

Messiah of Crystals

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Pearl, crystal, goblet

Once broken is broken

Tears cannot mend it,

It's lost if broken.

You gather the shards

Save them for naught

There is no Messiah of Crystals,

What good is your hope?

Perhaps these fragments hold

The chalice of your heart

That haughty angel's perch

The nectar of life's sweet agony

The world snatched your chalice away

Smashed it,

Scattered that nectar into dust

Cleaved the angel's wing

These colorful shards are perhaps

Fragments of those dazzling dreams

With whose brilliance you decorated

Your bed-chamber in ebullient youth

Beggary, toil, hunger, pain

Kept smashing at those dreams

Brutal was the rain of stones

What could these crystal skeletons do

Or perhaps, in these fragments

Is the jewel of your honor and your humility
The envy
Of the high-statured ones
The jewel was craved by many
Traders, robbers
In this land of thieves, the poor
Can save either life or honor
These goblets, crystals, these jewels
If whole, carry some value,
Broken, they merely
Prick, cut, evoke blood-tears
You gather the shards,
Save them for naught
There is no Messiah of Crystals,
What good is your hope?
On mended collars of memory
The heart does not linger
Unmasking, masking truths
How can life be spent like this?
In the workplace of Being
These goblets and crystals are forged
Everything is replaceable,
All wants can be fulfilled
Every hand that reaches is a helper
Every eye that looks, fortunate
There is no end to riches here
No matter the robbers who lie in wait
Looting, robbing cannot empty

The coffers of Being
Diamonds on every mountain
Pearls in every ocean
Some,
Wish to cordon off this wealth
Auction
Every mountain and ocean
Others fight
Break down those walls
Foil the schemes
Of the thieves of Being
They grapple, fight
In every village and vale
In every happy home
On every lane
There are those who blacken all around them
Others who light candles
Those who set fires and
Those who put them out
Every goblet, crystal, jewel
Is enjoined in the fight
Arise, all idle hands
Are summoned to the fight.

Translation by Dr. Ali Madeeh Hashmi