CHAPTER V
Letter to Amjad Najmi from Iqbal:

My dear! God's blessings be on you, have every praise for your poetry. Hope you will be alright. The best advice for poetry to go through the works of master mind poets.

5th Dec '24.

Mehar Iqbal

اقبال کا خط از پہلی کتاب

خوب - بھیم

کہ ہو گا راہ وہ بہت ہم

اب جمع جاہ جزیرہ چون - نہ رہے نہ ہو

بلکہ بہو میں وجہ دل کہا، میں ہو ہو ہو

ج مانگے ہو آئے ہو تو ہو ہو ہو

ملتوں بنیت 2208
Amjad Najmi, like Dr. Iqbal, is primarily an Eastern poet of very high order. His deep association with Western poets, philosophers and thinkers opens a passage for correct understanding of the Western philosophy in the light of which he interprets the Eastern ideas and understands the Eastern philosophy in a better way. His extensive study of Dr. Iqbal's poetry and philosophy gives him an understanding that Eastern philosophy without Western one is incomplete and vice-versa. That is why, he devoted himself in the study of both, the Eastern and the Western concepts, which come automatically in the form of synthesis in his poetry.

Amjad Najmi was a great admirer of Dr. Iqbal. But, we cannot compare both the poets in every respect. In the words of William Shakespeare "comparisons are odious". Every person and every thing has distinct characteristic and personal trait. There may be some similarity in the midst of many dissimilarities. Hence, two objects and two things cannot and shouldn't be compared fully. Najmi Sahob was contemporary admirer of Sir Mohammad Iqbal, a noted poet, a reputed philosopher and great litterateur of his time; he was very much influenced by the great personality of his time but his poetry is not total reflection of Iqbal's poetry. Dr. Iqbal was a messenger, a Messiah and a mastermind of his time, whose aim was to transcribe the Quranic versions of God through his poetry. He wanted to spread the message of God through the language of
poetry. That is why, critics are of the opinion that Dr. Iqbal was a messenger of God though we cannot call him a messenger in the sense Prophet Mohammad was. The critics say thus:

Dar deodaæ mani nigaran Hazrate Iqbal, Paegnambaree Kard payambar na tawañ guft.1

(In the eyes of critics, Mr. Iqbal, Has passed on the message of God but we cannot call him a prophet.)

Dr. Iqbal's entire poetry of later period is interpretation of Holy Quran, as is the masnavi of Maulana Rumi of Iran. Dr. Iqbal was more or less influenced by Maulana Rumi in this respect and devised his own ways to channelise his thoughts and ideas through the medium of poetry. Maulana Rumi's critic has viewed his poetry in the following manner:

Masnavie moulvie manwi, Hast Quran dar zabano Pahlwi, Man nami goem koh-æan aali janab, Hast paegnambær-o-wæ-dæd kitab.2

(that meaningful moulvi's masnavi, Is Quran in Pahlvi language, I don't call that respectable person.

"A messenger"or "recipient of a holy book."

Najmi Sahab maintains the lineage and admires both, Dr. Iqbal as well as Maulana Rumi but does not strictly follow their footsteps as a poet. Their style, diction or thought reflect here and there in his poetry. That, however, does not mean that his poetry is devoid of other predecessors' and contemporaries' style of writing. He had his personal trait, separate mode of approach, distinct style and own diction
of writing poetry and it is this that attributes him unique place in Urdu poetry. As an admirer of Dr. Iqbal, he had perhaps studied his poetry more thoroughly than that of others and most of his verses were fresh in his memory which reflected very often while writing his own and hence we see an image of Dr. Iqbal's poetry in Najmi Saheb's collection of poems. Irrespective of the fact, whether intentional or unintentional, he has expressed on many occasions, his strong feeling and powerful emotion in the manner, style and diction of Dr. Iqbal. This shows how much he admired his poetry and his style of writing.

This fascination and admiration compelled Najmi Saheb to address Dr. Iqbal through his Persian poem in the year 1924. The lines of the poem "Iqbal ke naam" (Address to Iqbal) is quoted below:

 Ae aāike urdu ra tui ham Urfi-o-ham Anwari,  
Har chand wasfat mi kumām ār shēr zān bala tari,  
Too ham zabano Ghalibi, to ham khayyale Akbari,  
Har shēr too, har qaole too, juzwest az paaghambari,  
Tagore ra ham cheeda am, lekin too cheeze deogari,  
Zauqam shahide shere too, tabam qatile fikre too,  
Bashad ke az bahre khuda sue Orissa banigaree  
Nizde too namhoome waten pabandesvrq-o-gshrb nest,  
Pas kae bagood baad asaān man deogaram, too deogari,  
Dil ba kalamat basta am, lekin ze doori khaṣtā am,  
Az namae farma more ār shēr guftan rahbari,  

(0, you are Urfi and Anwari of Urdu,  
As much as I praise you in poetry, you are above that  
Your language is the same as that of Ghalib,  
Your thought is the same as that of Akbar,  
Every verse and every word of yours is a part of message,  
I have extensively travelled in India, seen many a poet,  
Chosen also Tagore, but you are different  
My taste is martyr at your verse, my emotion is sacrificed at your thought,
For God's sake, have a gracious look towards Orissa,
There is no limit of East and West for you so far as the connotation of Nation is concerned,
After this, how can you say that you are different from me?
My heart is associated with your poems but I am far away from you,
Guide me, through correspondence, regarding poetry)

In response to the above mentioned poem of Najmi Saheb,
Dr. Iqbal replied in the following manner:

My dear! God's blessings be on you. I have every praise for your verse. Hope, you will be all right. The best advice for poetry is to go through the works of the best poets.

Sincerely,
Mohammad Iqbal
12th Dec. 1924

Mr. Jameel Mazhari of Patna University has expressed his opinion thus about Najmi Saheb:

From the desultory study of his poems, I have arrived at this conclusion that very few persons can express their thoughts in poems with such clarity and skill in our country. With the will power of Iqbal, the voice of Josh also reverberates.

Writing the preface of "Tulu-o-Sahr", Mr. Mazher Imam speaks as follows:

Seeing the early poems of Amjad Najmi, Mr. Rahmat Ali Rahmat, a litterateur of Orissa, said that his poems were motivated by Iqbal's poetry. Undoubtedly he would be a great poet in future. Who can deny the truth of this forecast now?

Najmi Saheb had a vision of life with great aims and objects to fulfil and translate them into action like Dr. Iqbal. He was therefore, above the common standard of
living. He had fixity of aim, singleness of purpose and strong determination to uplift the condition of man, to ameliorate his standard of living. He had firm faith to translate his dreams into action. In this respect he was a follower of Sir Mohammad Iqbal who says thus:

IQBAL: Pahle too husne amal, husne yaqin paeda kar,
Phir isi khak se Firdausa beroan paeda kar.7

(First, you inculcate faith and spirit of action
Then, have your heaven on the earth.)

Najmi Sahab was never a pessimist. He had optimistic vision like Dr. Iqbal throughout his life. Dr. Iqbal quotes the Quranic version about pessimism in the following manner:

IQBAL: Na lao kabhi_yaas ki guftagoo,
Keh Qurān men aaya hai la-teqnatoo.8

(Don't bring the talk of pessimism,
Because this has come in the holy Quran
"Don't be disheartened.")

That is why, Najmi Sahab, a true follower of Dr. Iqbal, believes in optimism and speaks thus in the manner Napoleon Bonaparte spoke once "Impossible is not a word in my dictionary"

NAJMI: Khastagi, wamandgi, bechargi, doon-himmati,
Too loghut mañ mari en alfaz pa sakta nahi.n.9

(Exhaustion, helplessness, cowardice etc.
You cannot find these words in my dictionary.)

Dr. Iqbal shared the sorrows and sufferings of humanity as did Najmi Sahab just like Shelley who says thus:

Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thoughts.10

This is what expected from a man, says Dr. Iqbal in the following verse of his poem "Shikwa" (The complaint).
Nale bulbul ke sunoon aur hamaten gosh rehoon,
Hamnawa maen bhi koi gul hoon keh khamush rehoon.11

(Let me lend my ears to the wails of nightingales,
O co-singers! I am not a flower that I will keep
myself mum.)

Najmi Sahib, sharing the sufferings of man, strikes
an attractive note and produces dreamy effect in the following
verse of his poem "Taaruf" (Introduction).

NAJMI: Har sadae-dard meri ek payame dil-nawaz,
Har kharoshe dil mera ek naghmae khwab
aafreen.12

(Every note of pain is attractive,
My clamour has a dreamy effect.)

Najmi Sahib believes in self-aggrandisement and
elevation of personality like Dr. Iqbal and this is what
makes him great. Here is the concept of "Superman" — may
be that of Nietzsche, Goethe, Bernard Shaw or Iqbal out of
which emerges the concept of superman of Najmi, may be seen
as follows:

Dekh Najmi ketni unchi hai meri fikre rasa,
Baat karti hai falak se mere sharoon ki zameen.13

(Behold Najmi! how lofty is my thought and
expression!
The base of my verses, converses with the heaven.)

Dr. Iqbal speaks about his "Superman" through the
philosophy of self in the following manner:

Khudi ko kar buland otna kah har taqdir se pahle,
Khuda bando se khud puche bata teri raza kia hai.14

(Elevate yourself to such a height, beyond
every destiny,
That God will Himself ask as to what you desire?)
Najmi Sahab was a believer in the life of action, not of contemplation, and hence he invites people to indulge in all sorts of activities in order to realise the higher values of life. Here, he is at one with Dr. Iqbal who never liked to sit in ivory tower and lead a life of inactivity. His symbolic expression in the following verse is a mute witness to this fact,

**Iqbal:** Nahin tera nasheman qasre sultani ke gumbad per, Too shahin hai basere kar pahardon ki chatanone par,15

(Thy place is not on the domes of palaces of Sultans,
Thou art a Falcon; make thy abode on the rocks of mountains.)

Najmi Sahab was a lover of Nature like Dr. Iqbal. Dr. Iqbal finds the presence of God in the Nature like Wordsworth, the Romantic English poet. So also, Najmi Sahab feels the presence of Perfect Beauty in the hearts of Nature. Najmi Sahab finds the glimpse of God in the flash of lightning.

**Najmi:** Jhalak hai tuh me n ae bijli kisi ko husne kamal ki,Tardap hai teri fitrat me kisi ko mustarib dil ki.16

(The glimpse of that Perfect Beauty is within you, 0 lightning,
In your nature, one's restlessness of heart is concealed.)

Dr. Iqbal finds the glitter and glare of that Perfect Object in the creations of Nature like the sun, moon, fire, lightning and star.
IQBAL: "Chamak teri ayan bijli mein, aatish mein, shararo mein, Jhalak teri hawada chand mein, suraj mein, tare mein."

(Your shining gets revealed in the flash of lightning, fire and sparks. Your flash appears very often in the shining of the sun, moon and stars.)

Realising the supremacy of man, Najmi Sahab speaks about the elevated position of human beings through the medium of star as follows:

NAJMI: Kaha tare ne pasti ki shikayat hai teri be ja, Zamoon par hai agar che, nazishe Arsho-bareon too hai.

(The star said "your complaint of being lowly is out of place, Even though, you are on the earth, you are the pride of Heaven.")

Dr. Iqbal has expressed the similar thought in "Zabure Ajam" (Psalms of East) quoted below:

IQBAL: Faroze khakiyan az nooriyan afzoon shawad roze, Zameen az kokabo taqdir-e ma gardoon shawad roze.

(The rise of earthly beings will be higher than that of heavenly bodies one day or the other, Our earth will turn into heaven by the star of our good fortune, one day or the other.)

Amjad Najmi has used his poetic talent to energise and inspire humanity as a whole to live a happy and decent life. Here, the poet comes very close to Dr. Iqbal in approach and expression.

NAJMI: Noor se goshae aafaq ko lahrez karo, Raushni tez karo, tez karo, tez karo, Zulmaton se abhi maamoor hain eh arz-o-sama, Timtimata hai tamannaeon ka nanna sa diya, Abhi paemanae hasti mein hai gham ki sahba, Talkhie waqt ko aamw shakr aamez karo, Raushni tez karo, tez karo, tez karo.
(Fill the corners of world with flood of light,
Intensify the light, intensify the light and
intensify the light.
The length and breadth of this universe is full of
darkness,
A small lamp of desires flickers off and on,
Intensify the light, intensify the light and
intensify the light.)

Speaking about destiny, Najmi Saheb says that man is
the maker of his own destiny backed by the Almighty. Hence,
he is not at all helpless in this respect. Destiny requires
constant effort and ceaseless action on his part. The natural
phenomena follow the principle of action. Nothing has been
achieved in this world without action. In other words, action
means destiny and destiny means action.

NAJMI: Ehn zauq e amal hi ka muqaddar naam jab
thahara,
Suroore nao-e-insan ke liye eh jam jab tahera,
Amal hai doosre lafzaan men jab taqdir ya
qismat,
To phir insan ko bhi chahiye hare na oh himmat,
Amal se apni qismat ko bana le jiska jee chahe,
Muqaddar apna apna aazma le jiska jee chahe.21

(Here the love of "action" is named as "destiny",
This wine is for the happiness of Man.
"Action" is, in otherwords, "destiny" or "luck";
Man should not lose heart in any case,
Whoever likes to make his "destiny" may do so
through "action".
Whoever wants to try his luck may do so,)

Here Najmi Saheb falls in line with Dr. Iqbal in shaping
one's own destiny through action and firm faith and this is
the key-note of his poems where Iqbal echoes and re-echoes.

