*The Martyr*

By

Abdul Ghani Khan

Oh martyr! And oh lover!

Oh, offspring of *Mansoor*!

In laughter you departed,

This earthly life and state,

To meet with your beloved,

And to drown yourself within

The sea of radiant light!

The ignorant are mourning,

Your departure from the world,

While the children all equate you

To ecstatic, mad *Majnoon;*

And the madmen envious of you,

Oh, the ashes and the cinders

Of the sacred mount of *Toor!*

Your proud head you have surrendered,

And laid at the loved-one’s feet;

Now gaze and feast upon her eyes,

Lovely, smiling, full of pride.

I have brought no offering for you

Of a necklace of red flowers,

For the nightingales of Heaven

Of what use are earthly flowers!

Both your eyes you have deprived

Of their light, so mine can see;

You have carried the sad tale

Of my woe up to the sky;

With your dripping blood you’ve lighted,

Lamps to light the way towards,

The beloved’s cherished street.

All the worldly crowns are worthless

Now before your stately state;

On the knee of *Laila* lie now,

Raving *Majnoon’s* tattered shirt!

I have brought no offering for you

Of necklace of red flowers,

For the nightingales of Heaven

Of what use are earthly flowers!