CHAPTER - IV
A URDU MUSE OF ORISSA

Amjad Najmi 1899-1974

Amjad Najmi 'Najm US-Shoara' (1899-1974)
Mohammad Amjad, son of Mohammad Yusuf was born on the 29th October 1899 at Buxi Bazar, Cuttack. Cuttack is an ancient town of Orissa completing its thousand years dating back to the reign of Yajati Kosori. Chodaganga Dev realised the necessity of transferring his capital from Kalinga Nagar to Cuttack, because Cuttack was centrally located and it had been the traditional capital of many a king of Utikal in the past. He renamed it Abhinaba Baranasi Katak. The name Baranasi was added because both locations of Cuttack and Baranasi were similar. While Baranasi was located on the bank of river Ganga, Cuttack was situated on the bank of river Mahanadi which was known as Ganga of Utikal. Later on, it was known 'Bidanasi Katak' or 'Ganga Katak' and ultimately only as Cuttack. The literal meaning of Cuttack is 'Cantonment' which has been under the direct control of Afghans, Marhattas, and Britishers after the reign of aborigin rulers of Orissa. The city of Cuttack is in a delta form situated between the two rivers, Mahanadi and its tributary, Kathjori with a neck extending towards the Bay of Bengal.

Describing the linguistic and cultural background of Orissa, Dr. M.Q.Khan (Professor and the Head of the Deptt. of English), Ravenshaw College, Cuttack, mentions the following about Amjad Najmi in the foreword of the book "The Brightest Heaven" written by Nuruddin Ahmed.
A prominent, though a small state of India, Orissa offers a bright cross-section of the diverse cultural elements and different languages of various sects, classes and communities with their distinctive features. Far from suppressing any language or class, the state as a whole has from the very beginning injected into its people a spirit of give and take by which a perfect assimilation of various cultural nuances have taken place. Urdu, has also found in Orissa a rich soil that has given it luxurious growth with its multifarious and diverse shades and colours. The land has, therefore, produced many eminent Urdu writers, poets and critics who have chiefly contributed to the growth and development of the languages in the state. Among the various prominent writers and poets, Janab Amjad Najmi, is the most well-known and reputed poet who projected Urdu poetry and drama in a very conspicuous way in the literary circle of the country. Besides his attempt to encourage and stimulate a large section of Urdu knowing people to cultivate a real taste for the language, he very successfully endeavoured to put the state in the map of India in respect of Urdu language and literature. Needless to say, he is regarded as the father and founder of Urdu literature in Orissa. Among his various achievements, particularly in the field of Urdu poetry, are his unique felicity in verse and his device of expressing the most philosophical and complex thoughts in the most simple and lucid diction. Above all, he is the first Urdu Poet of Orissa to present metaphysical elements in rhythmic verse. A profile poet who attempted to express his poetic ideas in all kinds of forms like Ghazal, Nazm, Rubai, Marsia, Qitah, he also wrote many successful plays in Urdu. A few of these plays were also performed on the stage with great success. No wonder he was rightly called "Najmus-Showar", "The shining star in the firmament of Urdu poetry". Dr. Khan concludes the foreword thus "A poet and writer who needs to be introduced to quite a large section of people who still remain unaware of his great achievements.

Amjad Najmi, an Oriya poet of Urdu literature is one of the jewels of Orissa like Sal Beg, Gangadhar Mohar, Fakir Mohen Sonapati, Radhanath Rai and Kali Charan Patnaik, though his medium of expression is Urdu — a language which is believed to be an amalgamation of Indo-Iranian languages, nevertheless, he is Oriya to the bone and he is proud to call himself an Oriya throughout his life and his poems and writings are testimonies of the fact that he is first an Oriya, then anything else.
Following lines are cited as an example of his being Oriya who is proud enough of his native land and is very much enchanted by the scenic beauty of this place:

Ours is Utkal, Orissa, Kalinga

Ours is a birth place, very very sacred, Whose foot, the Bay of Bengal, washes, Why would it not be endeared in the whole world? Whom has the Nature built exquisitely?

Ours is Utkal, Orissa, Kalinga

The Gangas, Kesharies and Bhoi Rajes, Built their capitals, "the city of Bhubaneswar" Something that shines on the landscape of Orissa Just like the dazzle of a "star in the sky"

Ours is Utkal, Orissa, Kalinga

The rishis, the writers, the priests and the poets, Nurtured and nourished with many other people, Kindled the candle of love and affection, Beautifully built and adorned habitation,

Ours is Utkal, Orissa, Kalinga

Such are the places of pilgrimage in Orissa, Not to be seen or found anywhere else, The temples of Puri, Konark and Bhubaneswar, Full of engravings and fine architectures,

Ours is Utkal, Orissa, Kalinga

The Baitarani, Kathjori and Mehanadi, The Subarn-rekha, Daya, Bhargobi Too big and too small are some of the rivers, Their water 'nectar' and 'elixir' to all of us.

Ours is Utkal, Orissa, Kalinga

The floras and faunas, the forests and caves, The hedges and ditches, the lagoons and lakes, The hillocks of Dhauligiri and Udaygiri, The unique is beauty of scenic environment,

Ours is Utkal, Orissa, Kalinga

Nursery, primary, High schools, Colleges, Everywhere temples and churches and mosques, The barrages and openings, the canals and forests, The charming is beauty of coastal Orissa,

Ours is Utkal, Orissa, Kalinga

Free is Orissa from religious dissension, Peacefully people live with love and affection, The Hindus and Muslims are brethren in reality, "The congenial culture"-befitting for brotherhood,
Congregation here is of all sorts of people,
Delineates beautifully colours of its own,
I welcome, all of them, addressing the following,
"They are the citizens and futures of India"
Ours is Utkal, Orissa, Kalinga.2

Being born and brought up in Orissa, he was influenced by
Oriya literature and his feelings and emotions found expression
in Urdu for the panoramic view of Chilika, as has been described
beautifully in Oriya by the poet, Radhanath Rai. Following lines
are translation of the extracts from his poem "Chilika" - a
lake of Orissa that has got unique beauty and a place for
tourists' attraction like Dal lake of Kashmir or Hussain Sagar
of Hyderabad.

This is a nest for hundreds of birds,
This is an island of water,
which is their abode or courtyard,
Some of them rejoice and dance,
Dive and rise up;
Some of them fly hither and thither,
Some of them turn this side or that side;
Some of them are sitting on the bank
All by themselves and unsupported.
This is a lake called "Chilika",
An attraction of Orissa,
This is fertile, full of flora and fauna;
This an evergreen fairyland.
Radhanath called it
"Apsara Bhawan" (Fairy land)
I also regard it a prestige and pride
For the nation as a whole. 3

Mohammad Yusuf, the father of Amjad Najmi was conversant
with Arabic, Persian, Urdu and Oriya. He inherited the taste of
his father and got a library in succession to his father. His
father was a friend, philosopher and guide for him. He got a
congenial atmosphere for grooming his poetic career. Thus
and he added fuel to the fire of his poetic genius started writing
poetry. In the beginning of his bright career, he was very
much influenced by Oriya Poetry. He turned towards Urdu in the year 1916 and adopted his poetic nom-de-guerre as "Najmi".

He had all along love and affection for Orissa and it is this that initiated him to write a letter in Persian in the form of Poetry to Dr. Iqbal, the celebrated poet of Urdu literature, to have a gracious look towards Orissa. A couplet of this letter is quoted below:

Zauqam shahido shore too, tab am qateol-e-fikre too,
Bashad ke az bahre khuda suq Orissa banigari.4

(My taste and talent is martyr at your poetic genius,
My emotion is sacrificed at the altar of your lofty thoughts,
For God's sake, have a gracious look towards Orissa)

In reply, to the Persian letter of Amjad Najmi, Sir Mohammad Iqbal eulogised his poetic talent in the following words:

Aap ke eshar ke liey sarapa sapas hoon5

(I have every praise for your poetry)

Recognising his poetic ability, Niaz Fatehpuri, one of the greatest critics of Urdu literature, writes the following few lines as a mark of respect to the Oriya poet of Urdu literature:

I never expected such a poet (of Urdu literature) from the landscape of Orissa who can be very well compared with any poet (of Urdu literature of North India).6

Niaz Fatehpuri highly esteemed Najmi Sahab and this is evident by one of his Persian verses addressed to Amjad Najmi when the latter congratulated the former at the award of "Padma Bhushan" quoted below:

Khitabo hoch imma az dayare chu too mahboobe,
Nawa-e-khus dili-hal mubarak-bad ra nazam.7

(The award of title is nothing but when the happy note of congratulation has come from a friend like you, I really boast.)
Dr. Zakir Husain, the ex-President of India has appreciated the poetry of Amjad Najmi (vide his letter dated 23rd June 1961, when the former was Governor of Bihar). Khwaja Ahmed Farooqui, Head of the Deptt. of Urdu, Delhi University has given a favourable opinion in respect of Najmi Sahib.

During my sojourn of Orissa, I was simply surprised to listen to the poems of Amjad Najmi. I had been to Puri and Bhubaneswar on Sept, 1959 to attend the Oriental Conference.

From 1938 to 1954, Najmi Sahib had to stay at Vizagapatam where he assumed the chairmanship of "Andhra Urdu Majlis" and continued his literary pursuit throughout as a result of which he was awarded with the title of "Najmus Shoara" (Star among the Poets). In fact, he was the brightest star in the constellation of Poets of Andhra and Orissa.

Acknowledging his services rendered in the literary field, the Government of Orissa had generously granted him life-long pension and the Sahitya Academy of U.P. had awarded him cash for his meritorious services towards Urdu literature.

Dr. Sayed Masihullah (Ex-Principal, Pattamundai College and formerly Head of the Deptt. of Urdu and Persian at Ravenshaw College, Cuttack) got his Ph.D. on the life and works of Amjad Najmi from Ranchi University. Being one of Najmi Sahib's closest relations Mr. Masihullah, while a student at Calcutta University, exchanged his thoughts and opinions through correspondence with Najmi Sahib as was done by Moulvi Abdul Lateef Arif of Cuttack. These letters have literary value as a matter of fact. Thinking
Masihullah to be the best custodian of his life-long works on literature, Najmi Sahob passed on books and manuscripts to him who gathered extensive knowledge on Najmi and wrote his thesis with pain-staking labour staying at Ranchi during the summer vacation of the preceding year of his sad demise.

What Macaulay has done for Goldsmith and Boswell for Dr. Johnson, Dr. Karamat Ali, an offspring of Najmi School of poetry has exactly done the same bringing the poet from oblivion to limelight compiling and publishing his works one after another. His effort was similar to that of Fitzgerald who brought Omar Khayyam into prominence.

Najmi Sahob, to his credit, has innumerable unpublished and two published books; one was published in 1961 consisting of 54 poems known as "Tulu-e-Sahar" (The Breaking of Dawn) which was dedicated to the great Oriya litterateur and Ex-Chief Minister of Orissa, Dr. Harekrishna Mahatab. The other one was published in 1967 entitled "Juo-e-Kahkashan" (The Stream of Milky way) dedicated to his father, Mohammad Yusuf.

In the preface of "Tulu-e-Sahar", Mr. Mazhar Imam, a renowned poet of Urdu literature mentions that Amjad Najmi has got deep emotional attachment towards his native land-Orissa and his art spreads the fragrance of the soil of Orissa. Many of his poems are associated with his native land-"Orissa" as for example, "Amicuit", "Chilika", and "Qila of Cuttack". In fact Najmi Sahob was proud to call himself an Oriya throughout. The poet got recognition from every nook and corner, and his scholarship, depth of learning and poetic talent was acknowledged by almost all the literary giants like Jagannath-Azad,

Utkal University has approved his books for the post-graduate examination in Urdu Literature. Effort is under progress to include his poems and literary works in the syllabus of other Universities.

Amjad Najmi has been described as a "Poet of Orissa" by Shams Muneri who came in contact with the poet in the year 1923. Shams Muneri was lecturer of Law at Cuttack and subsequently became Head of the Deptt. of Urdu and Persian at Patna College. Mr. Muneri in his collection of poems "Gulbang" has aptly remarked about him, because we find certain elements which give us the rhythm of his emotion at the local festival like Dusshera, the breath of his feelings on the eve of sunset at Tulsipur and sunrise at Jobra. His expressions of mirth and joy, wonder and surprise on the bank of Mahanadi (near the dam "anicut") prove that he harps the local tune on foreign musical instrument. Hafiz Shams Muneri admired Najmi as follows:

इन रहस्यंग्रहरु को पायो घर, वह घरी रहन्छ, ।
 कोठा वहाँ रहन्छ, वह अपनी घरी, वह अपनी घरी।।

(Those beautiful eyes are sighted by one and all, But, one has to see your eyes through mine.)

Though Amjad Najmi was every inch an Oriya, nonetheless, he had his excellence in Persian and Urdu which initiated him to express his feelings and emotions in Urdu and he felt at home while expressing himself in the language concerned. That is why, he has got entry from the corridors to the citadel of Urdu poetry through his brilliant achievement in the arena of Urdu
literature by trying his hand over every aspect of poetry and literature. Apart from his poetic work, he has written several plays, articles and literary criticisms. He was also Editor-in-charge of "Shakhsar" — a monthly Urdu magazine of Orissa (1965-1974). He was confident enough of his ability, talent and erudition although neglected in the early part of his life. In the words of Saeb, he says about himself as follows:

Naa aän jinsam keh dar qahte Kharidar az baha uftam,
Hama khurshid tabanam agar dar zero pa uftam.10

(I am not that who loses the worth in the absence of customers
I am that luminous object which shines like the sun if falls beneath the feet.)

Najmi Saheb started his primary education from Madrasa Islamia, Buxi Bazar, Cuttack and later on he was admitted at Peary Mohan Academy, Cuttack. He started his poetic career under the able guidance of his father and Tasnim Jaipuri. Poetic surname "Najmi" was given by Tasnim Jaipuri and he acquainted him with Prosody, rhetorical devices and poetic metres. He also taught him "Diwan-i-Hafiz" and "Yusuf-o-Zulekha".

Bombay Parsee Theatrical Company staged plays of Agha Hafiz Kashmiri at Cuttack in the year 1917-18. Being very much influenced and impressed by those plays, Najmi Sahab started writing plays. In 1921, he participated in Khilafat Movement and was imprisoned. Thus, his academic pursuit interrupted. In the year 1921, Najmi Sahab founded "Bazme Adab" (A literary organisation). Symposiums and Mushairas were organised regularly. During 1921, Najmi Sahab had to stay at Ranchi with his uncle and there he had a chance to exchange opinion with Mr. Fazlur-Rahman (who became Director of Public Instruction, Bihar later on).
acquaintance with Fazlur Rahman gave him a keen insight into English literature and opened a passage to the European thoughts and ideas that helped him later on for synthesising them in his poetry.

Najmi Saheb started his career as a clerk in Railway and stayed at Gurjatia from 1923 to 1928. In 1928, he got himself transferred to Khurda Road where he stayed for ten years. There he staged many plays of Agha Bashir Kashmiri, wrote plays himself and got them staged. In 1938, he was transferred to Vizagapatnam. In Vizagapatnam, he stayed till his retirement in 1954. After his retirement, he came back to Cuttack in 1954 and accepted the Chairmanship of Bazme Adab but withdrew himself from the organisation in 1957 due to personal difference of opinion and accepted the Presidentship of "Bazm-e-Sokhan" (Another literary organisation of Cuttack) in 1957. Thus, he rendered valuable literary services in Orissa till his last breath in 1974.

Apart from his two published anthologies of poetry, he had many unpublished works to his credit. Following are the names of the manuscripts.