In his poem "Sahaer ka dil" (The heart of poet), Najmi
Saheb has undertaken an objective approach just to express
the subjective feelings and personal emotions whereas
Dr. Iqbal has directly expressed his feelings and emotions
without any hesitation whatsoever. Following lines of Dr.Iqbal
sprout from the core of his heart.
IQBAL: Phoolon ko aaey jisdham shahnam wuzu karene,  
Rona mera wuzu ho, nala meri dua ho,  
Is khamooshi mein jaan etne buland naile,  
Taron ke qafle moh meri sada dara ho.22

(When the mists come for the ablution of flowers,  
My tears are used for ablution, my cries are  
taken for prayer,  
May the cries go so high in this quietness,  
That they may serve as leading bells in the  
caravan of stars.)

On another occasion Sir Mohammad Iqbal has expressed  
his powerful feeling outright:

Haweda aaj apne zakhme pinhaãn kar ko chordoãn ga,  
Lahoo ro ro ke mahfil ko gulistaãn karke  
chordoãn ga.23

(I will reveal my concealed wound today,  
Shedding the tears of blood, I will make a  
garden of this assembly.)

Najmi Saheb speaks his own feelings about poet in the  
following lines:

NAJMI: Dil nahiãn ek mustaqil aaeena hai jazbat ka,  
Aks khinã bh aeta hai jis moh sare maujooodet ka,  
Goãnja hai zindagi ka geet jis ko raag moh,  
Jo hamesha kood pardta hai pparaee aag moh,  
Agle zeer kab samajh sakta haiãn eh raaz-o-  
niaz,  
Ashk hai jiska wuzu aur dard hai jiski namaz,  
Zange irfaãn hai tujhe to ja kisi sheer se mil,  
Muddaee too ne abhi dokaãn nahi sheer ka dil.24

(It is not heart, it is permanent mirror of  
emotions,  
Over this comes the reflection of existence,  
In whose tune echoes the song of existence,  
He is one who jumps over the fire of others’  
suffering,  
Extroverts cannot understand this mystery,  
Whose tears are ablutions and pains are prayers?  
If you have love for knowledge, go and meet any  
poet,  
Plaintiff! you have not seen so far the heart of  
a poet.)
Lamenting the modern civilisation and artificial living, both Dr. Iqbal and Najmi Sahob have expressed their own feelings in the following lines:

**Iqbal:**

Na oh ishq mēn rahīn garmiān,
Na oh husn mēn rahīn shoikhīn,
Na oh Ghaznawi mēn terdāp rahī,
Na oh kham hai zulfe Ayāz mēn.25

(Warmth is not present in love,
Nor coquetry present in beauty,
Neither restlessness is found in Ghaznavi,
Nor that curling in the locks of Ayaz.)

Again, Dr. Iqbal recalls his nostalgic feelings in the following lines:

**Iqbal:**

Masjideh marsiya khan hain koh namezi na rahe,
Yahi oh sehabe ausefe Hajazi na rahe,
Rah gace rasme azān, roohe Balali na rahe,
Falsefa rah gaya talqine Ghazali na rahe,
Baap ke ilm na beto ko ajar ajar ho,
Phir pisar qabilo mirase peedar keoār ho.25

(Elegy on mosques! because prayers are not offered,
That means, people having Arabs' character are not present,
The tradition of azan exists but the soul of Balal is absent,
Philosophy remains but Ghazali's logic is no more.
If the son does not know about his father,
How can he succeed the legacy of his father?)

Similarly, Najmi Sahob finds fault with the modern men and his mode of living.

**Najmi:**

Abhi ketne jālwē haiān roo dar negāb,
Kāhēn hai tāro ishq ka izterēb?
Nehān hai abhi husn ki aab-o-temāb,
Hua hi nahi jis se too faiz-yyab,
Teri kor zauqī ka hai oh qasoor,
Musafir abhi terī manzil hai door.26
(Behind the veils are glimpses more,
Where is the anxiety of your love?
The glare of beauty is concealed now,
You have not been benefitted so far,
This is the fault of your bad taste,
O traveller, your destination is far far away.)

Both, Dr. Iqbal and Najmi Saheb use satire as a means to condemn the irreligious ways of the so-called religious persons. Their orthodox practices are meaningless unless they attain the purity of heart and sublimity of mind. Dr. Iqbal views critically in the following lines:

IQBAL: Masjid to bana di shab bhar men, iman kihararat walon no,
Men apna purana papi hai, barson men namazi ban na saka.27

(Mosque is constructed within one night by zealots of religion,
But our heart is impure; hence, could not become devotee even after many years.)

Najmi Saheb, employing the same method, exposes the bigots in the following manner:

NAJMI: Allahoo ke nara ho ya "Hari-Hari" ki taan,
Dil hi tera paek nahi to kiya simran, kiya dhiyan?
Zam-zam men too ghosl kare ya Ganga men snan, La-hasil sab sajdo tero, pooja sab bekar.28

(Bo it recalling Allah or Hari,
When the heart is not pure, what is the use of meditation?
Whether you dip in "zamzam" or "Ganga",
Your prayers and bowing in supplication are in vain.)

Najmi Saheb has same complaint and similar grievance regarding the miserliness of his Benefactor as Dr. Iqbal has ventilated in the following lines:
IQBAL: Samandar se mile pyase ko shabnam,
Bakhili hai eh rezzaqi nahi hai.29

(A thirsty gets a drop of mist from the ocean,
This is miserliness, not benevolence.)

Najmi Sahab categorically complains through the
language of silence about his Benefactor in the following
lines:

NAJMI: Jo haih bahr aasham mahfil moenu saqi, kahin
pyas bujhti hai shabnam se unki?
Eh pase adab hai keh khamoosh hoon, warna
shikwa mujho bhi hai tishna labi ka.30

(0 cupbearer, those who drink ocean,
Can their thirst be quenched with the drop
of mist?
For discipline sake, I am silent, otherwise,
I would have complained regarding thirst.)

Najmi Sahab was bold enough to face the difficulties
of life. He was very ambitious and never cared to bother
about the miseries and misfortunes of life. To him, the
world was wide enough to try his fortune like Dr. Iqbal.
He believed in Miltonic version:

What though the field be lost?
All is not lost, the unconquerable will:31

In the following stanza of Najmi Sahab, the above
mentioned idea finds due expression:

NAJMI: Oh mera joshe janoo:
Sahar thal ya keh fasoon, kuch
Kar diya jis ne mera hausla jetna buland,
Chand, suraj pe bhi maen dalne jata tha kamand,
Kuch bardhi bhat na thi mera liiy koh-keni,
Dasht-o-sahara maen oh bebak mori gamzani,
Tujh se jab aanchh lardi,
Go eh manzil thi kardi,
Maen ne is manzilo dashwar ko aasen samjha.32

(This was my soothing craze,
Or, that was the spell of magic
That elevated my courage so high,
That I started throwing lasso over the sun
and moon,
Digging the mountain was not a great task for me,
I walked in the forest and desert fearlessly,
When I caught sight of you,
This was a critical juncture for me,
I took this difficulty very very easily.

Dr. Iqbal summed up this idea in the following lines:

IQBAL: Sitaro◊ se aage jahan aur bhi hain,
Abhi ishq ke imtehaan aur bhi hain,
Agar kho gaya ek khazana to kiya gham?
Zameen aur bhi, aasman aur bhi hain.33

(Beyond the stars are other worlds,
Still of love are other tests,
If one treasure is lost, there is nothing to
be sorry about,
There are other lands and other spheres of
sky.)

Perhaps, Hajmi Sahob had in his mind Dr. Iqbal's stanza
while writing about the mosque inside the Qila of Cuttack.

Dr. Iqbal wanted to revive the Islamic glory during his journey
to European and African countries. He took the permission of
the concerned governments and called "Azan" in the dilapidated
mosques and places of prayer.

IQBAL: Dasht to dasht hain darya bhi na chordo ham na,
Bahr-o-zulmat ma◊ daurda diyo ghor do ham na,
Din azanen kabhi Europe ke kulisao◊ ma◊,
Shaan aankho◊ ma◊ na jajti thi jahandaron ki,
Kalma pardho the ham chaon men talwaron ki.34

(We have not left ocean, what to speak of forest
We ran the horses on the Black sea,
We called azan in the churches of Europe,
At times, on the warm desert of Africa,
The glory of the rulers was beyond imagination,
We used to chant the name of God under the
shadows of swords.)

Najmi wanted the revival of Islamic glory inside the
mosque of Cuttack fort (Barabati Fort) which had been possible
after a long time.
NAJMI: Aur acha hai ek masjid jazibe qalb-o-nazar,
Khinchti hai dil ko jiski gumbad-o-deewar-o-dar,
Ab bhi hai ba shaaan-o-shaukat jo acha jalwa faraz
Ab bhi jo dohra rahi hai dastane soz-o-sez,
Ek muddat tak pardi thi kaa-mapuri mein acha,
Ek muddat tak na utthi jis se aawaze azan,
Ghalrate qawmi se jab aik aan unmoen aa gaee,
Ek hararat, ek tapish, ek jaan unmoen aa gaee.

(Here is a mosque, most attractive,
Whose domes, parapets and minarets attract the heart,
It stands with all glory and grandeur,
It repeats the history of glory and suffering,
The call of azan was not heard for a long time,
The community awakened after a deep slumber,
Breathed the warmth of life into the same.)

In the following lines, Dr. Iqbal and Amjad Najmi have similar opinion regarding genuine quest. Najmi Sahob has positive approach to express his idea of true search:

NAJMI: Tumhih batao keh kis cheez ki kami hai acha?
Talab ho sacchi to hoti hain muskileen aasan.

(You tell me, what is scarce here?
If the quest is genuine, the goal is easy.)

Dr. Iqbal has negative approach to express his idea of true search:

IQBAL: Tun man huroon ka koi chahne walla hi nahin,
Rah dikhleen kiserahrawe manzil hi nahin.

(Amongst you, none is the lover of nymph,
Whom shall I show the way? None is eager to trade on?)

Both Dr. Iqbal and Najmi Sahob wanted to have a view of Almighty in some form or other, and hence they express their respective desire in their own way.

IQBAL: Kabhi ae haqiqate muntezar nazar aa lebase
majaz man.
Keh hazaro sajde tardap reho hai aani jaboone
niz man.

(0 Reality! appear at times in the garb of artificiality,
Thousands of prostrations are restless within my adoring forehead)
Najmi Saheb has reprimanded himself for unveiling the veil of that unseen object, because his strong desire to have a glimpse of his beloved was irresistible:

**NAJMI:**
Mera zauq nazara sokh aor gustakh katna hai, Naqabe rue nadeeda ko jaker jisno ulta hai.38

(My love of sight is so strong and undaunted, That it has unveiled the veil of that unseen object)

Najmi Saheb confirms the idea, expressed by Dr. Iqbal in "Zabure-Ajam", about the elevated position of Man and the universe where he lives in.

**IQBAL:**
Faroze khakiyaan az nooriyaan afoon shawad roze, Zameen az kokabe taqdira ma gardoon shawad roze.39

(The rise of Man will be higher than that of heavenly bodies, one day of the other, The earth will become Heaven by the star of sheer good luck, one day or the other.)

Confirmation of this forecast comes true only when efforts are being made by the astronauts to move in space and ultimately succeed in landing on the moon by Allen Shepherd, Arm Strong and Collins. The effort continues to go to the higher spheres for conquering all other planets and stars. That is why Najmi Saheb affirms the forecast of Dr. Iqbal in the following manner:

**NAJMI:**
Kaun kohta hai keh insen ah ki hai taqat mahdood, Aaj eha behre talatum ke liey utha hai, Aadmi chord ke ab satho zamoen ko pase pusht, Chand teroñ se tassadum ke liey utha hai, Kaun sa chand hai oh, kaun se oh tare hain, Jinki harkaat se wabasta hai taqdire bashar, Aaj insan hai taqdire falak ke mukhter, Ketni khus bakht hai, khus kaam hai tadbire bashar.40
(Who says that Man's power is limited? Today, he is awakened to face the tumultuous ocean,
Now, he has left back the surface of the land,
And risen for the clash with the stars and the Moon,
What is that Moon and what are those stars?
With whose movements, Man's luck is associated?
Today, Man is the master of Heaven's destiny,
How lucky and nice is Man's all out effort.)

Dr. Iqbal is the propounder of the philosophy of
"Khudi" (Ego) which means realising one's own value and
exploring the possibilities of one's own life. In order to
achieve success, one has to lead a vigorous life full of
energy and enthusiasm. This inspired life will enable one
to realise his own self and thus he will find a superman in
his own person. Dr. Iqbal's idea of life is quoted below:

IQBAL: "Khudi hai marde khud aagah ka jalal-o-jamal,
Keh eh kitab hai, baqi tamam tafsereen."41

("Ego" is beauty and grandeur of Self-realised Man,
This (Ego) is a book, all other things are
interpretations.)

Najmi Saheb has spoken the same thing using the word
"Khudi" (Ego) of Dr. Iqbal in the following lines:

NAJMI: "Jis zindagi mein joshe khudi ka na ho khayyal,
Oh zindagi kebhi nahi shayame zindagi."42

(The life that does not bother for the emotion of
Is never worthy of real life.)

