

Sufiana Poetry

خطِ سبز و لبِ لعلو رُخِ زیبا داری
حُسنِ یوسفِ دمِ عیسا پیدِ بیضا داری

POETRY EXPLAINED

A medical doctor by profession, very well known as an intellectual zealot, is held in esteem in literary circles of Kashmir for his knowledge of Persian language. Poetry being his special field of literary taste translated and described at length the Persian prosaic and the poetic inscriptions in the text. Thus Dr Iqbal continues to explain.....



تو از من، وصل از من، عید از من، نو بہار از من
دل از من، دوستی از من، وفا از من، قرار از من
عنانِ انجم و افلاک در کفِ کامِ دلِ حاصل
مے از من، ساغر از من، دور از من، روزگار از من

In his explanatory note of the Persian influence on cultural life of Kashmir, Dr Javid calls the effect; extensive and varied, to an extent, wherein Kashmir has been called, little IRAN (Iran-e-Sagir). The religion of vast majority; Islam has been propagated by Iranians, so too its craft. Kashmir arts providing sustenance to a huge percentage of its population has had an Iranian base. Kashmiris though have made subtle changes, in tune with local cultural bearings, enriching the art. The local contribution to Persian language continues. Dr. Iqbal; especially in the realm of its world renowned poetry, cannot be underestimated. Names like Ghani Kashmiri readily come to fore, some of whose couplets have captured the imagination of masters of Persian poetry. Cultural influence being a bilateral equation, Kashmir too influenced and fascinated Iran in many ways. 'Cashmere' the fine woollen fabric, used in famed Kashmiri Shawls was valued as much as precious metals like gold and rubies or the world famous Kashmir's blue Safire. An abode of natural beauty like 'Isfahan' was called 'Kashmir-e-

Sager'. Religion, art or craft, the revolutionary change was led by a Persian sage, Mir Syed Ali Hamdani, who led about 700 Syed (holy and sacred) and worked with missionary zeal to bring about the renaissance. In fine arts, apart from poetry, music also got influenced, both in form and instrumentation. The change was supported from the highest quarters like its famous monarchs, Zainul-Abidin and Yousuf Shah Chak.

The author, Haider Malik writing of Yousuf Shah's expertise in music notes that he was unparalleled and stood out in any gathering of song and music and Emperor Akbar maintained contact with him. Once it so happened that the supreme musician, of the era Tan'Sain struck the wrong note in a musical symphony called 'Kalawant'. Yousuf Shah pointed it out and Tan'sain accepted the correction. His beloved Habba Khatun apart from her beauty and sweet voice was a woman of high caliber. She would lull to sleep listeners with her rendering of musical symphony called Iraqi; another famed 'Sufiana'note:

The beauty of these Persian poetic notes lies in highlighting in rhythmic form the multiple Sufiana forms like Iraq, Hejaz, Husseni, Bo'slaik, Zangola, Raast and Rahavi. The reference to 'Shirazi' damsels is to note the height of beauty. 'Shiraz' has been the cradle of 'Persian' civilization; the home of artists like 'Hafiz Shirazi' considered the 'Master of the Sonnet' by literary wizards like 'Goethe'. His poetic reference to 'Turk-e-Shirazi' the 'Turk damsel' of Shiraz forms a highly valued note in literature; ascribed to excellence in beauty. Other masters like Allama Iqbal have used the note and it is refraining in all languages, influenced by Persian, including Kashmiri.

Chak kings exit from the dynasty rule deprived Sufiana music of state patronage and protection resulting in its decline. Thereafter it survived getting protection from Sufi Saints and spiritual people (Darvesh) and also the rich elite as this provided musicians involved with zeal, enthusiasm and very importantly a source of income. To the song was added the dance. 'Ha'fiza' was the traditional Kashmiri dancer; however due to the sacred touch in 'Sufiana' Mahfills, the dance, in moments of spiritual ecstasy was performed by men, dressed as woman called 'Hafiz'. In' Bach-e-Nagmah' another common Kashmiri cultural trait; the dancer is still, by tradition, a colourfully dressed male in female attire.

Baba Dawood Khaki's description of 'Yousuf Shah Chak's' artistic taste:

Noble king of adorable bearing
 Making one note distinct from other
 Putting sacred touch to Indian notes
 Taking musical notes to pinnacle
 Ascribing deft touches like Husseni
 and Azal!

