananda described the love of Nanda for the beautiful Sundari. The Kamasutra and the Kamasutra of the 3rd and 4th centuries were virtual encyclopedias of eroticism. In the 5th century the Hindi poet Kalidasa filled his poetic dramas with detailed descriptions of human love and



*"Bathing Shepherdesses," a striking example of the Kangra School, circa 1780; 4 ins. by 6 ins. National Museum of New Delhi.*





passion. In the 10th century the golden legend of Krishna was enshrined in the Bhagavata Purana. And in the 12th century Jayadeva, the "Prince of Poets," wrote the Gita Govinda, a "Song of Songs" devoted to Krishna, which had, and continues to have, an immense influence across the whole of India.

Krishna is a sort of Hindu Orpheus. A god descends to earth in the form of a cowherd and he charms all human beings

and nature itself with the sound of his flute. He is an aspect of the Creator, full of love and joie de vivre. His favourite consort, Radha, symbolizes the human soul in search of its creator, and which yields to him utterly when he is found. The story of Radha's complete abandon for her beloved is both a love poem and a prayer; it is ecstasy regained beyond the shoreless ocean of human existence. The people of the mountains look on Krishna as one of

their own. The young are entertained by his games and pranks with the milkmaids, and for the older listeners, he is the ideal and divine lover whose life is completely filled with natural and human beauty.

Other influences on the miniaturist's art were the rhythms of nature and the universe: the twelve months of the year, the "musical modes" in harmony with the celestial clock, marking the correspondences which exist between the microcosm of

*Above: "Lady and Gazelle"; Kangra School, 18th century; 3 1/2 ins. by 5 ins. National Museum of New Delhi.  
Opposite: "Krishna and Radha in the Forest." Kangra School; 1780; 4 1/2 ins. by 8 1/2 ins. National Museum, New Delhi.*









the human being and the macrocosm of the universe in which he lives; and finally, the portrait—so important in arranging marriages between princely families living far apart.

Everything that can be said about most Indian miniatures is even more applicable to the miniatures of the Himalayan Schools. These schools of painting grew up and flourished, each with subtle variations and particularities, in the tiny capitals of the mountain states—Basoli, Jammu, Chamba, Nurpur, Gura, Kangra, Bilaspur, Kulu, Mandi, Garhwal. Their various styles were born of the marriage of local folk art with the virtuosity of the Mogul painters who had left Delhi for the peace of the mountains

during the early 18th century. These various schools and styles fall into two broad categories: the Basoli type, and the Kangra type.

In the Himalayan states the painters were accorded the patronage of the aristocracy. Small dynasties of painters and artists grew up. Sons did their apprenticeship with their father or uncle, and from their earliest youth they were familiar with the techniques employed, the conventional themes, the colours used, so that it can really be said that the style was handed down from generation to generation.

The most influential school, although by no means the best known, was the Basoli School. Basoli miniatures are readily

distinguishable by the intensity of their colours, with solid washes, vigorous draughtsmanship, and a rhythmical composition which gives the whole both a wild grandeur and a lyrical naïveté. Within the two-dimensional world of the miniature the Basoli artists attempted to suggest, by symbols, the larger universe of real life, by making a very characteristic use of empty spaces, against which trees, birds, animals, human beings and buildings take on an uncanny intensity and seem almost larger than life.

The artists make free use of the primary colours: the same golden yellow suggests the colour of the sun, of spring, of flowers, and of the juicy flesh of that eminently Indian fruit,

*Above: "Creation of the World." Jammu School, circa 1750; 4 1/3 ins. by 7 ins. Srinagar Museum, Kashmir.*

*Opposite: "The Union." Kangra School; 18th century; 6 ins. by 8 ins. The Sital Dass Collection, New Delhi.*









the mango, symbol of lovers' passion. Blue is used for the sky, for the big clouds heavy with fructifying rain, and for Krishna himself, known conventionally as "the dark one," or "the blue one." And red, a flamboyant and vibrant red, is the colour of love.

Part of the fascination of these miniatures lies in the interplay of these strong primary colours, glowing like enamels. Other, paler, colours—greens, greys, purples, white, gold and silver—complete the harmony. A landscape is treated like a stage decor, with the horizon placed very high to give a feeling of space, and highly stylized trees, which form part of the conventional symbolism.

A forest is represented by a circle of trees; the weeping willow indicates lovesickness; trees with sharp branches show the intensity of the lovers' passion, and the presence of pairs of birds gives the same meaning. Other symbols of love are jewels, flowers, especially the lotus, and large eyes. The other main branches of the Himalayan Schools developed at Kangra and neighbouring centres. There the technique is more refined and complicated: after the paper has been prepared and smoothed the design is sketched in freehand, or, for conventional features, with the help of stencils; then the painting surface is covered with a thin layer of white, which is

stained brown with agate; the design is corrected if necessary, retraced in black, yellow or sepia, then the colours are applied, always very wet, darkened with agate or with the help of a smooth shell, layer after layer, until all the desired shades have been obtained. The result of this long and delicate technique is a great luminosity of colour and an unusually harmonious, magical quality. Landscape holds pride of place in these miniatures. The Himalayan forests were a never-failing source of inspiration to these painters—deliciously fresh at dawn, strange and mysterious at sunset—and the woods, the fields, the flowers and the hills of this incomparable corner

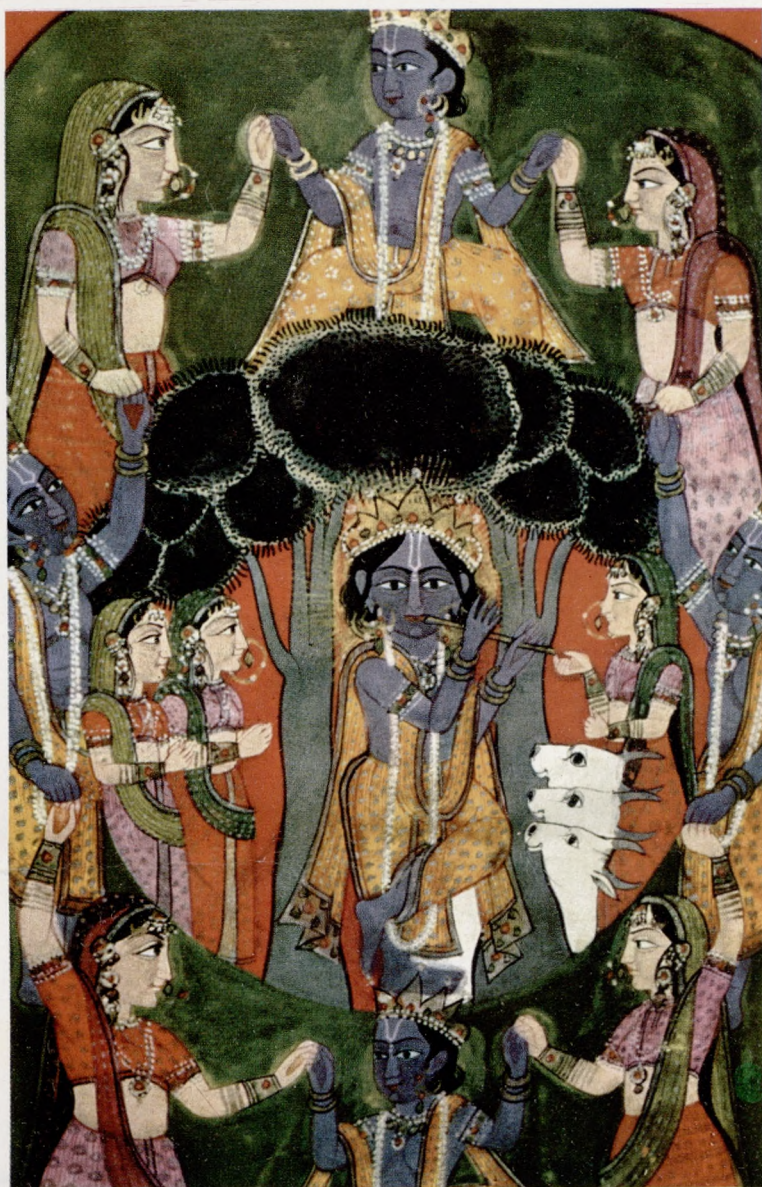
*Above: "Radha and Krishna Reunited"; Gwalior School, 19th century; 4 1/2 ins. by 7 3/4 ins., New Delhi.*

*Opposite: "Ragini Todi"; Kulu School (folk art style), end of 18th century; 5 3/4 ins. by 8 1/2 ins., New Delhi.*









Photos by Francis Brunel

of the subcontinent supply the natural decor and background to all the pictures.

But these were more than just romantic painters—they were religious artists, and were expected to memorize sacred texts, the *shastras*, and to be perfectly familiar with the conventional proportions and attitudes of sacred personages. Once a year they attended a ceremony to consecrate their brushes, their instruments, their

colours and even the formulae used in preparing and mixing pigments. The best works were then exhibited in the temple, palace, or neighbouring fort. These artists were looked on as—and were, in fact—the true interpreters of the ideals and aspirations of the people among whom they lived. Physical passion and the joy of living were certainly an important part of their art. But they knew that beyond the veil of form,

however beautiful it might be, is the Indescribable; beyond the sounds of Krishna's flute, which seduces all creation, lies the Way of Eternity: Love beyond love, divine ecstasy where there is no longer an I or a Thou, eternal life, fullness and joy, glimpsed here below "as through a glass darkly," in earthly ecstasies and perfections that are but a dull simulacrum of what they seek to imitate.

END

*Above: "The Enchanted Flute of Krishna"; Kashmir School, 18th century. Private collection, Srinagar.*

*Opposite: "The Birds' Paradise"; Basoli School, 18th century; 5 1/2 ins. by 7 3/4 ins., Srinagar Museum, Kashmir.*

For current art market prices, see "Collecting."







# PASSAGE THROUGH INDIA

## a réalités travel guide

One arrives in India at last and then comes the shock. One reacts with either unbounded admiration or bitter disappointment. Why should this be so? To find the answer, Régine Gabbey asked Jeannine Auboyer, Chief Curator of the Musée Guimet, one of the world's finest Oriental museums, and Pierre Amado, former Cultural Attaché to India, who both know India well.

*When one looks at a map of India one is struck by the subcontinent's gigantic size with its 262,275 square miles, 500,000,000 inhabitants, jungles and savannahs, palm groves and the Himalayas. Where should one enter this world?*  
J.A.: Start in northern India and then work down to the South, because if you do the contrary, you may be so charmed by the South, which has remained unspoiled, that you will be less inclined to appreciate the North.

*Let's make an exact itinerary for a month's trip, indicating the main places to visit and the time to be spent in each of them.*  
P.A.: I suggest the following: Bombay and the surrounding region: five days; India of the maharajahs and Rajasthan: three days; Moslem India of Delhi: five days; religious India of Benares: two days; the enchanting Himalayan kingdom of Nepal: four or five days; southern India for the remainder of your time.

*What is one's first contact like?*  
P.A.: You land in Bombay where you should book into a big international hotel, far more appreciated by comfort-loving Westerners than the local brand of hotels. Then what you do is stroll about.  
J.A.: It is picturesque but shocking. Northern India is depressing, often pitiless, sometimes hard to take, but there's a constant alleviation—beauty.  
P.A.: Yes, there's beauty in the colour of skin, in the faces of children and the grace of the women; beauty in the light at dusk that the Indians call "the hour of cowdust," when

200,000,000 cows raise clouds of golden dust as they return to their villages.

J.A.: You can skip Bombay's hanging gardens but don't miss the Island of Elephanta, one hour by boat from town. There you will see one of India's most ancient (7th century) rock-hewn temples containing marvellous statues of the 300,000,000 gods and goddesses that are said to constitute the Indian Pantheon, and over whom a colossal statue of Siva seems to watch.

*Which museums in India should one visit?*

J.A.: There are four which you shouldn't miss: the Bombay museum, remarkable for its modern display of ivories; the museums in Delhi and Calcutta, containing admirable reliefs; and the Madras museum, which contains the most beautiful collection of southern bronzes.

*What are the artistic high spots to be seen during the four days in the Bombay area?*

J.A.: The Ajanta and Ellora grottoes. There is a fifty-five-minute plane ride from Bombay to Aurangabad, where you can hire a car for the sixty-two miles to Ajanta. Cut in the escarpment of a crescent-shaped ravine are thirty grottoes, remains of a privileged moment in Indian history (between 450 and 575 A.D.) when architecture, sculpture and painting were united to perfection. Spend the whole day in Ajanta and don't fail to visit the tiny fortified town where peasants in turbans sell spices in the marketplace. Return to Aurangabad in the evening and take the same hired car the next morning for the seventeen-mile drive to the Ellora grottoes, unusual because they contain Buddhist, Brahman and Jainist temples, assembling in one place the three great Indian religions. The Brahman temple of Kailasa (8th century) is the most impressive of the three. Representing the heavenly abode of the god Siva in the Himalayas, it is hewn from one single gigantic rock and is probably the largest monolithic excavation in the world.

*After artistic and mythological India, what should be our next discovery?*

P.A.: Generally people like to see the fabulous India of the eighteenth-century travellers, the India of the maharajahs, legendary palaces and fabulous jewels. Udaipur (two and a half hours from Bombay) and Jaipur, on the Bombay-Delhi run, are the two places to visit in the State of Rajasthan. To reach the citadel of Amber, near the pink city of Jaipur, you sit in the nacelle seesawing on the back of a rather large elephant decorated with flowers painted in very "psychedelic" designs, preceded by a minstrel playing the viola. Treasures comparable to those of legendary Golconda are on display in jewellers' stalls.

In Udaipur you can even imagine that you are the maharajah's guest. One of his palaces, situated in the middle of the lake, has been transformed into a hotel and, at sunset, you can almost imagine you are attending a party in your honour. A boat takes you to a small neighbouring island where thousands of parakeets give a fairyland impression—the trees are covered with feathers instead of leaves.

*What is the next stop?*

P.A.: In two hours the plane takes you from Udaipur to Delhi, capital of the great moguls, whose Red Fort recalls the delights of *The Thousand-and-One Nights*. Start by hiring a *tonga*, a horse-drawn wagon in which you sit facing backwards so that you are part of the street scene. Ask to be driven to Gandhi's mausoleum, where the whole of India goes to strew flower petals. Before you is the holy river, the Jhelum, and behind it one of the oldest forts in Delhi. To the left you see the minarets and cupolas of old Delhi; to the right you have a splendid view of the new city. Take time to stroll through this capital laid out only fifty years ago with countless gardens, fountains, and wide avenues.

Spend the afternoon in the Red Fort. You *continued*

*Following colour pages: 1. A family bathes near the Taj Mahal, Agra (opposite). 2. Children on the Mahabali-Puran beach, south of Madras. 3. Fishermen setting out at dawn, Mahabali-Puran beach. 4. Gigantic banyan tree near Madras can shelter 500 people in its shade. 5. A gnarled old man of Madras whose wisdom of the ages includes talk of Greenwich Village, learned from his postcard collection. 6. Calcutta's famed Jain temple. 7. Graceful sari-clad girls of Jaipur. 8. Ajanta, a Buddhist sanctuary.*































cross a series of fortress walls, stopping a moment by the Palace of the Great Moguls before reaching the banks of the river, which overlook the exquisite terraces of the *gynaceum* (the women's quarters), marble baths, the "Pearl Mosque," which seems made of mother-of-pearl, groves where court musicians gave their concerts, cascades and fountains. Akbar had this Persian verse engraved here: "If Paradise exists on earth it is here, it is here." Marble is incrustured with semi-precious stones to form dazzling flower, fruit and bird designs. For a handful of rupees the same designs can be found a few steps further along on jewel boxes sold in the enormous bazaar where articles from every corner of the East can be bought: gold and silver objects, filigree, embroidery and saris by the thousands. If you are lucky enough to be in Delhi on a Friday, above all don't miss the Great Mosque.

*What excursions should one take from Delhi where we are to spend almost a week?*

P.A.: First of all, the Taj Mahal, "the white marble dream," one of the seven wonders of the world. It is in Agra, 125 miles by car from Delhi. As large as a cathedral, this mausoleum incrustured with carnelian, jade and agate symbolizes eternal equilibrium and perfect harmony. You may be urged to see the Taj Mahal by moonlight, but for me the best hour is dawn, when the light takes on a rosy glow, and the hard hand-polished surface of the marble glistens.

If you want to continue dreaming you must go some eighteen miles further to the Mogul capital, Fatehpur Sikri, with red sandstone palaces in a miraculous state of preservation in spite of their having been abandoned a short time after construction for lack of water.

*Are Indian peasants friendly?*

P.A.: As far as you are concerned, you are "the noble stranger." They will allow you to attend the evening worship service in one of the countless temples that dot the countryside. They will even put you in the first row so that you can see the offering of light and flowers to the sound of gongs.

*Can one enter a village house?*

P.A.: During my first trip to India, I was invited to the home of a lawyer of royal family who lived in the country.

The garden, with its murmuring fountains, was enchanting but, as I entered the house, my host, who had followed my gaze, said slyly: "You're disappointed, aren't you?" The house was empty. "It is very hot here," he went on, "so we sleep on mats and take our meals seated on the cool ground. We have no use for plates and cutlery; we use banana leaves and our fingers, according to tradition."

*Is it not true that Benares, our fourth stopover and a three-hour flight from Delhi, best imparts the Indian feeling of the sacredness of nature as a whole—animals, plants, mountains, rivers?*

P.A.: I have qualms about suggesting that tourists go to Benares. Westerners are generally horrified by the misery, sickness and death that seem to be on permanent display there. And yet you must go to Benares if you really want to grasp something about India. But prepare yourself for the experience. Benares is on the Ganges, which is not simply a river to Indians. One school-teacher told me that when he asked his pupils to recite the five most important rivers in India, none of them mentioned the Ganges, because the Ganges, "Ganga," is the universal mother, she who gives life.

Why is the Ganges different? Legend has it that, once upon a time, some ascetics in southern India, seeking the absolute, were meditating but subjected to horrible torture by demons. Having noticed that these demons came from the sea, one of the ascetics decided that the only way to get rid of them was to do away with the sea. This ascetic had acquired the power of swallowing anything he wished, so he swallowed the sea. But after a time the earth began to dry up. It no longer rained, and life disappeared from the earth. So it was decided to ask the gods to send to earth water from heaven, the celestial "Ganga." After thousands of years of meditation an ascetic succeeded in contacting Brahma, but he was told that the Ganga was quite content to be with the gods in heaven and that, even if it should agree to descend, it would fall from so great a height and with such force that it would completely destroy the whole earth. Only the most powerful god could receive it gently so as to present it to the earth. Then the ascetic

again meditated for thousands of years and reached the mightiest of the gods, Siva, who agreed to convince the Ganga and then graciously received it in his hair before offering it in turn. Thus life at last returned to the earth.

You can appreciate the value of water from heaven in this country if in January you fly over the dried-up Deccan plateau where not a drop of rain has fallen since October—nor will fall before June. This provides another insight into Benares. You become aware then that, to the pilgrims hurrying there, rich and poor alike, young and old, beggars, the sick and dying, to bathe in the Ganges is to take a bath in heaven.

*How long should one stay?*

P.A.: Visitors are always advised to spend a morning in Benares to see the ablutions and hear the prayers on the *ghats*, the landing places with steps descending into the river. I think one should also stay to see the sunset, because at that time of day storytellers gather to recount the holy legends, holy men in saffron-coloured robes teach under large palm-woven parasols, and priests perform religious rites.

To make the best use of your time, take a side trip between midday and dusk to Sarnath (eight miles from Benares), where Buddha expounded his doctrine for the first time. The museum there contains the world's most beautiful collection of Buddhas.

*How do we go from Benares to Nepal, our fifth stopover?*

P.A.: By the most comfortable transportation in India—the plane trip which takes only seventy minutes from Benares to Katmandu, capital of the independent kingdom of Nepal.

To go to Nepal is to step 500 years back in time. Nepal is the legendary Middle Ages, with its wooden palaces, storied pagodas decorated with brightly-coloured erotic sculptures, charming villages in which each craftsman's guild has its own street. And the omnipresent Himalayas infuse everything with a supernatural dimension.

To see the valley of Katmandu hire a car, for distances are short. The best places to visit are Pashupati-Nath, one of the most important pilgrimages devoted to the god Siva; Bodhnath (which has become the "capital" of the Tibetans), where Buddhist tradition has



it that the countless multicoloured prayer flags floating in the wind repeat incessantly to the gods the prayers written on them; Patan, the former capital; Bhatgaon with its picturesque lanes, temples and little squares where potters work over hand-turned wheels.

From Katmandu and Pokhara, at the foot of Annapurna, you can make fantastic excursions into the mountains guided by the amazing Sherpas.

Don't miss Nepal. They have started building houses with bricks and cement instead of wood, and you will be among the last to see the Nepal of the Middle Ages.

*Can one go directly from Nepal to southern India, our last stop?*

P.A.: No, you must change planes in Calcutta. I wouldn't advise a tourist to spend much time in this city, capital of the intelligentsia but also the home of hundreds of thousands of refugees who live and sometimes die in the streets. Take a plane (two and a half hours) to Madras.