- Durde Tahe-Jam (Collection of old ghazals)
- Wadi-e-Yemen (Collection of selected poems)
- Bada-e-Shiraz (Play)
- Kamyab Talwar (Play)
- Insaaf ka Khoda (Play)
- Kishore Kanta (Play)
- Rooha Zarafat (Literary jokes)
- Naser Pare (Collection of essays, articles, fiction and literary criticism)
- Intekhabe Hasna (Selected verses of Urdu poets)
- Nikhate Bagh-e-Yusuf (Literary letters of poet's father)
- Huseyn Tekellum (Extempore verses of Urdu and Persian poets)
- Mashriq-o-Meghrib (Similar verses in Urdu, Persian and English)
- Sher-o-Shaori (Book of rhetorics and prosody)
Najmi Saheb was honoured and amply rewarded by Dr. Humayun Kabir, the Education Minister of India in Vishaw Milan (A literary conference under the Chairmanship of Dr. Hare Krishna Mahtab). Commendation of Vishaw Milan - 1963:

Sari Amjad Najmi is well known inside and outside Orissa as a Urdu poet. His devotion to literature, especially to poetry, drama, articles and criticisms is commendable. We honour this devotee of Orissa for his selfless service towards Indian Culture.

Among the contemporaries and friends of Najmi Saheb in Orissa and Andhra, following names are notable. Maulvi Rahmat Ali Rahmat, Moulvi Barkatullah Barkat, Qaed Sungravi, Abdul Ahad, Abdul Rashheed Naqqad, Moinuddin Ahmed (I/S) Rotd., Qader Sheriff Ramnaque, Seyed Manzar Hassan Manzer, Hifzul Bari Hafiz, Abdul Latif Arif and M. A. Wahhab of Waltair.

Among the off-springs of Najmi School of Poetry, following names deserve to be mentioned. They are Karamat Ali Karamat, Zahirullah Noor, Rafique Dard, Zameer Khan Zameer, Abdus Samad Wasif, Pandit Trilok Nath Anjum, Rahman Karim Shakir, Noor Mohammad Janoon, Khalil Taban, Khalid Rahim, Ather Aziz, Sajid Asar, Ghalib Fidai, Abdus Samad Premi and Kashmi Kant Rahi.

In the year 1972, he became a bronchitis patient and ultimately passed away due to this prolonged illness on Friday, the 1st February 1974 at one P.m. and he was consigned to the grave in the same evening at Qadam Rasool, Cuttack. Allama
Jamil Mazhari, Fayaz Gawaiari and Massinullah Masih have written verses denoting the date of his sad demise.

Here is a prayer for the salvation of the Great soul quoted from "The Brightest Heaven".

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Human beings remember whom?
May Almighty make his room,
"Abode of heaven", "Abraham's bosom"
May His blessings be on him.12
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A number of poets from all over the country paid glowing tribute to the poet on his sad demise.

Habib Hashmi Speaks thus:

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Amjad ki yaad aate hi kuch der ke liye,
Gulkari-e-zaben-e-Sokhandan Kazmoos hai.13
(As soon as the memory of Amjad revives,
The eloquence of literati hushes up for the time being)
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Shehab Lakhnavi opines

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Kash kuch aur wafa karti neyyat-e-Najmi
Suñ Orissa mein to Najmi ka diya sab kuch hai.14
(How nice it would have been if Najmi would have survived for some more years,
All literary contributions of Urdu in Orissa are his gift.)
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Ghael Aezmi expresses his feelings thus:

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Gham na amiq bahr mein dooba hua hai dil,
Najmi nahi to aaj hai sari faza udas.15
(The heart has sunk in the abysmal depth of sorrow.
The environment is grief-striken in the absence of Najmi)
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Sayeed Rahmani paying tribute to the poet speaks thus:

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Hazrate Najmi ki hasti zeenat-e-Urdu Zaben,
Jinki dilkash sheeri hai mezheba Husn-e-Bayan.16
(Najmi is glory of Urdu language,
His attractive poetry manifests diction and style.)
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Noor Opines in the following verse:

Motaraf Aalam hai jiski inferadi sheen ka,
Noor sheeda hai usi roothe hue mehman ka
(The whole world recognises his magnanimity,
Noor is an admirer of this deceased personality)

Pandit Trilok Nath Anjum says thus:

Too Amirul Mommeen ke bagh meh khabeeda hai
Chappā, chappā is zameen ka aaj tak girwida hai,

(You repose in the garden of Prophet Mohammad,
Every nook and corne of this land admires you.)

Noorul Huda (Qade Supreval) quotes a Persian verse in memory of

Amjad Najmi:

Gahe Gahe baaz khan eon qissa-e-parsena ra,
Taza khahi das-ta'ī gar dagh-nee sina ra,

(At times, re-read the old story,
If you want to keep the wound of your heart afresh)

He adds: "In my opinion he was endowed with the qualities
required for a good poet and hence he was an excellent poet."

Niaz Fathepur, pays heart-felt tribute to the poet as follows:

Mr. Amjad Najmi is a famous and eloquent poet of Cuttack
(Orissa). He is a first rate poet of India so far as
chastity of language and diction is concerned. After
going through "Tulu-e-Shar" it is revealed that the
individuality of Najmi is not only due to his vast study
but also due to his natural capability to write poetry.
His poetry is not jugglery of words but an example of
lofty and balanced thoughts and meaningful ideas.
Nothing in this collection is second rate.

Prof. Sayed Ahtesham Hussain writes about Najmi Saheb in the
following manner:
I am not influenced by longstanding writing alone. If the thoughts are alive and awakened with the writing, it adds to the charm. I have seen the poems of Najmi Sahib. He has got mastery not only on diction but also on thought and his ideas are fresh and alive.20

Prof. Ael Ahmed Saroor says thus:

The poetry of Amjad Hajrni is a glaring proof of popularity of Urdu. In the language of love and beauty, a Urdu poet is nicely translating the higher values of human culture and human existence. His accent is poetic and language is majestic. He is conscious of poetic standard and changing trends. His poetry exemplifies beautiful thoughts and dictions that cannot be ignored.21

Coming to the discussion of Najmi Sahib's socialistic, patriotic and secular attitude, we find that he had a mission of his life and he had missionary zeal to express his ideas through his poetry. He never liked to sit in the ivory tower and write poetry like the Romantic poets. Hence, he was not 'an ineffectual angel beating his luminous wings in the void,' as has been said about Shelley. He believed strongly in the version of Mathew Arnold "Poetry is criticism of life under the poetic virtues." Since he was closely associated with day to day life and its happenings all around, he was forced to come in contact with the social, political and religious movements of his time and these things find expression in his poetry. As
an individual, a part and parcel of his society, Najmi Saheb
nourished certain ideas with regard to social, political and
religious set-up and he has beautifully ventilated his feelings
and ideas through his poems. Mr. Hurmatul Akram, a renowned
poet of Urdu literature speaks about Najmi Saheb in the following
manner: "With his writings the human history, its upheavals
along with the virtues and vices move on and on, examining
these events very closely." 22

Mr. Mazhar Imam, a progressive poet of Urdu literature
has summed up the following few lines in the preface of "Telu-
e-Shar" quoted below:

It was a period of awakening for India when Najmi
Saheb started writing poetry. He was deeply influenced
by every movement for freedom of India. His poetry
is not a flat expression of empty ideas. He has deep
insight, far-sighted vision and impartial view of
things. It was his earnest effort to discharge social
national and moral responsibility through the realm
of poetry." 23

Najmi Saheb belonged to the class of heavenots, and as
such he was opposed to the class of haves and wanted social
justice for the labourers and workers. He has sarcastically
viewed the life of poverty-striken people in his poem
"Address to poor persons" in the following manner:

I groan in anguish to see you, o ill-luck follows,
O ill luck, helpless and poor persons! you are
rivals of rich fellows,
You don't have any right to exist on 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 earth, not at all.
Similarly, the poet mourns the inequality and contradictions exist on this earth from the very beginning and this is the go of the world. The translation of few lines of his poem in support of above mentioned idea is produced below:

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.

Najmi Sahab believed in the fact that the country which belongs to God belongs to us and this is what a true Muslim believes. Being born and bred in this country, he had immense love for his country. His patriotic zeal compelled him to write poems glorifying the past, present and future of India. His patriotic fervour is evidenced in many of his poems such as "Sultan Tipu ki Talwar." (The sword of Tipu Sultan), Watan (Country), "Gandhi ki Barsi" (The anniversary of Gandhi), Ah Gandhi (Oh Gandhi), "Fateh Everest" (The conquest of Everest) and so on. Mr. Hurmatul Ekram opines that Najmi is as much in love with his country as he is with her flora and fauna and natural settings all around.

In the following lines, the poet criticizes the grandeur of the Britishers, their apartheid feelings and oppressive ways:

This Qaisari and Sikandari pomp and air of grandeur is due to the extraction of blood of poor Indians, This sense of superiority of Imperialism is the culture of the west,
If you want to hear point-blank from me.
Concluding the attack on the Westerners, the poet speaks in the following manner:

"This is the irony of new era that those, Who grope in the dark, assume the leadership, And claim themselves rulers."

In his poem "Watan" the poet depicts the picture of his country vividly and narrates the virtues and vices existing then and thereafter. Here are extracts of translation from his poem "Watan".

(a) The Heaven is envious of this land, The land where stars and moon bow-down their fore-head The land whose mountains are no less than Mt.Sinai (Mount of Toor) The forests of this land are dazzling, The land for which body and soul is trusted, This is our country, our country and our country.

(b) The above mentioned place has a grim and sorrow-ful tale, If anybody speaks anything out of love for his Has no chance of resurrection; country Anybody who has genuine love and affection for his Is subject to hanging. country

(c) The land which is deserted and desolated, Is faced with starvation and poverty, Confronted with famine, enigmas and riddles, The land where Imperialists reign supreme, And there is no difference between wage and charity: The land where there is discrimination between black Cannot progress and prosper at all. and white.

Najmi Saheb's secular and democratic attitude towards Indians life has been very much hurt/un-secular and un-democratic ways of the people at large and this afflicted sentiment finds expression in his poem in the following manner:

Where Hindus and Muslims are at loggerhead, Where Urdu and Hindi do not go hand in hand, Where different persons have different ways, Some believe in Namasto, some in Namaskar and some in Adab-Irz Where Brahmins and Sudras, Shaiks and Sadats co-exist variously, This place gives importance to religion, setting one group against another;
In place of purity, impurity is seen where religions are attacked very often.
The land where Hari and Allah have got separate identity,
Here is the spark of prejudice and no sign of love and affection,
The community of haves is supreme that never hesitates to shed the blood of poor persons:
This is Punjab, this is Bengal and this is Andhra,
This is Orissa, this is Bihar and this is Maharashtra;
The land where society is classified in groups, castes and creeds;
Here is congress, league and Hindu Mahasabha,
Everybody wants to be a leader and this will turn the table and suffocate us ultimately.

Finally, the poet requests every country man to display his patriotism instilling genuine love for his country.

One’s country is something to be proud of,
And love of country should be the first and foremost religion,
The love of one’s country is binding,
This is a loan to be repaid by all,
One should be patriot to the back-bone,
And he has to sacrifice himself for the sake of his country, if times comes,
Every country man should be trained in such a way,
That he would prove no less than Bhim or Arjun.

Najmi Saheb does not believe in religious hypocrisy. He believes in humanity, purity and greater values of existence. In his poem, Maya oh sansar re baba, maya oh sansar, he says as follows that gives his poetry a secular character:

Be it re-calling Allah or Hari,
Be it memorising or meditation,
Be it bathing in zumzum or dipping in Ganga,
All your prayers and worships are of no use,
Unless and until your heart is pure.
Hypocrisy is nothing but worldly attachment.

Mr. Akhtar Orenwi, Head of the Department of Urdu, Patna University, has expressed his opinion about Najmi Saheb in the following lines:
Najmi Sahab's philosophy of religion does not attribute him to any particular religion and hence no narrowness is found in his religious outlook. Some of his poems are in connection with the struggle for freedom. This inspiration is not temporary rather permanent.

Najmi Sahab confirms to the above mentioned ideas through the following couplet:

You are not aware of may reality, O friend,
Only vegetative life is not my aim in the universe,
This is the outcome of beautiful and broad outlook,
That there is no difference between Hinduism and Islam for me.

Coming to the discussion of classical learning of Amjad Najmi, the following lines may be cited in support of discussion:

A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep or taste not the Pianian spring,
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.

__Alexander Pope__

Amjad Najmi, not a degree holder of any University or educational institution, had immense love for learning. He had a philosophical bent of mind, poetic taste and artistic skill from the very early part of his life and it is philosophy that initiated him to go through the classical pieces of English, Oriya and Urdu literature. His insatiable thirst for knowledge and burning zeal to expose himself fully to the world of art and literature has given him an opportunity to sound the depth of knowledge. His erudition and overall learning is a compromise between classical and modern branches of studies. Therefore, he was not only a classical scholar but also a modern one of his time. His poems and odes display this characteristic in full measure. He has
inculcated the spirit of the past along with that of present day. The realm of literature is based upon the classical one. Hence, they are supplementary and complementary. They should always go hand in hand. In the absence of one, the other is meaningless. If classical literature is root and medieval literature is trunk, then the modern literature is fruit. We cannot and shall not dream of fruit without stem and root.

Urs Malsiani, expressing his opinion about Najmi Sahab's mode of writings, says that even though he is fond of classical mode of language, never-the-less, we find in his person modern way of thinking and writing. Suhil Azimabadi speaks that he has got mastery over language and expression. This is the outcome of his deep association with classical literature and language. Jagannath Azad opines that 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 classical language and literature that initiated him to select the lines of Khusru and so on. In fact, his poems from "Tulu-e-Sahr" speak about his deep association with classical literature of Urdu and Persian.

His poem "Kamal-e-Be-Adabist" (excellence of Indiscipline) is a bright example of parody on Persian verse translated below:

Thousand times, I wash my mouth with rose-water and perfume.
Still, it is unbecoming on my part to utter your good name.
Najmi Sahab's parody on the lines of Khusru Dehlvi, while addressing Sir Mohammad Iqbal through his Persian poem, is quoted along with translation.

(1) **NAJMI:**

Dar hind bis gardida am, bis shaeran ra doeda am
Tagore ra ham choeda am, lokin too cheezo digari.

(I have travelled much in India
I have seen lot of poets,
I have also selected Tagore
But you are altogether different.)

(2) **KHUSRU:**

Afaqha gardida am, mahr-e-butan warzida am,
Bisyar khuban dida am lokin too cheezo digari.

(I have travelled all around the world,
I have loved many,
I have seen many beautiful faces,
Yet, you are unique among them.)

(2) **NAJMI:**

Nizde too mafhoome watan paband-e-Shaq-e-gharb nest,
Pas kae bagoed baad azan man deogaram too doegari.

(For you, the meaning of nation is not confined to
either East or West alone
So how can you say after this, 'You are different from me,')

(2) **KHUSRU:**

Man too shudam, too man shudi, man tan shudam, too jaan shudi,
Ta kae na gозд bad azam man deogaram to doegari.

(I have become you, you have become me,
I have become body, you have become soul.
After this, nobody will say 'You are different and I am different.')

(3) **NAJMI:**

Zauqam Shaheed-e-share too, tab am qatilo fikre too,
Bashad ke az bahar-e-khuda sue Orissa banigari.

(My taste is martyr at the altar of your poetry, my talent gets killed at your lofty thoughts.
For God's sake, have a gracious look towards Orissa.)
Mr. Mazhar Imam, while writing the preface of Tulu-e-Shar, speaks that Amjad Najmi's learning in the classical literature of Arabic, English, Oriya, Persian and Urdu is unquestionable and he is more or less square in all these languages.