Dr. Iqbal believes in the vastness of the universe and
no end to human existence. Therefore, narrowness is something
unbecoming and unworthy for a Man. He should try to expand
himself in the infinite plane of human existence as follows:

Phir bade bahar aasee Iqbal ghazal khana ho,
Guncha hai to phir gul ho, gul hai to gulisana ho.43
(Again, the spring breeze blows, O Iqbal, recite ghazal,
If you are bud, blossom into flower; if you are a flower, make a garden of yourself,)

This idea has been expressed by Najmi — the lover of Sir Mohammad Iqbal in the following lines:

NAJMI: Mahood too samjhne laga hai ise magar,
Be inte ha wasee hai ma idane zindagi.44

(You have started thinking it confined,
The terrain of life is very much wide.)

In the spirit of Dr. Iqbal, Najmi Saheb has interpreted the ideals and ideas, feelings and emotions, zest and enthusiasms of the poet concerned in the lines quoted from his poem "Zindagi ka karwah" (The caravan of life) as follows:

Zindagi hai aagahi,
Zindagi hai khudrasi,
Zindagi hai daamain,
Zindagi hai jawedai,
Isme ketha iztarab,
Isme ketha pech-o-tab,
Doshie zindagi po hai,
Baar kis qadar geraa,
Kis qedar hai oh haseen,
Ketna hai oh dilnasheen,
Shakhe kaenat par,
Zindagi ka aashyaan.

Zindagi hai zar-nigar,
Zindagi hai mushkbar,
Too agar bana sake,
Zindagi ko kaamraa,

Bh nikhurti jaagi,
Bh sahwurti jaagi,
Hoangi jis qadar siwa,
Hoo-o-shab ki talkhiyaan.45

(Life is realisation of self,
Life is reaching within self,
Life is permanent and perpetual,
Life is immortal and perennial.

How much restlessness is within,
How much convulsion is within,
On the shoulders of existence,
How heavy is the burden of existence.
How beautiful is this!
How attractive is this!
On the surface of the universe
Is the abode of existence,
Existence is golden,
Existence is musk-scattered,
If you achieve success
Out of your own existence.
This will go on purifying,
This will go on adorning
As much as will exceed,
The bitterness of day and night.)

In the allegorical poem "Mountain and Squirrel" Dr. Iqbal
has humiliates the mountain through the medium of squirrel and
draws conclusion in the following manner:

IQBAL: Nahin hai cheez nikammi koi zamanon men,
Koi bura nahi qudrat ke karkhane men. 46

(Nothing is useless in this world,
None is bad in the creation of Nature.)

Najmi Saheb has similar allegorical poem "Pahard"
(Mountain) wherein he directly attacks mountain for its
unnecessary boasting in the following manner. This is the moral
of his allegorical poem.

NAJMI: Buland boke bhi too taabe jalwa la na saka,
Too raaze kaun-o-makaan ke hudood pa na saka. 47

(Being so high, you could not resist the flash,
You could not divulge the periphery of universal
mysteries.)

Here both, Dr. Iqbal and Najmi Saheb, have been very much
impressed by Ralph Waldo Emerson's poem "Mountain and Squirrel"
and hence they try their hand in writing a similar poem in their
own way.
Both, Dr. Iqbal and Najmi Saheb have patriotic feeling and national fervour to the backbone. It is this that inspired them to write poems on their motherland — India. Dr. Iqbal’s patriotic song "Sare jahan se acha Hindustan hamara" remained National Anthem for a long time. Of course, Najmi Saheb’s poem "Watan" (Country) has not so far come to the limelight which possesses various phases and facets of our country.

Iqbal’s patriotic poem is quoted below:

*Sare jahan se acha Hindustan hamara,*
*Ham bulbulen hain isko, oh gulsitan hamara,*
*Mazhab nahi sikhata aapas mein bair rakna,*
*Hindi hain ham watan hai, Hindustan hamara,*
*Godi mein khelti hain jiski hazaron nadiyan,*
*Gulshan hai jinke dam se rashke jana hai hamara,*
*Parbat oh sab se uncha hamsaya aasmaen ka,*
*Oh santari hamara, oh paasban hamara,*
*Tegon ko sas man ham palkar jawaan hue hain,*
*Jhanda hai apne uncha qaomi nishan hamara.*

(Our India is the best of all other places of the world)

We are her nightingales and she is our garden,
No religion teaches enmity against another,
We are Indians and our country is India,
In whose laps play thousands of rivers,
And due to them, our garden is envied by the Heaven,
The highest mountain is the next-door neighbour to the sky,
That is our guard and that is our sentinel,
We have attained youth under the shadow of swords,
Our banner is high and that is our National Emblem)

Najmi Saheb’s patriotic feelings may be seen in his poem "Watan" (Country) wherein the poet has highly spoken about his country, that is, India as follows:
(This land is the pride of paradise, Where the moon and the stars bow down their foreheads, Whose mountains are equal to the Mount of Sinai, Whose forests are lower-beds of light, Whose every river is a river Nile, Whose every canal is that of Paradise, Whose water is as pure as wine, Where the embracing atmosphere of nymph exists, Whose every particle is floral, Whose autumn is envied by the spring, Whose beauties are the pride of sun and moon, Whose images have beauty of God, Whose civilisation is pristine and old, Whose education, culture and art are in common run, The body and soul is trusted to the land, This land is my country, my country and my country.)

Many lines of Najmi Sahib’s ghazals collide and strike
familiarity with those of Sir Mohammad Iqbal either in meaning, metre, rhythm or construction as quoted below:

NAJMI: Karni nahi aati mujhe ghairon ki burae, Maan khud ko zamane se bura dekh raha hoon.
(I am not in the habit of finding fault with others, I find myself worse than others.)

IQBAL: Maan kisi ko bura khoon teaba Sari duniya se khud bura khoon maan.
(Would I dare call some one bad? Impossible, I see myself the worst of all.)
NAJMI: Tab-o-tabe amal se do saboote zindagi paeham, 
Talatum so jo ho khali to kiya dariya mon rakhha hai. 
(Give evidence of life by fret and fever of action, 
The river which is devoid of tumult is of no use)

IQBAL: Amal se zindagi banti hai, jannat bhi, jahannum bhi, 
Khaki apni fitrat men na noori hai na nari hai. 
(Action begets life and paradise; inaction begets hell and inferno, 
This earthly being is neither heavenly nor fiery by nature.)

NAJMI: Haan! saaaze shikasta meh mero, naghmon ka talatum pinahin hai, 
Shoreeda nawae se apni, mahfil per chata jata hoon. 
(In my broken musical instrument, the hidden waves of music exist, 
I pervade over the assembly by striking crazy notes,)

IQBAL: Naghme betaeb haiin taron se nikalne ko liye, 
Toor muztar hai isi aag men jale ko liye. 
(Notes are restless for expression through the strings of musical instruments, 
Mount Sinai is bent upon burning in this fire.)

NAJMI: Bata Zahed khareedegi kise shaane karam uski? 
Matae zaqee isyan ko agar ham raegan kar leh. 
(Tell me, 0 Puritan, what will His generosity purchase? 
If we will cast the love of sin forever and forever.)

IQBAL: Moti samajh ko shaane karimi ne chun liye, 
Qatre jo the mere arage infaal ko. 
(The glory of the generosity of God has picked them up as pearls, 
The droplets of my sweat of shame and repentance,)
NAJMI: Isyan ko mere afu-o-karam ki hai justajoo, Rahmat ko mere damane ter ki telesh hai.
(My sin is looking for the forgiveness of God, The generosity of God is in search of my sin.)

IQBAL: Khudi ko kar buland etna keh har taqdeer se pahle, Khuda bande se khud pooche bata teri raza kiya hai.
(Raise your "Sgo" to such a height beyond every destiny, That the creator will beseech the creature as to what he desires.)

NAJMI: Zamoere peak, khayyale buland, zango lateef, Bas aur iske siwa, jauharo khudi kiya hai.
(Pure conscience, lofty thoughts and nice taste, What else are the jewels of Sgo other than those?)

IQBAL: Teri banda parwari meñ mere din guzar reha haiñ, Na gila hai dostñ ka, na shikayto zamana.
(Under your nourishment, I pass my days, I don't have any complaint as such, either of friends or the world as a whole.)

NAJMI: Na samjho tum meri ijk-o-niaz ko shikwa, Mañ jaanta hoon taqaza bandagi kiya hai.
(Don't think my supplication — a complaint, I know what are the requirements of slavery.)

IQBAL: Mujhe phoonka hai soze qatree aske munabbat re, Ghazab ki aag thi pani ko choto so sharare meñ.
(The fiery drops of tears of love have burnt me completely, There was terrific fire in the little spark of water.)

NAJMI: Mujhe ilm iska kiya tha, mujhe kiya khabar thi Najmi, Ken mujhi ko phoonk dega, mere ishq ka sharara.
(O Najmi, I had no inkling and no idea, That the spark of my love will consume me.)

IQBAL: Dil se jo baat nikalti hai aser rakhti hai, Taqate bazooe parwaz magar rakhti hai.
(That which comes out from the core of one's heart
is effective,
That has got wings and power of flight.)

NAJMI: Tasir aur asār se jise waasta nahiān,
Kuch aur hi oh hoti hai, lekin dua nahiān.

(That which has got no bearing with the effect,
Is something else — not prayer.)

IQBAL: Oruje Adamo khaki se anjum sahmo jate haiān,
Koh eh toota hua tara mahe kamil na bēn jaye.

(The stars get scared to see the rise of Man,
They think that the earth will become star in future.)

NAJMI: Buland hoti gae jis qadar nigaho bashar,
Sitare aur bhi hote gey areq aaloed.

(The horizon of Man's vision extended so much
That the stars perspired out of shame to see this.)

IQBAL: Dil larazta hai harifane kasha-kash se tāra,
Zindagi maut hai kho deti hai jāb zauqe kharāsh.

(Your heart trembles with the very idea of rivalry and clash,
"Life is death" when the former loses the love for struggle and strife.)

NAJMI: Eh zindagi ki kasha-kash, eh soz-o-saze hayyat,
Jo eh nahiān to sarasar adām hai tāra wajood.

(The struggle of life, the din and bustle of existence,
Are lively, the absence of whom means non-existence.)

IQBAL: Kabhi ae haqiqate muntazar nazār aa libāse wajaz mān,
Keh hazaron sajde tārdap rāne hain mori jāboone mizān mān.

(0 much awaited Reality! appear at times in the
 guise of artificiality,
Thousands of prostrations are restless within my
fore-head.)

NAJMI: Pahuneha diya hai mujh ko mere ishq no ohan,
Jis jalwa gano naaz mān sajda rawa nahiān.

(My love has carried me there,
Where prostration is not allowed.)

IQBAL: Doob kar bahre hawadis mān ubhar aane ka naam,
Zindagi hai pae ba pae mājhoon se takrane ka naam.
(Dipping and coming out from the ocean of events,
And dashing against the waves repeatedly moans "Life".)

NAJMI: Joya-o-labe sahil ho tum, manjdaar mein rahna
khoo hai meri,
Maujoon ke thaperde kha kha kar, saelab mein
bahna khu hai meri.

(You are in quest of shore; I am in the habit of
remaining in the mid-stream,
And floating in the flood being tossed by the
waves.)

IQBAL: Nasha pila ke girana to sab ko aata hai,
Maza to jab hai koh girton ko than le saaqi.

(Serving wine and letting drunkards fall is
very easy,
The credit lies in the fact that the cup-bearer
picks up the fallen drunkard.)

NAJMI: Aashufta nawaee se apni duniya ko jagata jata hoon,
Dewana hoon dewana ho k mar hosh mein lata jata hoon.

(By the crazy notes, I awaken the whole world,
I am a crazy fellow, I bring other crazy fellows
into sense.)

Najmi Sahab, as an admirer of Sir Mohammad Iqbal, has
written parodies on the lines of this great poet. Here is
an example of his parody on the line of Dr. Iqbal:

"Barda be adab hoon saza chahta hoon."
— Dr. Iqbal

NAJMI: Na poocho oh tum mujah se kiya chahta hoon,
Tumheen se tumheen maann na chahta hoon,
Eh but hain ke mera bura chahta hain,
Eh maan hoon ke unka bhala chahta hoon,
Tujhoo per fida karke jene haseen oh,
Tera haq ada maan kiya chahta hoon,
Jafaan se takra rahi hain wafaen,
Maal iska maan dekha chahta hoon,
Ehi hai tejzaa muhabbat ka Najmi,
Maan thodi si unse wafa chahta hoon.

(Don't ask as to what exactly I want from you,
I want to beg you from yourself.
These images wish ill of me on the one hand,
On the other hand, I wish well of them,
Sacrificing this frail life on you,
I want to pay back your debt in this way.
Fidelity is colliding against tyranny,
I want to see the outcome of this,
O Najmi! this is the demand of love,
I want some amount of fidelity from him.)

Najmi Saheb believed in the life of struggle, hardship and adventure like Dr. Iqbal and this became the key of his success in life. He extended the horizon of his vision, accelerated action and this gave him immense pleasure in his life.

NAJMI: Jahañ maujeh, ohooh kishti, jahañ kishti, oheñ sahil,
Maza jab hai muheete zindagi ko bekarañ kar len.
(Where there is wave, there is boat; Where there is boat, there is shore, The credit lies in extending the circumference of life unto the infinity.)