J.A.: The South is another India, at the same time more agreeable and more secretive. Dravidian India, so long inaccessible to invaders, developed an extremely elaborate civilization of which Madras, casually spread along the seaside, is the

heart. Stay several days, walk about, go to Indian restaurants where the dishes, such as *doja* and *sambhar* are even more spiced than in the North—which is saying something! Visit what is probably the most beautiful museum in India, and ancient and modern temples, such as Mylapore, whose stucco sculpture defies good taste, but where Indian religious life is extraordinarily intense.

The ideal place to end your holiday in southern India is Cochin, on the West coast, a six-hour flight from Madras. There you discover tropical India with its red earth, dark green forests, houses of coconut palms, sparkling lagoons, beaches like you dream of, and smiling people everywhere. P.A.: Before going to Cochin, don't forget the high point of your trip to Madras: Mahadali-Puram. Make the fifty-two-mile trip by car because it is the best way to see the countryside with its everlastingly flooded rice fields and the whole cycle of sowing, transplanting and harvesting.

On arriving in Eshaboli-Parem you will at last see the enormous rock on which the legend of the descent of the Ganges has been carved. There the whole of creation is pictured as united in inexpressible joy, singing the praises of the gods;

an ascetic is meditating at the foot of the tiger, a cat is seen in yoga positions, mice at its paws are making fun of him. Every living creature is in harmony with the whole world—the Hindu ideal of life.

*In your opinion, which is the most admirable of the Indian's qualities, and what do you consider his greatest fault?*

P.A.: The first time I returned from India I showed my friends the films I took. One of them said: "But you've done them at the wrong speed," because the rhythm seemed so slow to him. Indians are often exasperating because of their slow reactions. They find it difficult to answer precisely, and they're hesitant about committing themselves and acting on their decisions. At first, one gets angry because everything to which we attach so much importance—productivity, efficiency, success—seems unimportant in India. Then after a while—and this is perhaps India's "secret"—you begin to wonder if it isn't more important to be rather than to have, to know rather than to know how. But if the Indians are right then we are wrong. So surely the best time to leave India to return home is when you start asking yourself this question.

END

(See travel box on page 90.)



Photos by François Corbineau





## Vasterar

This month Mapie de Toulouse-Lautrec goes to Sweden to visit Estelle von Shinkel at her family chateau, Tido.



It was one of the most magnificent châteaux I had seen in Sweden. Tido, some 100 miles from Stockholm, is the home of Estelle von Shinkel, whom I had met in Paris. As radiant as ever, she welcomed me and took me on a quick tour of the grounds, laid out in grandiose French style. It had been given, I was told, as a present by Queen Christina to her Chancellor Oxenstierna in the early 1600's, "though I'm a bit vague about dates," added Estelle.

We went back inside, where company had assembled, though there seemed no limit to the number of those arriving. It was all very informal, and there was a choice of champagne, aquavit, or cocktails. I chose a Bloody Mary, which proved very fortifying in view of the bitter cold outside. Estelle was hesitant: "No two people seem to agree on the right proportions of Worcestershire sauce, tomato juice, lemon, pepper, and so on." In view of the cold, I added an extra dash of Lee and Perrins.

"We shall dine in the kitchen," announced Estelle. "I expect that surprises you, doesn't it?" she added turning to me. "The thing is that in France your kitchens are so small, but as you see, ours is quite big enough." It was so big it could have contained four of most people's in it. We are seated down the two sides of a long table, in the midst of a profusion of candles of all shapes and sizes and colours.

We started with a smorgasbord that would have made anyone's mouth water, followed by elk—a very rare dish, as it is extremely hard to find even in Stockholm. The atmosphere was positively medieval, as the food, steaming hot, was brought in on enormous platters. "Have you ever given an unsuccessful party?" I asked Estelle. "Not that I remember," she replied, "for the simple reason that people know how things are here, and come to amuse themselves. But I would say that, on the whole, in Sweden entertaining starts formally and ends riotously. I like there to be lots of people, twenty or so if possible, and usually this is what happens; as you will have noticed, it's thirty miles to the nearest sizeable town, so the neighbours are frequently coming around. Often they come for hunting and fishing parties, and we eat the bag that evening. I do remember it once having been, shall I say, meagre . . . but then I wasn't on the shoot!"

(See "Strictly for Women," overleaf.)

## Cooking

### LUNCH

*Baked herring fillets  
Meat balls  
Watercress salad  
Hot apple pie*

Monsieur Cruse recommends:

*A Chablis 1966 and  
a Beaujolais Villages 1966*

With the baked herring fillets, I would drink a 1966 Chablis whose famous vineyards are some 100 miles southeast of Paris. Served well cooled, Chablis wine has a lovely colour, a lively, dry flavour and a delicate bouquet that always goes well with fish or shellfish.

The meat balls require, I suggest, a Beaujolais Villages, 1966, served at cellar temperature, or several degrees below dining room temperature. Beaujolais Villages comes from vineyards lying south of the city of Mâcon. Best drunk slightly cool, this wine will go very well indeed with the meat dish. If you can find an even more recent year, say a 1967, you can be sure you're doing what many a Frenchman in Lyons and Paris is doing: drinking Beaujolais very young and enjoying the freshness and vigour that make it a very popular wine in France as well as elsewhere.

### DINNER

*Cheese and brown bread  
Salmon in dill sauce  
Turkey Swedish-style  
Swedish pancakes with jam and cream*

Monsieur Cruse recommends:

*A white Château Haut-Brion 1966 and  
a Château Figeac 1962, Saint-Émilion*

With the salmon in dill sauce, I think we need one of the great dry white wines of Bordeaux, a Château Haut-Brion 1966. This estate, particularly famous for its red wines, has belonged since 1935 to Mr. Clarence Dillon, who has managed to maintain, indeed to improve, the quality of the red and white wines from this vineyard situated in the Graves area. Dry, lively, distinguished, and with a heady bouquet, the white Château Haut-Brion should be served cooled, but not iced—that would mask all its qualities.

With the turkey, I propose a Saint-Émilion, and one of the most famous growths of the vineyard, a Château Figeac 1962. Supple but vigorous, still somewhat young, the 1962 Château Figeac will get better still with age. Serve at dining room temperature.



# Realitēs



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## IN THIS ISSUE:

No economic  
miracles in our  
day and age have been more startling than the  
phoenix phenomena of the two countries  
devastated by defeat in World War II, Germany  
and Japan. West Germany at present leads  
the field in Europe; Japan has the third largest  
gross national product in the world. In the first  
of two articles on the rising of the Rising Sun,  
our correspondent Gilles Anouil draws on his  
observations during a study tour of the country  
to analyze the grit behind the graph.

Continuing our policy of presenting a special  
section on one country, we this month go on  
a selective tour of India—to see the land and  
its people, guided by two experts, Jeannine

Auboyer and Pierre Amado, and to examine,  
with Francis Brunel, an art form that he has  
been studying for many years—the Hindu  
miniature, with its delicate balance of the  
erotic and the spiritual.

Collecting is something we know *Réalités'*  
readers are interested in, given their regular  
response to Gerald Schurr's column of the  
same name, and in this issue we give an  
unusual fillip to the hobby with an article  
on collecting . . . cars—not vintage cars,  
which, as we reported in our October, 1967,  
issue, have become part of the art market  
world, but cars that are not yet twenty years  
old. Bruno Celice and Jean-Jacques Hourcle  
say they are sure-fire investments.

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suffering and anxiety. But as evening approached he could concentrate only on his own physical problems. He had dreaded the thought of surgery but now he almost desired it. Here at home he had no one but his wife, and what good was she? She was sympathetic, helpful, but that was not enough to get rid of fear and anguish.

"I was called at last. I noted that he maintained a calm outward appearance but his face was drawn and haggard from the long vigil and the mental torture. His wife had made him as comfortable as possible, with clean sheets and pyjamas, a book and a reading lamp on the bedside table. They had awaited my arrival with a certain trepidation and hope, wondering whether I would find a way out. They hung upon my words. I decided on hospitalization. X-ray was obviously indicated, and the hospital could cope with any emergency that might arise. The intolerable strain of the past days was immediately and dramatically eased. Although it was only ten o'clock in the evening, the night was now at an end. The hospital meant light, activity and a solution.

**T**his man did not suffer acute physical pain, but there are cases when pain increases the anguish tenfold. Some people can face physical suffering valiantly, stoically, refusing to recognize it, waiting patiently until it subsides. An engineer who had suffered martyrdom from sciatica the previous week in Oslo had overcome it. When he got back home he had proper care and recovered. Back at work he struggled against a recurrence for an entire day. He was on the point of leaving for Amsterdam, and no one could take his place. Calling a doctor meant giving up the trip. He was determined to stick it out. He could be careful, move as little as possible, get on the plane, grit his teeth and sit it out, get off at Amsterdam and go to his hotel. Once there, he could arrange for a consultation with his business associates in bed. At forty-five, after working for twenty years without a day's illness, he could not give up.

"But he had to face the night before he took his morning plane. He tried to ignore the pain by reading over his notes and studying his plans. All in order. Now he could only wait. The pain became excruciating. Midnight . . . two o'clock . . . four o'clock. Would the night never end? He had resisted calling his doctor when he came home and was certainly not going to wake him in the night. This thought bolstered up his failing willpower. The only sound from outside was a cat investigating a garbage can. The ticking of the alarm clock exasperated him, and he asked his wife to remove it.

**A**t five o'clock the back of the night was broken; it was already tomorrow and he would soon get up, dress, walk. But it would hardly be light before eight. The bed was hot and uncomfortable, the sheet irritating. His wife was still up, pleading with him to give up the struggle. He could not bring himself to answer. He wondered whether he would be able to get out

of bed. He tried and failed. Then he gave up. His wife had my number on her emergency telephone pad, and I agreed to come. The patient was immediately comforted. The solace of an injection now seemed more important than Amsterdam.

"Perhaps worse than the anguish of uncertainty or physical suffering is the worry over incurable diseases such as uncontrolled epilepsy, especially when the attack comes at night. Recollection of catastrophes in the past and dread of further crises in the future had undermined the resistance of the wife of an epileptic who was also an alcoholic. He had not taken his medicine for several days. The anticipated attack occurred at two o'clock in the morning. There was no telephone, and the wife was unwilling to disturb the neighbours. Should she go out into the street to get help? What would he do in her absence? He might jump out of the window or turn on the gas. She was ashamed to go to the police because of the scandal. The attack became more violent, then calmer, and alternated between the two phases. She was at her wit's end. Her eye on the clock, she wondered whether he would break every object in the place.

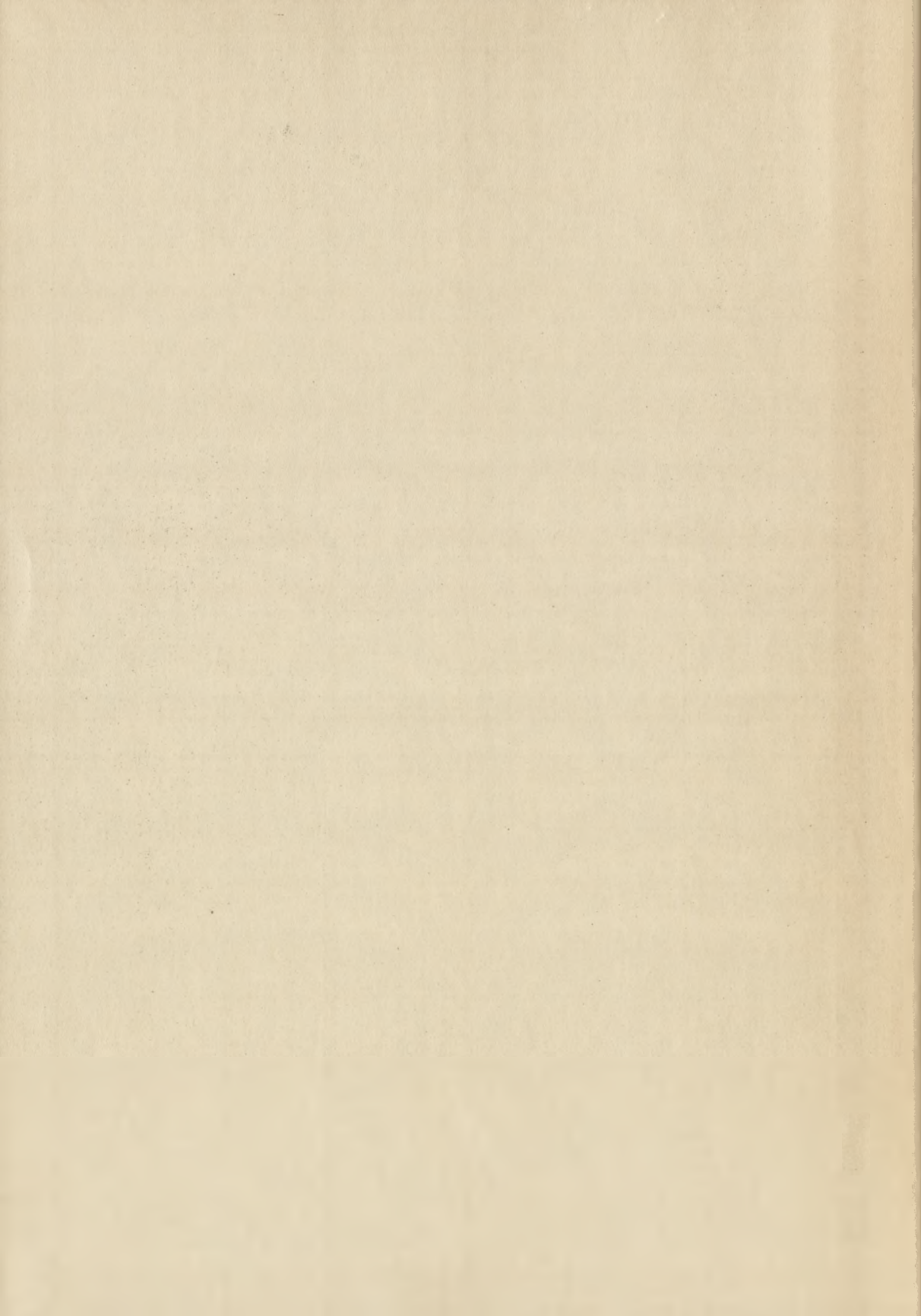
"If only she could send him to the hospital, leaving her alone for some months at least. And he had just been offered a job outside the country, but that dream was now shattered. He frothed at the mouth, went through horrible contortions, dragged himself from room to room, knocking things over, breaking everything he touched. She did what she could to clean up after him. She finally resolved to call a doctor—no, not the police.

"As soon as I arrived I gave an injection and sent the neighbour to telephone for an ambulance. My next job was to calm the wife, to assure her that the danger was past. I flexed the patient's arm to show her that it was relaxed. I busied her with bringing identification papers, hot water and towels, and explained what the hospital routine would be. She had packed a bag by the time the ambulance came. She would go along in the ambulance with her husband. She closed the door quietly behind her and was calm at last.

**A**nguish is sometimes the disease itself, or at least one of its most obvious symptoms. It seems to constitute the entire being of depressives. When they cannot sleep at night they think of other sleepless nights. Their suffering and obsessions are exaggerated when they are alone. The clock seems to have stopped. They cannot bring themselves to look for some kind of distraction by calling on a friend, going to the cinema or watching television. Trying to read merely increases the tension within a minute or two. They would like to run away from themselves, but where, and how? If there is someone else in the house, this would be a possible source of comfort, but they have to avoid waking anyone for what would appear to be a trivial reason. They feel like pacing up and down, but even this might cause a disturbance. It's always the same story. Finally the night comes when the anguish is beyond endurance.

*continued on page 90*







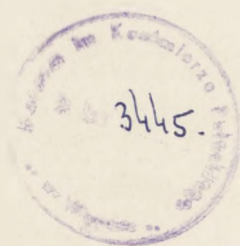
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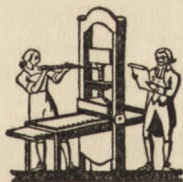
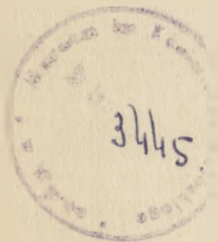
*The Garden of Kama*



# INDIA'S LOVE LYRICS

By LAURENCE HOPE

*With Illustrations By*  
BYAM SHAW



*De Luxe Edition*

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NEW YORK



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# Contents

	PAGE
<i>"Less Than the Dust"</i> . . . . .	3
<i>"To the Unattainable"</i> . . . . .	4
<i>"In the Early, Pearly Morning": Song by Valgovind</i> . . .	5
<i>Reverie of Mahomed Akram at the Tamarind Tank</i> . . .	7
<i>Verses</i> . . . . .	12
<i>Song of Khan Zada</i> . . . . .	13
<i>The Teak Forest</i> . . . . .	14
<i>Valgovind's Boat Song</i> . . . . .	18
<i>Kashmiri Song by Juma</i> . . . . .	19
<i>Zira: in Captivity</i> . . . . .	20
<i>Marriage Thoughts: by Morsellin Khan</i> . . . . .	23
<i>To the Unattainable: Lament of Mahomed Akram</i> . . .	26
<i>Mahomed Akram's Appeal to the Stars</i> . . . . .	27
<i>Reminiscence of Mahomed Akram</i> . . . . .	29
<i>Story by Lalla-ji, the Priest</i> . . . . .	31
<i>Request</i> . . . . .	33
<i>Story of Udaipore: Told by Lalla-ji, the Priest</i> . . .	34
<i>Valgovind's Song in the Spring</i> . . . . .	38
<i>Youth</i> . . . . .	40
<i>When Love Is Over: Song of Khan Zada</i> . . . . .	41
<i>"Golden Eyes"</i> . . . . .	42



	PAGE
<i>Kotri, by the River</i> . . . . .	45
<i>Farewell</i> . . . . .	47
<i>Afridi Love</i> . . . . .	48
<i>Yasmini</i> . . . . .	52
<i>Ojira, to Her Lover</i> . . . . .	56
<i>Thoughts: Mahomed Akram</i> . . . . .	59
<i>Prayer</i> . . . . .	60
<i>The Aloe</i> . . . . .	62
<i>Memory</i> . . . . .	63
<i>The First Lover</i> . . . . .	66
<i>Khan Zada's Song on the Hillside</i> . . . . .	68
<i>Deserted Gipsy's Song: Hillside Camp</i> . . . . .	69
<i>The Plains</i> . . . . .	71
<i>"Lost Delight"—After the Hazara War</i> . . . . .	72
<i>Unforgotten</i> . . . . .	75
<i>Song of Faiz Ulla</i> . . . . .	77
<i>Story of Lilavanti</i> . . . . .	78
<i>The Garden by the Bridge</i> . . . . .	81
<i>Fate Knows No Tears</i> . . . . .	85
<i>Verses: Faiz Ulla</i> . . . . .	88
<i>Two Songs by Sitara, of Kashmir</i> . . . . .	89
<i>Second Song: The Girl from Baltistan</i> . . . . .	91
<i>Palm Trees by the Sea</i> . . . . .	94
<i>Song by Gulbaz</i> . . . . .	97
<i>Kashmiri Song</i> . . . . .	99
<i>Reverie of Ormuz the Persian</i> . . . . .	100
<i>Sunstroke</i> . . . . .	103
<i>Adoration</i> . . . . .	105



	PAGE
<i>Three Songs of Zahir-u-Din</i> . . . . .	108
<i>Second Song</i> . . . . .	110
<i>Third Song, Written During Fever</i> . . . . .	112
<i>The Regret of the Ranee in the Hall of Peacocks</i> . . . . .	114
<i>Protest: By Zahir-u-Din</i> . . . . .	116
<i>Famine Song</i> . . . . .	120
<i>The Window Overlooking the Harbour</i> . . . . .	123
<i>Back to the Border</i> . . . . .	126
<i>Reverie: Zahir-u-Din</i> . . . . .	128
<i>Sea Song</i> . . . . .	130
<i>To the Hills!</i> . . . . .	132
<i>Till I Wake</i> . . . . .	134
<i>His Rubies: Told by Valgovind</i> . . . . .	135
<i>Song of Taj Mahomed</i> . . . . .	139
<i>The Garden of Kama: Kama the Indian Eros</i> . . . . .	140
<i>Camp Follower's Song, Gomai River</i> . . . . .	142
<i>Song of the Colours: by Taj Mahomed</i> . . . . .	145
<i>Lalila, to the Ferengi Lover</i> . . . . .	149
<i>On the City Wall</i> . . . . .	151
<i>"Love Lightly"</i> . . . . .	153
<i>No Rival Like the Past</i> . . . . .	155
<i>Verse by Taj Mahomed</i> . . . . .	156
<i>Lines by Taj Mahomed</i> . . . . .	157
<i>There Is No Breeze to Cool the Heat of Love</i> . . . . .	158
<i>Malay Song</i> . . . . .	162
<i>The Temple Dancing Girl</i> . . . . .	164
<i>Hira-Singh's Farewell to Burmah</i> . . . . .	166
<i>Starlight</i> . . . . .	169



	PAGE
<i>Sampan Song</i> . . . . .	170
<i>Song of the Devoted Slave</i> . . . . .	171
<i>The Singer</i> . . . . .	173
<i>Malaria</i> . . . . .	175
<i>Fancy</i> . . . . .	177
<i>Feroza</i> . . . . .	178
<i>This Month the Almonds Bloom at Kandahar</i> . . . . .	180

## Illustrations

<i>The Garden of Kama</i> . . . . .	<i>Frontispiece</i>
-------------------------------------	---------------------

	FACING PAGE
<i>Zira: In Captivity</i> . . . . .	20
<i>Valgovind's Song in the Spring</i> . . . . .	38
<i>Afridi Love</i> . . . . .	48
<i>Reverie of Ormuz the Persian</i> . . . . .	100
<i>The Regret of the Ranee in the Hall of Peacocks</i> . . . . .	114
<i>The Temple Dancing Girl</i> . . . . .	164
<i>Song of the Devoted Slave</i> . . . . .	172



## *"Less than the Dust"*

LESS than the dust, beneath thy Chariot wheel,  
Less than the rust, that never stained thy Sword,  
Less than the trust thou hast in me, O Lord,  
Even less than these!