In his poem *Dawat-e-Amal* (Invitation for action), he has parodied over the lines of Saeb and Bedil in an exquisite and beautiful manner:

(a) *Mae no oh mana ko too ghaoal hai lakin is so kiya?*
"Bal-e-Himmat bar nami afsanii aee bismil cheraa?"
(I admit that you are victim but how does it matter? Why don't you spread your wings of courage and valour?)

(b) *Too oh darya hao ko tujh meh hai tera gauhar noheen,*
"Be khabar sar mi zani chun mauj bar sahel cheraa?"
(You are that river which contains jewels within, Why are you breaking your head being unaware of this fact Just like the waves dashing against the shore?)

(c) *Laila-e-mqsood ko jelwa nazir aane ko hai,*
"Mi khori ae Quais diwana shame mahmil cheraa?"35
(The longing for meeting the laile of long cherished desire is at sight, O Majnu! (lunatic Qais), Why are you sorry not to have a sight of the litter of Laila?)

Najmi Sahab has displayed his talent through the Persian poem, drawn his similes and metaphors from the classical literature of Arabic and Persian; his allusions and allegories are classical in nature. His lines at times coincide with those of classical poets either in metre, meaning or rhythm. Sometimes, we find slight change in the lines of ancient classical poets. His parodies...
and imitations (of master mind poets) deserve praise, because he has not blindly imitated the lines, rather, he has added new meaning to them. His style and diction is sometimes classical and at-times modern. He always strikes a compromise between his classical approach and modern approach. His collection of Persian poems is still un-published known as Bade-e-Shirez. He has a collection of extempore poems of Urdu and Persian classical poets known as Husn-e-Takullum. He has also collected Urdu and Persian poems having similarity in meaning with English poems in his unpublished book "Mashrique-o-Maghrib". His poem Insan Aur Tera (Man and star) is based on the thought of Dr. Iqbal's Persian verse quoted below:

Faroze khakiyaaz Nooriyaaz afzoon shawad rozo,
Zameez az kokabo teqdire ma gardoon shawad roze.36
(The rise of earthly beings will be higher than that of heavenly beings one day or the other.
The earth will become heaven by the good star of our fortune one day or the other.)

Concluding his poem Insan Aur Tera, Najmi Sahab says through the mouth of star about the greatness of Man as follows:

Meri taqdir se bardi kar chamak qismat mein hai teri,
agar samjhe to aq vaqil siwa mujha se kahin too hai.37
(Your glare is much more than that of my fortune, 0 indifferent and ignorant fellow ! try to understand yourself who excels me many a time.)

Being influenced by Oriya classical poet, Radhanath Rai, he has written his poem "Chilika" wherein he has admitted his angle of vision alongwith that of Radhanath Rai.
Radhanath kahte hai "Apsra Bhawan" isko,
Aur main bhi kahte hoon "Ghairate chaman" isko.  
(Radhanath describes Chilika as "Fairyland", 
I also recall it as a place of pride for the Nation as a whole)

He has translated the English poem of Hunt "Abou Ben Adham" in Urdu. The extract of his poem is presented as follows:

Kaha Farishte ne likh raha hoon main is sahife men naam unka,
Khuda se rakhte hai jo manhabbat, jo isme pakke hai apne dam ke,
Abu Ben Adham ne phir oh pucha kea mera naam isme bhi kahin hai?
Farishta afsos se oh bola, "Kahaon nahin hai, Kahuen nahin hai?"
Magar oh hai iltemas mori wahan to likh lije nam mera,
Khuda nahi to khuda ke bandon se pyar rakhne hai kaam mera
Haroofe zarin se jagmagata tha janfaza ek payam usmen,
Koh sab se pahle likha hua tha Abu Ben Adham ka naam us moh.  

Translation

The Angel replied that he was writing down in the holy book, The names of those persons who loved God ardently. Abu Ben Adham asked then

"Is my name included anywhere in this?" The Angel expressed sorrowfully

"No-where, no-where", But it is my request to you
"Just to 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 Adham topped the list of lovers of God.

Being impressed by this and Dabir's elegy on Hussain Raziullah, Najmi Sahib has written an elegy, Matam Hussain ka. (The elegy of Hussain) the extract of which runs as follows:

Lakhon moen elk jo tanha tanha kharda hua,
Kohne girah the jazbae mehmam Hussain ka,
Ketnoh ko usne Zinda-e-jawed kar diya,
The kuch messih se bhi siwa dam Hussain ka,
Rota nahin hai koi bhi marge Yazid par,
Duniya tamam kerti hai matam Hussain ka.
He alone stood against lakhs of people
He had firm passion like heavy mountain,
There was furore among his opponents,
Hussain had such a dashing personality,
He had immortalised many,
Hussain had excelled Messiah in reviving men,
Now also hoists the flag of Hussain.
With all pomp and ceremony on earth,
Nobody sheds tear on the death of Yazid,
The whole world mourns the sad demise of Hussain.

Najmi Saheb’s frequent use of Persian verses, Persian style
and Persian words alongwith those of Arabic delineate his deep
association with the classical literature of Arabic and Persian
He has concluded his poem Idher aur Udher (Here and There) with
the persian verse of Ghalib.

Qaza aainadre ijj khedad naze shahi ra,
Shikestey dar nhoad asti adce kajkalehi ra,
(Death manifests humbleness but shatters the royal dignity,
Uprooting the pride of dignified persons.)

He has drawn allusions from Arabic and Persian classics as
follows:
Amna Khatoon, Isa, Khalil, Was-shamoo Was Zuha, Gumbade Khizra,
Lantaran, Bolal, Awesh, Aar-e-anwa Bashar, Abu Jahal, Gumbade
Afrasiab, Baqitus swalehat, Kohkan, Lutfe Shirin, Bagh-o-jena,
Wadi-o-Yemen, Jalwa-o-Toor, Aabo-Hayat, Firon, Kun-fekan, Zumzum,
Leisa ul insana, illa man saa, Taje Qaesari, Aina-o-Askandari etc.

His lines coincide with many classical poets of Urdu and
Persian literature. In his poem, Kheyval, the following lines
coincide with the Persian verse of Ghani Kashmiri:

Najmi:
Mazemin-o-rangoen ki eh bandishen,
Eh hai unke daste honna ke kheyval,
(The composition of purple lines is due to the
privet-smeared palms (rod in colour) of the beloved)
GHANI KASHMIRI:

Jalwa-e-husn-e-too saurd mera bar sare fikr,
Too henna basti-o-man mane-e-rangeen bastam.
(Your beauty provoked my thoughts.
You adorned yourself with Indian privet or myrtle (Mehndi)
And I composed beautiful poems)

In his poem "Too aur Meen" (You and Me), the following lines coincide with those of Hafiz, the nightingale of Shiraz.

NAJMI:

"Joye lebe sahil ho tum, manjhar me rauna khu hai meri.
Majoon ka thepada kha kha kar sailab man bohna khu hai meri."
(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 tareak, beem-e-maujo-gardabo chuneen haal,
Che danand hai hae ma subuchsare sahil ha.
(The night is dark: there are waves, floods and whirlpools, They donot know our condition who rest on shores,)

Like "Tulu-e-Sahr" his second collection of poems "Jue-Kahkeshaan" starts with the verse of Persian poet, Nasir Ali Serhindi in the following manner:

Kitabe shola darad dar baghal har akhgre een ja,
Tawen az noqta-e-Shoram Shamidan dastane ra.
(This book contains fire under armpit and spark radiates; You can listen to a lot from every dot of my poetry.)

In his poem Jurum-e-Seze (Crime and punishment), he has imitated Milton and composed his poem in the tune of Paradise Lost and Paradise Regained. The theme is almost the same; the hero is Adam, the heroine is Eve. Satan is the villain of the piece having heroic characteristics. Thus, Biblical and Quranic theme has been nicely synthesised with the Miltonic theme again and
again. Iqbal expressed his desire to accomplish a work of this nature in his letter to Munshi Serajuddin stating that he wanted to write something imitating Milton. This desire was long standing and he was preoccupied with this thought since last five to six years. Perhaps, the time had drawn near to achieve this. He would have achieved this had he been free from the worries and anxieties of day to day life. (This has reference to Iqbal Nama, Part-I). Coming to Najmi Saheb's poems "Jurm-o-saza", (Crime and punishment) and "Gumshuda Mumlekat", (Lost kingdom), we find that the poet strikes Miltonic note of Paradise Lost and Paradise Regained extracted from the Holy Bible and Holy Quran. Our sin is sin incarnate and we are 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 punishment.

Bahak ke nadim hue kuch aaso,
Maa aae kiya kiya na dukh uthe,
Eh jurm ae sa the jiske chaalte,
Ham Iqbal Adam saza abhi tak bhugat raho hain.41

(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.)

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 heroic character for the time being. The evil forces are generally stubborn, disobedient and defiant by nature. There is perpetual damnation for the same.
There is a beautiful verse in Urdu regarding the fallen Arch-Angel of Heaven, Satan, who could not regain his position so far, though he boasted after falling from the grace of Heaven in Milton's "Paradise Lost" in the following manner:

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

The Urdu verse contradicts this boasting of Satan in this way as quoted below:

Gaya Shaitan jannat se na sajda eik karne so,  
Agar lakhon beras sajde men sar mara to kya mara.44
(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 regains 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. Dr. Iqbal speaks in the following manner:

Phalo too husne amal, husne yaqin paeda kar,  
Phir isi khak se firdausa bareen paeda kar.45
(First, you create confidence and act nicely,  
Then, you have your paradise on the earth.)

Najmi Sahab has this confidence of regaining the lost kingdom of Man:-
Oh gumshuda mumlakat oh jannat,
Oh meri miras-o-milkiat hai,
Jo meri jagir-o-saltanat hai,
Ehfa meri jis po pura haq hai,
Khuda so le ke raahonga ok din,
Khuda so le ke raahongaakhir.46

(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.)

Najmi Sahob has contributed a lot to the common welfare
of mankind through his poems, dramas and prose pieces. The
advantages left by him for humanity as a whole cannot and shall
not be ignored in any case. He never preferred the corner of
seclusion to writing poetry, plays or prose pieces. He plunged
himself in the social, political, economic and religious problems
in order to write something. He had a close view of men, women
and children of all walks of life before depicting something about
them. He felt as they felt, he expressed as they would have
expressed and thus he became a representative of them. Unless
somebody is social enough, co-operative to the maximum, he cannot
portray the picture truly and express somebody's sentiment
effectively through his writings.

Since Najmi Sahob is endowed with the above mentioned
qualities fully, there is no doubt about the fact that he is a
genius for all times to come. The proverb "A prophet is not
welcomed in his own country" goes well with Najmi Sahob who was
undoubtedly a genius of his time. Not only that, but also a
versatile genius — was very much ignored in his life time and
thereafter. Due recognition was not accorded to him because of
various reasons. First of all, the poet himself was not very much
interested in getting himself published in different magazines, periodicals and papers every now and then. His aim was to sound the depth of learning and go through the literature of various types in different languages and start slowly writing poems, criticisms, dramas and epithalamia as and when the occasion arose. He was confident enough of his erudition and learning, skill to expose himself fully to the need of the hour and depict his unrestrained feelings and uncontrolled emotions through the medium of poetry, play and prose so much so, these qualities would give him a permanent place in literature. His introduction (Taaruf) in Tulu-e-Sahar (The first collection of poems) about himself through poetry stands witness to the fact that he is a genius beyond any doubt. The lines are quoted below alongwith translation:

**TAARUF (Introduction)**

Too haqiqat se meri waqif nahiin ae hamnasheen, 
"Zindagi-e-Mehz" duniya mein mero masqasd nahiin, Hai mera har ek amal wabastae azmo gawi, Muhnko kar sektin nahiin nakamiyan andheegan, Jagmagata hi raha mero umidoon ka chiraag, Is faza mein go hawaa zer ki chalti rahoon, Mero fitrat mein nahiin kotchis-zaaq amal, Mero see illmul yaqin dar asl hai haqqul yaqin Khaestagi, Wamandgi, Bechragi, Doon-himmati, Too loghut mero, eh alfaz pa sakta nahiin, Tez gali, sakht koshi, tub-o-tab, saee-e-dawat, Dil mein endesh mero, aankh mero door been, Har sada-e-dard mero ek payyam-e-dil nawaz, Har kherosha dil mera; ek naghma-e-khab aafreeng, Har shabe mantab mero ghairat-e-roo-e-jameel, Har shabe dijor mero rashke zulfe ambareen, Zekerun mehroome baal-e-per hoon mero to kiya hue? Himmet-e-parvez mero hamsare Roohul Ameen, Dokhna uftadaa gared bhi hokar ehaan, Mero ubharta hi raha hoon misle mauje teh nasheen, Is tarha se aa rahi hai ek sadae aafreeng, Meri hari uftadgi hai satarazi ki deelaal, Hoon zameen per rahi ke bhi hamsaay-e-arzhe bareen,
Eh mere husn-e-takhaiyyul ka maal-e-kar hai,
Dil se more mit gaya hai imtiaze kufr-o-deechn,
Kuch mera josh-e-junoon marhooone fasle gul naheen,
Chak rahti hai hamesha mari jee-o-aasteen,
As gaya hai jab kabhi paamana maro hath meen,
Ben gage hai atishe saiyal mauje angbeen,
Dekh Najmi kothi unchi hai mari fikro rasa,
Baat kerti hai fales se more sheroon ki zameen.

INTRODUCTION: (Translation)

0 Friend, you are not aware of my reality,
My aim in this world is not mere living,
My every action is associated with firm faith,
Failures cannot make me feel sorry,
The candle of my hopes still glitters,
Though strong wind blows in this atmosphere,
The taste of action is not lacking in my nature,
My knowledge of faith is besed upon Real Faith.
Failure, frustration and frailty;
You cannot find these words in my dictionary,
Fast moving, hard working, fret and fervour, constant effort
Give me a heart, result oriented and eyes, far sighted.
Every heart-rending voice of mine is an attractive message,
Every clemour of my heart is a dream producing music,
Every moonlit night of mine is a matter of pride for the beautiful faces,
Every night of my separation strikes envy for the long ambergris lock,
How does it matter if apparently I am devoid of wing and feather?
My courage to soar above is no lesser than that of Roohul Behold! I am thrown in the whirlpool here, Amin (angel)
But, I go on rising just like the undercurrent wave,
In this way, I proceed in the infinite way of love,
The voice of tribute reverberates from every corner,
My every declivity is a proof of my ascendency,
Remaining on earth, I am a neighbour of heaven,
It is the result of my lofty thoughts,
That the difference between Islam end heresy is mitigated.
My soothing luxury is not owing to spring alone,
My pockets and sleeves are tattered always,
Whenever tumbler has come to my hand,
The wave of honey has turned into hot wine,
Behold Najmi! how lofty is my thought,
My verses communicate with the heaven.

