

## ABOU'L ALA MAHARI

## SURA THE THIRD

And the caravan of Abou'l Ala murmuring softly like a water-source,  
 In the shining rays of a brilliant moon in measured steps advanced on its course.  
 And the moon was like a young fairy's breast of the paradise, enchantingly bright,  
 Now ashamedly concealing itself behind the clouds, and now showing its sight.  
 The fragrant flowers were sleeping calmly, wearing enchanting crystalline rings,  
 And with low murmur caressed and clung to one-another birds with rainbow wings.  
 With carnations' scent the breeze narrated the fairy-tale of "Thousand and One Nights";  
 Palm-trees and cypress in their sweet slumber swayed themselves along the road sides.  
 And giving ear to the tale of the breeze, Abou-Mahari to himself did tell,  
 "The world seems to be a nice fairy-tale without beginning, an endless marvel.  
 Who is narrating continuously this marvellous tale in thousands of lays?  
 And who has weaved it in a thousand forms with the charming light of the star rays?  
 Nations have been here and gone forever but without grasping its meaning at all,  
 Poets alone have somewhat grasped it and are stammering its notes immortal.  
 No one has yet heard of its beginning, and of its end too nobody will hear,  
 Every note of it lives for centuries, it fore'er goes on and never does wear;  
 And to every one who is newly born this splendid Tale is narrated new,  
 And it does begin with every being, and with every death it does end anew.  
 The world is a dream; life, a Fairy-Tale and generations, passing caravans,  
 And within this dream, with this supreme Tale, ignorant of it, to their graves advance;  
 And man blind and blunt, without a vision, to this sublime Tale without giving ear,  
 Change this world of ours to terrible hell, for morsels of bread one-another tear.  
 Your laws and orders are the yoke and whips and stupid nets of spiders, with whose  
 Poisons you are poisoning always the Nightingale's songs, the rev'ries of Rose.  
 Miserable men, your evil hearts will be changed to dust, to dust your deeds too,  
 And the hand of Time will cleanse and wipe out any dirty trace that is left by you;  
 O'er the heavy rocks covering your bones forever will howl the Vanity's Gale,  
 For you have never, never been able to enjoy the Dream of this Golden Tale."

And the caravan of diamond stars was wandering on its heavenly trip,  
 The entire heaven was sweetly ringing with the shining stars' chime, serene and deep;  
 And the whole world was enchanted now by the heavenly melodies sublime,  
 In his reveries Abou'l Ala's soul was now listening to this supreme chime.  
 "Go on caravan, and your calm murmur, with the ringing voice of the stars do weave,  
 Hand my grief over to the desert winds, do not look behind to what we did leave;  
 Take me to a bright, to an unknown shore far and far away, to a lone border;  
 Holy loneliness, you my Oasis, you the source of my reveries tender.  
 You silent heaven, you do speak to me, with your stars' language you comfort my soul,  
 Caress you my heart stung by mankind, wounded to the core — my heart you console;  
 An unsatiated desire burns in me, in my pitiful heart that does ever weep;  
 In my soul there is a sublime Vision, holy tears and love infinitely deep.

O, my soul is free, I do not endure any pow'r to rule me in any mood,  
 I do not want law, nor any limit, nor fate, nor justice, nor evil nor good;  
 And over my head no patron I want, neither any judge-judgement any kind,  
 Outside of my soul it's only bondage, slavery and ties that my soul do bind.  
 I want my freedom to be limitless, I am anarchist with no gods at all;  
 A great liberty, spacious, without any boundary does desire my soul."

And the caravan weaved its way on, and high above it shone the stars bright;  
 With infants' smile, with unbound freedom eternally shone those diamonds' light.  
 And those golden stars with their winking eyes affectionately, there did invite him,  
 Filling Mahari's soul with jungling voice — the sublime music of heavenly hymn.  
 In the limpid night, under enchanting rays was shining the path leading far away,  
 And the car'van of Abou-Mahari quietly went on, swaying on its way.

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