From the aforesaid accounts of Najmi Saheb's poetry, we can safely arrive at the conclusion that the poet was throughout under the poetic spell of that charming poet Sir Mohammed Iqbal who was a guiding spirit to him. That however, does not mean that he was free from the impact of other Persian, Urdu, English and Oriya poets. In his writings, sometimes Saadi and Hafiz appear, at times Josh, Agha Hashr, Simab and others find expression, so much so his entire poetry seems to be an epitome of poetic world. Therefore, Najmi Saheb has Western and Eastern mosaic in his poetry. But, every artist has an ideal, an image before him in the absence of which he finds himself helpless. Najmi Saheb, as an artist, as a poet, had his image before him which
provided him inspiration throughout his poetic career and enabled him to scale the ladder of poetic realm. He was an admirer of Dr. Iqbal, a towering personality of his time and all times to come. Therefore Najmi Sahab's writings accepted the tincture — the tincture of Western and Eastern concepts provided by the poetry of Sir Mohd Iqbal. That, in any way, does not diminish the talent and skill of Najmi Sahab, rather, it embellishes the width and breadth of his poetic canvas and gives a new turn to his poetic talent. The innovation in style, diction and language gives him a specific place in Urdu literature. To compare him with Dr. Iqbal or any other poet of East and West is unbecoming on our part because every original artist, poet and writer has his distinct characteristic. We can at best spot some points of similarities and dis-similarities with other poets of East and West as has been done here for the real assessment of his works.

Najmi Sahab had both, Oriental and Occidental taste for poetry since he came in contact with Fazlur Rahman at Ranchi who became the ex-D.P.I. of Patna afterwards. Both of them discussed European literature for hours together. This provided him deep-insight and in depth knowledge of European concepts which find expression in his own poetry mingling with the Eastern concepts of Hafiz, Khusru, Ghalib, Rumi, Iqbal, Josh and many others. Since Iqbal, the confluence of Eastern and Western concepts, was
the main source of inspiration for Amjad Najmi, it was but natural on his part to present the concepts put forth by Allama Iqbal. Iqbal was internationalist and hence he had cosmopolitan outlook, may be seen from his verse quoted below:

Cheen-o-Arab hamara, Hindustan hamara,
Ham pasbañ hain unke, sara jahan hamara.

(China and Arabia are ours; India is also ours;
We are their guardians; the whole world is ours.)

This fact has been admitted by Amjad Najmi, while addressing Dr. Iqbal in Persian as follows:

Nizde too mafhoome watan pabane shirq-o-ghurb nest,
Pas kae bagood baad azan, man deogaram, too deegari.

(There is no limit of East and West for you,
so far as the connotation of Nation is concerned,
After this, how can you say that you are
different from me.)

When both of them hold the same outlook and same opinion in respect of nation, they have global attachment and global concern for the humanity as a whole. They are always, more or less, influenced by the global concepts of East and West, North and south which automatically find expression in their respective poetry in the form of synthesis. These concepts have widened the horizon of their outlook, broadened the spectrum of their thoughts and set them free from the narrowness of parochial feeling and chauvanistic attitude towards nation.
Professor Jagannath Azad opines thus:

"Najmi Sahab is well-conversant not only with Urdu but also with Persian. His address to Dr. Iqbal in Persian proves his ability in Persian writing and shows his depth of learning in the classical language and literature that initiated him to select the lines of Khusru and Saadi. Most of his poems stand as testimony of the fact that he was interested in classical literature of Saeb and Saadi, Hafiz and Khusrau and so on. In fact, his poems from "Tulu-e-Shar" speak his deep association with classical literature of Urdu and Persian."

Mr. Mazhar Imam, while writing the preface of "Tulu-e-Sahar" speaks in the following manner:

"Amjad Najmi's learning in English, Oriya, Persian and Urdu is unquestionable and he is more or less square in all these languages."

Najmi has parodied the lines of Khusru Dehlwi while addressing Dr. Iqbal in Persian and his concepts reflect the concepts advanced by Khusru in a modified manner. Similarly in his poem "Dawate Amal", (Invitation for Action), he has followed the lines of Saeb and Bedil in an exquisite manner.

Being influenced by Oriya classical poet, Radhanath Rai, he has written his poem "Chilika" wherein he has developed the concepts advanced by the Oriya poet of great eminence. Being impressed by Anis and Dabir's elegy on Hussain Raziullah, Najmi Sahab has written an elegy "Mataa Hussain ka" and advanced the concepts of battle of Karbala in a beautiful manner. Speaking about the sad demise of Hussain Raziullah,
Mohammad Ali Jauhar speaks in the following manner:

Qatle Hussain asl men marge Yazid hai
Islam zinda hota hai har karbala ke beed.

(The assassination of Hussain is death of Yazid,
Islam is revived after every battle of Karbala.)

This concept has been put forth by Najmi in a modified manner:

Rota nahin hai koi bhi marge Yazid par,
Duniya tamam karte hai matam Hussain ka.

(Nobody sheds tear on the death of Yazid,
The whole world mourns the sad demise of Hussain.)

Najmi Sahob has translated, in verse, the poem of
Leigh Hunt "Abu Ben Adhem" in the following manner. Here, he presents the universal concept accepted by one and all:

"God loves those who love the creatures of God."

Kaha Farishto ne likh raha hoon main is sahife men
naam unka,
Khuda se rakhte hain jo mohabbat, jo isme pakke
hain apne dhun ko
Abu Ben Adhem ne phir oh pucha koh mera nam ismeen
bhi kahin hai?
Farishta afsos se oh bola "Kahoon nahiin hai, kahoon nahiin hai,"
Magar oh hai iltemas meri wahan to likh lije naam
mara,
Khuda nahiin to khuda ke bando se pyar rakha hai
kaam mera,
Haroon zarrin se jagmagata tha jaanfaza ek payam
usmen,
Keh sab se pahle likha hua tha Abu Ben Adhem ka
naam usmen.50

(The angel replied that he was writing down in the
holy book,
The names of those persons who loved God ardently,
Abu Ben Adhem asked then "Is my name included
anywhere in this"?
The Angel expressed sorrowfully "No-where," "No-
where,
Abu Ben Adhem requested the Angel "Include my name
in the list,"
"I love the creatures of God, if not God Himself."
One message, in golden letters, was glittering in
the list.
The name of Abu Ben Adhem topped the list of lovers
of God.)
(The poem "ABU BEN ADHEM" by Leigh Hunt.)

abu Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold,
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said:
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the lord"
"And is mine one?" said Abu. "Nay, not so"
Replied the angel. Abu spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said: "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men."
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light
And lo Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.51

Similarly being very much impressed by the fable of
Ralph Waldo Emerson "The Mountain and the Squirrel" which
was translated subsequently into Urdu verse by Dr. Iqbal
entitled "Pahard aur Gilheri" (The mountain and the
squirrel). Najmi wrote a poem "Pahard" wherein he has
employed men in place of squirrel while conversing with the
mountain and speaks as follows:

Sarapa rafat-o-azmat hai go teri hasti,
Hai tujh se ashrat-o-azla megar mori pasti,
Main go tha khak, bana arsh ka tamashaa,
"Daran dayer keh zadi hanuz aahjaoo."
Main sadqe apni zaeefi ke, natawani ke,
Uthaey jis no bahut naaz len tarani ke,
Buland hoke bhi too tabe jalwa la na saka,
Too raaze kaun-o-makan ke hodoood pa na saka.52

(You are at the height of dignity,
But, my lowliness is higher than your highness,
Although I was originally a handful of dust,
Became the observer of heaven,

But, you are there, where you were born,
I am proud of my weakness and frailty
Because I have tolerated the commandment of God
"You cannot see the flash of lightning."
Being very high, you could not tolerate the 
flash of lightning, 
You could not unfold the mysteries of the world.)

Dr. Iqbal's "Pahard aur Gilhari" is derived from the 
central idea of Ralph Waldo Emerson's poem "The Mountain 
and the Squirrel" wherein the poet speaks "All is well and 
wisely put;" Similarly, Iqbal says in his poem as follows:

Nahi hain cheez nikam i ko zamaane mein, 
Koi bura nahi qudrat ko karkhane mein. 52.

(Nothing is useless in this world, 
Nothing is bad in the creation of God.)

Najmi Sahob has followed this concept in his poem 
"Pahard" while comparing himself with the mountain.

Following are the extracts of the poem "The Mountain 
and the Squirrel" of Ralph Waldo Emerson and Dr. Iqbal.

"THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL"
By
Ralph Waldo Emerson

The Mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel, 
And the former called the latter "Little Prig"
But replied,
"You are doubtless very big, 
But all sorts of things and weather, 
Must be taken in together 
To make up a year 
And a sphere, 
And I think it no disgrace 
To occupy my place, 
If I'm not so large as you, 
You are not so small as I, 
And not half so spry; 
I will not deny you make 
A very pretty squirrel-track; 
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put; 
If I cannot carry forests on my back, 
Neither can you crack a nut.53
"THE MOUNTAIN AND SQUIRREL" by Iqbal

"Koi pahard oh kahta tha ok Gilhari se,
Tujhe ho sharm to pani mein jake doob mare,
Zara si cheez hai, us per ghoroor kia kahna
Eh aql aur samajhi oh shaur kia kahna,
Teri basat hai kya mari shaan ke aage,
Zameen hai past mari aan baan ke aage."

"Kaha eh sun ke gilheri na munh sambhal zara,
Eh kacchi basant haain, dil se inheen nikal zara,
Jo mgii bardi nahiin teri tarha tu kiiya parwa,
Nahiin hai too bhi to aakhir mari tarha chota,
Har ek cheez se pada khuda ki qudrat hai,
Koi barda, koi chota, oh iski hikmat hai,
Barda jchhan mar tujh ko bana diya us ne,
Mujhe darakht po chaddha sikh diya us ne,
Qadam utthane ki taqat nahiin zara tujh maen,
Teri bardase hai khudi hai aur kiya tujh maen
Tum Jo too barda hai, to kuch bhi hunar dikha mujh ko,
Eh chaalia hai zara tord kar dikha mujh ko,
Nahiin hai cheez nikammi koi zamane men,
Koi bura nahiin qudrat ke karkhane maen."

(A mountain was telling to a squirrel,
"If you have shame, drown in a drop of water,
You are small yet very proud
You have scarce intellect, understanding and sense.
You are no match to me so far as magnanimity is concerned.
The earth is also lower than me before my highness."

Hearing this, the squirrel asked him to keep quiet,
He asked mountain to uproot this wrong notion,
He bothered not for a fig if he was not big,
The mountain was also not small like him,
God has created everything out of His own technique,
His power manifests in things great and small,
He had made mountain high in this world,
He had taught squirrel how to climb on the tree,

"You don't have power to move,
You are high and what else virtue you possess;
If you are great, display skill like me,
Here is a nut, please break the same"
Nothing is useless in this world,
Nothing is bad in the creation of God.

Najmi Saheb was primarily an Eastern poet like Dr. Iqbal and other Urdu and Persian poets and hence, it was but natural on his part to come into contact with the Indoe-Aryan concepts
like all other poets of Urdu and Persian literature. Since the sufi cult of Iran was the product of Neo-platonic philosophy of Greece and this philosophy had great impact on the saints and sages of Iran and India, the poetry based on sufism brought the concepts of Greek philosophers in general that very much influenced the poetry of Amjad Najmi. In this respect, Najmi deviated from Mr. Iqbal.

In Najmi Sahib's poem "too aur maan" (You and Me) the following lines coincide with those of Hafiz shirazi, the nightingale of Iran.

Najmi: Joyaye labe sahil ho tum, manjhdar mahen raahna
khu hai meri,
Maojoen ke thapode kha kha kar sailab mohn behma
khu hai meri,55

(You are in search of shore and I am a seeker of mid-stream,
I am in the habit of floating being tossed by the waves.)

Hafiz: Shabe tareek, beem-e-mauj-o-gardabe chuneen haal
Kuja danand hale me subuksarene sahil ha,56

(The night is dark; there are waves, floods and whirl-pools;
They do not know our condition who rest on shores)

Najmi Sahib's concepts coincide with many classical poets of Urdu and Persian literature. In his poem "Khayyal" (Idea), the following lines coincide with the Persian verse of Ghani Kashmiri.

Najmi: Mazameen-e-rangeen ki eh bandishan,
sh hai unke daste henna ka khayyal.57

(The composition of purple lines is due to The privet-smeared palms of the beloved red in colour.)
GHANI KASHMIRI: Jalwa-e-husn-e-too aaurd mora bar sare
Tohenna basti-o-man mane-e-rangoen bastam. 58

(Your beauty provoked my thoughts,
Youdorned yourself with myrtle (Mehndi)
and I composed beautiful poems.)

Dr. Iqbal was very much impressed with the poetry of
Milton. That is why we find reference of "Paradise Lost" and
"Paradise Regained" very often in his poetry. Addressing
Munshi Sirajuddin (Iqbal Nama - Part-I) he has expressed his
long standing desire to write something imitating Milton.
Similarly, Najmi was also a great admirer of Milton. In his
poetry, we find Miltonic note here and there. He has written
two poems "Jurm-o-saza" (Crime and Punishment) and "Gura-shuda
Mumlakat" (The lost kingdom) imitating Milton's "Paradise
Lost" and 'Paradise Regained" wherein the same story of Adam
and Eve, is repeated. Adam and Eve are driven out from the
heaven for taking the fruit of forbidden tree and Satan
(formerly Arch-Angel) deceives them in this regard. Satan was
arrogant, proud and egoist. He is driven out from the heaven
for his defiance. So far Satan could not regain his position
but Adam's and Eve's successors have regained their lost
position and heavenly kingdom on the earth through their
constant effort, ceaseless action and sincere repentance for
the sin committed in the past. Here also, Adam is hero, Eve
is heroin and Satan is the villain of the piece. Najmi has
also dealt with the theme of virtue and vice like Milton. The
subject-matter of Milton is based on holy Bible whereas Najmi's subject matter is based on holy Quran. The plot is almost the same. The pride of Satan stands for the boasting of evil forces and always works against the virtues of Mankind. The pride has its fall ultimately though the "ego" and "false vanity" makes Satan a heroic character for the time being. The evil forces are generally stubborn, disobedient and defiant by nature. There is perpetual damnation for them. Here are extracts from Najmi's poem imitating Milton.