Sometimes ; a genius is confined to only one aspect of life
and deals with a singular subject effectively. But, here is a genius who has various interest, myriad mind and multifarious ways and means to achieve his aims and objects pertaining to
common welfare. To him, poetry, prose and play are means to achieve an end—the end is social welfare and betterment of mankind, the upliftment of humanity, mitigation of sorrows and sufferings of human race. Therefore, his play, poems and prose pieces are not ends in themselves; they are means to an end. He is a strong supporter of the fact that literature is a reflection of life, a penpicture of world around and society as a whole. He never believes in "art for art sake", he believes in "art for life sake". That is why, his poems are not vague in meaning, illusory in idea and imaginative in dealing with the subject matter. They have got direct bearing with our existence, our universe, our sorrows and sufferings, our mirths and joys, our problems of past, present and future; their solutions and salvation of human souls. The universal touch of feelings, emotions and passions brings him close to universal truth; his entire poetry is beautiful in content and true in expression. That which is universal truth, has permanent life. It is not within the limit of time, place and particular people. It is beyond every limitation. Hence, a "Genius" who deals with universal truth is not confined to any particular time, geographical division or people. He is genius of all times to come, of all places of the world, of all people on the earth irrespective of any cast, creed and race. Thus, he has permanent life like all other geniuses of the world who have achieved some degree of excellence whether in one or more spheres of life.
In order to justify Najmi Sahab — a versatile genius, we have to go through his poems odes, quatrains, fragments, allegories, elegies, epithalamia, encomiums, satires, epithets, praises of prophets and God and blank verses. He has tried his hand with almost all branches of poetry. Not only that, but also made his mark in the field of criticism, article and play writing as well. The poet was conscious of the fact that he was adept in various branches of learning and tried his hand in anything dexterously whenever the occasion arose for the same and achieved a remarkable success beyond any doubt. The poet has admitted this in the lines quoted below:

Chupe hue hain hazaron moti hamare dil ko sadaf me Najmi, 
Kabhi kabhi jo ubharte rahte hain mauje bahre khayyal hotel r.48

(Many pearls are hidden in the core of my heart, O Najmi. At times, they come up in the form of waves of thoughts)

Najmi hamari chashme b as it at ko_waste, 
Hai gul ki pankhadi bhi gulistan liye hue.49

(O Najmi, to my vision end sight, 
A garden is hidden in the buds of flowers.)

When we come to the discussion of two phases — the phase of sorrow and that of joy in the poetry of Amjad Najmi, we are reminded of Longfellow who says thus:

"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."

This is universal truth "poets are born, not created."

There is a line in Arabic just to confirm this idea "Asheara talmizur Rahman" meaning "Poets are disciples of God" and hence they are the vice-regents of God on earth. They bring heavenly messages along with them, interweave them with earthly happenings
and project their observations and emotions through poetry so that they will have universal effect and touch the hearts of human beings at large, because human beings find their sorrows and sufferings, mirths and joys in the lines of poetry and hence they find an extra interest in the same. Poetry halves their sorrows and doubles their joys whenever they keep the company of good poets through their poetic works. In fact, poetry serves as a sympathiser and tranquilliser at the moments of sorrows and warm companion at jubilation and joyous moments. Hence, we are thankful to the poet who sings his song of sorrow and joy. It is this feeling of sorrow and joy which brings us closer to Heaven and Creator of the whole universe. Broadly speaking, almost every poet speaks about two aspects - that of joy and sorrow of which our existence is composed, and these two phases find expression at times or at intermittent periods of our earthly life. Najmi Sahab is not an exception to these rules of existence. That is why, we find these two phases, the phase of sorrow and that of joy at different stages of his poetic career. But, his is balanced and disciplined mind. He never loses the balance of mind under the impulse of sorrow or joy. To him, both, joy and sorrow are two phases of our existence. They are purely temporary and transitory just like a patch of passing cloud. Hence, there is no reason as to why one should be disturbed too much by these two aspects of life. Sorrow gives him new impetus, rules of decent living by peaceful co-existence. Sorrow or suffering never crows down his ambitions of life or sprinkles cold water on his enthusiasm. He finds silver
lining behind the cloud of existence. Therefore, he sings the song of joy being optimist and never allows pessimism to creep into his soul. Hence, his tales are not only "the tales of saddest thoughts" but also those of "happiest moods."

Here are verses wherein the poet harps on the strings of joy although his life is not altogether free from sorrows and sufferings. This has been confirmed by the poet himself in the following lines:

\[\text{Har sadae dard meri ek payyame dil nawa\text{"ez,}\} \]
\[\text{Har kharoshe dil mera, ek naghm\text{"e} khab a\text{"a}freen.50}\]
\[(\text{Every painful voice of mine is a message of consolation for the heart, every clamour of mine is a music that produces dreamy effect.})\]

In other words, the poet finds sorrow in joy and joy in sorrow. They go side by side and hand in hand. To be very frank, they have hand in glove relationship. Shakeel Badauni, a renowned Urdu poet, expresses the same idea in one of his verses as follows:

\[\text{Pinhan hai qahqhon men saadae shikaste dil,}\]
\[\text{Duniya isi ka naam hai parwardigar kiya.}\]
\[(\text{The heart-rending voice is concealed within the laughers, 0 God! Is this what known as "world"?})\]

While singing about "Anicut" and drawing the penpicture of the dam, the extatic mood suddenly changes into philosophic one and he sees the sorrows, sufferings, worries and anxieties of the world in the running water of the dam, Anicut.

\[\text{Eh naqsha hai hamari zindagi ka,}\]
\[\text{Keh jis me\text{"a} lakh khat pat, lakh lat pat.51}\]
Similarly, describing about lightning, the poet concludes the poem "Bijli" (Lightning) with a sad note as follows:

Sabaq amoz hai ae barq tera jalwaa aani
Dalile be sabatie hayyata zahme faani,
(O lightning! Your glow for a moment has its moral,
It is nothing but glaring proof of mortality of this world.)

In his poem "Insaan aur Tara" (The Man and the star), the poet expresses his pessimistic view through the mouth of Man but delineates his optimistic outlook through the star in the following manner:

Zameen tori, zamah tera, jahañ tera, makañ tera,
Nahiñ malum phir kis waste andongeñ too hai

(Earth is yours, time is yours, world is yours and territory is yours,
I don't know as to why you are so sorry.)

The poet finds, a ray of hope in the dark atmosphere, the candy in the bitterness of time and lull before storm in the following lines:

Zulmaton so abhi mamoor haiñ en erz-o-sama,
Tim-timata hai tamannaoñ ka nañha sa diya,
Abhi pañmanañ hesi møñ hai gham ki sanba,
Talkhie waqt ko aawo shaker amoz kari,
Rausni tez karo, tez karo, tez karo.
"Khatrae maaj ohi, aur ohi beame toofan,
Dilke dil hi møñ rañho sañho machate araññ,
Thokaren khati hai zulmat møñ hayyat-e-insaan,
Bazme afsoorda ko aawo tarab añgoz karo,
Rausni 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,
Sweeten the bitterness of time,
Come and rekindle the light very fast,
Same is the dread of wave and wind,
All the pangs of longing remain inside the heart,
The life of man is dashed in darkness,
Come and make the dull organisation musical,
Rekindle light as fast as possible.

In his poem *Maya oh sansar re baba maya oh sansar* (Love of the world, O baba), the poet throws light on the tacit truth of life. The note of the poem seems to be pessimistic, nevertheless, it is universal truth. The truth is beauty but bitter too.

"Suraj jaisa chohra aur oh chander jaise gaal,
Nargis jaist aakhan aur oh sumbul jaise baal,
Ubhra, ubhra seena aur oh athkili si chaal,
Pard jaega aakhir ek din phika eh bazar,
Maya oh sansar re baba, Maya oh sansar,
Jisme man ki aankhen kholeen uska boda paar."

(Sun-like faces, moon-like cheeks,
Narcissus-like eyes, weed-like locks,
Fleshy, fleshy breast, conquetry and gait,
Will lose at length all charm,
This is nothing but worldly love
One who opened his eyes, got rid of attachment,)

The above stanza is similar in expression to the lines of John Keats, the romantic English poet, who says thus:

When youth grows pale and spectre-thin and dies
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs;
Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new love pine at them beyond tomorrow.

This is the bitter truth of beauty for Najmi and John Keats, who says thus:

Beauty is truth, truth beauty that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

In his poem "Shabo-Intezar" (Night of waiting), the poet finds some sort of joy - the joy of expectation in the night of separation from the beloved. Though, he counts every moment, minute and hour of separation restlessly, yet hopes against hope
and feels the sweet sensation of love in the midst of separation. In spite of pain and restlessness the poet finds himself in an exalted and exhilarated state of mind.

Quoted below the extract of the poem (Shab-e-tanhaee)

Betabi-e-dil mari, aur on saabe tanhaee,
Patta jo kabhi krakka, zahat jo kabhi aage,
Najmi eni samjha maen, taqdir umhe laee,
Lekin oh kahan asey? zate hain na aengey,
Chitke hue tare bhi, ab doobte jate hain.55

(My restlessness of heart and loneliness of night, Has given me an understanding, O Najmi, That the sheer luck has brought him here, Whenever there has been flutter in the leaves or soft sound of footsteps, But, neither he has come nor he will come, The scattered stars will fade away soon.)

He finds an escape from the sorrows and sufferings of life in his poem "Baten karen" (Let us talk), the extract of which is quoted below:

Yaad to kartein zara kunje qafas ki rahaen,
Aao phir range fareba dam ki baten karen,
Sh jahan faani hai Najmi, hai chah kisko sabat?
Aao kuch apno namud-o-nam ki baten karen.56

(Let us remember the luxury of the corner of seclusion of cage, Then, we will talk regarding the colourful and illusory world, O Najmi, this world is mortal and who has stayed here forever? Come and let us talk regarding our name and fame.)

In spite of the fact that the world is mortal, our life is temporary and our dreams are illusory, the poet speaks about the upliftment of man, achievement of name and fame and accomplishment of worldly luxuries; and thus strikes the note of joy in the midst of sorrow and suffering. This is something deliberate. On the one hand, the poet is scared with the idea
of destruction and devastation, death and dissolution; on the other hand, he is full of zest for life. These two contradictory ideas give him some sort of sense of joy and sorrow in his poem Khawal (idea). The poet himself wonders at his contradictory ideas in the concluding lines.

(Th e imagination of death, the idea of mortality
And many such ideas come to my mind on the night of
One who harbours zest for life, separation,
He alone has living thoughts,
O Najmi, now wonderful and beautiful,
Unique and unparallel are your ideas)

Mourning the sad demise of "Father of the Nation", Mahatma Gandhi, he speaks with a sense of loss and consolation in his poem "An Gandhi".

(Write as many elegies as possible with tearful eyes,
Write as much eulogies as possible in his praise,
He has passed away from mortal world towards heaven,
Alas! he has been a victim of tyranny.)

In his poem Sheerka dil (The heart of poet), he has spoken about a poet who nourishes the emotions of the whole world. His sorrows and sufferings, joys and pleasures are not only his own, but also those of humanity as a whole.

(Dil nahi ek mustaqil aaenga hai jaebat ka,
Aks khilich eta hai jis men sare manjutet ka,
Goondta hai zindagi ka goot jiske raag men,
Jo hamesha kood padta hai par ace aag men.)
(It is not heart, rather a mirror of emotions, 
over which we find the reflections of every thing, 
in those raag (music) reverberates the song of existence, 
he is one who always shares others' sorrows and sufferings)

In his poem "Tum aur Ma'ar" (You and me), he finds pleasure
in pain, antidote in poison, life in adventure, meaning in
ceaseless effort and accomplishment of longing in constant
struggle. His ways are different from those of others. It is
this contrast which prevails all over the universe. Here, the
poet finds a sense of pleasure in his sorrows and sufferings; a
sense of sorrow in others' comforts and pleasures.

Tum sabo baqa ke shahadae, meanzahr halahal ke joye,
Meaaraanj-o-sauber ka eadee, tum eesh-o-terab ke
dildadae.60

(You are lovers of elixir, I am a searcher of fatal poison,
I am acquainted with sorrows and sufferings; you are
lovers of ease and music)

The whole idea is similar to one couplet of Urdu verse as
follows:-

Tumho ne kiya bateen ae hamsheen, hameen maut mein
on maza mile,
Na mile Masih-o-khizr ko oh neshat umre dariaz mein.

(O Friend, what shall I tell you about death,
How much pleasure I got out of it,
That much of pleasure Messiah and Khizr didn't get
out of long life.)

In his poem "Taqabul" (Encounter), he has depicted the
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 today life.

Kitni tera ek hai mehndoor ki duniya abtaak,
Isko afsos kabhi shad na dekha abtaak,
Ohi mehnat, ohi dukh, aur ohi gham ki shidkat,
Ohi nikbat, ohi aflat, ohi hai ghurbat,
Toote ghar mein ohi phuta sa dia.61
(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.)

Us ke darwaze ki dahleez ka patthar uricha, 
Ohi bangle, ohi kothe hain, ohi rang mahal, 
Ohi gaddo, oni masnad, oni farshe mehnmal
Qumqumon se hai mahal boqae noor, 62

(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.)

Again, he has opened the chapter of human suffering in his poem "Musafir abhi teri manzil hai door," (Traveller! your destination is far far away). He finds woe in the midst of pomp and pleasure in the following stanza.

Sn mazhab, sn millat, sn rasm-o-rowaj, 
Sn beaj aur kharaj aur sn teekht-o-baj, 
Kiya dardo insaân ka kis na elaj: 
Abhi sara aalam hai barham mizaj, 
Abhi sab hain waqfe fisad-o-fatur, 
Musafir abhi teri manzil hai door. 63

(Religion, Organisation, Custom, and Tradition, 
Taxation, Duty, Crown and Throne, 
Have ever been remedy of human sufferings? 
At present, the whole world is very much annoyed, 
Now, all are devoted to strife and struggle, 
O traveller! now your destination is far far away)

In his poem Be-unwaniye (Without headings), he has seen the bitterness apparently seem to be gay, civilized and enlightened, but full of sorrows and sufferings of life.

Was ajale se to bohter hai andhra hi kahoon; 
Dakha se jis ko jati rahtii hain bineiyah; 
Zehr ka chasam mezar sang laga Aabo Hayyat, 
Hin se apni bahi gace hain zindagi ki talkhiyeh. 64

(The darkness is far better than the light, 
The latter dazzles the eyes and blinds one who sees it, 
The fountain of nectar appears to be a poisonous spring 
The bitterness of life has exceeded all limits.)
He finds joy in the company of friend who halves his sorrow and doubles his joy. It is the greatest pleasure of one's life.

Buñ hi mere wase bo damana rängeene dost,
Ya jagah thodi si zare sayyac diware yaar.

(I wish, I may have the colourful skirt of my beloved, 
Or else, little space beneath the shade of friend's wall)

In two couplets of his poem "Harfe Paresnā" (Scattered letters), he speaks about the locks of the beloved having two qualities: those of ease and restlessness.

"Kakule shab rāng eh, teri eh zulfe mushak fa'am,
Jis ko saay men nahan furqat ki shab ghurbat ki shaam."

Phir bhi lakīn ter jiske haih rage jeh se siwa,
Koi pocho aanigōn se is haqīqat ko zare."

(Your black, lustrous and musk-like locks, 
In whose shade, the evening of poverty and night of separation is concealed; 
Still the threads of lock have greater importance than the tissues of life, 
You may confirm this fact from any lover.)

In his poem "Fatehe Everest" (Conquest of Everest), the poet laments over the horrors and terrors of human fate, the saddening results of happy discoveries. After every climax, there is anti-climax - that is the rule of nature. If pleasure is climax, pain is anti-climax. For every acclivity there is declivity. We have achieved success by the conquest of Everest, but couldn't overcome misery and they are inevitable.

Gumrahi, teergi, berahrwī, kaj-nazari,
Reahni etni hui tez ke ab bujhne lagi,
Ta kujha khāoge tahzīb-o-temaddun ka fareb?
Aur thī en līa jēto haih tumhān saw nashāb.

(Darkness, target-lost, sight-lost, 
The light dazzled so much that it extinguished, 
How long you will be deceived by your culture and civilisation? 
They take you to the dark and abysmal depth.)
The poet is indifferent to both, spring and autumn equally, because he knows that both are transient and transitory just like the passing cloud. In other words, the sorrows and joys of life are quite temporary phases, having no permanent foothold, and hence cannot do end undo things.

