

ABOU'L ALA MAHARI

SURA THE SECOND

And the caravan, among the haughty rows of the palm-trees did wind its way on,
 It produced dust — caravan of dust that was led by the breath of a burning sun.
 "Go on car'van, what have we left behind that may compel us returning to it?"
 Thus was speaking in the depth of his heart, Abou-Mahari, the sublime poet.
 "Have we left behind love and happiness, a boundless vision, wife supremely wise?
 Go on, do not stop, we have left behind falsehood and deceit, only chain and ties.
 And what is a wife, — a cunning cheater, a spider is she and forever vain,
 She does love your bread, lies with her kisses, and in your bosom does love other men.
 On an infirm boat better sail on seas than have faith in a woman's promise,
 Infamous, lusty, charming hell she is, from her mouth, her lips speaks only Iblis.

You have dreamed of a Lucifer far off, of a white lily with an angel's gleam,
 That will be balsam to your injuries, to your life in pain be a shining dream;
 You have been longing for a spring-song that will invite you to the climes of light,
 You have been dreaming of dew immortal and have sweetly wept at the heaven's sight.
 But love of woman is salty water, forever thirsty it does keep the soul,
 In passion you lick her triumphant body, but without being satiated at all.
 O, woman's body, snaky and lustful, devilish vessel of merciless crime,
 That with the bitter pleasure of her flesh, changes to darkness our soul's sun sublime.

I am hating love, it's ruthless as death, it forever burns, secretly injures,
 A sweet poison whose drinkers are changed either to slaves or to oppressors.
 O, love, thou Nature's ever-tormenting Will, tricky, plotting irrevocable mind,
 Entrails of chaos, madly furious and pain inflicting thou Nightmare unkind.
 I hate the woman's o'erflowing passion, ever fecundating her unbridled crime,
 Unexhausted source that does heap on earth wickedness alone and nauseating slime.

I do hate again woman and her love and her kisses too, her ruthless coaxing,
 I do flee away from her swampy bed, her child-birth anguish I am now cursing,
 Her ruthless child-birth that incessantly does into this life swarms of serpents thrust,
 Which ever bite and tear one-another and defile the stars with venomous lust.

Who becomes father and from the blissful lap of NOTHINGNESS, the poor particle
 Does invite to life, and condemn it thus to the world's hell, he is a rascal;
 My father has sinned against his own son, but I'll never sin against anyone,
 This my legacy let be engraved on my tomb if a grave I'll have in the sun.

As long as the sun will have to embrace the emerald shores of pretty Hijaz,
I shall not return to woman at all, I'll have no desire for her enchanting guise.
And I shall caress the cruel thistle, its prickly thorns I shall kiss and coax,
On the burning stones I shall shed my tears, I shall lay my head on the blazing rocks."

And the caravan in measured steps and in low murmur twisted on its way,
To the dreary *far* and to the blue climes peacefully, softly onward it did sway.
And the bells, you thought, were sweetly sobbing, oozing one by one a resonant tear,
As if the car'van was calmly weeping forw hat Mahari loved and left behind there.

The flutes of zephyr were softly-softly humming, murmuring the arabian hymns,
Of the wounds of love, the pain of longing and of delicate and doleful dreams;
But Abou'l Ala's thoughts were so gloomy and so endless were his pain and dismay,
As was the pathway twisting before him and stretching thus far and far away.
Mahari, weaved with the endless path, silently sorrowed all day and all night,
In his soul bitter and sad memories, at unknown stars was fixed his sight.
He did not look back at the way he passed, for what was left back he had no regret,
He did not salute, nor took the salute of the caravans on the way he met.

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