Jhuka dia sar sabhoē ne apna,
Magar oh "chase bartari,
Oh "anē" ka mara,
"Khudi" ka bani,
Hai naam Iblis jiskn,
Aakhir jhuka na hargiz.59

(All bowed down their head,
But the victim of "Ego" and "superiority complex",
The founder of "Pride"
The whose name is Iblis (Satan)
Has not bowed-down at all.)

Man's sin is sin-incarnate and he is subject to constant punishments. The poet means to say that one sin leads to succession of sins and whatever sin we commit, our progeny suffer for the same and undergo punishments.

Bahak ko nadim hue kuch aasay,
Koh khuld choota, zameen pe aasay,
Aur aa ke kiya kiya na dukh uthaey,
Eh jurn aesa tha jiske chaltey,
Ham Ibne Adam sana abhi tak bhugat rahe hain.60

(They were ashamed after staggering,
They were driven out from the Heaven and came down to the earth,
They have suffered a lot after this,
Due to this, we, the progeny of Adam and Eve undergo sufferings so far.)
In Milton's "Paradise Lost", Satan, the Arch-angel of Heaven, the heroic character of the whole plot, could not regain his position, boasted in the following manner after falling from the grace of heaven,

"What though the field be lost,  
All is not lost, the unconquerable will"

There is a beautiful verse of Zaccuo in Urdu regarding the fallen Arch-angel of heaven, i.e., Satan, who could not regain his position so far though he boasted after falling from the grace of heaven in Milton's "Paradise Lost". Here is Zaccuo's verse quoted below contradicting the boasting of Satan.

"Gaya Shaitan jannat se na sajda oik karna se,  
Agr lakhon baras sajdo mon sar mara to kiya mara."

(Satan has been turned out from the heaven for not bowing down even once,  
What is the use if bowed his head for lakhs of years.)

Man ultimately gains his lost prestige, place and position by his ceaseless effort, full confidence and life of action. This makes Man superior to all other creations including Satan. In this context, Dr. Iqbal speaks in the following manner:

"Pahlo too husne amal, husne yaqiın paeda kar,  
Phir isi khak se Firdause-bareen paeda kar."

(First, you create confidence and act nicely,  
Then, you have your paradise on the earth.)

Najmi Sahob has this confidence of regaining the lost kingdom of Man:
Oh gum-shuda mamlakat, oh, jannat,
Oh meri miras-o-milkiet hai,
Jo meri jagir-o-saltanat hai,
Ohan mera jis pe pura haq hai,
Khuda se le ke rahoonga aakhir.

(That lost kingdom of Paradise,
Is my legacy and my property,
Will be regained by me one day or the other,
And God will ultimately return it.)

Milton's philosophy as conveyed by him in "Paradise Lost"
has been put in a nutshell by Saurat when he says:

"Man's destiny is but the translation into
outward events of his inner history; his
weakness bring Catastrophe; his qualities,
victory; the God of this world is an internal
God. He is the inevitable Force that expresses
in outward facts the tendencies of our soul."

Though Milton's hopes of the future of mankind were
broken during the writing of the poem, yet he did not lose
faith in God and himself. Thus, in the end, Satan's schemes
turn to good, and Adam, though himself sinning, did an
ultimately useful act. The new earth revealed to Adam by
Michael near the end of the poem will be a far better place
to live than the original Eden, as Adam exclaims:

0 godness infinite, goodness immense,
That all this good of evil shall produce
And evil turn to good; more wonderful
Then that by which creation first brought forth
Light out of darkness, full of doubt I stand
Whether I should repent now of sin,
By me, done and occasioned, or rejoyce,
Much more, that much more good thereof shall spring.

When Milton enters upon this enterprise of writing
"Paradise Lost", he prays for help to the heavenly Muse
as follows:
"What in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support,
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal providence,
And justify the ways of God to men"

In the character of Adam and Eve, we find that the die was cast, and in them the doom of humanity was sealed:

The generations were prepared: the pangs,
The internal pangs, were ready, the dread strife
Of poor humanity's afflicted will
Struggling in vain with ruthless destiny.

But, Satan's speeches in council, his soliloquies his address to Eve, his share in the war in Heaven or in the Fall of Man, show the same decided superiority of character. In the very first speech he makes himself as the master of the whole situation.

"Farewell happy fields,
Where joy forever dwells
Infernal world and thou profoundest Hell,
Receive thy now possessor one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time,
The mind in its own place and in itself
Can make a heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven
Here we may reign secure, and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell
Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heaven."

This makes Satan a heroic character, with Imperial attitude to rule, and stand firm in his attitude irrespective of time and place.

But, Adam of Najmi displays heroic character by his uttering and doing tremendous work in order to regain his lost kingdom on the earth itself in the following manner:

Oh mumlaqat chin gae to kiya hai,
En mumlaqat to khuda ne di hai,
Jahan ka har zarra zarra goya,
Rahin-e-taab-o-tabe amal hai.
Amal se jamat, amal se dozakh,
Amal se dono jahan men ranaq,
Mori rag-o-pea mien khoon-e-taza-o-josh-o-masti,
To dil mien ishq-o-janoon ka ek
Be panah jazba,
Mere mizaj-o-sarisht mein bhi ana ka unsar,
Khudi ka ensaas kaar farma,
Meiin apni tagna khudi ko ab san per chadha kar,
Meiin apne shaunq talab ko ab kaam mein lagi kar,
Baroon kaar apne zaunqe saaq-o-amal ko la kar,
Oh gum shuda mamlakat, oh jamat
Jo mori meeras-o-milkiat hai,
Jo mori jageer-o-saltanat hai,
Ohaan meera jis pe pura haq hai,
Khuda se le ke rahoonqa ek din,
Khuda se le ke rahoonqa aakhir.

(What is there if that kingdom is snatched,
This kingdom is given by the God,
Whose every particle is obliged
To the fret and fervour of action
By action paradise, by inaction inferno,
By action, delight in both the universe,
In my vein and artery, there is fresh blood
and fermentation,
In my heart, there is unbounded emotion of love
and lunacy,
In my whole being, there is element of ego,
The realisation of self is at work,
I will sharpen the sword of self henceforth,
That lost kingdom of paradise,
Is my legacy and my property,
Will be regained by me one day or the other,
And God will ultimately return it.)

Thus, Najmi has beautifully synthesised the Eastern
and Western concepts of virtue and vice introducing the
Biblical and Quranic plot of Adam and Eve presenting Satan
as a villain of the piece. When Milton is nearer to
Christianity in his description, Najmi is very close to
Islamic concept of regaining the paradise on earth and
other world as well by his virtuous deeds. Milton brings
Jesus Christ as saviour of human-soul from sin and suffering and through his sacrifice, the mankind regains paradise on earth whereas Najmi's paradise is regained by the philosophy of action and self-realisation. Here Najmi is closer to Iqbal.

The impact of Karl Marx and socialism was too deep on Iqbal and Najmi. Being influenced by the philosophy of Karl Marx, Iqbal has written many poems. One of these poems is quoted below:

Uttho mero duniya ko gharibo ko jagado,
Kakhne umra ko dar-o-deewar hila do,
Garmao ghulamon ko labu soz-o-yaqin se,
Kunjashk faromaya ko shahin se larda do,
Jis khet se dahqan ko mayassar nahin rozi,
Us khet ke har khosha-e-gandum ko jala do.63

(Arise! O poor of my world! you now wake up,
And shake foundations of the palaces of lords,
And do warm up the blood of slaves with fire of faith,
Let humble sparrow with the falcon have clash,
And of the field, which to the peasant gives no food,
Thou shouldst now every corn of wheat to ashes burn.)

Similarly, Najmi has written poems addressing poor persons, because he was a supporter of have-nots and detested the ways of haves in general. In one poem, he very sarcastically addresses the poverty strikes persons in the following manner:

Kudhta hoohn tumhe dekh ke ae teera nasibo,
Ae be-zaro halat ke thukraay ghareabo
Dhunwano kno, sotho kno, amiron kno reqibo
Tua jaene ka duniya moen koi haq nahin rakhte
— Mutlaq nahin rakhte
Jo poonji-pati hai, ohi qismat ka dhani hai,
Taqdeer tumhari to azal hi so buri hai,
Tum per jo gharibi ki ehaan muhar lagi hai,
Tum jeeno ka duniya mein koi haq nahi rakhte,
Mutlaq nahi rakhte,

Aasaish-o-aaram se kiya tum ko qila?
Qabil mein tumhare nahi sain ka dh a naqa,
Ek waqt jo khate ho to do waqt hai faaq,
Tum jeene ka duniya mein koi haq nahi rakhte,
Mutlaq nahi rakhto

Tapna ke jabeeno se paseena pe paseena,
Khate to ho is poit ko dozakh ka safeena,
Is per bhi to dushwar hum jata hai jeena,
Tum jeene ka duniya mein koi haq nahi rakhte,
Mutlaq nahi rakhto.

Aashaq bhi to lete hai nahi garboon se badla,
Douwane bhi le lete hai farzano se badla,
Kiyon tum nahi lete kahhi dhanwano se badla?
Tum jeene ka duniya mein koi haq nahi rakhte,
Mutlaq nahi rakhto.

(I groan in anguish to see you, 0 ill-luck fellows,
0 ill-luck, helpless and poor persons! you are
rivals of rich fellows,
You don't have any right to exist on the earth
— not at all

One who is rich is lucky enough; your luck is not
in conformity with you from the very beginning
Since the stamp of poverty is embossed upon you,
You don't have any right to exist on the earth
— not at all

What concern you have got with ease and rest?
This area will not come under your jurisdiction,
You eat once and starve twice in a day,
You don't have any right to exist on the earth
— not at all

You drop sweat after sweat from the brow,
And fill up your belly with hard toil,
Over and above, living becomes difficult for you,
You don't have any right to exist on the earth
— not at all

The lovers take revenge from their own skirts,
The lunatics take revenge from the intellectuals,
Why don't you take revenge from the haves?
You don't have any right to exist on the earth
— not at all?

Since, the poet held socialistic concept and believed
in equality, he mourns the inequality and contradictions
exist on this earth from the very beginning and this is the
go of the world. Following lines of Najmi are reproduced
below from one of his poems:

Azal ke roz se duniya ka hai ehi dastur,
Shabe sich kabhi hai, kabhi shabe mahtab,
Rahin-e-aah-o-boqa hai kisi ka gham khana,
Kisi ka aansh-kada mayadare chang-o-rabab.66

(This tradition comes down from the first day of our existence,
Dark nights follow moon-lit nights, and moon-lit nights succeed dark nights,
There are dwellings where misery and misfortune reign supreme,
There are dwellings where the notes of rejoice are very often heard.)

Similarly, in his poem "Taqabul" (Encounter), he has depicted the sorrow and sufferings of the labourers on the one side, the joys and jubilations of the wealthy persons on the other side. They are two sides of the same coin of our day-to-day life:

Kitni tareek hai mazdoor ki duniya abtak,
Isko afsos kabhi shaad na dekha abtak,
Ohi mohnat, ohi dukh, aur ohi gham ki shiddat,
Ohi nikbat, ohi aflas, ohi hai ghurbat,
Toote ghar men ohi phoota sa dia.66

(How dark is the life of labourer till now,
Alas! I have not seen him happy so far,
Same labour, same sorrow and same suffering,
Same broken candle in a dilapidated house,)

Din nahi, raat nahi, subha nahi, shaam nahi,
Use bisram nahi, sukh nahi, aaram nahi,
Beal baacho hai kai kuch fikr to kuch apna khayyal,
Isi uljhan mein shab-o-raz oh rehta hai nidhal,
Eh jia bhi to bhala kiya oh jia?

(For him, no day, no night, no morning, no evening,
For him, no rest, no peace, no ease, no repose,
He always thinks in terms of him and his family,
He is worried in solving his problems day in and day out,
What a wretched life he lives, if he lives at all.)

Speaking about wealthy persons, Najmi observes the following in his poem "Dhanwan":


Aur dhanwan ka abtak hai ohi sar uncha,
Us ko darwazo ki dahleez ka patthar uncha,
Ohi bangle, ohi kotho hain, ohi rang mahal,
Ohi gaddo, ohi masnad, ohi farshe makhmal,
Qumqumon so hai mahal boqao noor.

(The wealthy has still glory and pride,
The threshold of his door is very high,
Same bungalow, same building and same colourful mansion,
Same mattress, same carpet, same velvet floor,
The citadel illuminates with flood of light.)

Kis raunat se oh leta hai gharibon ka salam,
Aesa sukmar hai kuch etna hai nazuk andam,
Hath uthana to kuja? Junbishe abroo bhi nahin,
Paas ekheq-o-sharafat ka sare moo bhi nahin,
Ketna Firon hai, kaesa maghroor.