Kar gaee kis ko nehal aakar shaan fosle bahar?
Kis liy phil samade daure khezañ par roeaye?67
(Whom has spring done any good here?
Why should we lament on autumn then?)

In the midst of sorrows and sufferings, worries and anxieties, the poet finds out a way to get rid of these difficulties and indulge in 'Love' just to derive maximum pleasure out of it. Here is a stanza in support of this idea from his poem "Tujh se jab aankh ladeo" (When I came across you).

Yas-o-hasrat kise kante haiñ oh maloom na the
Mere nazdeek alam ka koi mafhoom na the,
Jis tarha zulmate shab jalwae bedar men gum,
Talikhiyan zoost ki thoeeñ sghare sarsnar men gum,
Tujh se jab aankh ladeo,
Go ñh manzil thi kadee,
Maeñ no is manzile dushwar ko aaseñ samjha.68
(I was not aware of frustration and anxieties,
To me, sorrow had no meaning at all,
As darkness is lost in the limelight,
Similarly, bitterness is lost in the cup of pleasure,
When I came across you,
This was a difficult juncture,
I took it very easy although same was extremely difficult)

In his poem "Qila-o-Cuttack" (Fort of Cuttack), he has described the mosque inside the fort as mute witness of miseries and misfortunes though it has got its glory and grandeur.
Ab bhi hai ba shaan-o-shaukat jo CHAIN JELWA FAROZ,
Ab bhi jo dohra rahi hai dastne SAZ-O-Soz.09

(How also it stands with glory and grandeur,
Now also it repeats the tales of joy and sorrow.)

The poet is ill at ease in his poem Abhi (Now)
wherein he foresees the sorrows and sufferings of mankind in
the midst of pomp and pleasure, joy and jubilation.

Abhi adaon men hai aur ek ada baqi,
Abhi hai "aqil" ka ek raqs sholza baqi
Abhi kisi ko nahin hai sakoone qalb-o-jigar.09

(Among the poses and postures, one more act is left,
Now the dance of intellect that produces fire is left,
At present, nobody has peace of heart and mind.)

In concluding lines of his poem "Jawani" (Youth), the poet
speaks about the sorrowful days of old age that follow the
pleasing time of youth which intrinsically means sufferings
follow pleasures of life.

Jawani zindagi ka zamzama hai,
Jawani zindagi ka tantana hai,
Megir ab zindagi ko satn le kar,
Jawani ja chuki poori ka dekor,
Jawani ko na puchh ab kahan hai?
Jawani sugan kusna ka dhwani hai.71

(Youth is the song of life,
Youth is the music of life,
Forgetting old age,
Youth has gone with life
Don't ask "Where is youth?"
Youth is the smoke of dying candle.)

In one stanza of his poem (Rinde La Ubali) "Reckless
drunken," the poet displays his zest for life in the midst of
miseries and misfortunes. He is never tired of his rhythm of
life and cares not for any unforeseen event or miserable situation.

Bhara hamesha raho mere shauq ka daman,
Oh khafa kunjo qafas ho ka ho faaza chaman,
Karoon maaq khatmae sayyel so use raushan,
Andheri raat bhi ho to diye jala ke picon.72
(It may be that I may be endowed with desires always, 
Let it be the corner of a cage or surrounding of an 
I will light it with wine, orchard, 
even if it is a dark night, 
I will drink wine burning the candle.)

In his poem "Taj", he finds an immortal world in our mortal existence, some sort of joy in sorrowful atmosphere, consolation of heart in a surrounding of grief and this has been possible through the marvellous piece of art rarely seen.

Taskeeno qalb ghameen, tabiro khuabo rangeen, 
Kiska eh rue raushan abtaq chamek raha hai, 
Hoti hai eh saa'dat sab ko khaan mukyasar, 
Is saalam fena men ek saalam baqa hai.73

(Consolation of griefstricken heart, translation of colourful dreams!
Whose luminous face shines uptil now? 
This good fortune is not available to all 
In this mortal world, there is an immortal world.)

The above mentioned lines follow Keatsian style and diction so far as concluding lines of ode to "Grecian Urn" are concerned quoted below:

When old age shall this generation waste, 
Thou shalt remain, in the midst of other woe 
Than ours, friend to men, to whom thou say'st, 
Beauty is truth, truth beauty"
— (Keats)

The poet lives on the hope of better days to come as the dark nights follow the bright sunshine. This alone gives him pleasure in the midst of pain.

Hammasheen! dekh koh is gelbe hazin men more, 
Ek muddat se jo jalta hai umedo ka chiraag, 
En kabi gul na hua, tund hawaen bhi chaleen, 
En kebhi bujh na saka, kohne hi tufan saay 
En jo jalta hai to jalta hi ise raho dey,74 
Mom ki tarha pighalta hi ise raho dey. 
(O Friend, behold in this weak and frail heart, 
Since long, a candle of hope burns, 
This never extinguished though strong wind blew, 
Let it burn, if it burns always, 
Let it melt like a wax candle.)
In his poem *Jurrate Kalimana* (The daring of Moses), the poet explains the reason of his sorrow and joy as follows:

*Kion too qalbe shadan ko, gham-kada banata hai?
Arsh se nahin kuch kam, tore dil ka kashana,
Dil nahi oh scene men, ek sang khara hai,
Ho na jisme posheeda aabo dard mandana.75*

(Why do you make your happy heart an abode of sorrow? Of Heaven;
Your palace of heart is in no way lesser than that
It is a granite, not a heart within ribs,
Which does not confine the pains of humanity.)

On the occasion of Dushera when there is happy and festive mood, joy and jubilation, the poet revives the memory of the dead, the sorrows and sufferings of the past and his heart bleeds just like the bleeding of flowers at the advent of spring.

*Batao is ke siwa aur fasle gul kiya hai? Hua hai zakhme jigar phir hara dushere men.76*

(Tell me, what else is spring season?
Again, the wound became fresh during "dushera")

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

*Sh farto yaas-o-alam, oh hajume na kami,
Shikasta khatir-o-sina fagar ab bhi hoon,
Ghame hayyat na jene khusi se kaa badlay,
Kisi ki kam nigahi ka shikar ab bhi hoon.77*

(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 underestimate me and I am a victim of inferiority complex.)

Here the poet comes to a fine conclusion and says as follows:-

*Isi ka naam shaed zindagi hai,
Khushi ki ek ghadi to ek ghami ki.78*
Finally, the poet opines that sorrow and joy, dark and light exist from the very beginning of the world, and it is not at all surprising if somebody's residence is flooded with light and joy reigns supreme there where as others' dwellings are dark and dingy wherein sorrow and suffering continue for a long time.

Azal ke roz se duniya ka hai ehi dastur,
Shabe siah kabhi hai, kabhi shabo mahtab,
Rehine ah-o-buga hai kisi ka gham khana,
Kisi ka aesh-keda mayaa dare chang-o-rebab.79

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

Since life is a continuous process of pain, and the tinge of sorrow lurks at the bottom of joys and pleasures of day to day life, we should not give so much importance to this factor of human existence. Moreover, when anything is in excess that loses its intensity and becomes part and parcel of daily life. So is the case with sorrow.

'Dard ka had so bhi badhna hai dawa ho jana'
(When the pain exceeds all limits, it becomes a remedy in itself.)

So, why care this pretty affair?

In the midst of sorrows and sufferings lies the immense pleasure of Mankind. Najmi Sahab's verse is quoted below in support of this idea:
Tarenae ghame pinheñ hai har khushi apni,
Keh eik darde musal-sal hai zindagi apni.80
(The song of sorrow is subdued in every pleasure
of mine,
Because my life is a continuous process of pain.)

P.B. Shelley the Romantic English poet, welcomes
the song of sorrow, the tune of suffering and the tinge of
saddest thoughts like Najmi Saheb and takes it as a way of
life — sweetens the same through his powerful poetry as was
done by Najmi Saheb himself on many occasions.

Our sincerest laughter with some pain is fraught,
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest
thoughts.81

Coming to the discussion of Najmi as a poet, philoso­pher and guide, let me opine that Najmi was myriad minded and
many sided genius. In his person, we find a poet, a
philosopher and a guide. A poet is one who has 'spontaneous
overflow of powerful emotions,' says Wordsworth, and to him
"poetry is criticism of life," according to Matthew Arnold.
A philosopher is one who has love for knowledge. He tries
to find out a black-cat in a dark room. He is one who makes
difficult problems easy through his analysis, interpretations
and analogies. One who claims to be a philosopher is not
a philosopher in the true sense. One who knows philosophy
he does not know philosophy. One who does not know philosophy,
he knows philosophy. This is the guiding principle about
philosophy and philosopher. A man remains wise so long as
he thinks himself a fool. The moment he thinks that he has
attained wisdom, he becomes a fool.
A guide is one who has missionary zeal to serve mankind through his preachings, valuable advices, teachings, didactic writings and poetic talent. Generally, poets have philosophic bent of mind. In order to write every line of poetry, a poet has to shed an ounce of blood. If the poetry is not purposeful, endowed with greater values of life, why will a poet take so much of pain for the sake of mere writing. Since poet is fastened to the task of showing a good path to tread on for the mankind, he undergoes all types of sufferings, takes painstaking labour in order to uplift the condition of humanity as a whole, showing them brighter, better and nobler path which can save them from the horrors and terrors of war, nasty living and brutish ways and this will guide the future generation. The poetry and that too didactic poetry is saviour of human soul and brings about salvation for the entire humanity. This has been possible for a poet only when he has power of scanning the mysteries of the universe and all other things surrounding it. A guide may be religious, political, social or secular exclusively or all these qualities combined together, takes the help of philosophy; it may be vedanta or sufism, Marxism or Leninism or something of his own just to impose on mass through his powerful media of public oration, powerful preaching ceaseless teaching, beautiful writing or charming poetry. This is how a guide succeeds in translating his ideas and ideologies, his beliefs and doctrines before the mass who follow being influenced by him. Najmi Sahab has evolved his ideas and ideologies through his philosophy and those of others and
started writing thought—provoking articles, dramas and verses which serve as milestone for the millions, a limelight for those who grope in the dark, and show them a path of peace, progress and prosperity. Prof. Khwaja Ahmed Farooqi of Delhi University finds the greatest reason for attraction of Najmi's poetry owing to the fact that his poetry is not an end in itself but as a means to an end. Mr. Suhail Azimabadi of All India Radio, New Delhi has spoken that the poetry of Amjad is not merely the jugglery of words but an outcome of sensitive heart and thoughtful mind. He nourishes an aim of life; that is why, he has beautifully ventilated his political, social and national subjects through his poetic talent. Mr. Akhter Orenvi of Patna University opines that Najmi Sahob has sophisticated thought in respect of religion which does not attribute him to any particular religion nor makes him a victim of religious narrowness. Some of his poems are in connexion with the struggle for freedom. This passion is not temporary but permanent and deeprooted, and gone a long way up to his belief and sense. That is why, we find a complete picture of life in his poetry. He believes in action and struggle in life. To him, the meaning of "luck" is not "contemplation" but "action". This point of view had always kept him active and he could foresee the ray of hope during the dark nights of his misfortunes and miseries. To him, this world is illusory and man can realise this "opening the core of heart", (through heart-searching) and this is nothing but elevation of "HUMAN MIND". The entire poetry of Najmi Sahob reflects his
ideas and personality. He tried his best to understand the depth of life and its problems rationally and this is the climax of his poetry.

The realm of his poetry stretches over a period of about fifty years wherein he has written a number of poems, odes, plays and prose pieces. Among his two compiled books "Tulu-e-Sahar" and "Jau-Kahkoshan", the former is a collection of his thought-provoking poems and the latter is divided into four parts known as "Shahr-e-fun" (Collection of poems) "Mata-e-Fikr" (Collection of philosophical and sufistic poems) "Danish-o-dil" (Collection of patriotic, social and emotional poems) and last but not the least "Wadi Wadi" (the collection of odes.)

In his poem "Piyasa" (Thirsty), the poet draws the penpicture of worries and anxieties of the present day world and Man's failure in quenching his thirst of desires. This is one of the best examples of modern symbolic poems wherein the poet suggests the futility of man's ambition which is supposed to be the greatest enemy of man himself. Here is the concluding stanza of the poem:-

| Ja ke darya pe bhi piyasa aaya, |
| Sozise tishna labi, |
| Badhti jati thi magar, |
| Ek qatra na labon tak pahuncha, |
| Mauje sailab bani more liye mauje sarab, |
| Chashmae zahr mein tabdil hua chashmae zab, |
| Char su ketni ghatase chhaseen, |
| Lokin ek boond na dharti pe giri, |
| Talkhie kam-o-dahan aur badhi, |
| Sahale khushk se kuch bhi na mila, |
| Ja ke darya pe bhi piyasa aaya. |
Returned thirsty from the bank of the river,
The burning sensation of thirst,
Was increasing yet,
"Not a draught to drink"
For me, the wave of water became the wave of mirage,
And spring of water transformed into the spring of poison,
The clouds floated all around,
But, not a drop fell on the ground,
The dryness of the tongue still increased,
Nothing was available from the dry bank,
Returned thirsty from the bank of the river.

In his poem "Pech-o-tab" (Convulsion), the poet thinks in the line of William Shakespeare regarding life:

Life is twice-told tale,
Voicing the dull ears of a drowsy man
(Shakespeare)

Phir tasawur kha rahe hai pech-o-tab,
Phir owhi hejna-o-harkat, Karb-o-dard-o-Izterab,
Phir owhi raqse sharare zindegi,
Phir owhi husne latat rez ki tabindagi,
Phir owhi wadon pe lutfe intezar,
Phir owhi chashme sokhan-go ke ishere baar baar.

(Again, the imagination is restless,
Again, the same urge and action, pain, restlessness and suffering;
again, similar dancing sparks of life,
Once again, shining of exquisite beauty,
Once again, waiting on promises,
And repeated signs of talkative eyes.)

In his poem "Raushni kam hai" (Light is dim), the poet philosophises on dim light which stands for sorrow and suffering, dirt and filth which is in excess everywhere.

Raushni kam hai na kar iski shikayat hamdam,
Raushni kam hi rahe to achha,
Shadmni-o-khushi ke hamzar,
Ek-neh-ek gham bhi rahe to achha.

(Don't complain about dim light, 0 friend,
It is better if the light is dim,
Along with pomp and pageantry,
It is better if there is grief of some sort.)
Another stanza from the same poem is presented here as follows:

As keh ham ab dile insan bhi tatolen chal kar,
Band hai n eh jo dariche inhon kholen chal kar,
Ek ya de ko siwa sab hi siah se bhare,
Jaise pete shajare khushk man do char hore,
Teera-o-taar hai kis darja zameere insan,
Rauhni isme kahan?
Rauhni kam hai, andhera hi zada hai ehan, 85

(Como, let us search the heart of man,
We must open the shutters so far closed,
Except one or two, all others are blockish,
Just like the leaves few greenish in colour,
How dark is the conscience of Man!
Where is the light in it?
Light is less and darkness is more here.)

In the following lines, the poet counts every moment of friends' company — a boon which may immortalise existence.

Is se pahle keh khushi gham so badal kar jaej,
Tum aagr chaho to aa sakte ho,
Jawedan zeest ke lamhon ko bana sakte ho. 86

(If you so like, you may come,
Prior to that the pleasure turns into sorrow,
You may immortalise the moments of existence.)

In his poem "Shabe Toole Alam" (Long night of lamentation) the poet speaks about his bad days in the following manner:

Dar-o-deewar siah, Saya-e-Sulzar — siah,
Deli, Deli hai siah, phool siah, khar siah,
Qumqume rah'ke ayn jalte hai n, madham, madham,
Shabe tenhace men jaise koi waqfe maatam. 87

(The walls and doors are black, the shadow of garden is black,
Branches are black, the flowers and thorns are black,
The bulbs of street light are dim,
As if, some one is trusted to mourning in isolation.)