اہلِ حُرقت و سخن دان پاشا سائی شاعر
 طبع موزوں نیز دارد این شہ نیکو تعال
 و درش نیکو پدید آید سخن موزوں نمود
 تازیان ہند سے گوید شائے ذوالجلال
 علم موسیقی رسانیدہ بحد آتہا
 ہر مقامے نیک ماند چوں حسینی و عزال

Tahir Mouluf writes in his history of Kashmir 'Baharistan Shahi' Yousuf Shah cut a handsome figure and was a humanist. Well versed in music, he had an intimate understanding of the poetic nuances of many a Persian, Indian and Kashmir couplets. Apparent on a daily basis, his artistic taste was a signpost of fine arts to the extent of having an intimate knowledge of intellectuals and poets of India with their Indian and of Kashmir with Kashmiri and Persian poetry. On most of the occasions drunk with the heady wine of his high state he was inclined to enjoy every movement of it with song and music and would love saying:

Enjoy until the day you live
Autumn ever follows spring!

بعیش کوش کہ تا چشم می زنی برہم
خزاں ہی رسد و نو بہار می گذرد

Another author, Haider Malik Chadura writes of Yousuf Shah's expertise in music:

"Yousuf Shah was unparalleled in musical expertise and stood out in any gathering of song and music. Emperor Akbar maintained contact with him. Once it so happened that the supreme musician, of the era Tan'Sain struck the wrong note in a musical symphony called 'Kalawant'. Yousuf Shah pointed it out and Tan'Sain accepted the correction."

The same author in the same book, in another chapter writes of him:

Tarikh - e - Hasan:

"Yousuf Shah lived luxuriously enjoying the soul enriching company of mystical musicians (Qawals) and female singers. A man of refined instincts and nature, he could recite Persian, Indian and Kashmiri couplets out of memory (had these couplets on tip of his tongue). His beloved Habba Khatun apart from her beauty and sweet voice was a woman of high calibre. She would lull to sleep listeners with her rendering of musical symphony called Iraqi.

Beloved was no doubt
behind a veil et showed up
behind hundred veils!
Remember the day I got
drunk with love but in hand,
I had my beloved in front!

یادایا میکہ در میانہ منزل داشتہم (جام ے دردست و جاناں در مقابل داشتہم)
دلبر من گر چہ پس پردہ بود (در پس صد پردہ رخ خود نمود)

Aye the singing bird amongst lovers
 Sing for voiceless for God's sake
 Tune Iraq to dig out heart felt pain
 Look to Hejaz on path to beloved
 In Husseini tune dwells the longing
 Like Bo'slaik listen beloved's song
 Zangola embedded in heart, tumults
 Like the pure tune woven behind veil
 Listen to me, may be the Raast tune
 Behind Rahavi is the singing bird
 Oh! Shirazi damsels, your small ones
 May emerge bigger in Royal court!
 Indian Music, as defined Dr. Ruhulah Khalqi:

در بزم گاه عشاق اے بلبل خوش الحان
 بنوا نوا خدا را از بہرے نوا بیاں
 راہ عراق برگیر از دل غمے بروں آہ
 سوتے سجا ز بنگر در راہ وصل جاناں
 انگندہ دست حسرت آشوب در حسینی
 چوں بوسلیک بشنوا ہنگ دلربایاں
 زنگولہ چوں دل من پریمتہ در خروش است
 زان سال کہ نغمہ سازد در پردہ صفایاں
 قولے است بشنوا زن شاید کہ راست باشد
 در پردہ رادی صوت ہزار دستاں
 اے گلرخان شیراز ما کو سچے شامیم
 شاید بزرگ گویم در بارگاہ شامیاں

Music of Northern and Southern India apparently different should not be taken as two different types of music. In reality, Indian music is one with different faces in North and South. What has made it sparkle is that dance and music in India are skills, important in the religious realm. Thus the story of Indian music is mixture of history and absorbing legend. Saraswati is the goddess of music and Siva the creator of music and dance.

Just as the basis of Iranian music rests on seven symphonies, the basis of Indian music is 'Raga' the word which has an Iranian origin called 'Raag'. Just as our (Iranian) music has different steps and places, same is the case with Indian 'Ragas'. They too have ten real 'Ragas' from which can be assessed the importance and width of Indian music. Just as our music maintains distinctions in between the total and partial screening, same is the case with Indian music which too maintains many such distinctions.

