

## **Drumbeat of departure**

***One of these Kishwar Nahid's poems "Yeh Tabl Kooch Ka Hai (It's the Drumbeat of Departure) reveals the depth of her pain on the loss of an internationally acclaimed Urdu poet Faiz Ahmed Faiz, for whom she has lots of respect and praise***

Kishwar Nahid, a veteran Urdu poet, feminist and a progressive writer of our time, known for her courageous and blatant poetic discourse, resolutely challenges patriarchal repression of women and inequalities in her society. Her poetic discourse and her autobiography "Buri Aurat Ki Katha" narrate a highly candid and honest view of life and its realities with uncompromising posture of an outspoken feminist.

The two prominent Urdu poets, Faiz Ahmed Faiz and Kishwar Nahid, who passionately wrote about the common men and women and inequalities in their society, represent similar ideological streams in their poetry and writing. When Faiz passed away on November 20, 1984, Kishwar Nahid expressed her profound sense of grief in her poems published in several Urdu literary magazines including the monthly "Mah-e Nou" from Lahore that published three of her poetic eulogies of Faiz in the February 2002 issue devoted to his life and poetry.

One of these Kishwar Nahid's poems "Yeh Tabl Kooch Ka Hai (It's the Drumbeat of Departure) reveals the depth of her pain on the loss of an internationally acclaimed Urdu poet Faiz Ahmed Faiz, for whom she has lots of respect and praise.

Here is the new and unpublished English translation of the poem:

### **It's the Drumbeat of Departure**

**By Kishwar Nahid**

***The wound left henna on my hands again***

***Wearing the violet anklets of despair***

***Embracing insanity in a state of madness***

***The grieving wind said***

***Aspiration of dream***

***Wearing the corpus of retreat***

***Snatches away the yellow face of life***

***The alley of no gain***

***Draws the circle of separation***

***The caravan looks at its own desolation***

***What a time, the flame of our companionship fades away***

***Who knows?***

***It's the drumbeat of departure***

***A pronouncement to halt***

***Or a proclamation of the vanishing light of hope!***

**(Translated by Qaisar Abbas)**

**ہ طبل کوچ کا ہے ی**

**دی ناہ کشور**

ی تھ یں حنا بان دھی ہاتھوں م زخم نے پھر مرے  
ی ہوئی ی ب جات ی باز ی درد کے کاسن  
یں جنوں پھانکت ی وحشت م  
ی تھ ی دہ ہوا کہت ی ژول  
خواہش خواب  
مت کا بدن پہنے ہے ی ہز  
ردا ی چہرے ک ی سانس کے چمپی  
نچے ہے ی کھ  
ی کوئے لا حاصل  
کھینچے ہے حصارِ فرقت  
ہء جاں لٹتا ہے ی کہے ہے سرمای قافلہ د  
ا بجھتا ہے ی کا د ساعت ہے رفاقت ی س ی ک  
ہ طبل کوچ کا ہے ی  
اکہ ٹھہر جانے کای  
یا چراغ شبِ امید کے بجھ جانے کا



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<http://www.viewpointonline.net/drumbeat-of-departure.html>

**Viewpoint**

*Freedom is always and exclusively freedom for the ones who think differently*