

Some people are born sad
and kept sad
so that they may make the world beautiful
We fell in love with grief
and the human being ceased to matter
Sunflower seeds slipped
out of our fists and broke into bloom
and doves' eggs were preserved
We drew a picture of a water tank
and changed the color of water
When pieces of paper fell from our hands
pens, small and large, broke into speech between our fingers
sarangi strings melted on our fingertips
and we taught peacocks how to dance
When we were advised to distill perfume from filth
we decided to move away
and disappeared in the crowd
With the last gleam of night
we found the poem's title
and in the company of those in deep sleep
were appointed to awaken others
In our station
there was no date for relinquishing our charge
That is why we should not be asked any questions
about the beauty or ugliness of the world

Translated from Urdu by Waqas Khwaja