Slaves of drunken Narcissus,
 the Kings Drunken with heady
 wine, staying awake Morning
 breeze yours, weeping eyes mine
 Gave away, our secret of love

غلام نرگس مست تو تا چہ لاراند
 خراب بادہ لعل تو ہیشیا راند
 ترا صبا و مرا آبدیہ شد غماز
 وگرنہ عاشق و مشوق راز دہ لاراند

My state of ecstasy, from you, oh!
 the loved one (friend)

کہ وارد ایں چنین عیشم مست ناز اے یارہ
 کہ در عشق تو من دارم مست ناز اے یارہ

Description of twelve departments/places/ tunes/musical nuances, as twelve were broken into two each by Husseni Mahiri and Ishaq Mousli, like 24 hrs of day and night. The names are not 24, some however have twin names:

Tune acceptable to all
Tune based on an undertone
Know the supreme tune
Is the one with Turkish note!
From multiple tunes, arises an excess
Like the songster groping his way
The tune of a solo instrument
Takes off from even difficult circle

بجرے کہ بنائے برجریت
آن بجر بدانکہ ترکی ضرب ست
بجرے کہ قبول ہر کس آید
آن بجر بدانکہ خمس اند

That pleasing melody perhaps
cometh from a strenuous circle
Dasht-Dasht-Tau'n
Distant tune, the one far away
The imprint of neem-dur circle
Das'h Das'h tau'n ta taka das'h das'h
tau'n

آن مطرب خوش نواز تاند
دش تہ توں دشتہ توں
بجریکہ دود او کہ دورست
دش تہ توں دشتہ توں
آن دائرہ نقش نیم دورست

The quatrain: In a Quatrain 1,2,& 4th line

Tune in Raast, Ashaq, Bo'salik
rhyme, in this one
With sound of Isfahan, tune in
Bo'zarg
Besaz, Nawaz & Hijaz
In under tunes Iraq and Zangola
After Husseni are Rahavi and
Hijaz!

راست عشاق بوسلیک بساز
بانوا اصغیاں بزرگ بساز
زیرا فگن عراق زنگولہ
پس حسینی رباوی و حجاز

Why hurry to behead with the
dagger drawn out
Dead we would be on our own,
what is the hurry!

خنجر کشیدہ بر سر قلم شتاب چیت
خود کشتہ سے شویم و ترا اضطراب چیت

Craving for me, why stay out
Get in to hear the inner secret!

اے گرفتارِ وصالش تا یہ کہ گردی ببول
اندر آتا گویمت اسرار از رازدروں

Musical sense, all men beget not
Taste for fig, all birds beget not!

بر سماع راست ہر تن چیر نیست
طعمہ ہر مرغ کے انجیر نیست

Quatrain:

By God, except God, exists not anything
in world hereafter
May be unrecognizable, what about his
traces everywhere
Bashful existence in supposition, a
burden
Live in belief, do away with supposition!

بخدا غیر خدا در دو جہاں چیزے نیست
بسے نشانت و بہ نام و نشاں چیزے نیست
چند محبوب نشینی بگماں دگراں
خیمہ در کوی یقین زن کہ گماں چیزے نیست

Listen to what Rabab says
In varying tunes calls the God
Every string with a song
Every string a distinct note!

بشنو کہ رباب ماچہاے گوید
بسے کام و زبیل خدا خداے گوید
ہر تارِ رگم چہ خوش نواتے دارد
ہر تار جدا جدا صدائے گوید

Do you know sound of lute & aloes
wood
You noble one, enough for me, Oh! God
Sulking ones without ear for music
Otherwise the melody would engulf
world!

چیت می دانی صدائے چنگ و عود
انت حسبی انت کافی یا وود
نیستہ در افسردگاں ذوقِ سماع
ورنہ عالم را گرفتہ این سرود

Openly I say and happy I am in
what I say
Devotee of love, free in world &
hereafter!

فاش می گویم و از گفتہ خود دلشادم
بندہ شتم و از ہر دو جہاں آزادم

Lulled lover with whiff of
beloved
Dazed with surfeit of love
On the day destined,
wondering masses
your name ringing, deep in
heart!

عاشق بہ ہوائے دوست سہمگن بود
فر واکہ بہ حشر خلق حیران ماند
وز یادِ محبت خویش مدہوش بود
نام تو در رونِ سینہ و گوش بود

Killed with dagger of
acceptance
Down the ages get another life!

کشتگانِ خنجرِ تسلیم را
ہر زمان از غیب جانِ دیگر است

Nur-ud-Din Jafar Badakhshi in his biography of Mir Syed Ali Hamdani, describes the association of Syed with Sheikh Sharaf-ud-Din.