Continuing the poem, the poet concludes in the following manner.

Kaun hai? Koi nahi,
Kasam ne khay farab,
Aankh ke khol di aankh,
Ab ehan koi nahi anega. 88
(Who is there? None,
The ears are deceived,
The eyes are disillusioned,
None will come here hence forth.)

The above ideas are similar to the lines of Persian verse quoted below:

Bawaqt-e tangdasti asma baegana mi girdad,
Surahi chun shawad khali juda-paemana migarded.

(At the hour of distress, the friend becomes indifferent,
When the jar is empty, the tumbler separates.)

In the same manner, there is a verse in Urdu quoted below:

Siah bakhti me koi kab kisi ka saath deta hai,
Keh tareek-e meh saya bhi juda rahta hai insan ka.

(Who gives company during the ill-fated days?
The shadow of man disappears in the dark.)

In his poem "Hotel meh hoo" (Silence in a hotel), the poet depicts the artificiality of the modern world wherein "all that glitters is not gold." In other words, the poet finds everything in existence without reality. The following lines illustrate this idea vividly:

Sardak ki rehun udas, waare,
Goli ke goshe khamush-o-sakit,
Sanam-kadon meh koi pujari
Na masjidoon meh koi namaz,
Na chaand tare the casmaan per,
Na garm parwaaz koi jugnu,
Faza thi kuch aisi zulmat aageen,
Koh jaise afsoen ho zagh-o-shab ka.

(The paths of streets were deserted and desolated
The corners of lanes were calm and quiet,
No worshipper in either mosque or temple,
Neither Moon nor star in the nocturnal sky,
No fire-fly in motion anywhere,
The atmosphere was so dark,
As if, there was charm of nocturnal crow.)
In his poem, "Subho Jobra" and "Shame Tulsipur" (Two embankments of the river Mahanadi on the eastern and western corners of Cuttack), the poet philosophises on the beginning and end of life, the joys and sorrows of existence and impresses upon the mind of his readers regarding the unreality of glory and grandeur. Hence, the morning of Jobra and the evening of Tulsipur are not merely scenic descriptions. They have undoubtedly charm and beauty, glory and grandeur, sobriety and sublimity like the morning of Banaras and the evening of Audh, never-the-less, they have got intrinsic meaning and inner value to be realised by one and all.

The following lines of "Shamo Tulsipur" (Evening of Tulsipur) coincide with the lines of Gray's elegy.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth ever gave,
Awaits alike the inevitable hour,
The path of glory, lead but to grave.

The following lines of Amjad Majmi are extracts from

**Sheamo Tulsipur:**

Zindagi ka hausla chup, zindagi ki shaan chup,
Chashme ibrat dekh! hao kota goristhan chup,
Ho gae ab khatm din ki garmiay bazaar bhi,
Mach bhi chup hoon aur mora eh dile gamkhar bhi.

(The ambition of life ends; the glory of life is mute)

O sense of morality! see, how calm and quiet is

the grave-yard.

(Christian graveyard, a symbol of graveyard in general)

The warmth of Market-day is over,
I am silent and my painful heart is silent)

In his poem "Fateh Aazam" (the great conqueror), the poet speaks about the latent power of man. He has to realise the same in full measure.
Sh karkhanae illm-o-yaqin hai, tujh ko ehan Diya gaya hai jo oh, ekhtiar baqi hai, Hazar haaf agar too rahe tahi daman, Chaman mehn joshisho fasle bahar baqi hai.92

(This is an industry of trust and learning, Whatever power is given to you is extant, Alas, if you are empty handed! The garden is full of fermentation of spring season)

In his poem "Toere Shahab" (the arrow of star - 'meteor') the poet speaks about the contradictions of life, the ups and downs of our existence which are not out of the common run from our day-to-day life.

Koi wasal ki daulet se shad-o-malamal, Koi fireq ko sadma se maztar-o-betaab, Ravan dwan hai eunhi kishtie hayyate bashar, Kabhi ba simte kinara, kabhi sue girdab,93

(Some one rolls in luxury of lovers' company, Some one is restless due to sorrow of separation, Thus, sails the boat of existence of man, Sometimes, aims at swirl and sometimes at short)

In his poem "Khatre men hai" (In danger), the poet foresees the danger lurking everywhere, and this is due to man's own slack deeds. He is solely responsible for the imminent danger of destruction of body and soul. Here are lines in support of the above mentioned ideas:

Marne walle mar chuke tae karke apni manzilone, Jine wallo ab tumhari zindagi khatre mehn hai, Khastagie jism Najmi jo bhi thi oh kam na thi, Khastagiaxjism Had en hai ab rooh ki aasoodgi khatre mehn hai.94

(The deceased persons have gone achieving their aims and objects, Their existence is in danger those who are alive, O Najmi! the physical strain was never less in any way, Over and above, the soul is in danger now.)
In another poem _Jiwen ki Nāddi_ (The River of Existence), the poet says that he is not aware of the fact as to what will come next. This state of uncertainty is something very common in our life. The turn of events decides as to what will happen next and where we will land in our sojourn of life. "To be or not to be," that is the important question of our life, says Shakespeare. Similarly, Najmi says as follows:

_Najmi dekheh kidhar lag eg i j skar apni naiyya,
Kidhar bha kar le jata hai jiwan ka eh dhara._

(Najmi behold, where lands our boat,
We have to see where the stream of life blows us.)

In "Tazad" (Contradiction), the poet speaks through a flower sermonising a bud about the uncertainity of life. The former at least bloomed before decay and destruction but that too is doubtful in case of a bud.

_Gul kalee se eh bola
Maen to hans chuka lekin,
Tujh ko muskurana bhi,
Ho naseeb to janoom._

(The flower spoke to bud,
I have laughed, but
I have to see if you are
Destined to smile or not.)

His poem _Roone Tishna Karm_ (The Thirsty soul) is a vivid description of ancient and modern Cuttack wherein he sees a lot of difference. In the olden days, the buggies and bullock-carts, bicycles and boats were the means of transportation and the streets were calm and quiet. The street lamps were flickering at night. There was no artificiality in the ringing of bell at church, tin-tinabulating sound at temple or calling of azan at mosque. In those days, things were serene and
This nostalgic feeling embossed a lasting impression on the mind of our poet and as such he is not at all impressed by the artificialities of the modern city. Inspite of all glory and grandeur, the human soul is still thirsty and there is no spiritual appeasement.

Chandni mein hiddaton khabidat hai,
Raushni mein zulmaten posheeda hai,
Kaifaa wur mackado ki sheam hai,
Phir bhi lekin rooh tishna kaam hai.98

(The warmth lurks in moonlit night,
The darkness lurks in electric light,
The evening of tavern is extatic,
Still, the soul is thirsty.)

His poem "Carwane Hayyat" (Carvan of life) is an excellent one, where the poet discards the theory of communism "the mitigation of crime and withering away of state." This is "pseudo-scientific theory", according to political thinkers. The poet believes in the theory propounded by Hobbes "Man is selfish, brutish and nasty". Here are two stanzas in support of this theory.

Eh kaun kahta hai insaān ka karwane hayyat,
Palat ke aane ko hai be-gunahi ki janib?
Ohi gunāh, ohi masiat, ohi badboo,
Ohi fīsad, ohi snar, ohi tamarrud hai,
Demagh-o-dil pe musallat ohi tashaddud hai,
Tabahi jis men jahanum ka ghar posheeda,
Tabahi jis men hai har fard zahr nosheeda,
Tabahi jis men hai har waqt ghaat mein jamdoot,
(yama)
Tabahi jis men nebaān maūṭ ka jamood-o-sakut,
Maajjaanta hoon keh insaān ka karwane hayyat,
Rawān dwān to hai lekin tabahi ki janib.99
(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 every body,
Yama, the angel of death, is in 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 Van 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,

Oliver Goldsmith has similar view of destruction and devastation, chaos, confusion and anarchy in his poem "The Deserted Village".

Ill fares the land,
To hastening ills a prey,
The land where wealth accumulates
And men decay.

Dr. Iqbal's lines, if negatively interpreted, carry the same meaning.

Aankh jo kuch dekhti hai lab pe aa sakta nahi,
Manwe hairat hoon kah duniya se kiya ho jaogi.

(Whatever eyes see, cannot transcend on lips,
I wonder what will become of earth.)

In his poem "Marsis" (Elegy), the poet laments over the grave situation of war, rampant corruption, disease, famine and death, social upheavals, regional feelings, communal disturbances, unemployment, natural calamities and all other vices. He addresses writers, poets and playwrights to expose those evils for their rectification.
In his poem "Dia" (Lamp), the poet realises and recalls the old values of life in the midst of modern culture and modern civilisation. A thing of past is undoubtedly helpful and extends more help than modern amenities of life:

Ohi diya—
Bijli ke bal bote par,
Jisko ham ne thukraya,
Ohi diya,
Phir kaam aya.100

(Same lamp—
Which was set aside due to invention of electricity, Has been used again.)

In his elegy on the sad demise of his friend Wahhab, he has expressed his deep emotional attachment with the deceased. His death was a bolt from the blue like that of Arthur Hallam for Tennyson or Edward King's for John Milton. He has ventilated his strong feeling of grief through his poetry like Tennyson's "In Memoriam" or 'Lycidas' of John Milton:

Mi lekin maut ne sab tord dale hausle,
Hausle tere, umange teri, tere waalwa,
Khus mizaji teri, teri buzla sanji, hae, hae,
Oh khus ekhlaqi teri, oh khanda ruce, hae, hae,
Khubian tuja moh bahut si theen khuda bakshe tujhe,
Aur ghurbat ki ajal ka mar tab a bakshe tujhe.101

(Alas! Death has trampled all zest,
All zest, zeal and spirit,
Alas! you had happy and jovial temperament,
Alas! you were well-behaved and gentle,
You were endowed with good qualities; May God bless you,
and give you a place in Abraham's bosom.)

Then he philosophises on "death" and consoles himself for the death of his friend in the following lines:

Aah apni zindagani bhi hai ok tamhide maut,
Karti jati hai jo har har sans par takeede maut.102
This idea is similar to the idea expressed by Sheikh Mohammad Ibrahim Zauq, a noted Urdu poet. He says thus:

"Our stay is a prelude to our journey, Out existence is a message to death"

Najmi Saheb concludes his elegy on Wahhab with a message to one and all to be ever ready for death which lays its hand on every body irrespective of age, place and position.

"Death circulates the message of "mortality, for all," And makes every body drink at last the "wine of mortality"

In his poem "Kirmake Shab-tab" (Glow-worm of night), he finds fault with his glorious living. Though apparently he seems to be enlightened like the glow-worm but internally he is not that. He is devoid of sight. He is after illusion, outward dazzle and artificial show. In other words, he finds himself non-existent in existence. A verse of Najmi Saheb is quoted below in support of this idea,

"Having so much of light, I am devoid of sight, I am alive in existence, dead in life,"

Being influenced by the allegorical poems of Ralph Waldo Emerson's and Dr. Iqbal's "Mountain and squirrel",

(Alas! our life is an introduction to death. Every inhale and exhale of breath warns us about death)
Najmi Sahab has written a poem "Pahar" (Mountain) wherein he compares himself with the greatness of mountain and imposes his superiority on the mountain nicely.

Buland hoke bhi too taabe jalwa la na saka,
Too raaze kaun-o-makan ke hodood pa na saka.105

(Being high, you could not resist the flash of the Almighty's appearance and burnt into ashes like the mountain of Toor (Sinai),
You have not so far delved the secrets of the Universe like me.)

In his poem "Zindagi aur Ajal" (Life and Death), the poet says that death is inevitable and life is a dream whose interpretation is found after death. Hence, wake up from the dream of life:

Zindagi ek khab hai, bedar ho is khab se,
Milti hai bade fans tabeere khabe zindagi.106

(Life is a dream, wake up from the dream,
The interpretation of life's dream is mortality,)

In his poem "Shikaste Jam" (Breaking of tumbler), the poet has pin-pointed something we do not generally realise till such time we are confronted with such situation but this is universal truth.

Yani ham bhi daste quadrat mohan misale jam hain,
Aur giriaftaro balae gardisho quyam hain.107

(In other words, we are just like the tumblers in the hands of Providence,
We are fated to the movements and changes of time.)

The poet has given a lesson in his poem "Tabassum" (Smile) as follows:

Jhalak pal bhar ki hai, lekin asar hai deemi tara,
Sar-o-gulzar dam bharti hai, goya har kali tara.108

(Your appearance is momentary having long lasting impression,
In the garden buds support you by smiling.)
In his poem *Zindagi* (existence), the poet has positive approach towards human existence. His optimism finds expression here:

Jis zindagi mein joshe khudi ka na ho khayyal,  
Oh zindagi kabhi nahi shayane zindagi.  
(The life that never minds for the simmering of self,  
is not in conformity with the rules of existence)

Another Urdu poet has expressed his opinion about life as follows:

Zindagi zinda dili ka naam hai,  
Murda dil khak jis karte hain.  
(Life is another name for enthusiasm,  
What sort of life they lead those who have no enthusiasm.)

To our poet, Najmi Saheb, life is infinite boundless and vast like Salim Panipati's thought on life reproduced below:

Zarre, zarre mein dwan, roohe rawa pata hoon maen,  
Zinda ko eik bahre be karan pata hoon maen,  
(I find life in small particles,  
i find life - an infinite ocean)

Similarly, Najmi Saheb speaks in the same spirit in the following lines:

Mahdoot too samjhne laga hai ise mager,  
Be inteha wasee hai en maedane zindgi.  
(You have started thinking life - a limited sphere,  
The field of existence is very wide.)

In his poem *Zindagi ka Karwan* (The Caravan of life), the poet harps a happy, exstatic and exhilarating note and strikes the string of his poetic instrument very successfully.

Zindagi hai zar-nigar,  
Zindagi hai musk-bar,  
Too agar bana sake,  
Zindagi ko kamran.
(Life showers gold,
Life scatters musk-,like perfume,
Provided you make your life successful.)

In the concluding lines of his poem _Uth_ (Rise), the poet imparts the teaching of a life of "action" in the absence of which the life is meaningless.

_Uth keh be zaqte samal en togh bhi bekar hai,
Too bhi, teri zindagi bhi naqsh bar deewar hai._112

(Without life of action, all your abilities are of no use,
You and your life is just like a painting of a wall.)

Commemorating the sword of Martyr Tipu Sultan who was assassinated at Srirangapatam fort while fighting bravely against the Britishers for the freedom of India, the poet speaks in the following manner:

_Kaun? Oh Sultan Teepu yani oh Bharat ka woer,
Jisne Azadi ki khatir khaey they scene pe teer,
Dushmanon ke khoon ki jisne bahaeen nadiyan,
Kaarnave jis ke ab bhi hai zamane per aycn._113

(Who? That brave Tipu Sultan of India,
Who received arrows on his chest for the sake of freedom,
Was one who shed the blood of enemy,
And whose deeds are exposed to the world.)

Speaking highly about the first hero of Indian independence, the poet categorically suggests the freedom fighters to display the same spirit of Tipu Sultan and fight vigorously after receiving his sword. His restless thoughts find expression in his poem _Akkare pereshen_ (Scattered Thoughts) wherein the poet feels strangely about the poor who enrich the capitalists by shedding their own blood; same slavery, imperialism, racial and apartheid feelings continue as tokens of Western culture. Speaking about modern leadership and deep-rooted sigh, the poet speaks as follows:
In his poem Valentine Treskova, the poet philosophises on the fact that cowards die many a times before their death and those who do not fear death find a renewed life, full of vigour and energy and they find a permanent place in the history of mankind.