Less than the weed, that grows beside thy door,  
Less than the speed of hours spent far from thee,  
Less than the need thou hast in life of me.  
Even less am I.

Since I, O Lord, am nothing unto thee,  
See here thy Sword, I make it keen and bright,  
Love's last reward, Death, comes to me to-night,  
Farewell, Zahir-u-din.



## *"To the Unattainable"*

O<sub>H</sub>, that my blood were water, thou athirst,  
And thou and I in some far Desert land,  
How would I shed it gladly, if but first  
It touched thy lips, before it reached the sand.

Once,—ah, the Gods were good to me,—I threw  
Myself upon a poison snake, that crept  
Where my Beloved—a lesser love we knew  
Than this which now consumes me wholly—slept.

But thou; alas, what can I do for thee?  
By Fate, and thine own beauty, set above  
The need of all or any aid from me,  
Too high for service, as too far for love.



*"In the Early, Pearly Morning":  
Song by Valgovind*

THE fields are full of Poppies, and the skies are very blue,  
By the Temple in the coppice, I wait, Beloved, for you.  
The level land is sunny, and the errant air is gay,  
With the scent of rose and honey; will you come to me  
to-day?

From carven walls above me, smile lovers; many a pair.  
"Oh, take this rose and love me!" She has twined it in her  
hair.

He advances, she retreating, pursues and holds her fast,  
The sculptor left them meeting, in a close embrace at last.

Through centuries together, in the carven stone they lie,  
In the glow of golden weather, and endless azure sky.  
Oh, that we, who have for pleasure so short and scant a stay,  
Should waste our summer leisure; will you come to me  
to-day?

The Temple bells are ringing, for the marriage month has  
come.



I hear the women singing, and the throbbing of the drum.  
And when the song is failing, or the drums a moment mute,  
The weirdly wistful wailing of the melancholy flute.

Little life has got to offer, and little man to lose,  
Since to-day Fate deigns to proffer, oh wherefore, then,  
refuse  
To take this transient hour, in the dusky Temple gloom  
While the poppies are in flower, and the mangoe trees  
abloom.

And if Fate remember later, and come to claim her due,  
What sorrow will be greater than the Joy I had with you?  
For to-day, lit by your laughter, between the crushing  
years,  
I will chance, in the hereafter, eternities of tears.



## *Reverie of Mahomed Akram at the Tamarind Tank*

THE Desert is parched in the burning sun  
And the grass is scorched and white.  
But the sand is passed, and the march is done,  
We are camping here to-night.

I sit in the shade of the Temple walls,  
While the cadenced water evenly falls,  
And a peacock out of the Jungle calls  
To another, on yonder tomb.

Above, half seen, in the lofty gloom,  
Strange works of a long dead people loom,  
Obscene and savage and half effaced—  
An elephant hunt, a musicians' feast—  
And curious matings of man and beast;  
What did they mean to the men who are long since dust?  
Whose fingers traced,  
In this arid waste,  
These rioting, twisted, figures of love and lust?

Strange, weird things that no man may say,  
Things Humanity hides away;—  
Secretly done,—



Catch the light of the living day,  
Smile in the sun.  
Cruel things that man may not name,  
Naked here, without fear or shame,  
Laughed in the carven stone.

Deep in the Temple's innermost Shrine is set,  
Where the bats and shadows dwell,  
The worn and ancient Symbol of Life, at rest  
In its oval shell,  
By which the men, who, of old, the land possessed,  
Represented their Great Destroying Power.  
I cannot forget  
That, just as my life was touching its fullest flower,  
Love came and destroyed it all in a single hour,  
Therefore the dual Mystery suits me well.

Sitting alone,  
The tank's deep water is cool and sweet,  
Soothing and fresh to the wayworn feet,  
Dreaming, under the Tamarind shade,  
One silently thanks the men who made  
So green a place in this bitter land  
Of sunburnt sand.

The peacocks scream and the grey Doves coo,  
Little green, talkative Parrots woo,  
And small grey Squirrels, with fear askance,  
At alien me, in their furtive glance,



Come shyly, with quivering fur, to see  
The stranger under their Tamarind tree.

Daylight dies,  
The Camp fires redden like angry eyes,  
The Tents show white,  
In the glimmering light,  
Spirals of tremulous smoke arise, to the purple skies,  
And the hum of the Camp sounds like the sea,  
Drifting over the sand to me.  
Afar, in the Desert some wild voice sings  
To a jangling zither with minor strings,  
And, under the stars growing keen above,  
I think of the thing that I love.

A beautiful thing, alert, serene,  
With passionate, dreaming, wistful eyes,  
Dark and deep as mysterious skies,  
Seen from a vessel at sea.  
Alas, you drifted away from me,  
And Time and Space have rushed in between,  
But they cannot undo the Thing-that-has-been,  
Though it never again may be.  
You were mine, from dusk until dawning light,  
For the perfect whole of that bygone night  
You belonged to me!

They say that Love is a light thing,  
A foolish thing and a slight thing,



A ripe fruit, rotten at core;  
They speak in this futile fashion  
To me, who am wracked with passion,  
Tormented beyond compassion,  
For ever and ever more.

They say that Possession lessens a lover's delight,  
As radiant mornings fade into afternoon.  
I held what I loved in my arms for many a night,  
Yet ever the morning lightened the sky too soon.

Beyond our tents the sands stretch level and far,  
Around this little oasis of Tamarind trees.  
A curious, Eastern fragrance fills the breeze  
From the ruinous Temple garden where roses are.

I dream of the rose-like perfume that fills your hair,  
Of times when my lips were free of your soft closed eyes,  
While down in the tank the waters ripple and rise  
And the flying foxes silently cleave the air.

The present is subtly welded into the past,  
My love of you with the purple Indian dusk,  
With its clinging scent of sandal incense and musk,  
And withering jasmin flowers.  
My eyes grow dim and my senses fail at last,  
While the lonely hours  
Follow each other, silently, one by one,  
Till the night is almost done.



Then weary, and drunk with dreams, with my garments  
damp

And heavy with dew, I wander towards the camp.

Tired, with a brain in which fancy and fact are blent,

I stumble across the ropes till I reach my tent

And then to rest. To ensweeten my sleep with lies,

To dream I lie in the light of your long lost eyes,

My lips set free,

To love and linger over your soft loose hair—

To dream I lay your delicate beauty bare

To solace my fevered eyes.

Ah,—if my life might end in a night like this—

Drift into death from dreams of your granted kiss!



## Verses

YOU are my God, and I would fain adore You  
With sweet and secret rites of other days.  
Burn scented oil in silver lamps before You,  
Pour perfume on Your feet with prayer and praise.

Yet are we one; Your gracious condescension  
Granted, and grants, the loveliness I crave.  
One, in the perfect sense of Eastern mention,  
"Gold and the Bracelet, Water and the Wave."



## *Song of Khan Zada*

*A*s one may sip a Stranger's Bowl  
You gave yourself but not your soul.  
I wonder, now that time has passed,  
Where you will come to rest at last.

You gave your beauty for an hour,  
I held it gently as a flower,  
You wished to leave me, told me so,—  
I kissed your feet and let you go.



## *The Teak Forest*

*W*HETHER I loved you who shall say?  
Whether I drifted down your way  
In the endless River of Chance and Change,  
And you woke the strange  
Unknown longings that have no names,  
But burn us all in their hidden flames,  
Who shall say?

Life is a strange and a wayward thing:  
We heard the bells of the Temples ring,  
The married children, in passing, sing.  
The month of marriage, the month of spring,  
Was full of the breath of sunburnt flowers  
That bloom in a fiercer light than ours,  
And, under a sky more fiercely blue,  
I came to you!

You told me tales of your vivid life  
Where death was cruel and danger rife—  
Of deep dark forests, of poisoned trees,  
Of pains and passions that scorch and freeze,  
Of southern noontides and eastern nights,  
Where love grew frantic with strange delights,



While men were slaying and maidens danced,  
Till I, who listened, lay still, entranced.  
Then, swift as a swallow heading south,  
I kissed your mouth!

One night when the plains were bathed in blood  
From sunset light in a crimson flood,  
We wandered under the young teak trees  
Whose branches whined in the light night breeze;  
You led me down to the water's brink,  
"The Spring where the Panthers come to drink  
At night; there is always water here  
Be the season never so parched and sere."  
Have we souls of beasts in the forms of men?  
I fain would have tasted your life-blood then.

The night fell swiftly; this sudden land  
Can never lend us a twilight strand  
'Twixt the daylight shore and the ocean night,  
But takes—as it gives—at once, the light.  
We laid us down on the steep hillside,  
While far below us wild peacocks cried,  
And we sometimes heard, in the sunburnt grass,  
The stealthy steps of the Jungle pass.  
We listened; knew not whether they went  
On love or hunger the more intent.  
And under your kisses I hardly knew  
Whether I loved or hated you.



But your words were flame and your kisses fire,  
And who shall resist a strong desire?  
Not I, whose life is a broken boat  
On a sea of passions, adrift, afloat.  
And, whether I came in love or hate,  
That I came to you was written by Fate  
In every hue of the blood-red sky,  
In every tone of the peacocks' cry.

While every gust of the Jungle night  
Was fanning the flame you had set alight.  
For these things have power to stir the blood  
And compel us all to their own chance mood.  
And to love or not we are no more free  
Than a ripple to rise and leave the sea.

We are ever and always slaves of these,  
Of the suns that scorch and the winds that freeze,  
Of the faint sweet scents of the sultry air,  
Of the half heard howl from the far off lair.  
These chance things master us ever. Compel  
To the heights of Heaven, the depths of Hell.

Whether I love you? You do not ask,  
Nor waste yourself on the thankless task.  
I give your kisses at least return,  
What matter whether they freeze or burn.  
I feel the strength of your fervent arms,  
What matter whether it heals or harms.



You are wise; you take what the Gods have sent.  
You ask no question, but rest content  
So I am with you to take your kiss,  
And perhaps I value you more for this.  
For this is Wisdom; to love, to live,  
To take what Fate, or the Gods, may give,  
To ask no question, to make no prayer,  
To kiss the lips and caress the hair,  
Speed passion's ebb as you greet its flow,—  
To have,—to hold,—and,—in time,—let go!

And this is our Wisdom: we rest together  
On the great lone hills in the storm-filled weather,  
And watch the skies as they pale and burn,  
The golden stars in their orbits turn,  
While Love is with us, and Time and Peace,  
And life has nothing to give but these.  
But, whether you love me, who shall say,  
Or whether you, drifting down my way  
In the great sad River of Chance and Change,  
With your looks so weary and words so strange,  
Lit my soul from some hidden flame  
To a passionate longing without a name,

Who shall say?

Not I, who am but a broken boat,  
Content for a while to drift afloat  
In the little noontide of love's delights

Between two Nights.



## *Valgovind's Boat Song*

WATERS glisten and sunbeams quiver,  
The wind blows fresh and free.  
Take my boat to your breast, O River!  
Carry me out to Sea!

This land is laden with fruit and grain,  
With never a place left free for flowers,  
A fruitful mother; but I am fain  
For brides in their early bridal hours.

Take my boat to your breast, O River!  
Carry me out to Sea!

The Sea, beloved by a thousand ships,  
Is maiden ever, and fresh and free.  
Ah, for the touch of her cool green lips,  
Carry me out to Sea!

Take my boat to your breast, dear River,  
And carry it out to Sea!



## *Kashmiri Song by Juma*

*You* never loved me, and yet to save me,  
One unforgettable night you gave me  
Such chill embraces as the snow-covered heights  
Receive from clouds, in northern, Auroral nights.  
Such keen communion as the frozen mere  
Has with immaculate moonlight, cold and clear.  
And all desire,  
Like failing fire,  
Died slowly, faded surely, and sank to rest  
Against the delicate chillness of your breast.



## *Zira: in Captivity*

LOVE me a little, Lord, or let me go,  
I am so weary walking to and fro  
Through all your lonely halls that were so sweet  
Did they but echo to your coming feet.

When by the flowered scrolls of lace-like stone—  
Our women's windows—I am left alone,  
Across the yellow Desert, looking forth,  
I see the purple hills towards the north.

Behind those jagged Mountains' lilac crest  
Once lay the captive bird's small rifled nest.  
There was my brother slain, my sister bound;  
His blood, her tears, drunk by the thirsty ground.

Then, while the burning village smoked on high,  
And desecrated all the peaceful sky,  
They took us captive, us, born frank and free,  
On fleet, strong camels through the sandy sea.

Yet, when we rested, night-times, on the sand  
By the rare waters of this dreary land,  
Our captors, ere the camp was wrapped in sleep,  
Talked, and I listened, and forgot to weep.





*Zira: In Captivity*









"Is he not brave and fair?" they asked, "our King,  
Slender as one tall palm-tree by a spring;  
Erect, serene, with gravely brilliant eyes,  
As deeply dark as are these desert skies.

"Truly no bitter fate," they said, and smiled,  
"Awaits the beauty of this captured child!"  
Then something in my heart began to sing,  
And secretly I longed to see the King.

Sometimes the other maidens sat in tears,  
Sometimes, consoled, they jested at their fears,  
Musing what lovers Time to them would bring;  
But I was silent, thinking of the King.

Till, when the weary endless sands were passed,  
When, far to south, the city rose at last,  
All speech forsook me and my eyelids fell,  
Since I already loved my Lord so well.

Then the division: some were sent away  
To merchants in the city; some, they say,  
To summer palaces, beyond the walls.  
But me they took straight to the Sultan's halls.

Every morning I would wake and say  
"Ah, sisters, shall I see our Lord to-day?"  
The women robed me, perfumed me, and smiled;  
"When were his feet unfleet to pleasure, child?"



And tales they told me of his deeds in war,  
Of how his name was revered afar;  
And, crouching closer in the lamp's faint glow,  
They told me of his beauty, speaking low.

What need, what need? the women wasted art;  
I love you with every fibre of my heart  
Already. My God! when did I *not* love you,  
In life, in death, when shall I not love you?

You never seek me. All day long I lie  
Watching the changes of the far-off sky  
Behind the lattice-work of carven stone.  
And all night long, alas! I lie alone.

But you come never. Ah, my Lord the King,  
How can you find it well to do this thing?  
Come once, come only: sometimes, as I lie,  
I doubt if I shall see you first, or die.

Ah, could I hear your footsteps at the door  
Hallow the lintel and caress the floor,  
Then I might drink your beauty, satisfied,  
Die of delight, ere you could reach my side.

Alas, you come not, Lord: life's flame burns low,  
Faint for a loveliness it may not know,  
Faint for your face, oh, come—come soon to me—  
Lest, though you should not, Death should, set me free!



*Marriage Thoughts:*  
*by Morsellin Khan*

*Bridegroom*

I GIVE you my house and my lands, all golden with  
harvest;  
My sword, my shield, and my jewels, the spoils of my  
strife,  
My strength and my dreams, and aught I have gathered  
of glory,  
And to-night—to-night, I shall give you my very life.

*Bride*

I may not raise my eyes, O my Lord, towards you,  
And I may not speak: what matter? my voice would  
fail.  
But through my downcast lashes, feeling your beauty,  
I shiver and burn with pleasure beneath my veil.

*Younger Sisters*

We throw sweet perfume upon her head,  
And delicate flowers round her bed.  
Ah, would that it were our turn to wed!



*Mother*

I see my daughter, vaguely, through my tears,  
(Ah, lost caresses of my early years!)  
I see the bridegroom, King of men in truth!  
(Ah, my first lover, and my vanished youth!)

*Bride*

Almost I dread this night. My senses fail me.  
How shall I dare to clasp a thing so dear?  
Many have feared your name, but I your beauty.  
Lord of my life, be gentle to my fear!

*Younger Sisters*

In the softest silk is our sister dressed,  
With silver rubies upon her breast,  
Where a dearer treasure to-night will rest.

*Dancing Girls*

See! his hair is like silk, and his teeth are whiter  
Than whitest of jasmin flowers. Pity they marry him  
thus.  
I would change my jewels against his caresses.  
Verily, sisters, this marriage is greatly a loss to us!

*Bride*

Would that the music ceased and the night drew round  
us,



With solitude, shadow, and sound of closing doors,  
So that our lips might meet and our beings mingle,  
While mine drank deep of the essence, beloved, of  
yours.

*Passing Mendicant*

Out of the joy of your marriage feast,  
Oh, brothers, be good to me.  
The way is long and the Shrine is far,  
Where my weary feet would be.

And feasting is always somewhat sad  
To those outside the door—  
Still; Love is only a dream, and Life  
Itself is hardly more!

*To the Unattainable.*  
*Lament of Mahomed Akram*

I WOULD have taken Golden Stars from the sky for your  
necklace,  
I would have shaken rose-leaves for your rest from all the  
rose-trees.

But you had no need; the short sweet grass sufficed for your  
slumber,  
And you took no heed of such trifles as gold or a necklace.

There is an hour, at twilight, too heavy with memory.  
There is a flower that I fear, for your hair had its fragrance.

I would have squandered Youth for you, and its hope and its  
promise,  
Before you wandered, careless, away from my useless  
passion.

But what is the use of my speech, since I know of no words  
to recall you?  
I am praying that Time may teach, you, your Cruelty, me,  
Forgetfulness.



## *Mahomed Akram's Appeal to the Stars*

O<sub>H</sub>, Silver Stars that shine on what I love,  
Touch the soft hair and sparkle in the eyes,—  
Send, from your calm serenity above,  
Sleep to whom, sleepless, here, despairing lies.

Broken, forlorn, upon the Desert sand  
That sucks these tears, and utterly abased,  
Looking across the lonely, level land,  
With thoughts more desolate than any waste.

Planets that shine on what I so adore,  
Now thrown, the hour is late, in careless rest,  
Protect that sleep, which I may watch no more,  
I, the cast out, dismissed and dispossessed.

Far in the hillside camp, in slumber lies  
What my worn eyes worship but never see.  
Happier Stars! your myriad silver eyes  
Feast on the quiet face denied to me.

Loved with a love beyond all words or sense,  
Lost with a grief beyond the saltiest tear,  
So lovely, so removed, remote, and hence  
So doubly and so desperately dear!

Stars! from your skies so purple and so calm,  
That through the centuries your secrets keep,  
Send to this worn-out brain some Occult Balm,  
Send me, for many nights so sleepless, sleep.

And ere the sunshine of the Desert jars  
My sense with sorrow and another day,  
Through your soft Magic, oh, my Silver Stars!  
Turn sleep to Death in some mysterious way.



## *Reminiscence of Mahomed Akram*

I SHALL never forget you, never. Never escape  
Your memory woven about the beautiful things of life.

The sudden Thought of your Face is like a Wound  
    When it comes unsought  
On some scent of Jasmin, Lilies, or pale Tuberose.  
Any one of the sweet white fragrant flowers,  
Flowers I used to love and lay in your hair.

Sunset is terribly sad. I saw you stand  
Tall against the red and the gold like a slender palm;  
The light wind stirred your hair as you waved your hand,  
Waved farewell, as ever, serene and calm,  
To me, the passion-wearied and tossed and torn,  
Riding down the road in the gathering grey.  
    Since that day  
The sunset red is empty, the gold forlorn.

Often across the Banqueting board at nights  
Men linger about your name in careless praise,  
The name that cuts deep into my soul like a knife;  
And the gay guest-faces and flowers and leaves and lights

Fade away from the failing sense in a haze,  
And the music sways  
Far away in unmeasured distance. . . .

I cannot forget—  
I cannot escape. What are the Stars to me?  
Stars that meant so much, too much, in my youth;  
Stars that sparkled about your eyes,  
Made a radiance round your hair,  
What are they now?

Lingering lights of a Finished Feast,  
Little lingering sparks rather,  
Of a Light that is long gone out.



## *Story by Lalla-ji, the Priest*

HE loved the Plant with a keen delight,  
A passionate fervour, strange to see,  
Tended it ardently, day and night,  
Yet never a flower lit up the tree.

The leaves were succulent, thick, and green,  
And, sessile, out of the snakelike stem  
Rose spine-like fingers, alert and keen,  
To catch at aught that molested them.

But though they nurtured it day and night,  
With love and labour, the child and he  
Were never granted the longed-for sight  
Of a flower crowning the twisted tree.