Mahmood Mazdakani:

“It so happened gathering all the courage I could muster, I secluded myself with Sheikh and started Dhikr. After a while, we entered the apparent and later absorbing and engrossing phase, unto an extent, where I could take it no more. The Sheikh said “Let no one get in to Dhikr loudly, the soul of Syed may leave his body”. For three months, I was chained fed with what was obtained from market till the peace retained to my being. The set routine in the monastery returned of dancing in Dhikr & listening to mystical music.”

Quatrain:

Hidden you remained from me,
hidden I remained from world
Attached you got to others, Return to
me, my associate
Happy would be the day when we get
to live again
Open the robe to fragrance of flower,
my absorbed one!

از من نظر بر بسته تو چشم از جهان پوشیده من
با دیگران گردیده تو برگرد تو گردیده من
وہ وہ خوش آن ساعت کہ من ہمیں ترا باخویشتن
بند قبا یکشود تو بر بوی گل غلطیہ من

Crust of vanity suits none, save you
Your frame, your mole, your beauty
suits
My sigh of craving, may upset you
not
Noise suits ones craving for your
favour!

خلعتِ ناز بغیر از تو کراے زبید
خطِ ترا، خالِ ترا حسنِ تراے زبید
گر کشم ناله و فریادِ دل آندہ مشو
بر در اہلِ کرم شورِ گداے زبید

Thorns only, not my fate in
wilderness of desert
Involved heart too put chains of
sadness on my feet
Snake of your love bit my being
Neither physician cured nor
magician

تارے گرد نہ تنہا و امن صحرائے من
افتد از دل بستی زنجیرِ غم در پائے من
بست بر گردن چو زلفِ آشفتمگی از ما برقت
قصہ کوتاہ شد پس سرعاقبت سودائے من

Only the curer whose love makes
me drunk
Only that hand, if it wants can cure
me!
Requirement is not a test of my
tears
Eyes!! Not carriers of rain laden
clouds!

بگزید ما عشقت جگرِ کبابِ ما
نہ طیب چارہ سازد نہ فسون گردانا
مگر آن طیبِ حاذق کہ عشقِ او شدم مست
کہ بدستِ اوست خار و مگر او دید شفا را

Read my inner being, a man of
world of clay
Read my exterior, a dog at your
alter!

اگر خوانی درونم بنده خاک و اوستا باشم
وگر رانی بروم همچو سگ بر آستان باشم

Separated from heart shall never be,
a lover like you
Remains faithful to me night & day,
as you in fact do!

جدا هرگز نه گردد اندم یار این چنین باید
بود هر روز و شب با من و ظار این چنین باید

Take it straight, the way I treat you
remains curved ever & ever
your hair lock, eyebrows,
eyelashes, headgear remain curved
ever!

راست گویم چون کنم با تو سر اسرار کج
زلف کج مژگان کج ابرو کج دستار کج

Oh! Hashemite messenger, sacrificed
my life be to your name
My life, of my loved ones &
offspring's sacrificed to your name!

اے چہرہ زیبائے تو رشک بیانِ آذری
ہر چند و صفت میکنم لیکن اداں بالاتری

In quest of lover tread lover's path
Stake your life, know lover's secret!

گر وصالِ یار خواہی خاکِ راہِ یار شو
جاں بدر کن بے تامل محرمِ اسرار شو

How could have my fill barely with two
eyes
Needs two thousand to see to heart's
content!

بدو دیدہ کے تو انم کہ رُبخ تو سیرِ بینم
دو ہزار دیدہ باید کہ ترا کنم نظار

Escape if I can from my being, can get
to lover
Get drunk with Khazir's wine,
pluck flower of union

اگر بر خیزد کہ از دستم کہ با دلدارِ بشنم
ز جامِ خضرے نوشم ز باغِ وصل گلِ چینم

Dr. Khalqi on Santoor:

“In Kashmir our Santoor is struck, however technique of this musical instrument is very weak there”

Daya Ram Khushdil:

“I wrote the script & named it song of happiness/ delight...a melody (Tarana Saroor)”

“Every Rag & Ragni portrayed by Southern painters is named Rag Mala”

“Thousands, Thousands of meditations, multiple praises, and countless prayers for the creator who with one command granted me knowhow of song and music, which like the light of the day purified my spirit in the physical frame of clay. It retains its grandeur like a costly gem & comes out in sweet voice with purest form, doing away with needless pitches. What remains is its propagation in prayer & thanksgiving.”

“Persian writings, thoughts & tune bases are from Persian scholars”
(Shiraza, Jammu & Kashmir academy of art and culture publication)

دردِ ویرانه ام تو خانه کردی دلبرا
فارغم از کعبه و بتخانه کردی دلبرا