

My Interview

The wall has grown all black, up to the circling roof.
Roads are empty, travellers all gone. Once again
My night begins to converse with its loneliness;
My visitor I feel has come once again.
Henna stains one palm, blood wets another;
One eye poisons, the other cures.

None leaves or enters my heart's lodging;
Loneliness leaves the flower of pain unwatered,
Who is there to fill the cup of its wound with colour?

My visitor I feel has come once again,
Of her own will, my old friend--her name
Is Death: a friend in need, yet an enemy--
The murderess and the sweetheart!

Translation by Azfar Hussain