Until one evening a wayworn Priest  
Stopped for the night in the Temple shade  
And shared the fare of their simple feast  
Under the vines and the jasmin laid.

He, later, wandering round the flowers  
Paused awhile by the blossomless tree.

The man said, "May it be fault of ours,  
That never its buds my eyes may see?

"Aslip it came from the further East  
Many a sunlit summer ago."

"It grows in our Jungles," said the Priest,  
"Men see it rarely; but this I know,

"The Jungle people worship it; say  
They bury a child around its roots—  
Bury it living;—the only way  
To crimson glory of flowers and fruits."

He spoke in whispers; his furtive glance  
Probing the depths of the garden shade.  
The man came closer, with eyes askance,  
The child beside them shivered, afraid.

A cold wind drifted about the three,  
Jarring the spines with a hungry sound,  
The spines that grew on the snakelike tree  
And guarded its roots beneath the ground.

\* \* \* \* \*

After the fall of the summer rain  
The plant was glorious, redly gay,  
Blood-red with blossom. Never again  
Men saw the child in the Temple play.



## *Request*

*G*IVE me yourself one hour; I do not crave  
For any love, or even thought, of me.  
Come, as a Sultan may caress a slave  
And then forget for ever, utterly.

Come! as west winds, that passing, cool and wet,  
O'er desert places, leave them fields in flower  
And all my life, for I shall not forget,  
Will keep the fragrance of that perfect hour!

Story of Udaipore:  
Told by Lalla-ji, the Priest

“*AND when the Summer Heat is great,  
And every hour intense,  
The Moghra, with its subtle flowers,  
Intoxicates the sense.*”

The Coco palms stood tall and slim, against the golden-glow,  
And all their grey and graceful plumes were waving to and fro.

She lay forgetful in the boat, and watched the dying Sun  
Sink slowly lakewards, while the stars replaced him, one  
by one.

She saw the marble Temple walls long white reflections  
make,  
The echoes of their silvery bells were thrown across the  
lake.

The evening air was very sweet; from off the island bowers  
Came scents of Moghra trees in bloom, and Oleander  
flowers.



"The Moghra flowers that smell so sweet  
When love's young fancies play;  
The acrid Moghra flowers, still sweet  
Though love be burnt away."

The boat went drifting, uncontrolled, the rower rowed no  
more,  
But deftly turned the slender prow towards the further  
shore.

The dying sunset touched with gold the Jasmin in his hair;  
His eyes were darkly luminous: she looked and found him  
fair.

And so persuasively he spoke, she could not say him nay,  
And when his young hands took her own, she smiled and let  
them stay.

And all the youth awoke in him, all love of Love in her,  
All scents of white and subtle flowers that filled the twilight  
air

Combined together with the night in kind conspiracy  
To do Love service, while the boat went drifting onwards,  
free.

"The Moghra flowers, the Moghra flowers,  
While Youth's quick pulses play

They are so sweet, they still are sweet,  
Though passion burns away."

Low in the boat the lovers lay, and from his sable curls  
The Jasmin flowers slipped away to rest among the girl's.

Oh, silver lake and silver night and tender silver sky!  
Where as the hours passed, the moon rose white and cold on  
high.

"The Moghra flowers, the Moghra flowers,  
So dear to Youth at play;  
The small and subtle Moghra flowers  
That only last a day."

Suddenly, frightened, she awoke, and waking vaguely saw  
The boat had stranded in the sedge that fringed the further  
shore.

The breeze grown chilly, swayed the palms; she heard, still  
half awake,  
A prowling jackal's hungry cry blown faintly o'er the lake.

She shivered, but she turned to kiss his soft, remembered  
face,  
Lit by the pallid light he lay, in Youth's abandoned grace.

But as her lips met his she paused, in terror and dismay,  
The white moon showed her by her side asleep a Leper lay.



"Ah, Moghra flowers, white Moghra flowers,  
All love is blind, they say;  
The Moghra flowers, so sweet, so sweet,  
Though love be burnt away!"

## *Valgovind's Song in the Spring*

THE Temple bells are ringing,  
The young green corn is springing,  
    And the marriage month is drawing very near.  
I lie hidden in the grass,  
And I count the moments pass,  
    For the month of marriages is drawing near.

Soon, ah, soon, the women spread  
The appointed bridal bed  
    With hibiscus buds and crimson marriage flowers,  
Where, when all the songs are done,  
And the dear dark night begun,  
    I shall hold her in my happy arms for hours.

She is young and very sweet,  
From the silver on her feet  
    To the silver and the flowers in her hair,  
And her beauty makes me swoon,  
As the Moghra trees at noon  
    Intoxicate the hot and quivering air.





*Valgovind's Song in the  
Spring*





Ah, I would the hours were fleet  
As her silver circled feet,  
    I am weary of the daytime and the night;  
I am weary unto death,  
Oh my rose with jasmin breath,  
    With this longing for your beauty and your light.

## Youth

I AM not sure if I knew the truth  
What his case or crime might be,  
I only know that he pleaded Youth,  
A beautiful, golden plea!

Youth, with its sunlit, passionate eyes,  
Its roseate velvet skin—  
A plea to cancel a thousand lies,  
Or a thousand nights of sin.

The men who judged him were old and grey,  
Their eyes and their senses dim,  
He brought the light of a warm Spring day  
To the Court-house bare and grim.

Could he plead guilty in a lovelier way?  
His judges acquitted him.



*When Love Is Over:  
Song of Khan Zada*

ONLY in August my heart was aflame,  
Catching the scent of your Wind-stirred hair,  
Now, though you spread it to soften my sleep  
Through the night, I should hardly care.

Only last August I drank that water  
Because it had chanced to cool your hands;  
When love is over, how little of love  
Even the lover understands!

## *"Golden Eyes"*

OH Amber Eyes, oh Golden Eyes!  
Oh Eyes so softly gay!  
Wherein swift fancies fall and rise,  
Grow dark and fade away.  
Eyes like a little limpid pool  
That holds a sunset sky,  
While on its surface, calm and cool,  
Blue water lilies lie.

Oh Tender Eyes, oh Wistful Eyes,  
You smiled on me one day,  
And all my life, in glad surprise,  
Leapt up and pleaded "Stay!"  
Alas, oh cruel, starlike eyes,  
So grave and yet so gay,  
You went to lighten other skies,  
Smiled once and passed away.

Oh, you whom I name "Golden Eyes,"  
Perhaps I used to know  
Your beauty under other skies  
In lives lived long ago.



Perhaps I rowed with galley slaves  
Whose labour never ceased,  
To bring across Phœnician waves  
Your treasure from the East.

Maybe you were an Emperor then  
And I a favourite slave;  
Some youth, whom from the lions' den  
You vainly tried to save!  
Maybe I reigned, a mighty King,  
The early nations knew,  
And you were some slight captive thing,  
Some maiden whom I slew.

Perhaps, adrift on desert shores  
Beside some shipwrecked prow,  
I gladly gave my life for yours.  
Would I might give it now!  
Or on some sacrificial stone  
Strange Gods we satisfied,  
Perhaps you stooped and left a throne  
To kiss me ere I died.

Perhaps, still further back than this,  
In times ere men were men,  
You granted me a moment's bliss  
In some dark desert den,  
When, with your amber eyes alight  
With iridescent flame,

And fierce desire for love's delight,  
Towards my lair you came.

Ah laughing, ever-brilliant eyes,  
These things men may not know,  
But something in your radiance lies,  
That, centuries ago,  
Lit up my life in one wild blaze  
Of infinite desire  
To revel in your golden rays,  
Or in your light expire.

If this, oh Strange Ringed Eyes, be true,  
That through all changing lives  
This longing love I have for you  
Eternally survives,  
May I not sometimes dare to dream  
In some far time to be  
Your softly golden eyes may gleam  
Responsively on me?

Ah gentle, subtly changing eyes,  
You smiled on me one day,  
And all my life in glad surprise  
Leaped up, imploring "Stay!"  
Alas, alas, oh Golden Eyes,  
So cruel and so gay,  
You went to shine in other skies,  
Smiled once and passed away.



## *Kotri, by the River*

*A*T Kotri, by the river, when the evening's sun is low,  
The waving palm trees quiver, the golden waters glow,  
The shining ripples shiver, descending to the sea;  
At Kotri, by the river, she used to wait for me.

So young, she was, and slender, so pale with wistful eyes  
As luminous and tender as Kotri's twilight skies.  
Her face broke into flowers, red flowers at the mouth,  
Her voice,—she sang for hours like bulbuls in the south.

We sat beside the water through burning summer days,  
And many things I taught her of Life and all its ways,  
Of Love, man's loveliest duty, of Passion's reckless pain,  
Of Youth, whose transient beauty comes once, but not  
again.

She lay and laughed and listened beside the water's edge.  
The glancing river glistened and glinted through the sedge.  
Green parrots flew above her and, as the daylight died,  
Her young arms drew her lover more closely to her side.

Oh days so warm and golden! oh nights so cool and still!  
When Love would not be holden, and Pleasure had his will.

Days, when in after leisure, content to rest we lay,  
Nights, when her lips' soft pressure drained all my life away.

And while we sat together, beneath the Babul trees,  
The fragrant, sultry weather cooled by the river breeze,  
If passion faltered ever, and left the senses free,  
We heard the tireless river descending to the sea.

I know not where she wandered, or went in after days,  
Or if her youth she squandered in Love's more doubtful  
ways.

Perhaps, beside the river, she died, still young and fair;  
Perchance the grasses quiver above her slumber there.

At Kotri, by the river, maybe I too shall sleep  
The sleep that lasts for ever, too deep for dreams; too deep.  
Maybe among the shingle and sand of floods to be  
Her dust and mine may mingle and float away to sea.

Ah Kotri, by the river, when evening's sun is low,  
Your faint reflections quiver, your golden ripples glow.  
You knew, oh Kotri river, that love which could not last.  
For me your palms still shiver with passions of the past.



## Farewell

FAREWELL, Aziz, it was not mine to fold you  
Against my heart for any length of days.  
I had no loveliness, alas, to hold you,  
No siren voice, no charm that lovers praise.

Yet, in the midst of grief and desolation,  
Solace I my despairing soul with this:  
Once, for my life's eternal consolation,  
You lent my lips your loveliness to kiss.

Ah, that one night! I think Love's very essence  
Distilled itself from out my joy and pain,  
Like tropical trees, whose fervid inflorescence  
Glows, gleams, and dies, never to bloom again.

Often I marvel how I met the morning  
With living eyes after that night with you,  
Ah, how I cursed the wan, white light for dawning,  
And mourned the paling stars, as each withdrew!

Yet I, even I, who am less than dust before you,  
Less than the lowest lintel of your door,  
Was given one breathless midnight, to adore you.  
Fate, having granted this, can give no more!

## Afridi Love

SINCE, oh, Beloved, you are not even faithful  
To me, who loved you so, for one short night,  
For one brief space of darkness, though my absence  
Did but endure until the dawning light;

Since all your beauty—which was *mine*—you squandered  
On *that* which now lies dead across your door;  
See here this knife, made keen and bright to kill you.  
You shall not see the sun rise any more.

Lie still! Lie still! In all the empty village  
Who is there left to hear or heed your cry?  
All are gone to labour in the valley,  
Who will return before your time to die?

No use to struggle; when I found you sleeping,  
I took your hands and bound them to your side,  
And both these slender feet, too apt at straying,  
Down to the cot on which you lie are tied.

Lie still, Beloved; that dead thing lying yonder,  
I hated and I killed, but love is sweet,  
And you are more than sweet to me, who love you,  
Who decked my eyes with dust from off your feet.





*Afridi Love*







Give me your lips; ah, lovely and disloyal,  
Give me yourself again; before you go  
Down through the darkness of the Great, Blind Portal,  
All of life's best and basest you must know.

Erstwhile, Beloved, you were so young and fragile  
I held you gently, as one holds a flower:  
But now, God knows, what use to still be tender  
To one whose life is done within an hour?

I hurt? What then? Death will not hurt you, dearest,  
As you hurt me, for just a single night,  
You call me cruel, who laid my life in ruins  
To gain one little moment of delight.

Look up, look out, across the open doorway  
The sunlight streams. The distant hills are blue.  
Look at the pale, pink peach trees in our garden,  
Sweet fruit will come of them;—but not for you.

The fair, far snow, upon those jagged mountains  
That gnaw against the hard blue Afghan sky  
Will soon descend, set free by summer sunshine.  
You will not see those torrents sweeping by.

The world is not for you. From this day forward,  
You must lie still alone; who would not lie  
Alone for one night only, though returning  
I was, when earliest dawn should break the sky.

There lies my lute, and many strings are broken,  
Some one was playing it, and some one tore  
The silken tassels round my Hookah woven;  
Some one who plays, and smokes, and loves, no more!

Some one who took last night his fill of pleasure,  
As I took mine at dawn! The knife went home  
Straight through his heart! God only knows my rapture  
Bathing my chill hands in the warm red foam.

And so I pain you? This is only loving,  
Wait till I kill you! Ah, this soft, curled hair!  
Surely the fault was mine, to love and leave you  
Even a single night, you are so fair.

Cold steel is very cooling to the fervour  
Of over-passionate ones, Beloved, like you.  
Nay, turn your lips to mine. Not quite unlovely  
They are as yet, as yet, though quite untrue.

What will your brother say, to-night returning  
With laden camels homewards to the hills,  
Finding you dead, and me asleep beside you,  
Will he awake me first before he kills?

For I shall sleep. Here on the cot beside you  
When you, my Heart's Delight, are cold in death.  
When your young heart and restless lips are silent,  
Grown chilly, even beneath my burning breath.



When I have slowly drawn my knife across you,  
Taking my pleasure as I see you swoon,  
I shall sleep sound, worn out by love's last fervour,  
And then, God grant your kinsmen kill me soon!

## *Yasmini*

*A*T night, when Passion's ebbing tide  
Left bare the Sands of Truth,  
Yasmini, resting by my side,  
Spoke softly of her youth.

"And one," she said, "was tall and slim,  
Two crimson rose leaves made his mouth,  
And I was fain to follow him  
Down to his village in the South.

"He was to build a hut hard by  
The stream where palms were growing,  
We were to live, and love, and lie,  
And watch the water flowing.

"Ah, dear, delusive, distant shore,  
By dreams of futile fancy guilt!  
The riverside we never saw,  
The palm leaf hut was never built!

"One had a Tope of Mangoe trees,  
Where early morning, noon and late,  
The Persian wheels, with patient ease,  
Brought up their liquid, silver freight.



"And he was fain to rise and reach  
That garden sloping to the sea,  
Whose groves along the wave-swept beach  
Should shelter him and love and me.

"Doubtless, upon that western shore  
With ripe fruit falling to the ground,  
There dwells the Peace he hungered for,  
The lovely Peace we never found.

"Then there came one with eager eyes  
And keen sword, ready for the fray.  
He missed the storms of Northern skies,  
The reckless raid and skirmish gay!

"He rose from dreams of war's alarms,  
To make his daggers keen and bright,  
Desiring, in my very arms,  
The fiercer rapture of the fight!

"He left me soon; too soon, and sought  
The stronger, earlier love again.  
News reached me from the Cabul Court,  
Afterwards nothing; doubtless slain.

"Doubtless his brilliant, haggard eyes,  
Long since took leave of life and light,  
And those lithe limbs I used to prize  
Feasted the jackal and the kite.

"But the most loved! his sixteen years  
Shone in his cheeks' transparent red.  
My kisses were his first: my tears  
Fell on his face when he was dead.

"He died, he died, I speak the truth,  
Though light love leave his memory dim,  
He was the Lover of my Youth  
And all my youth went down with him.

"For passion ebbs and passion flows,  
But under every new caress  
The riven heart more keenly knows  
Its own inviolate faithfulness.

"Our Gods are kind and still deem fit  
As in old days, with those to lie,  
Whose silent hearths are yet unlit  
By the soft light of infancy.

"Therefore, one strange, mysterious night  
Alone within the Temple shade,  
Recipient of a God's delight  
I lay enraptured, unafraid.

"Also to me the boon was given,  
But mourning quickly followed mirth,  
My son, whose father stooped from Heaven,  
Died in the moment of his birth.



“When from the war beyond the seas  
The reckless Lancers home returned,  
Their spoils were laid across my knees,  
About my lips their kisses burned.

“Back from the Comradeship of Death,  
Free from the Friendship of the Sword,  
With brilliant eyes and famished breath  
They came to me for their reward.

“Why do I tell you all these things,  
Baring my life to you, unsought?  
When Passion folds his wearied wings  
Sleep should be follower, never Thought.

“Ay, let us sleep. The window pane  
Grows pale against the purple sky.  
The dawn is with us once again,  
The dawn; which always means good-bye.”

Within her little trellised room, beside the palm-fringed sea,  
She, wakeful in the scented gloom, spoke of her youth to me.

## *Ojira, to Her Lover*

I AM waiting in the desert, looking out towards the sunset,  
And counting every moment till we meet.  
I am waiting by the marshes and I tremble and I listen  
Till the soft sands thrill beneath your coming feet.

Till I see you, tall and slender, standing clear against the  
skyline,  
A graceful shade across the lingering red,  
While your hair the breezes ruffle, turns to silver in the  
twilight,  
And makes a fair faint aureole round your head.

Far away towards the sunset I can see a narrow river,  
That unwinds itself in red tranquillity;  
I can hear its rippled meeting, and the gurgle of its greeting,  
As it mingles with the loved and long sought sea.

In the purple sky above me showing dark against the star-  
light,  
Long wavering flights of homeward birds fly low,  
They cry each one to the other, and their weird and wistful  
calling,  
Makes most melancholy music as they go.



Oh, my dearest, hasten, hasten! It is lonely here. Already  
Have I heard the jackals' first assembling cry,  
And among the purple shadows of the mangroves and the  
marshes  
Fitful echoes of their footfalls passing by.

Ah, come soon! my arms are empty, and so weary for your  
beauty,  
I am thirsty for the music of your voice.  
Come to make the marshes joyous with the sweetness of  
your presence,  
Let your nearing feet bid all the sands rejoice!

My hands, my lips are feverish with the longing and the  
waiting  
And no softness of the twilight soothes their heat,  
Till I see your radiant eyes, shining stars beneath the star-  
light,  
Till I kiss the slender coolness of your feet.

Ah, loveliest, most reluctant, when you lay yourself beside  
me,  
All the planets reel around me—fade away,  
And the sands grow dim, uncertain,—I stretch out my  
hands towards you  
While I try to speak but know not what I say!

I am faint with love and longing, and my burning eyes are  
gazing

Where the furtive Jackals wage their famished strife,  
Oh, your shadow on the mangroves! and your step upon  
the sandhills,—  
This is the loveliest evening of my Life!



## *Thoughts: Mahomed Akram*

If some day this body of mine were burned  
(It found no favour, alas! with you)  
And the ashes scattered abroad, unurned,  
Would Love die also, would Thought die too?  
    But who can answer, or who can trust,  
    No dreams would harry the windblown dust?

Were I laid away in the furrows deep,  
Secure from jackal and passing plough,  
Would your eyes not follow me still through sleep,  
Torment me then as they torture now?  
    Would you ever have loved me, Golden Eyes,  
    Had I done aught better or otherwise?

Was I overspeechful, or did you yearn  
When I sat silent, for songs or speech?  
Ah, Beloved, I had been so apt to learn,  
So apt, had you only cared to teach.  
    But time for silence and song is done,  
    You wanted nothing, my Golden Sun!

What should you want of a waning star?  
That drifts in its lonely orbit far  
Away from your soft, effulgent light  
In outer planes of Eternal night?

## Prayer

You are all that is lovely and light,  
Aziza whom I adore,  
And, waking, after the night,  
I am weary with dreams of you.  
Every nerve in my heart is tense and sore  
As I rise to another morning apart from you.

I dream of your luminous eyes,  
Aziza whom I adore!  
Of the ruffled silk of your hair,  
I dream, and the dreams are lies.  
But I love them, knowing no more  
Will ever be mine of you  
Aziza, my life's despair.

I would burn for a thousand days,  
Aziza whom I adore,  
Be tortured, slain, in unheard of ways  
If you pitied the pain I bore.  
You pity! Your bright eyes, fastened on other things,  
Are keener to sting my soul, than scorpion stings!



You are all that is lovely to me,  
All that is light,  
One white rose in a Desert of weariness.  
I only live in the night,  
The night, with its fair false dreams of you,  
You and your loveliness.

Give me your love for a day,  
A night, an hour:  
If the wages of sin are Death  
I am willing to pay.  
What is my life but a breath  
Of passion burning away?  
Away for an unplucked flower.  
O Aziza whom I adore,  
Aziza my one delight,  
Only one night, I will die before day,  
And trouble your life no more.

## *The Aloe*

*M*Y life was like an Aloe flower, beneath an orient sky,  
Your sunshine touched it for an hour; it blossomed but to  
die.

Torn up, cast out, on rubbish heaps where red flames work  
their will  
Each atom of the Aloe keeps the flower-time fragrance still.



## Memory

How I loved you in your sleep,  
With the starlight on your hair!

