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Abstract

This leprous brightness, this dawn which reeks of night This is not the one- the long awaited morn This is not the shining light which beckoned Beckoned men ever onwards, to go on Seeking

Faiz Ahmed Faiz

THE DAWN OF FREEDOM (PAKISTAN 1947)

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This leprous brightness, this dawn which reeks of night
This is not the one – the long awaited morn
This is not the shining light which beckoned
Beckoned men ever onwards, to go on
Seeking
The final starry destination in the heavens
The final edge where ends the endless night
The final rest for the anguished heart

When first we set out, urged on by young blood
What temptations were there by the wayside
From the restless abode of love and beauty
The beckoning gestures of hands, the call of young bodies

And above all else, the call of beautiful dawn

The call of beauty, shining like a light
A dull tired pain vying with a hidden need

They say there has already been the separation of darkness and light
And that the journey has already come to an end
They say the system of the world is changed
And that separation is no more, and togetherness is all

And the heart still aches, and the eye still seeks and will not be still
And this togetherness, it will not suffice

Dawn's maiden, it seems, has been and gone
And the lover waiting by the wayside knew not her coming, nor her
going

And the dark weight of night is not lifted yet
And the heart and the eye have not found their rest
Let us press on for the culmination is not yet.