"Jo narne se kabhi darte namīn hai,
Inheen ko bas ehan āta hai jeena,
Chamakta hai jahan mein naam unka,
Keh ho jaise ungothi mein nageena,"

(Those who do not fear death,
They alone know how to live,
Their name shines in the world,
Just like the nugget of the ring.)

In his poem "Watan" (Country), the poet draws the penpicture of his motherland - India in an excellent manner. He has vividly narrated the virtues and vices, miseries, sorrows, sufferings, chaos, confusion, anarchy, famine, drought and disease prevailing then. Inspite of unfavourable circumstances, the poet sees a unique feature in his mother land which is dearer than anything else in the world. So, he prays for her betterment, return of the past glory and restoration of peace. These things depend on the sons of the soil. Hence is the suggestion for them in the following lines:
Watan ki musibat ko too door kar
Ise apne jalwot se mamoor kar,
Bahar aaye wujde gulistan men phir,
Simat aayen phool apne daman men phir, 115

(You remove the difficulties of your motherland,
You enlighten her by your own light,
Thus, spring may come in this deserted garden,
Flowers may blossom under our care, once again.)

On the eve of first death anniversary of Mahatma Gandhi,
the poet mourns his death philosophically just to teach a
lesson to his countrymen in the following lines:

Too ne dekha nahin abhi qatil,
Bahr se kab juda hua sahil,
Rooh jab nikli jisma laghar se,
Qatra ja kar mile samander se,
Too ne goya use aman bakhshi,
Mar kar urnre jawe dan bakhshi,
Kisko duniya men hai dwam-o-sabat?
Sach ah hai mut hi hai asle hayat,
Khoon uska na raeganjaog,
Haan magar zebe dastan hoga, 116

(O murderer! have you ever seen so far,
The shore separates from the sea,
When the soul goes out from the frail body,
The drop mingles with the sea,
You have resurrected him,
You have enlivened him by killing,
His blood will not go in vain,
It will adorn the subject-matter of history.)

Najmi Sahab, though a devoted muslim, has not spared
sheikh for speaking ill of Brahmin, may be cited as an example
for his impartial outlook.

Hai sheikh apni apni niyyat,
Na kar Brahman ki, too mozzammat,
Kahan hai teri "Hoo" men lazzat,
Mili jo isko "Hari-Hari" men, 117

(O Sheikh! it is one's faith, hence, speak not ill
of Brahmin,
Where is your interest in uttering the name of Allah
as he has got in the name of Hari.)
Here is an excellent idea regarding love. Love brings about a state of forgetfulness and indifference towards sorrows and sufferings of life.

Dil deke tujhe fikre jahan se hua farigh,
Ab hamko sarokar hai gham se na khusi se. 118

(I have been relieved from the worries of the whole world after lending my heart unto you, after this, I have no concern with either joy or sorrow.)

Love releases us from mental tension, worries, anxieties of day-to-day life and many other problems of our existence. Due to lack of genuine love, the modern man is surrounded by miseries and misfortunes, worries and anxieties. Love provides a chance to escape from the complexities of life.

The poet is very much optimistic, even in the midst of pessimism of life and sees a "silver lining behind the cloud." This has been his remedy of pains and pangs of life.

Ranjo faraq bhi hai, nashate wasal bhi,
Ham sath sath dard ke darman lioy hue. 119

(The sorrow of separation is along with the joy of meeting,
I have a healing remedy of pain with me.)

In the following lines, the poet has expressed sufistic thought as has been expressed by Dr. Iqbal in many of his poems.

Kuch kahkoshan men, anjam man, kuch shams-o-qamar
men dekh liya,
Is parda nasheen ko to hamne bas oik nazar men
dekh liya. 120

(I have seen partially in the milky way, star, sun and moon;
I have seen that hidden object (parda nasheen) at one glance.)
The idea is similar to the following line of Dr. Iqbal -

Chamak teri, ayan bijli mein, atish mein, sharare mein,
Jhalak teri, hawada cham mein, suraj mein, tare mein.121

(Your shine is revealed in the lightning, fire and
sparks,
Your glare is revealed in the moon, sun and stars.)

This is universal truth to be realised by every one. Even
atheist cannot deny the existence of God who manifests Himself
in every form. When there is creator for everything, great and
small, how can we say that the universe has no creator?

In the following verse, Najmi Saheb has shown indomitable
courage in the face of ups and downs of life.

Hazar rah mein aayá karaen nasheb-o-faraz,
Maza to jab hai keh tooto na himmat to tag-o-taz.122

(Thousands of ups and downs may come on the way,
The interest lies in the fact that you must continue
your effort.)

Then, the poet admits his ignorance about the secrets of
his existence. So, it is not possible on his part to unfold the
secrets of others' existence. This idea is quite philosophical.
We are not aware of the fact whence we have come and where we
have to go? What is the purpose of our existence? What sort of
life we should live and what should be our aims and objects?
When we are not able to answer these questions satisfactorily,
how can we scan the life of others and penetrate into the
hearts of secrets outright?

Tere wajood ke asrar ko maahi kiya samjhoon?
Mera wajood mere waste hai khud ek raaz ek.123

(How can I understand the secrets of your existence?
My own existence is a mystery for me.)
The poet believes in the fact that first in order of beauty is the first in order of truth. In other words, he has unflinching faith in John Keats’ lines quoted below:

Truth is beauty
Beauty is truth,
That is all, ye know

That is why, Najmi Saheb regards beauty as God and wonders at his unique thought like romantic poets:

Husn ko maan khuda samajta hoon
Hae mera khayyal kiya hiiye!124

(Beauty is God to my understanding,
What a wonderful idea is this!)

Najmi Saheb is not a traditional lover. He is platonic lover. He believes in the lines of Shefta, a noted Urdu poet whose lines are quoted below:

Shaed ishi ka naam muhabbat hai Shefta,
Dono taraf jo aag barabar lagi rahe.125

(Perhaps, this is what known as "Love", O Shefta,
The fire of love is lit at both ends.)

Since Najmi Saheb is not Quixotic, he exposes the stonehearted beloved fully and does not want any connection with him whatsoever. This shows how much practical he is even in love affairs:

Jab dil hi nahi hai pahloo mein, phir ishq ka sauda kaum kare,
Ab unse muhabbat kaum kare, ab unki tamanaa kaum kare.126

(When there is no heart in between ribs, who will indulge in love affairs?
Now, who will love her and who will long for her?)
This is a lesson for others to see things in the light of reality, to avoid romanticism as far as possible. He ultimately sees altogether a different rule prevailing in beloved's durbar where thanks-giving is prohibited, what to speak of complaint.

Ham dekh chuke, hañ dekh chuke, dastur tumhari mehfir ka,
Jab shukr pe eh pabandi hai, phir jurrate shikwa kaun kare.127

(I have seen the rule of your durbar,
Where thanks giving is prohibited, who will dare to complain? )

The beloved has got his own way of doing things and these lines have got close affinity with a popular verse quoted below with slight difference in meaning.

Ham aah bhì karte hain to ho jate hain baghnam,
Oh qatil bhì karte hain to charcha nahiin hota.

(By heaving a deep sigh, we earn a bad name, By killing others, nothing happens to him.)

The poet, Najmi, sees the greatness of God in His creations, the objects of beauty and praises the Almighty whole heartedly. He never sees beauty with sensuous eyes. He has deep insight and wide vision. Others merely see beauty for beauty's sake. But, Najmi Sahib has no such approach towards "Beauty". Hence, his verse is not merely flat expression of beauty as it is, rather with philosophic and sufistic meaning added to it. His verse is quoted below:

Sab dekhte hain husne dilaawez to tere,
Mae husn me ek shaane khuda dekh raha hoon.128

(All witness your charming beauty,
I see the manifestations of God in beauty.)
The realities of life are very much ignored by us in these days. God has created both the things, great and small. But we don't bother much for small things. This way, we overlook the small objects though they are very powerful and nucleus of life, energy and destruction. The seeds germinate plants, plants grow into trees and trees make forest. The drops of water run into rivulets and rivulets into streams, streams into rivers and rivers into sea. Similarly, the small nuclear particles like plutons, electrons, uranium and radium have enormous energy and destructive power as well. The genes of living beings multiply the number of living beings remarkably and they form the ocean of life. This realisation has been possible for Najmi through his mystical approach towards the realities of life.

Dil jab so hua waqife esrare haqiqat,  
Qatre ko bhi maen bahre numa deh rahe hoon, 129
(Since the time, the realisation has dawned on the heart about the secret of realities,  
I see a vast ocean even in a drop of water.)

In another verse, the poet sees the advent of spring in the deserted environment of garden. This idea coincides with a famous verse of Urdu poetry quoted below:

"Takhribe janoon ko saye maen tamear gulistan hote hain,  
(In the shadow of destruction, the construction of garden takes place.)

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 expressed the similar opinion in the following lines:
"If winter comes, can spring be far behind?"

In the same line, in the same spirit, Najmi Sahib sees the destruction as a prelude to construction:

\[
\text{Allah karo ho ehi tamhīda baharah,}
\text{Bigri hui gulshan ki faza dekh raha hoon.} \quad 130
\]

(May this be the prelude to the spring by the blessing of God,
I see the deserted environment of the garden.)

To our poet, Najmi Sahib, life is a mirage, an illusion like many other thinkers but he runs after this mirage in order to quench his thirst and thus he is very much disillusioned. So, what he should not have done has been doing knowing fully well that our existence is will-o’-the-wisp and there is no reality in the existing thing? Hence, he repents very much and this repentance will release him from the bondage of sin on the day of judgement. God forgives them those who repent from the core of their hearts and endears them exalting their position and elevating their place.

\[
\text{Ham farebe hasty maahoom eun khete rahe,}
\text{Jo na karna the oh karte aur pachtate rahe.} \quad 131
\]

(We have been very much deceived in this unreal life,
We have been doing what we should not have done, and hence repenting.)

Najmi Sahib regards failures as pillars of success and this idea gives him new impetus, rejuvenates his courage and revives his interest. Therefore, failure is not a failure for him, rather a source of success that urges him to go ahead with full vigour and double energy. This is a lesson for the defeated persons to revitalise their interest to achieve success.
Ear shikaste aarzoo hai taza tar tamheedo shangs,
Aur kuch ab apni himmat ko jawan pata hoon maen: 132
(Every failure of desire is a fresh introduction to interest, I find rejuvenating courage in me.)

Najmi Saheb was out and out an upright man. For the sake of reviving life, he does not want the help of Jesus; for getting any favour, he does not want to express his desires; he wants to forego the habit of drinking rather than humiliating himself before the eyes of his beloved. This lesson is to be remembered by all of us who yield easily before little interest without keeping in mind self-respect and valuable prestige. We sacrifice the greater values of life for the smaller interest whatsoever.

A secular poet, having remarkable power of tolerance, finds no difference between mosque and temple, because God appears wherever He is prayed and worshipped.

Mujhe deir bhi ho kionkar, na haram ki tarha piyara,
Too ohan bhi jaliwa aara, too ohan bhi jaliwa aara. 134
(Why the temple will not be dear to me like a mosque?
Because You appear at both the places.)
The above verse is similar to the idea expressed in one Urdu verse reproduced below:

\[
\text{Eh masjid hai, oh butkhana,} \\
\text{Chahe eh mano, chahe oh mano.}
\]

(This is mosque and that is temple, Whether you follow this or you follow that)

The strong dose of love emaciates the physical form of man and puts an end to his life like that of moth burnt by the candle and turned into ashes. There lies the pleasure of Najmi Sahab.

\[
\text{Mujhe illm iska kya tha, mujhe kiya khabar thi Hajmi,} \\
\text{Koh mujhoo ko phoonk doga, mere ishq ka sharara.} \text{135}
\]

(I had no inkling or awareness of the fact, O Najmi, That the ember of love would put an end to my existence.)

Najmi Sahab is of the opinion that normal state of mind cannot achieve greater objects of life. In order to achieve the higher ambitions and scale the highest ladder of our existence, we have to create a state of abnormality through which the finest things emanate. That is why, the poet seems to be a maniac and those who do not accept his greatness in his abnormal state are insane and lunatic fellows for the poet:

\[
\text{Eh chake girebañ, eh ashufta hal, oh joshe junun,} \\
\text{oh parasher mizaji,} \\
\text{Mañ diwana usko samajhta hoon Najmi jo gael nahin meri deowangi ka.} \text{136}
\]

(Behold my tattered garment, worried condition, emotional state and disintegrated mind, I consider him to be insane who does not acknowledge my abnormality.)
Those who donot stagnate at any stage and continue their sojourn as usual, they have achieved target and reached their goal in the real sense. Those who think that they have reached their destination and get contentment are very much mistaken. Their downfall starts from that point. That is why, Najmi Sahab regards them contented who progress on the path of their sojourn even after getting their destination.

\[ \text{Nishene manzile maqsood pakar bhi na jo thahre,} \\
\text{Usi rahro ko ham aasudae manzil samajhte hain.}^{137} \]

(Those who have not stayed even after reaching their target, 
Such are the travellers, I think, satisfied of their goal.)

Another idea extended by the poet is that the difficulty is intensified whenever we are conscious of our difficulty. This is really deplorable and this adds to our problems.

\[ \text{Shan to qabile afsos hain dushwariyan unki,} \\
\text{Tumhari rah me mushkil ko jo mushkil samajhte hain.}^{138} \]

(Here, their difficulties are deplorable, 
Who have consciousness of difficulty on your way.)

Najmi Sahab believes in the life of 'action' - not of 'contemplation'. Action stands for zeal, zest and enthusiasm of vigorous life. The active waves of sea hint at life of action. Sea devoid of waves is fully dead.

\[ \text{Tabo tabe amal se de saboote zindagi paeham,} \\
\text{Talatum se jo ho khali to kya dariya moñ rakka hai;}^{139} \]

(By vigorous action, prove your zeal for existence, 
If it is devoid of tumult, what is there in the river?)
Here is a nice idea regarding his craze for writing poetry. Through his poetry, he summons others to learn lessons. Being a crazy fellow, he wants to bring other crazy fellows into their proper sense. Perhaps, the poet is aware of the fact that poison becomes antidote for poison and diamond cuts diamond. That is why, he plays the role of a crazy person and strikes the crazy notes for the world as a whole.

Aashufta nawse so apni, duniya ko jagata jata hoon,
Deewan na ho on deewano ko maan bosh ma hoon lata jata hoon.140
(Through my crazy notes, I awaken the whole universe; I am a crazy fellow, bringing all other crazy fellows into sense.)

The poet is of the opinion that labour and continuous effort never go in vain. The labour has its use in some form or other. One may not achieve his aim and object but if he sincerely tries, he is rewarded in the long run. That is why it is said:

"Better to have tried and lost,
Than never to have tried at all."

Najmi Saheb sounds his own depth, finds himself and his abilities, realises his worth of existence and adjusts himself in every way through his constant effort and ceaseless endeavour.

Maan sa-e-musalsal karke bhi manzil se kosan door raha,
Menzil na mili to kya hai magar apne ko pata jata hoon.141
(Even after my continuous effort, I am far far away from my destination, If I could not achieve my goal, I have found myself.)
Nature teaches what man fails to learn in his life. Najmi Saheb learnt many lessons from nature herself. Thus, he came to sense after stumbling in every walk of life.

Qudrat bhi mohaiya kari hai, ab mere liye ibrat ka sabag,
Har gaam pe thoker khata hoon aur hosh mein sata jata hoon.142

(Nature provides lessons for me, I stumble in every walk and come to my sense.)