The touch of your lips was sweet,  
    Aziza whom I adore,  
I lay at your slender feet,  
    And against their soft palms pressed,  
I fitted my face to rest.  
As winds blow over the sea  
    From Citron gardens ashore,  
Came, through your scented hair,  
    The breeze of the night to me.

My lips grew arid and dry,  
    My nerves were tense,  
Though your beauty soothe the eye  
    It maddens the sense.  
Every curve of that beauty is known to me,  
Every tint of that delicate roseleaf skin,  
    And these are printed on every atom of me,  
Burnt in on every fibre until I die.  
    And for this, my sin,

I doubt if ever, though dust I be,  
The dust will lose the desire,  
The torment and hidden fire,  
Of my passionate love for you.

Aziza whom I adore,  
My dust will be full of your beauty, as is the blue  
And infinite ocean full of the azure sky.

In the light that waxed and waned  
Playing about your slumber in silver bars,  
As the palm trees swung their feathery fronds athwart the  
stars,

How quiet and young you were,  
Pale as the Champa flowers, violet veined,  
That, sweet and fading, lay in your loosened hair.

How sweet you were in your sleep,  
With the starlight on your hair!  
Your throat thrown backwards, bare,  
And touched with circling moonbeams, silver white

On the couch's sombre shade.  
O Aziza my one delight,  
When Youth's passionate pulses fade,  
And his golden heart beats slow,  
When across the infinite sky  
I see the roseate glow  
Of my last, last sunset flare,  
I shall send my thoughts to this night



And remember you as I die,  
The one thing, among all the things of this earth, found fair.

How sweet you were in your sleep,  
With the starlight, silver and sable, across your hair!

## *The First Lover*

*As* o'er the vessel's side she leant,  
She saw the swimmer in the sea  
With eager eyes on her intent,  
"Come down, come down and swim with me."

So weary was she of her lot,  
Tired of the ship's monotony,  
She straightway all the world forgot  
Save the young swimmer in the sea.

So when the dusky, dying light  
Left all the water dark and dim,  
She softly, in the friendly night,  
Slipped down the vessel's side to him.

Intent and brilliant, brightly dark,  
She saw his burning, eager eyes,  
And many a phosphorescent spark  
About his shoulders fall and rise.

As through the hushed and Eastern night  
They swam together, hand in hand,



Or lay and laughed in sheer delight  
Full length upon the level sand.

“Ah, soft, delusive, purple night  
Whose darkness knew no vexing moon!  
Ah, cruel, needless, dawning light  
That trembled in the sky too soon!”

## *Khan Zada's Song on the Hillside*

THE fires that burn on all the hills  
Light up the landscape grey,  
The arid desert land distills  
The fervours of the day.

The clear white moon sails through the skies  
And silvers all the night,  
I see the brilliance of your eyes  
And need no other light.

The death sighs of a thousand flowers  
The fervent day has slain  
Are wafted through the twilight hours,  
And perfume all the plain.

My senses strain, and try to clasp  
Their sweetness in the air,  
In vain, in vain; they only grasp  
The fragrance of your hair.

The plain is endless space expressed;  
Vast is the sky above,  
I only feel, against your breast,  
Infinites of love.



## *Deserted Gipsy's Song: Hillside Camp*

"She is glad to receive your turquoise ring,  
Dear and dark-eyed Lover of mine!  
I, to have given you everything:  
Beauty maddens the soul like Wine.

"She is proud to have held aloof her charms,  
Slender, dark-eyed Lover of mine!  
But I, of the night you lay in my arms:  
Beauty maddens the sense like Wine!

"She triumphs to think that your heart is won,  
Stately, dark-eyed Lover of mine!  
I had not a thought of myself, not one:  
Beauty maddens the brain like Wine!

"She will speak you softly, while skies are blue,  
Dear, deluded Lover of mine!  
I would lose both body and soul for you:  
Beauty maddens the brain like Wine!

"While the ways are fair she will love you well,  
Dear, disdainful Lover of mine!

But I would have followed you down to Hell:  
Beauty maddens the soul like Wine!

"Though you lay at her feet the days to be,  
Now no longer Lover of mine!  
You can give her naught that you gave not me:  
Beauty maddened my soul like Wine!

"When the years have shown what is false or true:  
Beauty maddens the sight like Wine!  
You will understand how I cared for you,  
First and only Lover of mine!"



## *The Plains*

How one loves them,  
These wide horizons; whether Desert or Sea,—  
Vague and vast and infinite; faintly clear—  
Surely, hid in the far away, unknown "There,"  
Lie the things so longed for and found not, found  
not, Here.

Only where some passionate, level land  
Stretches itself in reaches of golden sand,  
Only where the sea line is joined to the sky-line, clear,  
Beyond the curve of ripple or white foamed  
crest,—  
Shall the weary eyes  
Distressed by the broken skies,—  
Broken by Minaret, mountain, or towering  
tree,—  
Shall the weary eyes be assuaged,—be assuaged,—  
and rest.

*"Lost Delight"*  
*After the Hazara War*

LIE alone beneath the Almond blossoms,  
Where we two lay together in the spring,  
And now, as then, the mountain snows are melting,  
This year, as last, the water-courses sing.

That was another spring, and other flowers,  
Hung, pink and fragile, on the leafless tree,  
The land rejoiced in other running water,  
And I rejoiced, because you were with me.

You, with your soft eyes, darkly lashed and shaded,  
Your red lips like a living, laughing rose,  
Your restless, amber limbs so lithe and slender  
Now lost to me. Gone whither no man knows.

You lay beside me singing in the sunshine;  
The rough, white fur, unloosened at the neck,  
Showed the smooth skin, fair as the Almond blossoms,  
On which the sun could find no flaw or fleck.



I lie alone, beneath the Almond flowers,  
I hated them to touch you as they fell.  
And now, who killed you? worse, ah, worse, who loves you?  
(My soul is burning as men burn in Hell.)

How I have sought you in the crowded cities!  
I have been mad, they say, for many days.  
I know not how I came here, to the valley,  
What fate has led me, through what doubtful ways.

Somewhere I see my sword has done good service,  
Some one I killed, who, smiling, used your name,  
But in what country? Nay, I have forgotten,  
All thought is shrivelled in my heart's hot flame.

Where are you now, Delight, and where your beauty,  
Your subtle curls, and laughing, changeful face?  
Bound, bruised and naked (dear God, grant me patience),  
And sold in Cabul in the market-place.

I asked of you of all men. Who could tell me?  
Among so many captured, sold, or slain,  
What fate was yours? (Ah, dear God, grant me patience,  
My heart is burnt, is burnt, with fire and pain.)

Oh, lost Delight! my heart is almost breaking,  
My sword is broken and my feet are sore,  
The people look at me and say in passing,  
"He will not leave the village any more."

For as the evening falls, the fever rises,  
    With frantic thoughts careering through the brain,  
Wild thoughts of you. (Ah, dear God, grant me patience,  
    My soul is hurt beyond all men call pain.)

I lie alone, beneath the Almond blossoms,  
    And see the white snow melting on the hills  
Till Khorassan is gay with water-courses,  
    Glad with the tinkling sound of running rills,

And well I know that when the fragile petals  
    Fall softly, ere the first green leaves appear,  
(Ah, for these last few days, God, grant me patience,)  
    Since Delight is not, I shall not be, here!



## Unforgotten

Do you ever think of me? you who died  
Ere our Youth's first fervour chilled,  
With your soft eyes and your pulses stilled  
Lying alone, aside,  
Do you ever think of me, left in the light,  
From the endless calm of your dawnless night?

I am faithful always: I do not say  
That the lips which thrilled to your lips of old  
To lesser kisses are always cold;  
Had you wished for this in its narrow sense  
Our love perhaps had been less intense;  
But as we held faithfulness, you and I,  
I am faithful always, as you who lie,  
Asleep for ever, beneath the grass,  
While the days and nights and the seasons pass,—  
Pass away.

I keep your memory near my heart,  
My brilliant, beautiful guiding Star,  
Till long life over, I too depart  
To the infinite night where perhaps you are.

Oh, are you anywhere? Loved so well!  
I would rather know you alive in Hell  
Than think your beauty is nothing now,  
With its deep dark eyes and tranquil brow  
Where the hair fell softly. Can this be true  
That nothing, nowhere, exists of you?  
Nothing, nowhere, oh, loved so well

I have *never* forgotten.

Do you still keep  
Thoughts of me through your dreamless sleep?

Oh, gone from me! lost in Eternal Night,  
Lost Star of light,  
Risen splendidly, set so soon,  
Through the weariness of life's afternoon  
I dream of your memory yet.  
My loved and lost, whom I could not save,  
My youth went down with you to the grave,  
Though other planets and stars may rise,  
I dream of your soft and sorrowful eyes  
And I cannot forget.

## *Song of Faiz Ulla*

JUST at the time when Jasmins bloom, most sweetly in the  
summer weather,  
Lost in the scented Jungle gloom, one sultry night we spent  
together,  
We, Love and Night, together blent, a Trinity of tranced  
content.

Yet, while your lips were wholly mine, to kiss, to drink  
from, to caress,  
We heard some far-off faint distress; harsh drop of poison  
in sweet wine  
Lessening the fulness of delight,—

Some quivering note of human pain,  
Which rose and fell and rose again, in plaintive sobs through-  
out the night,

Spoiling the perfumed, moonless hours  
We spent among the Jasmin flowers.



## Story of *Lilavanti*

THEY lay the slender body down  
With all its wealth of wetted hair,  
Only a daughter of the town,  
But very young and slight and fair.

The eyes, whose light one cannot see,  
Are sombre doubtless, like the tresses,  
The mouth's soft curvings seem to be  
A roseate series of caresses.

And where the skin has all but dried  
(The air is sultry in the room)  
Upon her breast and either side,  
It shows a soft and amber bloom.

By women here, who knew her life,  
A leper husband, I am told,  
Took all this loveliness to wife  
When it was barely ten years old.

And when the child in shocked dismay  
Fled from the hated husband's care

He caught and tied her, so they say,  
Down to his bedside by her hair.

To some low quarter of the town,  
Escaped a second time, she flew;  
Her beauty brought her great renown  
And many lovers here she knew,

When, as the mystic Eastern night  
With purple shadow filled the air,  
Behind her window framed in light,  
She sat with jasmin in her hair.

At last she loved a youth, who chose  
To keep this wild flower for his own,  
He in his garden set his rose  
Where it might bloom for him alone.

Cholera came; her lover died,  
Want drove her to the streets again,  
And women found her there, who tried  
To turn her beauty into gain.

But she who in those garden ways  
Had learnt of Love, would now no more  
Be bartered in the market place  
For silver, as in days before.

That former life she strove to change;  
She sold the silver off her arms,  
While all the world grew cold and strange  
To broken health and fading charms.

Till, finding lovers, but no friend,  
Nor any place to rest or hide,  
She grew despairing at the end,  
Slipped softly down a well and died.

And yet, how short, when all is said,  
This little life of love and tears!  
Her age, they say, beside her bed,  
To-day is only fifteen years.



## *The Garden by the Bridge*

THE Desert sands are heated, parched and dreary,  
The tigers rend alive their quivering prey  
In the near Jungle; here the kites rise, weary,  
Too gorged with living food to fly away.

All night the hungry jackals howl together  
Over the carrion in the river bed,  
Or seize some small soft thing of fur or feather  
Whose dying shrieks on the night air are shed.

I hear from yonder Temple in the distance  
Whose roof with obscene carved Gods is piled,  
Reiterated with a sad insistence  
Sobs of, perhaps, some immolated child.

Strange rites here, where the archway's shade is deeper,  
Are consummated in the river bed;  
Pariahs steal the rotten railway sleeper  
To burn the bodies of their cholera dead.

But yet, their lust, their hunger, cannot shame them,  
Goaded by fierce desire, that flays and stings;

Poor beasts, and poorer men. Nay, who shall blame them?  
Blame the Inherent Cruelty of Things.

The world is horrible and I am lonely,  
Let me rest here where yellow roses bloom  
And find forgetfulness, remembering only  
Your face beside me in the scented gloom.

Nay, do not shrink! I am not here for passion,  
I crave no love, only a little rest,  
Although I would my face lay, lover's fashion,  
Against the tender coolness of your breast.

I am so weary of the Curse of Living  
The endless, aimless torture, tumult, fears.  
Surely, if life were any God's free giving,  
He, seeing His gift, long since went blind with tears.

Seeing us; our fruitless strife, our futile praying,  
Our luckless Present and our bloodstained Past.  
Poor players, who make a trick or two in playing,  
But know that death *must* win the game at last.

As round the Fowler, red with feathered slaughter,  
The little joyous lark, unconscious, sings,—  
As the pink Lotus floats on azure water,  
Innocent of the mud from whence it springs.

You walk through life, unheeding all the sorrow,  
The fear and pain set close around your way,  
Meeting with hopeful eyes each gay to-morrow,  
Living with joy each hour of glad to-day.

I love to have you thus (nay, dear, lie quiet,  
How should these reverent fingers wrong your hair?)  
So calmly careless of the rush and riot  
That rages round, is seething everywhere.

You do not understand. You think your beauty  
Does but inflame my senses to desire,  
Till all you hold as loyalty and duty,  
Is shrunk and shrivelled in the ardent fire.

You wrong me, wearied out with thought and grieving  
As though the whole world's sorrow eat my heart,  
I come to gaze upon your face believing  
Its beauty is as ointment to the smart.

Lie still and let me in my desolation  
Caress the soft loose hair a moment's span.  
Since Loveliness is Life's one Consolation,  
And love the only Lethe left to man.

Ah, give me here beneath the trees in flower,  
Beside the river where the fireflies pass,  
One little dusky, all consoling hour  
Lost in the shadow of the long grown grass.



Give me, oh you whose arms are soft and slender,  
Whose eyes are nothing but one long caress,  
Against your heart, so innocent and tender,  
A little Love and some Forgetfulness.

## *Fate Knows No Tears*

JUST as the dawn of Love was breaking  
    Across the weary world of grey,  
Just as my life once more was waking  
    As roses waken late in May,  
Fate, blindly cruel and havoc-making,  
    Stepped in and carried you away.

Memories have I none in keeping  
    Of times I held you near my heart,  
Of dreams when we were near to weeping  
    That dawn should bid us rise and part;  
Never, alas, I saw you sleeping  
    With soft closed eyes and lips apart,

Breathing my name still through your dreaming.—  
    Ah! had you stayed, such things had been!  
But Fate, unheeding human scheming,  
    Serenely reckless came between—  
Fate with her cold eyes hard and gleaming  
    Unseared by all the sorrow seen.

Ah! well-beloved, I never told you,  
    I did not show in speech or song,

How at the end I longed to fold you  
Close in my arms; so fierce and strong  
The longing grew to have and hold you,  
You, and you only, all life long.

They who know nothing call me fickle,  
Keen to pursue and loth to keep.  
Ah, could they see these tears that trickle  
From eyes erstwhile too proud to weep.  
Could see me, prone, beneath the sickle,  
While pain and sorrow stand and reap!

Unopened scarce, yet overblown, lie  
The hopes that rose-like round me grew,  
The lights are low, and more than lonely  
This life I lead apart from you.  
Come back, come back! I want you only,  
And you who loved me never knew.

You loved me, pleaded for compassion  
On all the pain I would not share;  
And I in weary, halting fashion  
Was loth to listen, long to care;  
But now, dear God! I faint with passion  
For your far eyes and distant hair.

Yes, I am faint with love, and broken  
With sleepless nights and empty days;



I want your soft words fiercely spoken,  
Your tender looks and wayward ways—  
Want that strange smile that gave me token  
Of many things that no man says.

Cold was I, weary, slow to waken  
Till, startled by your ardent eyes,  
I felt the soul within me shaken  
And long-forgotten senses rise;  
But in that moment you were taken,  
And thus we lost our Paradise!

Farewell, we may not now recover  
That golden "Then" misspent, passed by,  
We shall not meet as loved and lover  
Here, or hereafter, you and I.  
My time for loving you is over,  
Love has no future, but to die.

And thus we part, with no believing  
In any chance of future years.  
We have no idle self-deceiving,  
No half-consoling hopes and fears;  
We know the Gods grant no retrieving  
A wasted chance. Fate knows no tears.

*Verses: Faiz Ulla*

JUST in the hush before dawn  
A little wistful wind is born.  
A little chilly errant breeze,  
That thrills the grasses, stirs the trees.  
And, as it wanders on its way,  
While yet the night is cool and dark,  
The first carol of the lark,—  
Its plaintive murmurs seem to say  
“I wait the sorrows of the day.”

## *Two Songs by Sitara, of Kashmir*

BELOVED! your hair was golden  
As tender tints of sunrise,  
As corn beside the River  
    In softly varying hues.  
I loved you for your slightness,  
Your melancholy sweetness,  
Your changeful eyes, that promised  
    What your lips would still refuse.

You came to me, and loved me,  
Were mine upon the River,  
The azure water saw us  
    And the blue transparent sky;  
The Lotus flowers knew it,  
Our happiness together,  
While life was only River,  
    Only love, and you and I.

Love wakened on the River,  
To sounds of running water,  
With silver Stars for witness  
    And reflected Stars for light;



Awakened to existence,  
With ripples for first music  
And sunlight on the River  
    For earliest sense of sight.

Love grew upon the River  
Among the scented flowers,  
The open rosy flowers  
    Of the Lotus buds in bloom—  
Love, brilliant as the Morning,  
More fervent than the Noon-day,  
And tender as the Twilight  
    In its blue transparent gloom.

Love died upon the River!  
Cold snow upon the mountains,  
The Lotus leaves turned yellow  
    And the water very grey.  
Our kisses faint and falter,  
The clinging hands unfasten,  
The golden time is over  
    And our passion dies away.

Away. To be forgotten,  
A ripple on the River,  
That flashes in the sunset,  
That flashed,—and died away.

## *Second Song: The Girl from Baltistan*

THROB, throb, throb,

Far away in the blue transparent Night,  
On the outer horizon of a dreaming consciousness,  
She hears the sound of her lover's nearing boat

Afar, afloat

On the river's loneliness, where the Stars are the only light;  
Hear the sound of the straining wood  
Like a broken sob  
Of a heart's distress,  
Loving misunderstood.

She lies, with her loose hair spent in soft disorder,  
On a silken sheet with a purple woven border,  
Every cell of her brain is latent fire,  
Every fibre tense with restrained desire.

And the straining oars sound clearer, clearer,  
The boat is approaching nearer, nearer;  
"How to wait through the moments' space  
Till I see the light of my lover's face?"

Throb, throb, throb,

The sound dies down the stream  
Till it only clings at the senses' edge

Like a half-remembered dream.  
Doubtless, he in the silence lies,  
His fair face turned to the tender skies,  
Starlight touching his sleeping eyes.  
While his boat caught in the thickset sedge  
And the waters round it gurgle and sob,  
Or floats set free on the river's tide,  
Oars laid aside.

She is awake and knows no rest,  
Passion dies and is dispossessed  
Of his brief, despotic power.  
But the Brain, once kindled, would still be afire  
Were the whole world pasture to its desire,  
And all of love, in a single hour,—  
A single wine cup, filled to the brim,  
Given to slake its thirst.

Some there are who are thus-wise cursed;  
Times that follow fulfilled desire  
Are of all their hours the worst.  
They find no Respite and reach no Rest,  
Though passion fail and desire grow dim,  
No assuagement comes from the thing possessed  
For possession feeds the fire.

"Oh, for the life of the bright-hued things  
Whose marriage and death are one,



A floating fusion on golden wings,  
Alit with passion and sun!

“But we who re-marry a thousand times,  
As the spirit or senses will,  
In a thousand ways, in a thousand climes,  
We remain unsatisfied still.”

As her lover left her, alone, awake she lies,  
With a sleepless brain and weary, half-closed eyes.  
She turns her face where the purple silk is spread,  
Still sweet with delicate perfume his presence shed.  
Her arms remembered his vanished beauty still,  
And, reminiscent of clustered curls, her fingers thrill.  
While the wonderful, Starlit Night wears slowly on  
Till the light of another day, serene and wan,  
Pierces the eastern skies.

## *Palm Trees by the Sea*

LOVE, let me thank you for this!  
Now we have drifted apart,  
Wandered away from the sea,—  
For the fresh touch of your kiss,  
For the young warmth of your heart,  
For your youth given to me.

Thanks: for the curls of your hair,  
Softer than silk to the hand,  
For the clear gaze of your eyes.  
For yourself: delicate, fair,  
Seen as you lay on the sand,  
Under the violet skies.

Thanks: for the words that you said,—  
Secretly, tenderly sweet,  
All through the tropical day,  
Till, when the sunset was red,  
I, who lay still at your feet,  
Felt my life ebbing away,

Weary and worn with desire,  
Only yourself could console.

Love let me thank you for this!  
For that fierce fervour and fire  
Burnt through my lips to my soul  
From the white heat of your kiss!

You were the essence of Spring,  
Wayward and bright as a flame:  
Though we have drifted apart,  
Still how the syllables sing  
Mixed in your musical name,  
Deep in the well of my heart!

Once in the lingering light,  
Thrown from the west on the Sea,  
Laid you your garments aside,  
Slender and goldenly bright,  
Glimmered your beauty, set free,  
Bright as a pearl in the tide.