(With what a pride he takes the regards of poor persons!
How delicate and frail in structure he is!
What to speak of raising hand when the nodding of fore-head is not there,
He does not mind minimum etiquette,
How proud Pharaoh he is)

Thus, Amjad Najmi synthesises the concept of Marx with the socialistic pattern of society conceived by Islam and represents these two concepts of East and West beautifully in his poem. In the same way, Iqbal has also synthesised the socialistic concepts in his poetry for which he is branded as "Socialist."

Coming to the discussion of Najmi's concept of Romanticism, we find the synthesis of Western and Eastern Philosophy as is evident from the poetry of Iqbal. In his early period, Iqbal was under the spell of English Romantic poets and wrote poems imitating Ralph Waldo Emerson, Shelley, Keats and Wordsworth. Iqbal's first poem published in a periodical
"Makhzan" in April, 1901 entitled "Himalya", like "A thunderbolt in the Alpsh" written by Lord Byron, that took him to the height of name and fame. Similarly, he has written a number of poems depicting natural beauty with a sense of ecstasy, wonder and surprise. A stanza from "Himalya" of Dr. Iqbal is quoted below:

Lailie shab kholti hai aake jab zulfe rasa,
Daman dil khinchti hai absharoon ki sada,
Oh khamush sharam ki jis per takallum ho fida,
Oh darakhton per teffakur ka sama chaya hua,
Kampa phirta hai kya rang reh shafaq kohsar per,
Khusnume lagta hai oh ghaza mere rukhsar per.

(When the darkness of the night unfolds the black tresses,
The heart is attracted towards the sound of water fall,
The silence of the evening bewitches the power of conversation,
The trees are intoxicated with thought-provoking atmosphere,
There thrills the horizontal colour on the hillocks,
This powder looks very beautiful to your cheeks.)

Here is Byron's stanza from 'A thunderstorm in the Alphs' quoted below:

And this is in the night; Most glorious night
Thou wert not sent for slumber let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight-
A portion of the tempest and of thee
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth,
And now again 'tis black — and now, the glee of
the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

In the similar fashion, Amjad Najmi has written a poem "Pahard" (The Mountain) wherein he has admitted the greatness of the mountain but considers Man to be greater than the mountain.
Similarly, Amjad Najmi has written a poem "Bijli" (Lightning) wherein he has beautifully described the flash of the lightning and compared it with the momentary life of men on earth.

Jhalak hai tujh men ae Bijli kisi ko husne kamil ki,
Tardap hai teri fitrat men kisi ke muztarib dil ki,
Tera showa hai dam bhar ko faroze aamne hona,
Ayan ho kar nahin hona, nahin ho kar ayan hona.71

(0 Lightning! there is manifestation of "Perfect Beauty" in you,
There is restlessness of somebody's restless-heart within you,
Your duty is to rise up the sky for a momentary period,
You appear and disappear, disappear and re-appear.)

Thus, Amjad Najmi sees the presence of Almighty in the natural phenomena just like Dr. Iqbal and William Wordsworth. Dr. Iqbal was very much influenced by William Wordsworth, the poet of Nature, who had three stages of attraction towards Nature. In the first stage, he had love and attraction towards
Nature. In the second stage, he finds the beauty and charm in Nature and feels the presence of God in the heart of Nature. The third stage gives him immense joy and pleasure when he recollects a thing of beauty and object of Nature either in pensive or in vacant mood and they become the source of pleasure. Since Iqbal was an admirer of Wordsworth, he also feels the presence of God, the manifestation of Perfect Beauty in the heart of Nature that gives him immense pleasure and unbounded joy in the days to come. So also, Najmi was a great admirer of William Wordsworth. He also feels the presence of Almighty in the Natural phenomena and sees Perfect beauty in Nature alone.

The following lines are extracts from Iqbal's ghazal wherein he sees the manifestation of God in Natural Phenomena.

Chamak teri aysa bijli mañ, aatish mañ sherare mañ, Jhalek teri hawoda chand mañ, suraj mañ, tare mañ.72

(Your dazzle manifests in the lightning, fire and sparks, Your flash appears in the moon, sun and stars.)

Dr. Iqbal, in his poem "Chand" (Moon) has reiterated the same idea of English Romantic poets. The Moon is a seeker of That Perfect Beauty just like Man who is always in search of God outside. However, Dr. Iqbal shows the Moon the presence of Almighty in the Natural Phenomena in the following manner.

Aa chand huen tera fitrat ki aabroo hai, Taofe harime khaki teri qadim khoo hai, Too dhooandta hai jisko taron ki khamushhi mañ, Posheeda hai oh shayed ghooghhae zindagi mañ, Istada saro mañ hai, sebza mañ so raha hai, Bulbul mañ naghnaa zan hai, khamush hai kali mañ, Aa mañ tujhe dikheon rukhsar raushan uska, Nahroo ke aasene mañ, shabnam ki aarsi mañ, Sehra-o-dhash-o-der mañ, kohsar mañ ohi hai, Insañ ko dil mañ, tere rokhsar mañ ohi hai.73
(O Moon! your beauty is dignity of Nature, 
Your movement around the earth is very old, 
You are in search of someone in the silence of stars, 
He is concealed in the din and bustle of life, 
He stands with cypress, sleeps in grass, 
Sings with nightingales, remains silent in buds, 
Come, I will show you His bright face 
In the mirror of stream, in the transparent dew, 
He is present in the desert, forest and hillock 
He is present in the heart of Man, in the face of Moon)

In this respect, Baba Azal Kohi, a suf i saint of East, 
opines in the following manner.

Aa asnakh shab-o-raz khuda mi talabi, 
Kori agar az khosh juda mi talabi.

(0 Man! you are searching God day in and day out, 
You are blind if you search God apart from you.)

Iqbal has nicely blended both the concepts, the concepts 
of East and West regarding the presence of God in Nature as well 
as Man. Najmi has gone one step ahead in this respect. He 
finds the presence of God in Nature, Man and Icons seen during 
dusshera. Here, he is influenced by the Hindu philosophy of 
gods and goddesses who represent the spirit of gods and 
goddesses when they are given the shape of image and worshipped.

Following is extract from Najmi Saheb's poem "Dusshere man":

Na hota sheik bhi kiyoñkar asire naazzara? 
Nazar jo eati hai shaano khuda dusshere mañ.

(Why sheik would not have been impressed? 
The grandeur of God appears during Dusshera.)

Najmi finds the presence of God in Beauty and hence he 
considers Beauty as God. Here, he is influenced by Keats's 
philosophy of Beauty:

Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty 
That is all ye know. 
(Ode to Grecian Urn)—Keats
NAJMI: Sab dekhte hai huhe dilaawoz ko tere,
Meh huhe men ek shaane khuda dekh raha hoon.
(Everybody looks at your attractive beauty,
I find the grace of God in beauty itself)

NAJMI: Husn ko maeh huhe samajhta hoon,
Hae mera khayyal kia kahyo.
(I consider Beauty as God,
What a wonderful idea I have got.)

With the Keatsian concept of Beauty, he has retained
the Wordsworthian concept of Nature, and admixed them with
the Hindu philosophy and Muslim concept of God. Najmi feels
the presence of God in the following manner:

Kuch kahkshaen meh, anjum meh, kuch shams-o-qamar
meh dekh liya,
Us parda-nashoen ko to hain no bas ek naaz meh
dekh liya.

(I have seen, in Milky way, star, sun and Moon,
That unseen object at a glance.)

We find the sense of wonder and surprise in Najmi just
like the Romantic poets of English literature. In his poem
"Khayal" (Imagination) the poet has extended various thoughts
and wonders at them just like Romantics, Wordsworth in his
poem "To the Cuckoo" has expressed his sense of wonder and
surprise in the following manner:

O Blithe Newcomer I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice,
O Cuckoo shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wondering voice?

Najmi's sense of wonder and surprise at his thoughts
is presented here as follows:
Bahut khoob Najmi, bahut khoob hai,
Sh tera anokha nirala khayyal.
(O Najmi, how nice, wonderful, excellent,
Unique and unparallel are your thoughts.)

Similarly, he has expressed his surprise at his idea of Beauty that he considers as God.

Husn ko maan khuda samajhta hoon
Hae mere khayyal kia kahiye.74
(I consider Beauty as God,
What a wonderful idea I have got.)

On another occasion, Najmi expresses his surprise at the continuous prostration in the following manner:

Jhukta hi na tha, phir aesa jhuka, naam uthne
ka leta hi nahi,
Maloom nahi us sarno kiya, us sange dar man
dekh liya.
(He was not ready for prostration but prostrated ultimately,
In such a manner that he didn't stand erect,
Don't know what he had seen on that threshold.)

Similarly, his wonder and surprise is to be appreciated when he is at the extreme point of his imagination.

Eh meri intiaa aarzoo dekh,
Keh maan tujh se tujh ko maangta hoon.
(Soo my extreme desire!
I pray you and beg your own self.)

In his poem "Rinde La Ubali" (The reckless drunkard), Najmi Sahob has expressed his sense of wonder and surprise after every stanza of his poem. The poem starts with the following lines.

Sawal oh hai keh maan tum se kiyoon chupa ke pioon,
Tumhari ankhon se aankhoon na kiyoon mila ke pioon.
(Why should I hide from you at the time of drinking
Why should I not drink face to face before you.)

The panoramic description of Iqbal brings him closer to Dante, Maulana Jalaluddin Rumi, Wordsworth and Goethe,
says Dr. Samiul Haque of Ranchi University in his book "Iqbal" (Published by Gyanda Prakashan, Patna). His alliterative use of words produces hushing effect in his poem "Eik Shaam" [Darya-o-Neiker (Heidelberg) ke kinare] "An evening" (By the side of river Neiker in Heidelberg) is beautiful and charming in deed. This strikes similarity with the poem "Ode to Evening" written by William Collins. Najmi has also written a poem "Shaamo Tulsipur", (The Evening of Tulsipur) in the same manner. The vivid and artistic description alongwith realistic portrayal of Nature, the flight of imagination, the abundant use of simile and metaphor excel the beauty of their respective poems. Here are extracts from their poems on "Evening", attractive and romantic in nature:

**IQBAL:**
Fitrat bo-hosh ho gace hai, 
Aagosh mën shab ke so gace hai, 
Kuch aesa sakuut ka fasoon hai, 
Neiker ka kharam bhi sakoon hai, 
Ae dil too bhi khamoosh ho ja, 
Aagosh mën gham ko lo ke so ja.

(The nature has been intoxicated, She has slept on the lap of night, There has been charm of silence, The movement of Neiker is also silent, O heart you also remain silent, Keeping abreast grief, you also sleep.)

**NAJMI:**
Eh udasi ka sama hai shaam ka laya hua, 
Yaas-aageen ek taahur sab pe hai chaya hua, 
Us taraf dekho to jo basti hai, oh sunsan hai, 
Us taraf khamoosh, gorön ka eh goristan hai, 
Zindagi ka hausla chup, zindagi ki shaam chup, 
Chasme ibrat doki hai oh kitna goristan chup, 
Ho gace ab kahtm din ki garmie baazar bhi, 
Mae bhi chup hoon aur mora eh dile ghamkhar bhi.


(This desperate mood is brought about by the evening.
The wonder of frustration has pervaded everywhere,
The locality of that side is completely silent,
The grave-yards of the white people is also silent,
The exuberance or grandeur of existence is thoroughly silent,
O deep sighted eyes, see, how silent is grave-yard,
The warmth of market-day is also over,
I am silent along with my grief-striken heart.)

WILLIAM: While spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
COLLINS: And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve;
While summer loves to sport,
Beneath thy lingering light;
While sallow autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
Or winter, yelling through the troubled air,
Affrights thy shrinking train
And rudely rends thy robes;

Thus, Iqbal and Najmi have nicely synthesised the Western thoughts with the Eastern philosophy and presented them in their own way effectively.

On the theme of "Poet", many a poet of East and West have written beautiful poems. Since Iqbal and Najmi were great admirers of Wordsworth, it is very likely that they have written their respective poems on this topic being influenced by Wordsworth's poem on poet entitled "If thou indeed derive thy light from Heaven" quoted below:

If thou indeed derive thy light from Heaven,
Then, to the measure of that heaven-born light,
Shine, Poet in thy place, and be content:-
The stars pre-eminent in magnitude,
And they that from zenith dart their beams,
(Visible though they be to half the earth,
Though half a sphere by conscious of their brightness)
Are yet of no diviner origin,
No pure essence, than the one that burns,
Like an untended watch-fire on the ridge
Of some dark mountain; or than those which seem Humbly to hang, like twinkling winter lamps,
Among the branches of the leafless trees
All are the undying offsprings of one sire;
Then, to the measure of the light vouchsafed,
Shine poet in thy place, and be content.
Iqbal in his poem "Raat aur Shayer" (The night and the poet) speaks about poet through Night in the following manner:

Kyon meri chandni men phirta hai too pareshan,
Khamosh surate_gul, maninde too pareshan,
Teron ko motiyon ka sheed hai johari too,
Machli hai koi mere darya-e-moor ki too,
Shaer ka dil hai lekin na aashna sakoon se,
Aazad rah gaya hai kiokhar mere fasoon se.77

(Why do you wander in the moonlit night,
You are mute like flower, scattered like fragrance,
You are, perhaps, jeweller of Pearls of stars,
You are fish of my lighted river,
The heart of a poet is unaware of rest and peace,
How he is free from my bewitching effect.)

