# **Classic Poetry Series**

# **Rasul Mir**

- 35 poems -

# **Publication Date:**

2012

# **Publisher:**

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

#### Rasul Mir (1820 - 1870)

Rasool Mir (Kashmiri:  $\square\square\square\square\square\square\square\square\square\square\square\square\square\square\square\square\square\square$ ) was one of the leading Kashmiri poets of the 19th century. Was born at Dooru Shahabad, a historic town in Anantnag district of Jammu and Kashmir. He has been titled as keats of kashmir for his powerful romantic poetry but at times he mingles with mysticism.

He decended from a family of zamindars who used to be village heads at Doru. Now government has laid a beautiful lawn and tomb at mir's graveyard.

Rasul Mir, that skilled decanter of love, has a raging controversy shrouding his age. The local traditions recorded in 1940's of by Ab Ahad Azad, spoke of a death in his prime. Folk history has it that, Mahmood Gani predicted his youthful death (Amis Chhi jan-h-margi handi koder). His poetry, its fervent youthfulness, its vibrant tenor, its tone of hearty yearning, its pristine emotions, all point to a poet, untouched by the cares of decaying age. Rasul Mir was said to have been alive in 1855 AD when Mahmood Gani passed away and died a few years before-Maqbool Shah Kralawari (d.1874). Accordingly his demise was reckoned between 1867-1870). Rasul Mir was thus said to have lived between 1820s and 1870s. Mr. Teng in his Kuliyati Rasul Mir, refers to a document, in revenue records at Anantnag, which bears the signature of Rasul Mir, as Nambardar and is dated 5th of April 1889. On this basis, Rasool may have lived into the last decade of 19th century. That is as close to factual certainity as researches have gotten to.

For the rest, there is his poetic legacy, and, ah again oral traditions. Oral traditions say, Rasul Mir was tall, handsome fair complexioned person, and sported moustaches that tapered far into the face. He was graceful, fashionable fellow, with a youthful heart that throbbed with love, love, and lots of love.

Yi chho Rasul Mir Shahabad Doo-rey Tami chho trov-mut lo-la du-kaan Yi-vu aash-qow che-vu tor-re tor-rey Mai chho moor-rey la-la-vun naar.

This is Rasul Mir, at Shahabad, Doru. He has opened a love-kiosk. Come ye lovers, drink free cup.

Love's fire burns me deep

Love, is the waft and whoop, the craft and creed of Rasul Mir(He lived love,

sang love, and lives for his love-ful passion). Love, the first strings of human heart that present the whole universe as an undulating poem. Love is the creed, beloved is the god and lyrics rush forth in bubbling streams to worship the deity. Singing, sighing and singing again they cascade over the expanses of life, in undating it in its fervor.

Ze-h posha tu-l-i maeni aashq-a mas-jid husn imam ta-th Tsa-ae bae-ng-i shu-baan mokh-ta-e da-ae Ch-e-i yous-faen-i chae-lee

My Loves' mosque, is an edifice of just two petals, Love is the preist there, Ye pearly one art the caller there, Ye, who hath the Yousef's grace. Mir's beloved is grace personi fied Zeh posha tu-l (two petals, mere) the being of his, object of love, is characteristic of Rasul Mir's' dainty love. Love, flowers, passion and fragrance, the eternal inciters of life and beauty, are a recurring motiff in his poetry.

# **Boeti No Yeh Dooreur Chonuai Zarai**

#### **Bride's Robes**

Bride's robes, would suit thee well, Ye, my beloved of short years Thy braids of hair, thy ear rings peep from beneath the gossamer cover

#### **Come Let Us Be Friends**

Come let us be friends, ye lovely beauty, listen to my laments, oh Henzi, come to see the mela and, we shall roam through Telbal.

#### **Don't Unveil The Face**

Don't unveil the face, Don't glitter the scene. Don't try to test my race, The race not in reign.

#### For Her Hennaed Naib I'll Give

For her hennaed naib I'll give, pot-fuls of blood from under my throat, that tall beloved of mine, is attired in robes of scent Rasul. Mir is crying his heart, away, far in Dooru, oh love

# He Is Angry, Him I'll Chase

He is angry, him I'll chase, by collor I'll catch hold of him on dooms day, I'll hold thee by thy robe; without thee, here I die

# **How Graceful The Swans Neck of Henziyani Looks**

How graceful the swans neck of henziyani looks, spare her from evil eyes, my Lord, Thy bounty, that won't lessen, O God, Lo, the love goes on a frolic outing.

# I Am All Ashake, I May Die

I am all ashake, I may die my heart's wish has seen no fulfillment that lovely, pleasing, my heart throb he hasn't come, ah Dear!