Once, ere the thrill of the dawn  
Silvered the edge of the sea,  
I, who lay watching you rest,—  
Pale in the chill of the morn  
Found you still dreaming of me  
Stilled by love's fancies possessed.

Fallen on sorrowful days,  
Love, let me thank you for this,



You were so happy with me!  
    Wrapped in Youth's roseate haze,  
Wanting no more than my kiss  
    By the blue edge of the sea!

Ah, for those nights on the sand  
    Under the palms by the sea,  
For the strange dream of those days  
    Spent in the passionate land,  
For your youth given to me,  
    I am your debtor always!

## *Song by Gulbaz*

"Is it safe to lie so lonely when the summer twilight closes,  
No companion maidens, only you asleep among the roses?"

"Thirteen, fourteen years you number, and your hair is soft  
and scented,  
Perilous is such a slumber in the twilight all untented.

"Lonely loveliness means danger, lying in your rose-leaf  
nest,  
What if some young passing stranger broke into your care-  
less rest?"

But she would not heed the warning, lay alone serene and  
slight,  
Till the rosy spears of morning slew the darkness of the  
night.

Young love, walking softly, found her, in the scented, shady  
closes,  
Threw his ardent arms around her, kissed her lips beneath  
the roses.

And she said, with smiles and blushes, "Would that I had  
sooner known!  
Never now the morning thrushes wake and find me all  
alone.

"Since you said the rose-leaf cover sweet protection gave,  
but slight,  
I have found this dear young lover to protect me through  
the night!"



## *Kashmiri Song*

*P*ALE hands I loved beside the Shalimar,  
Where are you now? Who lies beneath your spell?  
Whom do you lead on Rapture's roadway, far,  
Before you agonise them in farewell?

Oh, pale dispensers of my Joys and Pains,  
Holding the doors of Heaven and of Hell,  
How the hot blood rushed wildly through the veins  
Beneath your touch, until you waved farewell.

Pale hands, pink tipped, like Lotus buds that float  
On those cool waters where we used to dwell,  
I would have rather felt you round my throat,  
Crushing out life, than waving me farewell!

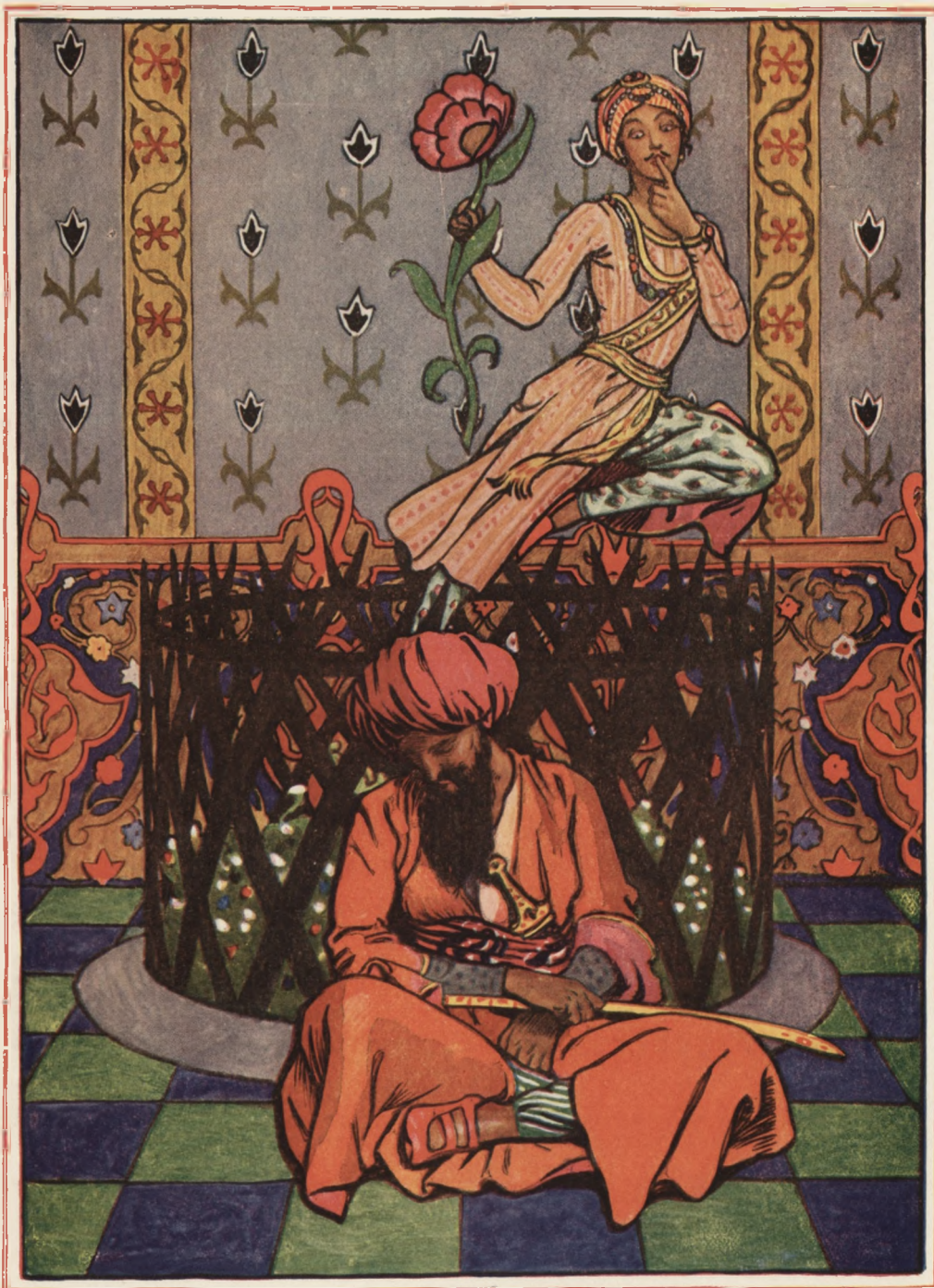
## *Reverie of Ormuz the Persian*

SOFTLY the feathery Palm-trees fade in the violet Distance,  
Faintly the lingering light touches the edge of the sea,  
Sadly the Music of Waves, drifts, faint as an Anthem's in-  
sistence,  
Heard in the aisles of a dream, over the sandhills, to me.

Now that the Lights are reversed, and the Singing changed  
into sighing,  
Now that the wings of our fierce, fugitive passion are  
furled,  
Take I unto myself, all alone in the light that is dying,  
Much of the sorrow that lies hid at the Heart of the World.

Sad am I, sad for your loss: for failing the charm of your  
presence,  
Even the sunshine has paled, leaving the Zenith less blue.  
Even the ocean lessens the light of its green opalescence,  
Since, to my sorrow I loved, loved and grew weary of, you.

Why was our passion so fleeting, why had the flush of your  
beauty  
Only so slender a spell, only so futile a power?



*Reverie of Ormuz the Persian*





Yet, even thus ever is life, save when long custom or duty  
Moulds into sober fruit Love's fragile and fugitive flower.

Fain would my soul have been faithful; never an alien  
pleasure  
Lured me away from the light lit in your luminous eyes,  
But we have altered the World as pitiful man has leisure  
To criticise, balance, take counsel, assuredly lies.

All through the centuries Man has gathered his flower, and  
fenced it,  
—Infinite strife to attain; infinite struggle to keep,—  
Holding his treasure awhile, all Fate and all forces against it,  
Knowing it his no more, if ever his vigilance sleep.

But we have altered the World as pitiful man has grown  
stronger,  
So that the things we love are as easily kept as won,  
Therefore the ancient fight can engage and detain us no  
longer,  
And all too swiftly, alas, passion is over and done.

Far too speedily now we can gather the coveted treasure,  
Enjoy it awhile, be satiated, begin to tire;  
And what shall be done henceforth with the profitless after-  
leisure,  
Who has the breath to kindle the ash of a faded fire?

Ah, if it only had lasted! After my ardent endeavour  
Came the delirious Joy, flooding my life like a sea,

Days of delight that are burnt on the brain for ever and  
ever,  
Days and nights when you loved, before you grew weary  
of me.

Softly the sunset decreases dim in the violet Distance,  
Even as Love's own fervour has faded away from me,  
Leaving the weariness, the monotonous Weight of Exist-  
ence,—  
All the farewells in the world weep in the sound of the sea.



## Sunstroke

Oh, straight, white road that runs to meet,  
    Across green fields, the blue green sea,  
You knew the little weary feet  
    Of my child bride that was to be!

Her people brought her from the shore  
    One golden day in sultry June,  
And I stood, waiting, at the door,  
    Praying my eyes might see her soon.

With eager arms, wide open thrown,  
    Now never to be satisfied!  
Ere I could make my love my own  
    She closed her amber eyes and died.

Alas! alas! they took no heed  
    How frail she was, my little one,  
But brought her here with cruel speed  
    Beneath the fierce, relentless sun.

We laid her on the marriage bed  
    The bridal flowers in her hand,

A maiden from the ocean led  
Only, alas! to die inland.

I walk alone; the air is sweet,  
The white road wanders to the sea,  
I dream of those two little feet  
That grew so tired in reaching me.

## *Adoration*

WHO does not feel desire unending  
To solace through his daily strife,  
With some mysterious Mental Blending,  
The hungry loneliness of life?

Until, by sudden passion shaken,  
As terriers shake a rat at play,  
He finds, all blindly, he has taken  
The old, Hereditary way.

Yet, in the moment of communion,  
The very heart of passion's fire,  
His spirit spurns the mortal union,  
"Not this, not this, the Soul's desire!"

. . . . .

Oh You, by whom my life is riven,  
And reft away from my control,  
Take back the hours of passion given!  
Love me one moment from your soul.

Although I once, in ardent fashion,  
Implored you long to give me this;



(In hopes to stem, or stifle, passion)  
Your hair to touch, your lips to kiss.

Now that your gracious self has granted  
The loveliness you hold as naught,  
I find, alas! not that I wanted—  
Possession has not stifled Thought.

Desire its aim has only shifted,—  
Built hopes upon another plan,  
And I in love for you have drifted  
Beyond all passion known to man.

Beyond all dreams of soft caresses  
The solacing of any kiss,—  
Beyond the fragrance of your tresses  
(Once I had sold my soul for this!)

But now I crave no mortal union  
(Thanks for that sweetness in the past) ;  
I need some subtle, strange communion,  
Some sense that *I* join *you* at last.

Long past the pulse and pain of passion,  
Long left the limits of all love,—  
I crave some nearer, fuller fashion,  
Some unknown way, beyond, above,—

Some infinitely inner fusion,  
As Wave with Water; Flame with Fire,—  
Let me dream once the dear delusion  
That I am You, oh, Heart's Desire!

Your kindness lent to my caresses  
That beauty you so lightly prize,—  
The midnight of your sable tresses,  
The twilight of your shadowed eyes.

Ah, for that gift all thanks are given!  
Yet, oh, adored, beyond control,  
Count all the passionate past forgiven  
And love me once, once, from your soul.

## Three Songs of Zahir-u-Din

THE tropic day's redundant charms  
Cool twilight soothes away,  
The sun slips down behind the palms  
And leaves the landscape grey.  
I want to take you in my arms  
And kiss your lips away!

I wake with sunshine in my eyes  
And find the morning blue,  
A night of dreams behind me lies  
And all were dreams of you!  
Ah, how I wish the while I rise,  
That what I dream were true.

The weary day's laborious pace,  
I hasten and beguile  
By fancies, which I backwards trace  
To things I loved erstwhile;  
The weary sweetness of your face,  
Your faint, illusive smile.

The silken softness of your hair  
Where faint bronze shadows are,



Your strangely slight and youthful air,  
No passions seem to mar,—  
Oh, why, since Fate has made you fair,  
Must Fortune keep you far?

Thus spent, the day so long and bright  
Less hot and brilliant seems,  
Till in a final flare of light  
The sun withdraws his beams.  
Then, in the coolness of the night,  
I meet you in my dreams!

## Second Song

How much I loved that way you had  
Of smiling most, when very sad,  
A smile which carried tender hints  
    Of delicate tints  
    And warbling birds,  
    Of sun and spring,  
And yet, more than all other thing,  
Of Weariness beyond all Words!

None other ever smiled that way,  
    None that I know,—  
The essence of all Gaiety lay,  
Of all mad mirth that men may know,  
In that sad smile, serene and slow,  
That on your lips was wont to play.

It needed many delicate lines  
And subtle curves and roseate tints  
To make that weary radiant smile;  
It flickered, as beneath the vines  
The sunshine through green shadow glints  
On the pale path that lies below,

Flickered and flashed, and died away,  
But the strange thoughts it woke meanwhile  
Were wont to stay.

Thoughts of Strange Things you used to know  
In dim, dead lives, lived long ago,  
Some madly mirthful Merriment  
Whose lingering light is yet unspent,—  
Some unimaginable Woe,—  
Your strange, sad smile forgets these not,  
Though you, yourself, long since, forgot!



### *Third Song, Written During Fever*

To-NIGHT the clouds hang very low,  
They take the Hill-tops to their breast,  
And lay their arms about the fields.  
The wind that fans me lying low,  
Restless with great desire for rest,  
No cooling touch of freshness yields.

I, sleepless through the stifling heat,  
Watch the pale Lightning's constant glow  
Between the wide set open doors.  
I lie and long amidst the heat,—  
The fever that my senses know,  
For that cool slenderness of yours.

So delicate and cool you are!  
A roseleaf that has lain in snow,  
A snowflake tinged with sunset fire.  
You do not know, so young you are,  
How Fever fans the senses' glow  
To uncontrollable desire!

And fills the spaces of the night  
With furious and frantic thought,

One would not dare to think by day.  
Ah, if you came to me to-night  
These visions would be turned to naught,  
These hateful dreams be held at bay!

But you are far, and Loneliness  
My only lover through the night;  
And not for any word or prayer  
Would you console my loneliness  
Or lend yourself, serene and slight,  
And the cool clusters of your hair.

All through the night I long for you,  
As shipwrecked men in tropics yearn  
For the fresh flow of streams and springs.  
My fevered fancies follow you  
As dying men in deserts turn  
Their thoughts to clear and chilly things.

Such dreams are mine, and such my thirst,  
Unceasing and unsatisfied,  
Until the night is burnt away  
Among these dreams and fevered thirst,  
And, through the open doorways, glide  
The white feet of the coming day.

## *The Regret of the Ranee in the Hall of Peacocks*

THIS man has taken my husband's life  
And laid my Brethren low,  
No sister indeed, were I, no wife,  
To pardon and let him go.

Yet why does he look so young and slim  
As he weak and wounded lies?  
How hard for me to be harsh to him  
With his soft, appealing eyes.

His hair is ruffled upon the stone  
And the slender wrists are bound,  
So young! and yet he has overthrown  
His scores on the battle ground.

Would I were only a slave to-day,  
To whom it were right and meet  
To wash the stains of the War away,  
The dust from the weary feet.





*The Regret of the Ranee in the Hall of Peacocks*





Were I but one of my serving girls  
To solace his pain to rest!  
Shake out the sand from the soft loose curls,  
And hold him against my breast!

Have we such beauty around our Throne?  
Such lithe and delicate strength?  
Would God that I were the senseless stone  
To support his slender length!

I hate those wounds that trouble my sight,  
Unknown! how I wish you lay,  
Alone in my silken tent to-night  
While I charmed the pain away.

I would lay you down on the Royal bed,  
I would bathe your wounds with wine,  
And setting your feet against my head  
Dream you were lover of mine.

My Crown is heavy upon my hair,  
The jewels weigh on my breast,  
All I would leave, with delight, to share  
Your pale and passionate rest!

But hands grow restless about their swords,  
Lips murmur below their breath,  
"The Queen is silent too long!" "My Lords,  
—Take him away to death!"



## Protest: By Zahir-u-Din

*A*LAS! alas! this wasted Night  
With all its Jasmin-scented air,  
Its thousand stars, serenely bright!  
I lie alone, and long for you,  
Long for your Champa-scented hair,  
Your tranquil eyes of twilight hue;

Long for the close-curved, delicate lips  
—Their sinuous sweetness laid on mine—  
Here, where the slender fountain drips,  
Here, where the yellow roses glow,  
Pale in the tender silver shine  
The stars across the garden throw.

Alas! alas! poor passionate Youth!  
Why must we spend these lonely nights?  
The poets hardly speak the truth,—  
Despite their praiseful litany,  
His season is not all delights  
Nor every night an ecstasy!

The very power and passion that make—  
*Might* make—his days one golden dream,

How he must suffer for their sake!  
Till, in their fierce and futile rage,  
The baffled senses almost deem  
They might be happier in old age.

Age that can find red roses sweet,  
And yet not crave a rose-red mouth;  
Hear Bulbuls, with no wish that feet  
Of sweeter singers went his way;  
Inhale warm breezes from the South,  
Yet never feel his fancy stray.

From some near Village I can hear  
The cadenced throbbing of a drum,  
Now softly distant, now more near;  
And in an almost human fashion,  
It, plaintive, wistful, seems to come  
Laden with sighs of fitful passion,

To mock me, lying here alone  
Among the thousand useless flowers  
Upon the fountain's border-stone—  
Cold stone, that chills me as I lie  
Counting the slowly passing hours  
By the white spangles in the sky.

Some feast the Tom-toms celebrate,  
Where, close together, side by side,

Gay in their gauze and tinsel state  
With lips serene and downcast eyes,  
Sit the young bridegroom and his bride,  
While round them songs and laughter rise.

They are together; why are we  
So hopelessly, so far apart?  
Oh, I implore you, come to me!  
Come to me, Solace of mine eyes!  
Come, Consolation of my heart!  
Light of my senses! What replies?

A little, languid, mocking breeze  
That rustles through the Jasmin flowers  
And stirs among the Tamarind trees;  
A little gurgle of the spray  
That drips, unheard, through silent hours,  
Then breaks in sudden bubbling play.

Wind, have you never loved a rose?  
And water, seek you not the Sea?  
Why, therefore, mock at my repose?  
Is it my fault I am alone  
Beneath the feathery Tamarind tree  
Whose shadows over me are thrown?

Nay, I am mad indeed, with thirst  
For all to me this night denied



And drunk with longing, and accurst  
Beyond all chance of sleep or rest,  
With love, unslaked, unsatisfied,  
And dreams of beauty unpossessed.

Hating the hour that brings you not,  
Mad at the space betwixt us twain,  
Sad for my empty arms, so hot  
And fevered, even the chilly stone  
Can scarcely cool their burning pain,—  
And oh, this sense of being alone!

Take hence, O Night, your wasted hours,  
You bring me not my Life's Delight,  
My Star of Stars, my Flower of Flowers!  
You leave me loveless and forlorn,  
Pass on, most false and futile night,  
Pass on, and perish in the Dawn!

## *Famine Song*

DEATH and Famine on every side  
And never a sign of rain,  
The bones of those who have starved and died  
Unburied upon the plain.  
What care have I that the bones bleach white?  
To-morrow they may be mine,  
But I shall sleep in your arms to-night  
And drink your lips like wine!

Cholera, Riot, and Sudden Death,  
And the brave red blood set free,  
The glazing eye and the failing breath,—  
But what are these things to me?  
Your breath is quick and your eyes are bright  
And your blood is red like wine,  
And I shall sleep in your arms to-night  
And hold your lips with mine!

I hear the sound of a thousand tears,  
Like softly pattering rain,  
I see the fever, folly, and fears  
Fulfilling man's tale of pain.

But for the moment your star is bright,  
    I revel beneath its shine,  
For I shall sleep in your arms to-night  
    And feel your lips on mine!

And you need not deem me over cold,  
    That I do not stop to think  
For all the pleasure this Life may hold  
    Is on the Precipice brink.  
Thought could but lessen my soul's delight,  
    And to-day she may not pine.  
For I shall lie in your arms to-night  
    And close your lips with mine!

I trust what sorrow the Fates may send  
    I may carry quietly through,  
And pray for grace when I reach the end,  
    To die as a man should do.  
To-day, at least, must be clear and bright,  
    Without a sorrowful sign,  
Because I sleep in your arms to-night  
    And feel your lips on mine!

So on I work, in the blazing sun,  
    To bury what dead we may,  
But glad, oh, glad, when the day is done  
    And the night falls round us grey.



Would those we covered away from sight  
Had a rest as sweet as mine!  
For I shall sleep in your arms to-night  
And drink your lips like wine!

## *The Window Overlooking the Harbour*

SAD is the Evening: all the level sand  
Lies left and lonely, while the restless sea,  
Tired of the green caresses of the land,  
Withdraws into its own infinity.

But still more sad this white and chilly Dawn  
Filling the vacant spaces of the sky,  
While little winds blow here and there forlorn  
And all the stars, weary of shining, die.

And more than desolate, to wake, to rise,  
Leaving the couch, where softly sleeping still,  
What through the past night made my heaven, lies;  
And looking out across the window sill

See, from the upper window's vantage ground,  
Mankind slip into harness once again,  
And wearily resume his daily round  
Of love and labour, toil and strife and pain.

How the sad thoughts slip back across the night:  
The whole thing seems so aimless and so vain.

What use the raptures, passion and delight,  
Burnt out; as though they could not wake again.

