

***IBNE INSHA***

***By V.G.Nand***

**INTRO:**

IbneInsha's name was Sher Mohammad Khan. IbneInsha was his pen name. Born in 1927 in Ludhiana, Punjab he shifted to Pakistan after partition. He graduated from Karachi in 1949. With his sound knowledge of Hindi he worked on All India Radio for some time. Later on, took over as Cultural Minister of Pakistan in Pakistan Embassy in England. Thereafter, he became Pakistan's Representative in UNESCO. He became a victim of cancer at the early stage of 51. He breathed his last on 11 January 1978 in London.

IbneInsha was a poet of 20<sup>th</sup> Century writing in Urdu. He developed Urdu poetry on the lines of Meer, a great Urdu poet writing a few centuries before him. Ibne was a great admirer of Meer and his poetry. IbneInsha's poetry has the fragrance of the soil you get with the first rains of the season. His poetry displays various colours and moods of life.

***A JOGI OF THE JUNGLE (A GAZAL)***

**By V. G. Nand**

I am a Jogi<sup>1</sup> of the jungle, I know no rest

Here today, tomorrow elsewhere, morning in one place, evening in another.

Talk to us with love, love us o' people

<sup>2</sup>(Rooted here) you can get bashful, I am a nomad, not a settled one (like you).<sup>3</sup>

Evening and some stars appeared in the sky, shone for a while and disappeared.

The full-moon enveloping the whole sky, for them is not bothered.

We suffer mutely and express ourselves in our own way

Where do we scribblers stand Mr.Insha, compared to be delightful poetry of Meer<sup>4</sup> !

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Notes:

1. Jogi is same as yogi. Jogi or yogi is an ascetic.
- 2 & 3. Words in brackets are additions for making it easy for understanding the meaning.
4. Meer – a great poet of the past.

***AN EVENING OF SORROW (A GAZAL)***

The Evening of sorrow has no morning  
Or, is it that I know not of it ?

I have seen all the sorrow of the world  
Such restlessness is not for nothing.

How long would my wailings go begging,  
How long would my sighs be rendered ineffective !

This grieving soul is despondent that agony  
Is felt this party alone, but not by the other party.

The night falls and it passes on  
But only for me there is no dawn.

This restlessness is unbearable, (alas !)<sup>1</sup>  
Life cannot be abridged.

Had you come to see me once  
It won't have turned into a longing for life.

God doesn't bestow beauty indiscriminately  
Everybody is not gifted with it.

My heart is not a begging bowl  
Nor is love found house to house.

Notes:

1. Addition for emphasizing the meaning.

***THIS IS A SARAI (A POEM)***

This is a Sarai<sup>1</sup> friends; who stays here permanently ?  
They are just travellers who stay here for a while and go away.

Yes this was the name, seems a somewhat familiar face  
I remember some such sojourner had come here.

He used to pace up and down the desolate courtyard, all alone  
How deep was the dejection in his eyes !

Perhaps, he was possessed by some spirit they used to say  
Though he did not seem like that to me, I say.

I could not make bold to ask him what ailed him  
My heart felt he was sad, perhaps carried a wound within.

God knows, which door he might have knocked and called  
And had returned since his call was not answered.

Success and failure are everyday matters here  
He too might have suffered defeat on some front, say love.

There was a portrait somewhat resembling you  
Also there was some scribbling but forget about it.

A few gazals were composed, some written, some later on cancelled

But some couplets were good enough to arrest your heart.

That was about all we saw of the belongings of that traveller  
Who knows which road he took and who looted him there ?

Rest of the days are passed smouldering like this  
They don't care to put out the fire they ignite.

Who is concerned with the strange ones affected by love  
The inhabitants do not ever sing their praises.

They snatch away somebody's sleep, then  
Never call on to pacify him.

One fine morning he (the traveller) vanished from the inn  
Who knows where that Deewana<sup>2</sup> has gone, just search for him.  
If you ask me, I'll say he who has gone, has gone not to return  
You'll have an excuse to go wandering in search of him.

The traveller who had come here at the inn had just to spend a night  
This is a travellers' Inn whose address could here you find ?

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Note:

1. Sarai – An Inn. The concept of this poem is that the world is a sarai – an inn. All the people of the world are travellers. They come here for a short while and go away. Nobody stays here forever.
2. Deewana – Mad. One who has become crazy after someone.

**Bio:**

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Prof. V.G. Nand is a retired Principal and Professor of English having taught English language and literature at graduate and post-graduate levels. He has taught Communication skills and public speaking to college students as also to professionals doing C.A. course. He had conducted Public Speaking and Effective Communication Course for Fifteen Summers for the Rotaract [Main] Club of Dombivli in recognition of which he was awarded Late AppaDatar Trophy for Best Social Worker of the town in 2001. He is a poet and translator with two publications to his credit namely TRIVIDHA in 2007 – a collection of poems in three languages, Marathi, Hindi, English and DHOOP KA SAAYA in 2012 – a collection of poems in Hindi. He has done a dozen of translations, seven of which have been published. ‘Relationships’ by N.F. Jain (English into English); some poems of Late Prof. and poet KeshavMeshram’s poems from Marathi into English appearing in Indian Literature Vol. XXIII No. 1 and 2 in 1980; two of his poems appeared in, ‘Poisoned Bread’ and ‘No Entry for the New Sun’ published by Orient Longmans in 1992 and Disha Publications in 1992 respectively, both edited by Arjun Dangle; ‘Toba Teksinh’ – Saadat Hassan Munto’s story from Hindi into Marathi for Tarun Bharat in 2005; SONBA a short novel by RamakantJadhav, from Marathi into English published by Aai Publications Dombivli, in 2000 and by Hope India Delhi, in 2006; ‘SONJATAK’ by RatanlalSanagra from Marathi into English published by Signet Publications in 2002 and Padma Binani’s A To Z Mahabharat from Hindi into English published by Binani Foundations in 2012.