# I'll Look For You At Veernag

I'll look for you at Veernag, in the garb of an unknown mendicent, at Pooli, cheeni-gund, Drengi. Give me a glimpse, Kongi

# Jasmine, Iris Narcissus Too

Jasmine, Iris narcissus too, looking at thee have withered away Thine eyes are black, face is red and robes are of the whitest hue

# Like a Tulip, My Robe I'll Rent

Like a tulip, my robe I'll rent, and come forth; O Padmani, I'm thy loved, infamed by my love

# **Like An Ivy Caught In Violets**

Like an Ivy caught in violets, a full moon trapped by pythons two; or a beauty of China wearing the sacred thread

# **Loves Fire Bored Into The Poppy**

Loves fire bored into the poppy, the moment they he-nnaed hands it saw. The wild rose is nursing its boils from burning, dear

# My Beloved Is But Two And a Half Petals

My beloved (Posh-a-mal) is but two and a half petals; lo, the gay love goes out to frolic. Go ye my friend, fetch my lover here, A Jasmine, I have woven garlands for him

# My Heart Is Not The Love One

My heart is not the love one, caged in that love This is way, the path through which, not one but two worlds've gone

# **My Heart You Stole**

My heart you stole, and left me a maiden. With a blot in Ashes I'll smear myself and wander away,dear

Thee I'll hold by neck, and squeuster away in heart ike robe I'll cling

# My Heart You've Taken

My heart you've taken, trap not my body, O beautiful Shama, expose me not to..... I look for you at Veernag through Ram Nagri

# My Love, Spurn Not This Padmani

My love, spurn not this Padmani, now for another occasion is not meet. My primal mate, my word I won't break. How much shall I bear, ye pretender

# My Loves' Mosque

My Loves' mosque, is an edifice of just two petals, Love is the preist there, Ye pearly one art the caller there, Ye, who hath the Yousef's grace.

# My Wise Lover is Enchanted

My wise lover is enchanted; whence gone, how'd I know' He is Yousef, himself is Zulaikhah; a lover he is undo his self, my dear.

# O' Livest In All The Traglies

O' livest in all the traglies, gazing at red hands. drank the cup of all woes, keeping alive all desires.

# Rasul, Even Though You Are Infamous for Your Love of Tulip Lips

Rasul, even though you are infamous for your love of tulip lips, be happy, for seldom do the lovers complain of thy in-attention.

Love was the task to which Rasul applied himself with abandon. Love, and beloved, a total world, with neither time nor space for the mundane.

# Rasuls, Knows Thy Locks And Looks

Rasuls, knows thy locks and looks is a fine faith.
How'd he know what is kufur, and what Islam, dear.

# **That Face Is The Kaaba of Beauty**

That face is the kaaba of beauty, her lashes layered over and over. In the path of love, it is meet to bow to those two brows

# This Is Rasul Mir, at Shahabad, Doru.

This is Rasul Mir, at Shahabad, Doru. He has opened a love-kiosk. Come ye lovers, drink free cup. Love's fire burns me deep

#### **This New Volume**

This new volume Rasul has sung in thy pang, who' dare to rebut come, hand me another cup'

#### **This New Volume**

This new volume Rasul has sung in thy pang, who' dare to rebut come, hand me another cup'

#### This Sepration Srom Thee My Love!

This sepration from Thee my Love! I can't withstand. Helpless you made me, I may perish in this grief. Love enter this dwelling, I shall lock the doors. Without you, i am extinguished and Thrown out from this dwelling of love. I may perish in this grief. O My saaki you made me oblivious of my existence, Now tell me whom have thee brefriended? How could they be prettier than me Love? listen I may pérish in this grief. In darkness, the pearl seller told me straight truth The real Pearl lies hidden in a stone only. Listen love, i may perish in this grief.

(Translation from Kashmiri by a K Mota)

# Veer-nag, I'll Go To Usher Thee

Veer-nag, I'll go to usher thee, Thy brow I'll deck in flowers of Acha-bal Yeh, vine I'll twins thee to my breast come ye kasturi, don't roam the meadows free

# When Count Is Taken of Thy Braids

When count is taken of thy braids, lacs of fortnights it'll take. Once begun there is no escape from there. Lo, the gay love goes out to frolic

# White Are The Robes, My Kamdev Wears

White are the robes, my Kamdev wears. His brow is adorned in flowers red, His path, I'd take in drunken stupor, go, tell my love of my pangs

# **Would He Grace In The Balcony**

Would he grace in the balcony, or sit in the painted room' Arise, my friend, spread his bed. I ask for little, but to lay be his side. Tell, my friend why didn't he come

# Ye Tulip Faced, Thee I'd Hold

Ye tulip faced, thee I'd hold by neck to heal my pain sans thee, Rasul the flower bed, is a thorny seat for me

# You Stay Away, My Angry Love

You stay away, my angry love, and here I sink from senses dear; My tears flow and wash all kajal from my eyes dear