The worn-out nerves and weary brain repeat  
The question: whither all these passions tend;—  
This curious thirst, so painful and so sweet,  
So fierce, so very short-lived, to what end?

Even, if seeking for ourselves, the Race,  
The only immortality we know,—  
Even if from the flower of our embrace  
Some spark should kindle, or some fruit should grow,

What were the use? the gain, to us or it,  
That we should cause another You or Me,—  
Another life, from our light passion lit,  
To suffer like ourselves awhile and die.

What aim, what end indeed? Our being runs  
In a closed circle. All we know or see  
Tends to assure us that a thousand Suns,  
Teeming perchance with life, have ceased to be.

Ah, the grey Dawn seems more than desolate,  
And the past night of passion worse than waste,  
Love but a useless flower, that soon or late,  
Turns to a fruit with bitter aftertaste.



Youth, even Youth, seems futile and forlorn  
While the new day grows slowly white above.  
Pale and reproachful comes the chilly Dawn  
After the fervour of a night of love.

## Back to the Border

THE tremulous morning is breaking  
Against the white waste of the sky,  
And hundreds of birds are awaking  
In tamarisk bushes hard by.  
I, waiting alone in the station,  
Can hear in the distance, grey-blue,  
The sound of that iron desolation,  
The train that will bear me from you.

'T will carry me under your casement,  
You'll feel in your dreams as you lie  
The quiver, from gable to basement,  
The rush of my train sweeping by.  
And I shall look out as I pass it,—  
Your dear, unforgettable door,  
'T was *ours* till last night, but alas! it  
Will never be mine any more.

Through twilight blue-grey and uncertain,  
Where frost leaves the window-pane free,  
I'll look at the tinsel-edged curtain  
That hid so much pleasure for me.

I go to my long undone duty  
Alone in the chill and the gloom,  
My eyes are still full of the beauty  
I leave in your rose-scented room.

Lie still in your dreams; for your tresses  
Are free of my lingering kiss.  
I keep you awake with caresses  
No longer; be happy in this!  
From passion you told me you hated  
You're now and for ever set free,  
I pass in my train, sorrow-weighted,  
Your house that was Heaven to me.

You won't find a trace, when you waken,  
Of me or my love of the past,  
Rise up and rejoice! I have taken  
My longed-for departure at last.  
My fervent and useless persistence  
You never need suffer again,  
Nor even perceive in the distance  
The smoke of my vanishing train!



## Reverie: Zahir-u-Din

ALONE, I wait, till her twilight gate  
The Night slips quietly through,  
With shadow and gloom, and purple bloom,  
Flung over the Zenith blue.

Her stars that tremble, would fain dissemble  
Light over lovers thrown,—  
Her hush and mystery know no history  
Such as day may own.  
Day has record of pleasure and pain,  
But things that are done by Night remain  
For ever and ever unknown.

For a thousand years, 'neath a thousand skies,  
Night has brought men love;  
Therefore the old, old longings rise  
As the light grows dim above.

Therefore, now that the shadows close,  
And the mists weird and white,  
While Time is scented with musk and rose;  
Magic with silver light.

I long for love; will you grant me some?  
Day is over at last.  
Come! as lovers have always come,  
Through the evenings of the Past.  
Swiftly, as lovers have always come,  
Softly, as lovers have always come  
Through the long-forgotten Past.

## Sea Song

AGAINST the planks of the cabin side,  
    (So slight a thing between them and me,)  
The great waves thundered and throbbed and sighed,  
    The great green waves of the Indian sea!

Your face was white as the foam is white,  
    Your hair was curled as the waves are curled,  
I would we had steamed and reached that night  
    The sea's last edge, the end of the world.

The wind blew in through the open port,  
    So freshly joyous and salt and free,  
Your hair it lifted, your lips it sought,  
    And then swept back to the open sea.

The engines throbbed with their constant beat;  
    Your heart was nearer, and all I heard;  
Your lips were salt, but I found them sweet,  
    While, acquiescent, you spoke no word.

So straight you lay in your narrow berth,  
    Rocked by the waves; and you seemed to be



Essence of all that is sweet on earth,  
Of all that is sad and strange at sea.

And you were white as the foam is white,  
Your hair was curled as the waves are curled.  
Ah! had we but sailed and reached that night,  
The sea's last edge, the end of the world!

## *To the Hills!*

'T is eight miles out and eight miles in,  
Just at the break of morn.  
'T is ice without and flame within,  
To gain a kiss at dawn!

Far, where the Lilac Hills arise  
Soft from the misty plain,  
A lone enchanted hollow lies  
Where I at last drew rein.

Midwinter grips this lonely land,  
This stony, treeless waste,  
Where East, due East, across the sand,  
We fly in fevered haste.

Pull up! the East will soon be red,  
The wild duck westward fly,  
And make above my anxious head,  
Triangles in the sky.

Like wind we go; we both are still  
So young; all thanks to Fate!

(It cuts like knives, this air so chill,)  
Dear God! if I am late!

Behind us, wrapped in mist and sleep  
The Ruined City lies,  
(Although we race, we seem to creep!)  
While lighter grow the skies.

Eight miles out only, eight miles in,  
Good going all the way;  
But more and more the clouds begin  
To redden into day.

And every snow-tipped peak grows pink,  
An iridescent gem!  
My heart beats quick, with joy, to think  
How I am nearing them!

As mile on mile behind us falls,  
Till, oh, delight! I see  
My Heart's Desire, who softly calls  
Across the gloom to me.

The utter joy of that First Love  
No later love has given,  
When, while the skies grew light above,  
We entered into Heaven.



## *Till I Wake*

*W*<sub>HEN</sub> I am dying, lean over me tenderly, softly,  
Stoop, as the yellow roses droop in the wind from the  
South.  
So I may, when I wake, if there be an Awakening,  
Keep, what lulled me to sleep, the touch of your lips on  
my mouth.

## *His Rubies: Told by Valgovind*

*A*LONG the hot and endless road,  
Calm and erect, with haggard eyes,  
The prisoner bore his fetters' load  
Beneath the scorching, azure skies.

Serene and tall, with brows unbent,  
Without a hope, without a friend,  
He, under escort, onward went,  
With death to meet him at the end.

The Poppy fields were pink and gay  
On either side, and in the heat  
Their drowsy scent exhaled all day  
A dream-like fragrance almost sweet.

And when the cool of evening fell  
And tender colours touched the sky,  
He still felt youth within him dwell  
And half forgot he had to die.

Sometimes at night, the Camp-fires lit  
And casting fitful light around,

His guard would, friend-like, let him sit  
And talk awhile with them, unbound.

Thus they, the night before the last,  
Were resting, when a group of girls  
Across the small encampment passed,  
With laughing lips and scented curls.

Then in the Prisoner's weary eyes  
A sudden light lit up once more,  
The women saw him with surprise,  
And pity for the chains he bore.

For little women reck of Crime  
If young and fair the criminal be  
Here in this tropic, amorous clime  
Where love is still untamed and free.

And one there was, she walked less fast,  
Behind the rest, perhaps beguiled  
By his lithe form, who, as she passed,  
Waited a little while, and smiled.

The guard, in kindly Eastern fashion,  
Smiled to themselves, and let her stay.  
So tolerant of human passion,  
"To love he has but one more day."



Yet when (the soft and scented gloom  
Scarce lighted by the dying fire)  
His arms caressed her youth and bloom,  
With him it was not all desire.

"For me," he whispered, as he lay,  
"But little life remains to live.  
One thing I crave to take away:  
You have the gift; but will you give?

"If I could know some child of mine  
Would live his life, and see the sun  
Across these fields of poppies shine,  
What should I care that mine is done?

"To die would not be dying quite,  
Leaving a little life behind,  
You, were you kind to me to-night,  
Could grant me this; but—are you kind?

"See, I have something here for you  
For you and It, if It there be."  
Soft in the gloom her glances grew,  
With gentle tears he could not see.

He took the chain from off his neck,  
Hid in the silver chain there lay

Three rubies, without flaw or fleck.  
She answered softly, "I will stay."

He drew her close; the moonless skies  
Shed little light; the fire was dead.  
Soft pity filled her youthful eyes,  
And many tender things she said.

Throughout the hot and silent night  
All that he asked of her she gave.  
And, left alone ere morning light,  
He went serenely to the grave,

Happy; for even when the rope  
Confined his neck, his thoughts were free,  
And centered round his Secret Hope,  
The little life that was to be.

When Poppies bloomed again, she bore  
His child who gaily laughed and crowed,  
While round his tiny neck he wore  
The rubies given on the road.

For his small sake she wished to wait,  
But vainly to forget she tried,  
And grieving for the Prisoner's fate,  
She broke her gentle heart and died.

## *Song of Taj Mahomed*

DEAR is my inlaid sword; across the Border  
It brought me much reward; dear is my Mistress,  
The jewelled treasure of an amorous hour.  
Dear beyond measure are my dreams and Fancies.

These I adore; for these I live and labour,  
Holding them more than sword or jewelled Mistress,  
For this indeed may rust, and that prove faithless,  
But, till my limbs are dust, I have my Fancies.



*The Garden of Kama:  
Kama the Indian Eros*

THE daylight is dying,  
The Flying fox flying,  
    Amber and amethyst burn in the sky.  
See, the sun throws a late,  
Lingering, roseate  
    Kiss to the landscape to bid it good-bye.

The time of our Trysting!  
Oh, come, unresisting,  
    Lovely, expectant, on tentative feet.  
Shadow shall cover us,  
Roses bend over us,  
    Making a bride chamber, sacred and sweet.

We know not life's reason,  
The length of its season,  
    Know not if they know, the great Ones above.  
We none of us sought it,  
And few could support it,  
    Were it not gilt with the glamour of love.

But much is forgiven  
To Gods who have given,  
    If but for an hour, the Rapture of Youth.  
You do not yet know it,  
But Kama shall show it,  
    Changing your dreams to his Exquisite Truth.

The Fireflies shall light you,  
And naught shall affright you,  
    Nothing shall trouble the Flight of the Hours.  
Come, for I wait for you,  
Night is too late for you,  
    Come, while the twilight is closing the flowers.

Every breeze still is,  
And, scented with lilies,  
    Cooled by the twilight, refreshed by the dew,  
The garden lies breathless,  
Where Kama, the Deathless,  
    In the hushed starlight, is waiting for you.

## *Camp Follower's Song, Gomal River*

*W*E have left Gul Kach behind us,  
Are marching on Apozai,—  
Where pleasure and rest are waiting  
To welcome us by and by.

We're falling back from the Gomal,  
Across the Gir-dao plain,  
The camping ground is deserted,  
We'll never come back again.

Along the rocks and the defiles,  
The mules and the camels wind.  
Good-bye to Rahimut-Ullah,  
The man who is left behind.

For some we lost in the skirmish,  
And some were killed in the fight,  
But he was captured by fever,  
In the sentry pit, at night.



A rifle shot had been swifter,  
    Less trouble a sabre thrust,  
But his Fate decided fever,  
    And each man dies as he must.

Behind us, red in the distance,  
    The wavering flames rise high,  
The flames of our burning grass-huts,  
    Against the black of the sky.

We hear the sound of the river,  
    An ever-lessening moan,  
The hearts of us all turn backwards  
    To where he is left alone.

We sing up a little louder,  
    We know that we feel bereft,  
We're leaving the camp together,  
    And only one of us left.

The only one, out of many,  
    And each must come to his end,  
I wish I could stop this singing,  
    He happened to be my friend.

We're falling back from the Gomal  
    We're marching on Apozai,

And pleasure and rest are waiting  
To welcome us by and by.

Perhaps the feast will taste bitter,  
The lips of the girls less kind,—  
Because of Rahimut-Ullah,  
The man who is left behind!

*Song of the Colours:*  
*by Taj Mahomed*

*Rose-colour*

ROSE PINK am I, the colour gleams and glows  
In many a flower; her lips, those tender doors  
By which, in time of love, love's essence flows  
From him to her, are dyed in delicate Rose.  
Mine is the earliest Ruby light that pours  
Out of the East, when day's white gates unclose.

On downy peach, and maiden's downier cheek  
I, in a flush of radiant bloom, alight,  
Clinging, at sunset, to the shimmering peak  
I veil its snow in floods of Roseate light.

*Azure*

MINE is the heavenly hue of Azure skies,  
Where the white clouds lie soft as seraphs' wings,  
Mine the sweet, shadowed light in innocent eyes,  
Whose lovely looks light only on lovely things.

Mine the Blue Distance, delicate and clear,  
Mine the Blue Glory of the morning sea,



All that the soul so longs for, finds not here,  
Fond eyes deceive themselves, and find in me.

*Scarlet*

HAIL! to the Royal Red of living Blood,  
Let loose by steel in spirit-freeing flood,  
Forced from faint forms, by toil or torture torn  
Staining the patient gates of life new born.

Colour of War and Rage, of Pomp and Show,  
Banners that flash, red flags that flaunt and glow,  
Colour of Carnage, Glory, also Shame,  
Raiment of women women may not name.

I hide in mines, where unborn Rubies dwell,  
Flicker and flare in fitful fire in Hell,  
The outpressed life-blood of the grape is mine,  
Hail! to the Royal Purple Red of Wine.

Strong am I, over strong, to eyes that tire,  
In the hot hue of Rapine, Riot, Flame.  
Death and Despair are black, War and Desire,  
The two red cards in Life's unequal game.

*Green*

I AM the Life of Forests, and Wandering Streams,  
Green as the feathery reeds the Florican love,  
Young as a maiden, who of her marriage dreams,  
Still sweetly inexperienced in ways of Love.

Colour of Youth and Hope, some waves are mine,  
Some emerald reaches of the evening sky.  
See, in the Spring, my sweet green Promise shine,  
Never to be fulfilled, of by and by.

Never to be fulfilled; leaves bud, and ever  
Something is wanting, something falls behind;  
The flowered Solstice comes indeed, but never  
That light and lovely summer men divined.

*Violet*

I WERE the colour of Things, (if hue they had)  
That are hard to name.  
Of curious, twisted thoughts that men call "mad"  
Or oftener "shame."  
Of that delicate vice, that is hardly vice,  
So reticent, rare,  
Ethereal, as the scent of buds and spice,  
In this Eastern air.

On palm-fringed shores I colour the Cowrie shell,  
With its edges curled;  
And, deep in Datura poison buds, I dwell  
In a perfumed world.  
My lilac tinges the edge of the evening sky  
Where the sunset clings.  
My purple lends an Imperial Majesty  
To the robes of kings.

*Yellow*

GOLD am I, and for me, ever men curse and pray,  
Selling their souls and each other, by night and day.  
A sordid colour, and yet, I make some things fair,  
Dying sunsets, fields of corn, and a maiden's hair.

Thus they discoursed in the daytime,—Violet, Yellow, and  
Blue,  
Emerald, Scarlet, and Rose-colour, the pink and perfect  
hue.

Thus they spoke in the sunshine, when their beauty was  
manifest,  
Till the Night came, and the Silence, and gave them an  
equal rest.

## *Lalila, to the Ferengi Lover*

WHY above others was I so blessed  
And honoured? to be chosen one  
To hold you, sleeping, against my breast,  
As now I may hold your only son.

Twelve months ago; that wonderful night!  
You gave your life to me in a kiss;  
Have I done well, for that past delight,  
In return, to have given you this?

Look down at his face, your face, beloved,  
His eyes are azure as yours are blue.  
In every line of his form is proved  
How well I loved you, and only you.

I felt the secret hope at my heart  
Turned suddenly to the living joy,  
And knew that your life and mine had part  
As golden grains in a brass alloy.

And learning thus, that your child was mine,  
Thrilled by the sense of its stirring life,



I held myself as a sacred shrine  
Afar from pleasure, and pain, and strife,

That all unworthy I might not be  
Of that you had deigned to cause to dwell  
Hidden away in the heart of me,  
As white pearls hide in a dusky shell.

Do you remember, when first you laid  
Your lips on mine, that enchanted night?  
My eyes were timid, my lips afraid,  
You seemed so slender and strangely white.

I always tremble; the moments flew  
Swiftly to dawn that took you away,  
But this is a small and lovely you  
Content to rest in my arms all day.

Oh, since you have sought me, Lord, for this,  
And given your only child to me,  
My life devoted to yours and his,  
Whilst I am living, will always be.

And after death, through the long To Be,  
(Which, I think, must surely keep love's laws,)  
I, should you chance to have need of me,  
Am ever and always, only yours.

## *On the City Wall*

UPON the City Ramparts, lit up by sunset gleam,  
The Blue eyes that conquer, meet the Darker eyes that  
dream.

The Dark eyes, so Eastern, and the Blue eyes from the West,  
The last alight with action, the first so full of rest.

Brown, that seem to hold the Past; its magic mystery,  
Blue, that catch the early light, of ages yet to be.

Meet and fall and meet again, then linger, look, and smile,  
Time and distance all forgotten, for a little while.

Happy on the city wall, in the warm spring weather,  
All the force of Nature's laws, drawing them together.

East and West so gaily blending, for a little space,  
All the sunshine seems to centre, round th' Enchanted place!

One rides down the dusty road, one watches from the wall,  
Azure eyes would fain return, and Amber eyes recall;

Would fain be on the ramparts, and resting heart to heart,  
But time o' love is overpast, East and West must part.

Blue eyes so clear and brilliant! Brown eyes so dark and deep!  
Those are dim, and ride away, these cry themselves to sleep.

*"Oh, since Love is all so short, the sob so near the smile,  
Blue eyes that always conquer us, is it worth your while?"*

## *"Love Lightly"*

*T*HERE were Roses in the hedges, and Sunshine in the sky,  
Red Lilies in the sedges, where the water rippled by,  
A thousand Bulbuls singing, oh, how jubilant they were,  
And a thousand flowers flinging their sweetness on the air.

But you, who sat beside me, had a shadow in your eyes,  
Their sadness seemed to chide me, when I gave you scant re-  
plies;  
You asked "Did I remember?" and "When had I ceased to  
care?"  
In vain you fanned the ember, for the love flame was not  
there.

"And so, since you are tired of me, you ask me to forget,  
What is the use of caring, now that you no longer care?  
When Love is dead his Memory can only bring regret,  
But how can I forget you with the flowers in your hair?"

What use the scented Roses, or the azure of the sky?  
They are sweet when Love reposes, but then he had to die.  
What could I do in leaving you, but ask you to forget,—  
I suffered, too, in grieving you; I all but loved you yet.



But half love is a treason, that no lover can forgive,  
I had loved you for a season, I had no more to give.  
You saw my passion faltered, for I could but let you see,  
And it was not I that altered, but Fate that altered me.

And so, since I am tired of love, I ask you to forget,  
What is the use you caring, now that I no longer care?  
When Love is dead, his Memory can only bring regret;  
Forget me, oh, forget me, and my flower-scented hair!

## *No Rival Like the Past*

*A*s those who eat a Luscious Fruit, sunbaked,  
Full of sweet juice, with zest, until they find  
It finished, and their appetite unslaked,  
And so return and eat the pared-off rind;—

We, who in Youth, set white and careless teeth  
In the Ripe Fruits of Pleasure while they last,  
Later, creep back to gnaw the cast-off sheath,  
And find there is no Rival like the Past.

## *Verse by Taj Mahomed*

*W*HEN first I loved, I gave my very soul  
Utterly unreserved to Love's control,  
But Love deceived me, wrenched my youth away  
And made the gold of life for ever grey.  
Long I lived lonely, yet I tried in vain  
With any other Joy to stifle pain;  
There *is* no other joy, I learned to know,  
And so returned to Love, as long ago.  
Yet I, this little while ere I go hence,  
Love very lightly now, in self-defence.

*Lines by Taj Mahomed*

THIS passion is but an ember  
Of a Sun, of a Fire, long set;  
I could not live and remember,  
And so I love and forget.

You say, and the tone is fretful,  
That my mourning days were few,  
You call me over-forgetful—  
My God, if you only knew!



## *There Is No Breeze to Cool the Heat of Love*

*T*HE listless Palm-trees catch the breeze above  
The pile-built huts that edge the salt Lagoon,  
There is no Breeze to cool the heat of love,  
No wind from land or sea, at night or noon.

Perfumed and robed I wait, my Lord, for you,  
And my heart waits alert, with strained delight,  
My flowers are loath to close, as though they knew  
That you will come to me before the night.

In the Verandah all the lights are lit,  
And softly veiled in rose to please your eyes,  
Between the pillars flying foxes flit,  
Their wings transparent on the lilac skies.

Come soon, my Lord, come soon, I almost fear  
My heart may fail me in this keen suspense,  
Break with delight, at last, to know you near.  
Pleasure is one with Pain, if too intense.

I envy these: the steps that you will tread,  
The jasmin that will touch you by its leaves,  
When, in your slender height, you stoop your head  
At the low door beneath the palm-thatched eaves.

For though you utterly belong to me,  
And love has done his utmost 'twixt us twain,  
Your slightest, careless touch yet seems to be  
That keen delight so much akin to pain.

The night breeze blows across the still Lagoon,  
And stirs the Palm-trees till they wave above  
Our pile-built huts; oh, come, my Lord, come soon,  
There is no Breeze to cool the heat of love.

Every time you give yourself to me,  
The gift seems greater, and yourself more fair,  
This slight-built, palm-thatched hut has come to be  
A temple, since, my Lord, you visit there.