In another poem, Iqbal has spoken about poet addressing the night in the following manner:

Maori tore chand ki kheti men gohar bota hoon,
Chup ke insanon se maninde sahar rota hoon,
Mujh meh faryad jo pinhaen hai sunawoon kisko,
Tepisee shauq ka nazzara dikhaon kisko;
Zaetb paigham-e-mehabbat se jo ghabrata hoon,
Tore tabinda sitaroon ko suna jata hoon.78

(I sow the seed of jewel in the pasture of moon,
I stealthily, from human eyes, shed tears like morning,
Whom shall I reveal the complaint concealed within me?
Whom shall I show the love of burning desire?
Whenever I am worried of restrain of love's message,
I reveal them before your shining stars.)

Similarly, in another poem "Shama aur Shaer" (The lamp and the poet) Dr. Iqbal speaks through the mouth of Lamp regarding the qualities of a poet in the following manner:

Aah kis ki justajoo zawara rakhni hai tujha,
Rah too, rahbar bhi too, rahbar bhi too, manzil bhi too,
Kumta hai dil tera andoshae tofetai se kiya?
Na khuda too, bahr too, kisht bhi too, sahil bhi too,
Waey nadani e kah too montaje saqi ho gaya,
Mae bhi too, meena bhi too, saqi bhi too, mahfil bhi too,
Be khaber too jahare aaneaa-e-ayyam hai,
Too zamane men khuda apehrri paegham hai.

(Oh! whose search keeps you roaming here and there,
You are the way, you are the traveller, you are the leader and you are the goal.
How is it that your heart trembles with fear of tempest?)
You are the mariner, you are the ocean, you are the boat and you are the shore,
What a foolishness that you have depended on Saqi (The cup bearer)
You are the wine, you are the tumbler, you are the cup-bearer and you are the mehfil,
You are unaware that you are the glaze of mirror for ages,
You are the last message of God on earth.

In the same manner, Najmi Saheb has written a poem "Shaer ka dil" (The heart of a poet) displaying the inner qualities and unbounded capabilities existing in the person of a poet, quoted below for example:

Muddaeo too ne abhi dekha nahi n shaer ka dil,
Jalwa-hae rang-o-boo hote hai n jis men munteqil,
Dil nahi ek musteqil aanea hai jazbat ka,
Aks khiñch acta hai jis men sare maujoodat ka,
Tarjumane "Kun-fakan" jiska labo cjaž hai,
Jis ki hasti por ehañ qudrat ko soñ, soñ naaz hai,
Sañ tarna ko soñ pinhañ jis ko har ek saaz men,
Husn Jaese karwanñ leita hai khabe naaz men,
Där use kiya inteqam-e-gardisho ayyam so,
Jo echañ warif hai har aaghaz se anjam so,
Goonjta hai zindagi ka goet jisko raag men,
Jo hamesha kood paratda hai paraçe aag men,
Jiska mazhab amn joco, jiska mashrab sulhe kul,
Jisko naghmoñ ki latafet hai jawabo barge-gul,
Jiski ter-damanñyán bohter haiñ zohe khushk so,
Fikr ki khusboo hai jiski tez booo musk so,
Ahlê zaher kab samajh sakto haiñ oh raaz-o-niaz?
Ashk hai jiska wazoo aur dard hai jiski naimaz,
Zauqo irfan hai tujhe to ja kisi shaer se mil,
Muddaeo too ne abhi dekha nahi n shaer ka dil,79

(O Plaintiff! you have not so far seen the heart of a poet,
The heart that reflects the glow of colour and fragrance,
That is not a heart but a mirror or permanent emotion,
That absorbs the image of whole existence.
His miraculous tongue is translator of "Kunfakan"
The Nature is proud of his existence hundred times,
Hundred types of music remain concealed in each musical
It seems, as if, a beauty sleeps in deep.

He doesn't fear the vengeance of the earthly movements,
Because he is aware of the beginning and end,
In whose raag reverberates the song of existence,
Who always leaps on the fire lit for the others,
Whose delicacy of songs is a reply of rose petals,
Whose sin is better than the purity of agnostic;
The fragrance of his thought spreads faster than
that of musk;
How extroverts can understand this mystery?
Whose tears are ablutions and pains are prayers?
If you have love for wisdom, go and meet any poet,
0 plaintiff, you have not, so far, seen the heart of
a poet.)

The above mentioned poem of Amjad Najmi is partly
Wordsworthian wherein we also find the characteristics of
Iqbal and Thomas Gray who have also written poems on poets in
general. The extract of Gray's poem "The Bard" is presented
herewith some of the characteristics of poets in general although
this is a Pindaric ode:

On a rock, whose hauty brow
Frowns o'er Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe
With haggard eyes the poet stood;
(Loose his beard and hery hair,
Stream'd like a meteor to the troubled air)
And with a master's hand and prophet's fire
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.

Thus, Iqbal and Najmi have dexterously synthesised the
Western and Eastern concepts of poets in general in their
respective poems. In their poems on poet, we also find the idea
extended by William Blake in his poem "Hear the Voice" as
follows:-

Hear the voice of the Bard,
Who present, past and future sees,
Whose ears have heard
The Holy Word
That walked among the ancient trees;
Calling the lapsed soul,
And Weeping in the weeping dew;
That might control
The starry pole
And fallen, fallen light renew.

Iqbal's lines on poet confirm these ideas in the following manner:

Shaare dilnawaz bhi baat agar kaha khari,
Hoti hai isko faiz so marzao mindaar hari
Shane khaleel hoti hai isko kalaa so ayah,
Karti hai iski qaam jab apna saar aazri,
Ahle zameen ko noskhæ zindagi-e-dawam hai,
Khoone jigar so tarbiat pati hai jo sokhan wari,
Gulshan-e-azhr men agar juey maey sokhan na ho,
Pehl na ho, kall na ho, sabz na ho, chaman na ho.
(Whenever a fascinating poet says something,
The pasture of life becomes fertile due to his verses,
Whenever his community takes the profession of Azar,
(the sculptor)
The poetry that sprouts from the blood-vessel of a poet
Becomes the prescription, remedy and elixir for the world as a whole,
Had there been no vine of poetry on the earth,
There would not have been bud, blossom, groenery or garden.)

Coming to the concept of Man, we find that both, Iqbal and Najmi were very much influenced by the concepts of Rousseau and Hobbes on the subject of Man. Rousseau says,
"Man is born free and everywhere in chains" but Hobbes says
"Man is selfish, brutish and nasty" by nature. Pope's poem on Man wherein he has also pin-pointed the pitfalls of Man, yet considers Man - the lord of the whole universe, the fountain-head of knowledge, insignia of truth, beauty and justice. The extracts of the poem "Essay on Man" is quoted below:

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,
The proper study of mankind is man,
Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise, and rudely great;
With too much knowledge for the sceptic side,
With too much weakness for the stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act, or rest;
In doubt to deem himself a god or beast;
I doubt his mind or body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reasoning but to err;
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much;
Still by himself abused or disabused;
Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great Lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Solo judge of truth, in endless error hurled;
The glory, jest and riddle of the world.
In this context, Bertrand Russell says that Man is neither omnipotent nor impotent. Similarly, Iqbal and Najmi accepting the Western and Eastern concepts on Man, find out a synthesis of ideas on Man and present them beautifully in their own way in their respective poems on Man. Najmi has spoken about Man through the mouth of star in his poem "Insaan aur Tara" (The Man and the star) as follows:

Kaha Tare ne pasti ki shikayat hai teri be-ja,
Zameen per hai agarhe, nazisme aarshe barea too hai,
Tera dil bhi agar hai aarzoo-mande zia pashi,
Too aa phir zoo aha ho ja koh husne aasheen too hai,
Teri chashmo ghalat beaun ne tujhe dhoke maan raktha hai,
Agar ainul yaqin baun maan to_ kiya, haqqu aur yaqin too hai
Zameen to, zama man tera, jahan tera, makan tera,
Nahi maloom phir kysaaste andeh geen too hai,
Fana ke naam se dar kar khayanat kar rhaa hai too,
Fana hai ek aamanat jis aamanat ka aman too hai,
Meri taqdeer se bardh kar chamak qismat mein hai teri,
Agar samjhaa too ae ghaafil siwa mujh se khaese too hai.

(The star said that your complaint regarding low-
 stature is out of place,
Though you are on the earth but object of proud for the heaven,
If you desire to be enlightened, then come,
And throw your light, because you are enlightened beauty,
Your wrong vision has kept you in dark,
If I am trust of eya, you are trust of God,
The earth is yours, time is yours, place is yours,
I don't know as to why you are so sorry,
You commit mistake fearing death.
Mortality is a trust and you are the custodian
Your luck is more glaring than that of mine,
If you understand correctly, you are greater than me.)

At the same time, Najmi's poem "Carwana Hayyat" (The Caravan of life) vilifies the theory of communism 'the mitigation of crime and withering away of state', which is also considered as pseudoscientific theory by the political thinkers. That stage will never come in the history of Mankind when his society will be sinless and free from crimes. The
poet believes in the theory propounded by Hobbes "Man is selfish, brutish and nasty". Here are two stanza in support of this theory.

Who says that the caravan of Man's life,
Will retreat towards crimelessness and sinlessness,
Same crime, same sin and same stink,
Same pain, same sorrow and same suffering,
Same strife, same mischief and same stubbornness
Same violence prevails upon heart and mind,
The chasm of hell is concealed in destruction,
The destruction is poisonous for everybody,
Yama, the angel of death, is in the ambush of destruction,
The solitude, silence and stagnation of death is concealed in destruction,
I know that the caravan of Man's life
Is steering him towards destruction.

F.Von logau has expressed the same idea translated by Longfellow as follows:

Man like it is to fall into sin,
Fiend like it is to dwell therein.

Najmi Sahob agrees with the proposition "To err is human" when he describes about man in his poem "Jurm-o-saza" (Crime and punishment.). But, Man regains his position on earth by his constant effort whereas Satan fails to do so.

Hence, Man regains paradise in Najmi's poem "Gumshuda Mumlakat".
In these two poems, we find Miltonic note of "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained". On the Miltonic line, Iqbal has also written poems. In his poem "Farishte Aadam ko jannat se rukhfcat karte haïn" (The Angels bid farewell to Adam from paradise), he says as follows:

Ata hui hai tujho roz-o-shab ki be-tabi,
Khabar nahí hái toó khaki hái ya keh simabi,
Suna hái khak se tari namud hái lekím,
Teri sarisht méh hái kokabi-o-mahtabí,
Teri nawa se hái bo parda zindaí ka zameer,
Keh töre saaz ki fitrat né ko hé mízrabi.82

(You have been endowed with the perpetual restlessness, it is not known whether you are earthly or mercurial, there is lunar or stellar characteristic within you, the purpose of life is revealed by your music, the nature of musical instrument is striking.)

Similarly, Adam is warmly received by the Earthly spirit in Iqbal's poem "Roohe arzi Aadam ka isteqbal karti hai" (The earthly spirit welcomes Adam) in the following manner:

Khurshido jahan taaq ki zoh tere sharar meh,
Jajte nahín bakhsho hue firdaous nazár meh,
Aabád hái ek taza jahan tere humar meh,
Jannat tari pinhán hái tere khood-e-jigar meh,
Ao paekant gil koshishé paaham ki jaza dekh.83

(Within your spark lurks the light of Arora, you are forgiven after sin and highly esteemed by heaven, a fresh world will start with your skill and knowledge, your Paradise is concealed in your effort, 0 embodiment of earth! see the result of your ceaseless effort.)

Similarly, Iqbal says the following in Persian in Zabur-e-Azam, eulogising Man.

Faroze khakiyán az nooriyán afzoom shawad rozo,
Zameen az kokabe taqdiré me garzoon shawad rozo.
(The rise of Man will be higher than that of heavenly bodies, one day or the other, the earth will become heaven by the star of sheer good luck, one day or the other.)
Najmi confirms the forecast of Dr. Iqbal in the following manner in his poem "Moon Rocket".

Keun kehta hai keh insān ki hai taqat mehdood, Aaj oh bahre telestum ke liey utha hai, Aadmi chord ko ab sathe zameen ko pase pusht, Chand taroṇ se tasadum ke liey utha hai, Kaun sa chord hai oh, kaun se oh tare hai[n], Jinki harkat se wabasta hai taqdir e basher, Aad insan hai taqdir e falak ka mukhtar, Kotni khus bakht hai, khus kaem hai taqdir e basher.84

(Who says that Man's power is limited? Today, he is awakened to face the tumultuous ocean, Now, he has left back the surface of the land, And risen for the clash with the stars and the Moon, What is that Moon and what are those stars? With whose movements Man's luck is associated? Today, Man is the master of Heaven's destiny, How lucky and nice is Man's all out effort.)

Similarly, Iqbal has written a beautiful poem on Man, entitled "Insaan" (The man) eulogising the latent power of Man, though apparently he is weak, frail and unworthy.

Manzar chamenistān ko, zeba hoñ keh na-zeba, Mahroom amal nargis, majboor tamesha hai, Taslim ki khoo-gar hai, jo cheez hai duniya meñ, Insan ki har quwat sar garme taqaza hai, Is zarra ko rehti hai wasat ki hasw na haram, Du zarra naini saayed simta has sahara hai, Chane to badal dale haiy chamenistañ ki, Eh hastie dana hai, becha hai, twann hai.