And as the water, gurgling softly, goes  
Among the piles beneath the slender floor,  
I hear it murmur, as it seaward flows,  
Of the great Wonder seen upon the shore.

The Miracle, that you should come to me,  
Whom the whole world, seeing, can but desire,  
It is as though some White Star stooped to be  
The messmate of our little cooking fire.

Leaving the Glory of his Purple Skies,  
And the White Friendship of the Crescent Moon,  
And yet;—I look into your brilliant eyes,  
And find content; oh, come, my Lord, some soon.

Perfumed and robed I wait for you, I wait,  
The flowers that please you wreathed about my hair,  
And this poor face set forth in jewelled state,  
So more than proud since you have found it fair.

My lute is ready, and the fragrant drink  
Your lips may honour, how it will rejoice  
Losing its life in yours! The lute I think  
But wastes the time when I might hear your voice.

But you desired it, therefore I obey.  
Your slightest, as your utmost, wish or will,  
Whether it please you to caress or slay,  
It would please me to give obedience still.

I would delight to die beneath your kiss;  
I envy that young maiden who was slain,  
So her warm blood, flowing beneath the kiss,  
Might ease the wounded Sultan of his pain—

If she loved him as I love you, my Lord.  
There is no pleasure on the earth so sweet  
As is the pain endured for one adored;  
If I lay crushed beneath your slender feet

I should be happy! Ah, come soon, come soon,  
See how the stars grow large and white above,  
The land breeze blows across the salt Lagoon,  
There is no Breeze to cool the heat of love.



## Malay Song

THE Stars await, serene and white,  
The unarisen moon;  
Oh, come and stay with me to-night,  
Beside the salt Lagoon!

My hut is small, but as you lie,  
You see the lighted shore,  
And hear the rippling water sigh  
Beneath the pile-raised floor.

No gift have I of jewels or flowers,  
My room is poor and bare:  
But all the silver sea is ours,  
And all the scented air

Blown from the mainland, where there grows  
Th' "Intriguer of the Night,"  
The flower that you have named Tube-rose,  
Sweet scented, slim, and white.

The flower that, when the air is still  
And no land breezes blow,

From its pale petals can distil  
A phosphorescent glow.

I see your ship at anchor ride;  
Her "captive lightning" shine.  
Before she takes to-morrow's tide,  
Let this one night be mine!

Though in the language of your land  
My words are poor and few,  
Oh, read my eyes, and understand,  
I give my youth to you!

## *The Temple Dancing Girl*

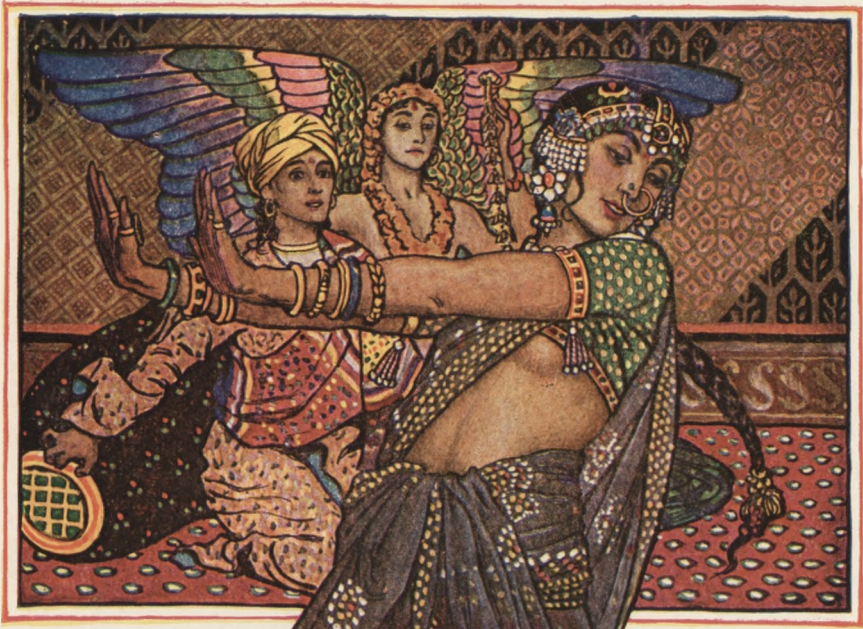
You will be mine; those lightly dancing feet,  
Falling as softly on the careless street  
As the wind-loosened petals of a flower,  
Will bring you here, at the Appointed Hour.

And all the Temple's little links and laws  
Will not for long protect your loveliness.  
I have a stronger force to aid my cause,  
Nature's great Law, to love and to possess!

Throughout those sleepless watches, when I lay  
Wakeful, desiring what I might not see,  
I knew (it helped those hours, from dusk to day),  
In this one thing, Fate would be kind to me.

You will consent, through all my veins like wine  
This prescience flows; your lips meet mine above,  
Your clear soft eyes look upward into mine  
Dim in a silent ecstasy of love.

The clustered softness of your waving hair,  
That curious paleness which enchants me so,



*The Temple Dancing Girl*





And all your delicate strength and youthful air,  
Destiny will compel you to bestow!

Refuse, withdraw, and hesitate awhile,  
Your young reluctance does but fan the flame;  
My partner, Love, waits, with a tender smile,  
Who play against him play a losing game.

I, strong in nothing else, have strength in this,  
The subtlest, most resistless, force we know  
Is aiding me; and you must stoop and kiss:  
The genius of the race will have it so!

Yet, make it not too long, nor too intense  
My thirst; lest I should break beneath the strain,  
And the worn nerves, and over-wearied sense,  
Enjoy not what they spent themselves to gain.

Lest, in the hour when you consent to share  
That human passion Beauty makes divine,  
I, over worn, should find you over fair,  
Lest I should die before I make you mine.

You will consent, those slim, reluctant feet,  
Falling as lightly on the careless street  
As the white petals of a wind-worn flower,  
Will bring you here, at the Appointed Hour.

## *Hira-Singh's Farewell to Burmah*

ON the wooden deck of the wooden Junk, silent, alone, we  
lie,  
With silver foam about the bow, and a silver moon in the  
sky:  
A glimmer of dimmer silver here, from the anklets round  
your feet,  
Our lips may close on each other's lips, but never our souls  
may meet.

For though in my arms you lie at rest, your name I have  
never heard,  
To carry a thought between us two, we have not a single  
word.  
And yet what matter we do not speak, when the ardent  
eyes have spoken,  
The way of love is a sweeter way, when the silence is un-  
broken.

As a wayward Fancy, tired at times, of the cultured Damask  
Rose,  
Drifts away to the tangled copse, where the wild Anemone  
grows;

So the ordered and licit love ashore, is hardly fresh and free  
As this light love in the open wind and salt of the outer sea.

So sweet you are, with your tinted cheeks and your small  
caressive hands,  
What if I carried you home with me, where our Golden  
Temple stands?  
Yet, this were folly indeed; to bind, in fetters of per-  
manence,  
A passing dream whose enchantment charms because of  
its transience.

Life is ever a slave to Time; we have but an hour to rest,  
Her steam is up and her lighters leave, the vessel that takes  
me west;  
And never again we two shall meet, as we chance to meet  
to-night,  
On the Junk, whose painted eyes gaze forth, in desolate want  
of sight.

And what is love at its best, but this? Conceived by a passing  
glance,  
Nursed and reared in a transient mood, on a drifting Sea  
of Chance.  
For rudderless craft are all our loves, among the rocks and  
the shoals,  
Well we may know one another's speech, but never each  
other's souls.



Give here your lips and kiss me again, we have but a moment  
more,  
Before we set the sail to the mast, before we loosen the oar.  
Good-bye to you, and my thanks to you, for the rest you  
let me share,  
While this night drifted away to the Past, to join the Nights  
that Were.

## Starlight

O BEAUTIFUL Stars, when you see me go  
Hither and thither, in search of love,  
Do you think me faithless, who gleam and glow  
Serene and fixed in the blue above?  
O Stars, so golden, it is not so.

But there is a garden I dare not see,  
There is a place where I fear to go,  
Since the charm and glory of life to me  
The brown earth covered there, long ago.  
O Stars, you saw it, you know, you know.

Hither and thither I wandering go,  
With aimless haste and wearying fret;  
In a search for pleasure and love? Not so,  
Seeking desperately to forget.  
You see so many, O Stars, you know.

## Sampan Song

*A* LITTLE breeze blew over the sea,  
And it came from far away,  
Across the fields of millet and rice,  
All warm with sunshine and sweet with spice,  
It lifted his curls and kissed him thrice,  
As upon the deck he lay.

It said, "Oh, idle upon the sea,  
Awake and with sleep have done,  
Haul up the widest sail of the prow,  
And come with me to the rice fields now,  
She longs, oh, how can I tell you how,  
To show you your first-born son!"

## Song of the Devoted Slave

THERE is one God: Mahomed his Prophet. Had I his power  
I would take the topmost peaks of the snow-clad Himalayas,  
And would range them around your dwelling, during the  
heats of summer,  
To cool the airs that fan your serene and delicate presence,  
Had I the power.

Your courtyard should ever be filled with the fleetest of  
camels  
Laden with inlaid armour, jewels and trappings for horses,  
Ripe dates from Egypt, and spices and musk from Arabia.  
And the sacred waters of Zem-Zem well, transported  
thither,  
Should bubble and flow in your chamber, to bathe the  
delicate  
Slender and wayworn feet of my Lord, returning from  
travel,  
Had I the power.

Fine woven silk, from the further East, should conceal your beauty,  
Clinging around you in amorous folds; caressive, silken,







*Song of the Devoted Slave*



## *The Singer*

**T**HE singer only sang the Joy of Life,  
For all too well, alas! the singer knew  
How hard the daily toil, how keen the strife,  
How salt the falling tear; the joys how few.

He who thinks hard soon finds it hard to live,  
Learning the Secret Bitterness of Things:  
So, leaving thought, the singer strove to give  
A level lightness to his lyric strings.

He only sang of Love; its joy and pain,  
But each man in his early season loves;  
Each finds the old, lost Paradise again,  
Unfolding leaves, and roses, nesting doves.

And though that sunlit time flies all too fleetly,  
Delightful Days that dance away too soon!  
Its early morning freshness lingers sweetly  
Throughout life's grey and tedious afternoon.

And he, whose dreams enshrine her tender eyes,  
And she, whose senses wait his waking hand,



Impatient youth, that tired but sleepless lies,  
Will read perhaps, and reading, understand.

Oh, roseate lips he would have loved to kiss,  
Oh, eager lovers that he never knew!  
What should you know of him, or words of his?—  
But all the songs he sang were sung for you!

## *Malaria*

HE lurks among the reeds, beside the marsh,  
Red oleanders twisted in His hair,  
His eyes are haggard and His lips are harsh,  
Upon His breast the bones show gaunt and bare.

The green and stagnant waters lick His feet,  
And from their filmy, iridescent scum  
Clouds of mosquitoes, gauzy in the heat,  
Rise with His gifts: Death and Delirium.

His messengers: They bear the deadly taint  
On spangled wings aloft and far away,  
Making thin music, strident and yet faint,  
From golden eve to silver break of day.

The baffled sleeper hears th' incessant whine  
Through his tormented dreams, and finds no rest.  
The thirsty insects use his blood for wine,  
Probe his blue veins and pasture on his breast.

While far away He in the marshes lies,  
Staining the stagnant water with His breath,

An endless hunger burning in His eyes,  
A famine unassuaged, whose food is Death.

He hides among the ghostly mists that float  
Over the water, weird and white and chill,  
And peasants, passing in their laden boat,  
Shiver and feel a sense of coming ill.

A thousand burn and die; He takes no heed,  
Their bones, unburied, strewn upon the plain,  
Only increase the frenzy of His greed  
To add more victims to th' already slain.

He loves the haggard frame, the shattered mind,  
Gloats with delight upon the glazing eye,  
Yet, in one thing, His cruelty is kind,  
He sends them lovely dreams before they die;

Dreams that bestow on them their heart's desire,  
Visions that find them mad, and leave them blest,  
To sink, forgetful of the fever's fire,  
Softly, as in a lover's arms, to rest.

## *Fancy*

**F**<sub>AR</sub> in the Further East the skilful craftsman  
Fashioned this fancy for the West's delight.  
This rose and azure Dragon, crouching softly  
Upon the satin skin, close-grained and white.

And you lay silent, while his slender needles  
Pricked the intricate pattern on your arm,  
Combining deftly Cruelty and Beauty,  
That subtle union, whose child is charm.

Charm irresistible: the lovely something  
We follow in our dreams, but may not reach.  
The unattainable Divine Enchantment,  
Hinted in music, never heard in speech.

This from the blue design exhales towards me,  
As incense rises from the Homes of Prayer,  
While the unfettered eyes, allured and rested,  
Urge the forbidden lips to stoop and share;

Share in the sweetness of the rose and azure  
Traced in the Dragon's form upon the white  
Curve of the arm. Ah, curb thyself, my fancy,  
Where wouldst thou drift in this enchanted flight?



## Feroza

THE evening sky was as green as Jade,  
As Emerald turf by Lotus lake,  
Behind the Kafila far she strayed,  
(The Pearls are lost if the Necklace break!)

A lingering freshness touched the air  
From palm-trees, clustered around a Spring,  
The great, grim Desert lay vast and bare,  
But Youth is ever a careless thing.

The Raiders threw her upon the sand,  
Men of the Wilderness know no laws,  
They tore the Amethysts off her hand,  
And rent the folds of her veiling gauze.

They struck the lips that they might have kissed,  
Pitiless they to her pain and fear,  
And wrenched the gold from her broken wrist,  
No use to cry; there were none to hear.

Her scarlet mouth and her onyx eyes,  
Her braided hair in its silken sheen,

Were surely meet for a Lover's prize,  
But Fate dissented, and stepped between.

Across the Zenith the vultures fly,  
Cruel of beak and heavy of wing.  
Thus it was written that she should die.  
Inshallah! Death is a transient thing.

*This Month the Almonds  
Bloom at Kandahar*

**I** HATE this City, seated on the Plain,  
The clang and clamour of the hot Bazar,  
Knowing, amid the pauses of my pain,  
This month the Almonds bloom in Kandahar.

The Almond-trees, that sheltered my Delight,  
Screening my happiness as evening fell.  
It was well worth—that most Enchanted Night—  
This life in torment, and the next in Hell!

People are kind to me; one More than Kind,  
Her lashes lie like fans upon her cheek,  
But kindness is a burden on my mind,  
And it is weariness to hear her speak.

For though that Kaffir's bullet holds me here,  
My thoughts are ever free, and wander far,  
To where the Lilac Hills rise, soft and clear,  
Beyond the Almond Groves of Kandahar.

He followed me to Sibi, to the Fair,  
The Horse-fair, where he shot me weeks ago,  
But since they fettered him I have no care  
That my returning steps to health are slow.

They will not loose him till they know my fate,  
And I rest here till I am strong to slay,  
Meantime, my Heart's Delight may safely wait  
Among the Almond blossoms, sweet as they.

That cursed Kaffir! Well, he won by day,  
But I won, what I so desired, by night,  
My arms held what his lack till Judgment Day!  
Also, the game is not yet over—quite!

Wait, Amir Ali, wait till I come forth  
To kill, before the Almond-trees are green,  
To raze thy very Memory from the North,  
*So that thou art not, and thou hast not been!*

Aha! Friend Amir Ali! it is Duty  
To rid the World from Shiah dogs like thee,  
They are but ill-placed moles on Islam's beauty,  
Such as the Faithful cannot calmly see!

Also my bullet hurts me not a little,  
Thy Shiah blood might serve to salve the ill.  
Maybe some Afghan Promises are brittle;  
Never a Promise to oneself, to kill!



Now I grow stronger, I have days of leisure  
To shape my coming Vengeance as I lie,  
And, undisturbed by call of War or Pleasure,  
Can dream of many ways a man may die.

I shall not torture thee, thy friends might rally,  
Some Fate assist thee and prove false to me;  
Oh! shouldst thou now escape me, Amir Ali,  
This would torment me through Eternity!

Aye, Shuffa-Jan, I will be quiet indeed,  
Give here the Hakim's powder if thou wilt,  
And thou mayst sit, for I perceive thy need,  
And rest thy soft-haired head upon my quilt.

Thy gentle love will not disturb a mind  
That loves and hates beneath a fiercer Star.  
Also, thou know'st, my Heart is left behind,  
Among the Almond-trees of Kandahar!



## INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	PAGE
Against the planks of the cabin side . . . . .	130
Alas! alas! this wasted Night . . . . .	116
A little breeze blew over the sea . . . . .	170
Alone, I wait, till her twilight gate . . . . .	128
Along the hot and endless road, . . . . .	135
As o'er the vessel's side she leant, . . . . .	66
As one may sip a Stranger's Bowl . . . . .	13
As those who eat a Luscious Fruit, sunbaked, . . . . .	155
At Kotri, by the river, when the evening's sun is low, . . . . .	45
At night, when Passion's ebbing tide, . . . . .	52
Beloved! your hair was golden . . . . .	89
Dear is my inlaid sword; across the Border . . . . .	139
Death and Famine on every side . . . . .	120
Do you ever think of me? you who died . . . . .	75
Farewell, Aziz, it was not mine to fold you . . . . .	47
Far in the Further East the skilful craftsman . . . . .	177
Give me yourself one hour; I do not crave . . . . .	33
He loved the Plant with a keen delight . . . . .	31
He lurks among the reeds, beside the marsh, . . . . .	175
How I loved you in your sleep, . . . . .	63

	PAGE
How one loves them, . . . . .	71
How much I loved that way you had . . . . .	110
I am not sure if I knew the truth . . . . .	40
I am waiting in the desert, looking out towards the sunset . . . . .	56
I give you my house and my lands, all golden with harvest; . . . . .	23
I hate this City, seated on the Plain . . . . .	180
I lie alone beneath the Almond blossoms, . . . . .	72
I shall never forget you, never. Never escape . . . . .	29
If some day this body of mine were burned . . . . .	59
"Is it safe to lie so lonely when the summer twi- light closes, . . . . .	97
I would have taken Golden Stars from the sky for your necklace . . . . .	26
Just as the dawn of Love was breaking . . . . .	85
Just at the time when Jasmins bloom, most sweetly in the summer weather, . . . . .	77
Just in the hush before dawn . . . . .	88
Less than the dust, beneath thy Chariot wheel, . . . . .	3
Love, let me thank you for this! . . . . .	94
Love me a little, Lord, or let me go, . . . . .	20
My Life was like an Aloe flower, beneath an orient sky . . . . .	62
O Beautiful Stars, when you see me go . . . . .	169
Oh Amber Eyes, oh Golden Eyes . . . . .	42
Oh, Silver Stars that shine on what I love, . . . . .	27
Oh, straight, white road that runs to meet, . . . . .	103
Oh, that my blood were water, thou athirst, . . . . .	4

	PAGE
On the wooden deck of the wooden Junk, silent, alone, we lie, . . . . .	166
Only in August my heart was aflame, . . . . .	41
Pale hands I loved beside the Shalimar, . . . . .	99
Rose Pink am I, the colour gleams and glows . . . . .	145
Sad is the Evening: all the level sand . . . . .	123
"She is glad to receive your turquoise ring, . . . . .	69
Since, oh, Beloved, you are not even faithful . . . . .	48
Softly the feathery Palm-trees fade in the violet Distance, . . . . .	100
The Coco palms stood tall and slim, against the golden-glow, . . . . .	34
The daylight is dying, . . . . .	140
The Desert is parched in the burning sun . . . . .	7
The Desert sands are heated, parched and dreary, . . . . .	81
The evening sky was as green as Jade, . . . . .	178
The fields are full of Poppies, and the skies are very blue, . . . . .	5
The fires that burn on all the hills . . . . .	68
The listless Palm-trees catch the breeze above . . . . .	158
The singer only sang the Joy of Life, . . . . .	173
The Stars await, serene and white, . . . . .	162
The Temple bells are ringing, . . . . .	38
The tremulous morning is breaking . . . . .	126
The tropic day's redundant charms, . . . . .	108
There is one God: Mahomed his Prophet. Had I his power . . . . .	171
There were Roses in the hedges, and Sunshine in the sky, . . . . .	153



	PAGE
They lay the slender body down . . . . .	78
This man has taken my husband's life . . . . .	114
This passion is but an ember . . . . .	157
'Tis eight miles out and eight miles in, . . . . .	132
Throb, throb, throb, . . . . .	91
Tonight the clouds hang very low, . . . . .	112
Upon the City Ramparts, lit up by sunset gleam, . . . . .	151
Waters glisten and sunbeams quiver, . . . . .	18
We have left Gul Kach behind us, . . . . .	142
When first I loved, I gave my very soul . . . . .	156
When I am dying, lean over me tenderly, softly, . . . . .	134
Whether I loved you who shall say? . . . . .	14
Who does not feel desire unending . . . . .	105
Why above others was I so blessed . . . . .	149
You are all that is lovely and light . . . . .	60
You are my God, and I would fain adore You . . . . .	12
You never loved me, and yet to save me, . . . . .	19
You will be mine; those lightly dancing feet, . . . . .	164



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