(Whether the setting of garden is befitting or not, The narcissus is deprived of action and sight, Whatever is there on the earth deserves acceptance, The power of Man strains every nerve to have it. This particle craves for expansion always, This is perhaps a contracted desert, not a particle, He can change the feature of garden, if he so desires,

He is wise, far-sighted and strong.)

Dr. Iqbal in his poem "Insaan aur Bazme Qudrat" (The Man and the Nature) has spoken through Nature the following cited here for example.

Anjuman husn ki hai too, teri tasweer hoñ meñ, Ishq ka hai too sahiba, teri tafsēr hoñ meñ, Mare bigre hasy kamoñ ko banaya too ne, Baar mujh se jo na utha, oh uthaya too ne,
Noor khurshid ki mohtaj hai hasti meri,
Aur be-minute khurshid chemak hai teri,
Ho na khurshid to weeran hai gulistan mera,
Manzile aash ki ja, naam ho zindaan mera,
Ahi ya raste nehan ko na_samejne wale,
Halqao daam-e-tamanna men ulajhne wale,
too agar apni haqiqat se khabar-dar rahe,
Na siah roz rahe, phir na siah kaar rahe,

(You are congregation of beauty, I am your image,
Your are book of love and I am your interpretation,
You have set right my undone, unachieved and incomplete work,
The burden that was not carried by me was carried by you,
My existence is dependant on the light of sun,
Your existence doesnot owe allegiance to Sun for light,
Had there been no sun, my garden would have been deserted,
In place of ease and relaxation, I would have been a prison,
Ajas! you don't understand this mystery alone,
You involve yourself in the network of desires,
If you get yourself aware of your reality,
Neither blackday nor black-deed is for you.)

Najmi Saheb therefore, sees the greatness in Man, not in Angels. Man is the finest creation of God on earth. He is the breathing image and incarnation of God. The angels were asked to bowdown before God in supplication for His best creation, i.e., Man. In the person of Man we can see every thing. That is why, Alexander Pope has spoken thus:

"Proper study o f Mankind is Man".

He is beginning and end of all learning, fountain-head of all knowledge. That is why, Najmi Saheb wants to search Man - not angles. Pythagoras says:

"Man is the measure of all things".

Therefore, Najmi says as follows:

Tujhko ehan abas hai farishtoñ ki justajoo,
Duniya mañ dhoondhna hai to dhoond aadmi ko too."
(You are searching for Angels in vain,
If you want to search in this world, search a Man.)

Similarly, in his poem "Mansoosat" (Feelings) Najmi
says the following in support of his concept.

Jo thama hai maññ ne oh daman tumhara, na tha
koi iske siwa aur chara,
Keh dekha gaya hai nikalta hai aksar ehan admi
hi se kaam aadmi ka.
(If I have caught hold of your skirt, there was
no other alternative,
It is generally seen that man is useful for man)

When Najmi Sahib speaks of Man, he never means a man
in a vegetative or a sensuous stage; he seeks a man in his
purest form, a super-human type of man who can be compared
with superhuman of Nietzsche, Goethe or Iqbal. He must be
endowed with good qualities. Such a man is rarely seen on
the earth. Najmi seeks such human-beings on the earth.

Following lines confirm this idea of Najmi:

Mujh ko na shums ki na Qamar ki talash hai
Duniya-e-aab-o-gil men "Bashar" ki talash hai.
(NEither the sun nor the moon,
Never I search on the earth,
If I search on the earth,
Ever I search a "Human Being".)

On the eve of sad demise of Jigar Muradabadi, a well
known poet of Urdu literature, Najmi Sahib says as follows:

Na maññ Shums-o-Qamar ko ro raha hoon,
Bashar hoon aur bashar ko ro raha hoon.
(I don't cry for the sun or the Moon,
Being a human being, I cry for a human being.)

The human being of Najmi is, thus, "Great Lord of
all things, yet a prey to all; sole judge of truth, in
endless error hurled : "like that of Alexander Pope.
Coming to the subject of sorrow and suffering, we find Najmi very close to P.B. Shelley, the Romantic English poet, who welcomes the song of sorrow, the tune of suffering and the tinge of saddest thoughts and takes it as a way of life and sweetens the same through his powerful poetry as was done by Najmi Sahib himself on many occasions. Here is an example from Najmi's poetry:

Taranae ghamo pinhah hai har khushi apni,
Koh eik daro dard o musalsal hai zindagi apni.
(The song of sorrow is subdued in every
pleasure of mine,
Because my life is a continuous process of pain)

So also Shelley in his poem "To a Sky Lark" speaks in the following manner:

Our sincerest laughter with some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thoughts.

Iqbal has also written poems celebrating sorrows and sufferings of man in many of his poems. Here are lines from his poem "Nawa-e-gham" (The Song of sorrow) as follows:

Zindagani hai meri misle rababe khamush,
Jiski har rang ko naghma n s hái laheraz sagosh,
Barbate kaun-o-makan jiski khamushi poz nisar,
Jiski har taar mein hai saikro naghma no mazar,
Naghma-e-yaas ki dhimi s sada utthi hai,
Ashk ke qafle ko baang-e-dara utthi hai,
Jis tarha rafat-e-shabnam hai mazaqo ram se,
Mori rafat ki balandi hai nawa-e-gham so.

(My life is mute like musical instrument,
Whose lap is full of all sorts of tunes,
The striker of the whole universe is sacrificed
on the silence,
In whose strings are the graves of hundreds of music,
The notes of dejection are very often heard slowly, 
The caravan of tears roll down with the ringing 
of bell, 
The dew is formed by the flight of vapours, 
So also, my flight is due to sorrowful notes.)

In another poem "Falsafa-e-ghan" (The philosophy of 
sorrow), Dr. Iqbal has expressed his candid opinion on human 
sorrow and suffering in the following manner:

Mauje gham per raqs karta hai hababe zindagi, 
Hai alam ka sura bhi juzwe kitabe zindagi 
Eik bhi patti agar kam ho to oh gul hi nahi, 
Jo khaana na deeda ho bulbul, oh bulbul hi nahi, 
Aarzoo ke khoon se rangeen hai dil ki dastaan 
Naghmae insaniat kamil nahi ghair az fo-ghan, 
Deeda-e-bina mein daghe gham chiraghe sina hai, 
Rooh ko samane zoenat aah ka aaeona hai, 
Hadsate gham se hai insan ki fitrat ko kamal, 
Ghaza hai aaeona-e-dil ke liye garde malal, 
Gham jawani ko jaga deta hai lutfe khab se, 
Saaz eh bedar hote hai is mizrab se.87

(On the wave of sorrow dances the bubble of life, 
The chapter of sorrow is part and parcel of life's 
book, 
In the absence of even one petal, a flower is 
incomplete, 
The nightingale who has not seen autumn, is not 
a nightingale, 
The heart bleeds due to unattained desires, 
The music of humanity is incomplete in the absence 
of grief, 
The stain of sorrow is lamp of heart for the deep- 
sighted persons, 
The mirror of sigh adorns the spirit of man, 
The nature of men achieves excellence due to 
occurrence of sorrow, 
The dust of sorrow is powder for the mirror of heart, 
The sorrow awakens youth from the sweet slumber, 
The musical instrument comes into motion due to 
grief only.)

Najmi, therefore, opines that sorrow and joy, dark and 
light, exist from the very beginning of human existence. It 
is not at all surprising if some body's residence is flooded 
with light, and joy reigns supreme there whereas others' 
dwellings are dark and dingy where sorrow and suffering 
continue for a long time.
Azal ko roz se duniya ka hai ehi dastur,
Shabe siah kabhi hai, kabhi shabe mahtab,
Rahine aah-o-boqa hai kisi ka gham-khana,
Kisi ka aesh-kada maya-daro chang-o-rabab.

(This tradition comes down from the first day of our existence,
Dark nights follow moon-lit nights and moon-lit nights succeed dark nights,
There are dwellings where misery and misfortunes reign supreme,
There are dwellings where the notes of rejoice are heard very often.)

The same idea has been put forth by Dr. Iqbal in the first line of his poem "Falsafee Ghama" (The philosophy of sorrow) as follows:

Go sarapa kaafe ishrat hai sharabe zindagi,
Ashk bhi rakhta hai daman men sahabe zindagi.

(The wine of existence is intoxicating and ecstatic, The cloud of existence contains tears within its fold.)

That is why, Najmi Sahab speaks in the following manner:

Isi ka naam shaed zindagi hai,
Khusi ki ek ghadi to ek ghami ki.

(Perhaps, this is what known as existence, A moment of sorrow and a moment of joy.)

Najmi kindles hope of transformation of grief into joy and continues to live in expectation in the midst of weal and woe.

Eh fara yaas-o-alem, eh hajume na-kami,
Shikasta khatir-o-sina fagar ab bhi hoon,
Ghame hayyat na jane khushi se kab badle,
Kisi ki kam nigahi ka shikar ab bhi hoon.

(The excess of frustration and failure, Has broken the heart, and I am wounded now, Don't know when the sorrow will transform into joy, Still, others under-estimate me and I am a victim of inferiority complex.)

Shakeel Badayuni, a noted poet of Urdu, has spoken thus inconnexon with sorrow and joy:
Pinhaṅ hai qabhāboṅ mēn sada-e-shikashte dil,
Duniya īsī ka naṃm hai parwardigar kiya?88
(The heart breakings are concealed within laughters,
0 God! is this what known as "World"?)

Shelley, in his poem "Ode to the West Wind", speaks about his sorrowful days in the concluding stanza addressing the West Wind. Similarly, Najmi Sahob speaks about his difficult period in one stanza of his poem: "Tujh se jab aankh larded" (When I came across you.) Both, however, agree that life is a confluence of joy and sorrow and this is what Iqbal and many other Eastern and Western poets have expressed in their poems:

SHELLEY: "Oh, lift me a wave, a leaf, a cloud,
I fall upon the throns of life! I bleed"
A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
Once too like thee: tameless, and swift and proud."89

NAJMI: "Yaas-e-hasrat kise kahte haiṅ eh maloom na tha,
More nezdeek alam ka koi maafhoom na tha,
Jis tarha zultate shab jałwa-e-bedaar meṅ gum,
Talkhiyan zeest ki theeṅ sarghar Sarshar meṅ gum,
Tujh se jah aankh larded, go oh manzil thi kardī,
Maṅ ne is manzīlī dushwar ko aasāṅ samjha."90
(I was not aware of frustration and anxieties,
To me, sorrow had no meaning at all,
As darkness is lost in the lime-light,
Similarly, bitterness is lost in the cup of pleasure,
When I came across you, this was a difficult juncture,
I took it very easy though the same was extremely difficult.)

Samuel Taylor Coleridge in his poem "Dejection; an Ode" has spoken in the similar manner what Najmi has spoken above. Coleridge's lines are quoted below for example:

There was a time when, though my path was rough,
This joy within me dallied with distress,
And all misfortunes were but as the stuff,
Whence Fancy made me dreams of happiness:
For hope grew round me, like the twining vine,
And fruits, and foliage, not my own, seemed mine,
But now afflictions bow me down to earth;
Nor care I that they rob me of my mirth;
But oh! each visitation
Suspends what nature gave me at my birth,
My shaping spirit of Imagination.

In the same poem, Coleridge gives a note of hope along with the tale of dejection, quoted below:

Thou actors, perfect in all tragic sounds!
Thou mighty poet, o'eu to frezy bold!
What tell'st thou now about?
'Tis of the rushing of a host in rout,
With groans of trampled men, with smarting wounds—
And once they groan with pain, and shudder with the cold!
But hush! there is a pause of deepest silence!
And all that noise, as of rushing crowd,
With groans and tremulous shudderings—all is over—
It tells another tale, with sounds less deep and
A tale of less affright, loud!
And tempered with delight.

Sorrow and joy are just like passing cloud. They are transitory and temporary in nature. There is silver lining behind the cloud. Najmi, Shelley, Iqbal and many other Eastern and Western poets agree on this that nothing is permanent in nature. Behind the theory of destruction lies the theory of construction. Destruction is the basis of construction. Unless something is destroyed, nothing can be constructed. The autumn destroys the beauty of the garden but spring comes to add to the beauty of the same. Shelley has, therefore, said the following: "If winter comes, can spring be far behind?"

In the same manner, in the same spirit, Najmi sees the destruction as a prelude to the theory of construction:

Allah kare ho ehi tamhide baharañ,
Bigri hui gulshan ki fazä dekh raha hooñ."
May this be the prelude to the spring by the blessings of God,
I see the deserted environment of the garden.

A noted poet of Urdu literature has expressed the same opinion as follows:

"Khazañ urdaegi jis chaman ko, bahar asegi wus chaman men,
Wuse khusi bhi na hogi hasil jiso kabbhi gham nahin rahe hai."

(The spring comes to the garden destroyed by the autumn,
He never gets pleasure who never confronts sorrow.)

Longfellow, therefore, says as follows:

God sent his singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again.

Najmi, being influenced by the universal concepts of East and West, comes forward with a ray of hope in the dark atmosphere and finds candy in the bitterness of time in the following manner:

Zulmaton so abhi maamor hain eh arz-o-sama,
Timtimata hai tamannaon ka nanha sa diya,
Abhi paemana-e-hasti men hai gham ki sahma,
Talkhis waqt ko awo shaker amez karo,
Raushni tez karo, tez karo, tez karo.

(The whole universe is full of darkness,
In the midst of darkness, a candle of hope flickers,
At present, the tumbler of existence is full of sorrowful wine,
Come and sweeten the bitterness of time And re-kindlie light very fast.)
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