When the emotion is unrestrained, it finds its expression. This is the course of nature. When we want to check the course of nature by observing silence, we go against nature which finds her outlet in some other form. The unexpressed emotion weighs heavily on heart, makes us restless and increases pain. Hence, emotion requires expression. There is a verse in Urdu poetry in this connection quoted below:

"Khamushi se musabat aur bhi saangeen hoti hai, Tadap ae dil, tadapne se zara taskin hoti hai."

(The suffering becomes intense by silence, O heart, agitate, so that it will relieve a little.)

Similarly, Najmi Saheb feels the pang of heart after restraining his unrestrained emotion. His silence has not been a consolation of heart. In other words, his emotion requires expression for his relief and relaxation.

Najmi ah khamushi bhi meri, kuch ojhe sakuno dil na hui, Mane zabto-foghaan se derd ko apne, aur badhata jata hoon.143

(O Najmi, this silence has not been the cause of consolation of heart, By restraining the cry, I am increasing my pain.)
Najmi Saheb believes in vastness - not in narrowness. He wants to choose difficult terrain and prefers something infinite. This shows he is not easy-going. Here is a verse in support of this thought from Najmi's poetry.

Jahēn maujēn, ohīh kishtī, jahēn kishtī, ohīh sahil,
Mēza jab hai mohite zindāgī ko bikeran kar len.144

(Where there is wave, there is boat; where there is boat, there is shore,
The interest lies in the fact that we must make the circumference of life endless.)

Dealing with the subject of love, the poet says that love is the goal of existence. In fact, love exists from the very beginning. Love is universal. It was there, it is there and it will be there. It is a sweet sensation felt in the stream of blood, realised by the heart of man, accepted by the human mind. It is love that keeps the social order intact. It is something permanent having greater purpose of life. It is a stepping stone to the love of God. Love knows no bar. It is free from caste, creed, and colour. That is why people say "Love is blind."

"Night has thousand eyes, day but one,
But the light of the whole world dies with the dying sun,
Mind has thousand eyes, heart but one,
The light of the whole world dies when the love is done."

Najmi Saheb takes love as a target of life and those who do not know this mystery ask about love affairs:

Jo puchta hai keh eh isq-o-aashqi kya hai,
Oh jante nanin maqsoode zindagi kya hai.145

(Those who ask as to what "love affair" means? They do not know the very purpose of life.)
Speaking about the quest, the poet says that those who have fastened themselves to the task of search, do not know what is pessimism, helplessness, sorrow and suffering. Their enquiring mind casts the ray of hope on them.

Jo gamzan haiñ sare jada-e-telab Najmi,
Oh jaante nahin duniya men bebasi kya hai.146
(Those who have set their feet on the path of search, O Najmi,
They do not know what is helplessness on the earth.)

Najmi Sahob has Keats’ opinion regarding beauty. To him "A thing of beauty is joy forever." That is why, thirst of beauty is insatiable for him.

Ae bahre husn aur bhi moti bikher deyx
Daman meri nigah ka ab tak bhara nahiñ.147
(0 ocean of beauty! scatter more of pearls,
The horizon of my vision is still empty.)

Love perpetuates the memory of deceased persons. Today Laila and Majnu, Shirin and Farhad, Hoer and Ranjha, Soni and Mahwel, Antony and Cleopatra, Romeo and Juliet are immortal figures. This has been possible due to genuine love. Najmi Sahob has similar experience of love.

Ishq ki duniya mañ Najmi hai ehi asle hayyat,
Ham mite aur zindagi-e-jawedan tak aa gaye.148
(In the world of love, O Najmi, this is the essence of life,
From mortality, we metamorphose into immortality.)

We are prototypes of that Archetype which exists from the very beginning but we fail to realise this and regard ourselves separate entity. Through metaphysics, Najmi-Sahob draws this conclusion that there is no difference between God and Man, Creator and creature as the latter is part and parcel of the former. The planets have emanated from the stars and
we see them separate entities which is not a fact. Similarly, lover and beloved are one and the same. We can see the reflection of one in the form of others. In the same way, we can see the image of the Creator in the objects of creation. This requires elevated type of vision where He is not different from us. Our narrow outlook restricts us to see this in the broader prospect.

\begin{quote}
Ager na beech man perda dose ka haan ho,
Nazar oh aam na kyo hamko behoj bana.**49
\end{quote}

(Had there been no veil of separation between us, He would have appeared naked before us.)

Najmi Saheb, like prophets and saints, believes in non-violence and welfare of others. He cannot think ill of his enemies, what to speak of his friends. Like Jesus, Gautam and Gandhi, the idea of hurting a single soul was unthinkable for him. Like Hazrat Mohammad, he prayed for the well-being of those persons who were opposed to him and wished ill of him. His ways should be trail-blazer for others to follow.

\begin{quote}
Sh but hai keh mora bura chahta hain,
Sh meen hoon keh unka bhala chahta hoon.**50
\end{quote}

(He never wants my well-being, he is an image of stone; Inspite of this, I am his well-wisher.)

In the hour of misfortune, misery and distress, nobody gives company. A friend in need is a friend indeed. The so-called friends are fair-weather ones. So, one should not expect anything from them. One must depend on himself; his will-power must go in the right direction in order to overcome
the difficulties. No ladder will extend help to accomplish aims and objects of life. One has to depend on his own capability, effort and so on. That is what, Najmi Sahab has experienced in his life.

Hajoome gham men mera kab kisi ne saath diya,
Dia to azme salamat rawi ne saath diya,
Nazar utheao to rahbar hain kethne hi lekin,
Rehe talab men hamaar kisi ne saath diya?

(Who has extended his help in the congregation of miseries? If anything has given company, it is my will-power to go in the right direction, If you raise your head, you will find a number of leaders; Has anyone given company in the hour of need?)

Najmi Sahab believes in the fact that man is purified after trials and tribulations just like a piece of gold melting on fire. There lies the glare in one's life. Those who have not undergone any difficulty whatsoever, do not know the sweet sensation of adventure and adverse circumstances of life. They are easy-going, contented and self-satisfied.

Aasudae manzil nahin sagaha saubet,
Mahroom hai oh lazzate doorie safar se.

(Self-satisfied man is not aware of any difficulty, He is deprived of interest for long journey.)

To our poet, life is meaningful and hence it should have aims and objects. We ignore the very purpose of our existence and that should not be the aim of life.

Apni hasti ko chah be muddua samjha tha maan,
Kya samejhna, chahio tha aur kya samjha tha maan,

(I thought my existence entirely purposeless, What I have understood is negation of what I should have understood.)
The world consists of good and bad elements. The garden of roses is not only full of flowers but also full of thorns. Those who have keen insight, broad vision and wide outlook, look at the beauty of flowers as well as that of thorns, because they know the Creator of both is one and the same and in His eyes, there is no difference between them. So, how can we differentiate? Moreover, the thorns protect the beautiful flowers and safeguard them from the enemies. Najmi Sahab finds the beauty in the thorns as well as flowers and says thus:

Phoolon hi se nahi hai koi zeenat chaman,
Katon ko bhi to ahsa nazary ki talash hai.154

(The beauty of garden is not due to flowers alone, Deep-sighted persons try to find out "beauty in the thorns" as well.)

Similar idea is expressed by another poet quoted below:

There is so much bad in the best of us,
There is so much good in the worst of us,
That it ill-behaves for any of us,
To find fault with the rest of us.

We are not aware of our own position in this world and we do not know as to what role is assigned to us by the Creator of this universe. So, it is difficult to say as to who is the leader and who is the robber. This is deliberate poetic pretence by the poet Amjad Najmi:

Kaun ehaan rehbar, kaun ehaan reh'zan,
Apni hi manzil ka khud, ham ko pata kuch nahi.155

(Who is the leader here, who is the robber here, We are not aware of our own position.)

Those who achieve the height of excellence, zenith of glory and acme of aims and objects, feel that they have to go a long way in their sojourn and the so-called climax appears
to be the beginning of their journey. That is why, the realisation dawns upon them that they have gathered a drop from the ocean. Hence, a sense of loss originates; Socrates, the father of all science, was asked on his death-bed as to what he could gather in his life-time. He replied that he could gather this much that he could not gather anything during his life-time.

Ta bādaŋ ja rasid danisho man,  
Mēn ēnaŋ daman hami koŋ nadanam.

(My wisdom reached to that height,  
Where, I feel, I am an ignorant.)

Similarly, a sufi poet, Khawaja Moor Dārd speaks about himself in this way:

Sab ko jaubār nazar meŋ aay Dārd,  
Be hunar too no kuch hunar na kiya.

(Everybody displayed his talent, O Dārd,  
O unskilled, you have not done anything skilful.)

In the same manner Najmi Sahob feels and pours out his feelings through his verse:

Umr eunhi kaat deo, Najmie nashad na,  
Kāam bahut the maŋar, isna kiya kuch nahein,156

(Unhappy Najmi has whiled away his life like this,  
He has done nothing; a lot of work was to be done.)

Our world is not devoid of such persons who find out the virtues of other men. They acknowledge and accept the goodness, give due recognition and proper place to a capable person as did Sultan Mahmood in case of Ayaz. That is why, one must not think himself helpless and all by himself. Najmi Sahob's verse illustrates this idea:
Kami nahīn hai jahan men ada shanashon ki,
Samjh na apne ko hargiz Aysze be Mahmood.157
(The patrons of virtues are not rare in this world,
Don't think yourself an Ayyaz without Mahmood.)

The world is full of tyrants and oppressive persons
like Pharaoh and Nimrod. It is easy to practise pride and
persecution rather than adhering to truth, freedom and
benevolence like Moses (Kalimullah) and Abraham (Khalilullah).
Najmi Sahob has nicely summed up his idea in the following
verse:

Shan to too hi kalim-o-khalil ban na saka,
0 garna hai koi Firon to koi Namrud.158
(Where, you could not become Moses and Abraham,
Otherwise, the number of Pharaohs and Nimrud
is not less.)

Najmi Sahob extends a sufistic thought here. He says
God is Omnipotent, Omniscient, Omnipresent and Archetype. He
is all in all and everything emanates from Him. Apart from
Him, everything is non-existent or mortal. He alone is
immortal.

Hama azust (ezoo ast), samajh usko, Najmi ya
hama woost.159
Siwa khuda ke ahen jo hai, oh hai la-manjood
(0 Najmi! understand, everything is by Him or
He is everything,
Except God, whatever is there, it is non-existent)

In his poem "Moon Rocket", the poet congratulates Man
for his "Lunak" and energises him to take up such adventures
of space. This will be the milestone for the succeeding
generation to soar up and up in the space.
Ho mubarak tujhe insaan oh "Lunak" fora,
Wah kiya too na dikhaao hai tago-taz apni,
Hai tere auj so taron ke jahan me larzan,
Han dikha aur bhi too quwate parwaz apni.160

(Congratulation for your "Lunak", O Man,
Wonderful! how have you displayed your effort,
The universe of stars trembles by your flight,
Display more of strength by soaring up.)

Describing the beauty of Chilika, a lake of Orissa, the poet portrays the lake as a portrait of Chinese painter, Maani. The poet has got the capability to make natural things supernatural just like Coleridge in "Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner" while describing the stuck up ship at Doldrum, "a painted ship on a painted ocean." While describing about the abode of birds, i.e. Chilika, the poet has in his mind some philosophical idea, and hence finds some symbolical expression His "Chilika" is a symbol of our universe. The birds are symbols of its inhabitants. Some of them are enjoying by diving , flying up and moving here and there. Some of them are sitting helpless and unsupported. This is a travellers' resort as well as a hunting place. This means, somebody enjoys here at the cost of others. The poem has got both, scenic beauty as well as philosophical mode of expression.

Najmi Saheb doesnot believe in the vagueness of life. He attempts to discover something very important in life inorder to accomplish and achieve some aim and object which is undoubtedly beneficial for the generations to succeed. So, how can we say life is all futile? In other words, Najmi Saheb is not at one with the following lines of Shakespear: 

I- 
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"Life is but a walking shadow, a poor player, 
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage, 
And then is heard no more; it is a tale, 
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, 
signifying nothing."

Najmi speaks thus:

Zindagi eik jaste lahsil, 
Maen to is beat ka nahi qael.161

(Life is a fruitless leap, 
I don't agree with this proposition.)

He agrees with the proposition extended by Longfellow:

"Tell me not in mournful numbers, 
Life is but an empty dream."

Najmi Sahab finds a series of problems in this world. 
They come one after another. In other words, our world is an examination hall and we have to be ever ready to face any sort of examination at any time. We shall not fear to face the examinations and problems of life. We have to find out the solutions of problems skilfully.

Intehaani gahe dahr men Najmi, 
Har qadam per hai ok naga mushkil.162

(O Najmi, in the examination hall of this world, 
There are problems on every step of life.)

Some didactic verses of Najmi Sahab are quoted below just to pry into the inner-self of the poet who has explored the possibilities of healthy living on the earth.

Tujh ko ahaan abas hai farishtoan ki justajoo, 
Duniya maan dhooondna hai to dhooond aadmi ko too, 
Sab kar magar zamaan faroshi na kar kabhi, 
Wa rakh hamesha deodao haq aagani ko too, 
Eh cheez be baha hai, eh hai, qimti mataa, 
Haan hath se na chord kabhi raasti ko too, 
Mauje sarab aur hai aabe rawaai hai aur, 
Urd jaanee hawa maan bukharat eik din.163
s

(You are searching here angels in vain,
If you want to search in this world, search a Man,
Do anything but never sell your conscience,
Always keep open your eyes of realisation,
This is a priceless thing; this is a precious wealth,
Never give up the path of truth in any case,
The wave of mirage is something else than the
running water,
One day, water-vapours will evaporate in the air,)

Najmi Sahab sees the greatness in Man, not in Angels. Man
is the finest creation of God. He is the breathing image and
incarnation of God. The angels were asked to bow down before God
in supplication for His best creation, i.e. Man. In the person
of Man, we can see everything. That is why, Alexander Pope has
spoken thus: "The proper study of Mankind is Man." He is the
beginning and end of all learning, a fountain head of all
knowledge. This is the reason as to why Najmi Sahab wants to
search a Man - not angels. Pythagoras says "Man is the measure
of all things." Najmi Sahab agrees with Alexander Pope when the
latter says thus on Man:

"Great Lord of all things, yet a prey to all
Solo judge of Truth, in endless Error hurl'd,
The glory, jest and riddle of the world!"

Conscience is something that cannot and should not be
ignored in any case, under any circumstance, in our day to day
life. Conscience is ever present in every rational being.
Exceptions are lunatics, insane and crazy fellows. Sometimes,
conscience is very much awakened and sometimes it is dormant.
That, however, does not mean that it is always dormant. It
awakens as and when required. Hence, doing something contrary
to the conscience means subjecting oneself to the constant prick
and intermittent repugnance in life which is very much painful
and sometimes intolerable. That is why, the seers of our country warn us not to sell our conscience at any cost and do something negative to the demand of our conscience. Realisation dawns upon a man who looks through inner-self. His conscience is always awakened and he never goes against the dictate of his own conscience.

Truth is beauty; truth is permanent and truth is universal. No price can be paid for truth alone. It is very precious. So, we must always adhere to the truth of existence and there lies the salvation of our soul. Truth is the highest value of life. Truth is just like the running water of a stream, crystal clear in appearance and permanent in nature. But, false things have no permanent value; they are deceptive in nature just like the mirage. They evaporate soon in the air and lose lustre of deception.

Najmi Sahob has a broad outlook so far as religion is concerned. He finds the display of art in the carving of idols in Dussehra. Dussehra is an occasion when everybody including rich and poor, enjoys the festival forgetting his sorrows and sufferings of the past. To him, Dussehra has balmy atmosphere and healing effect. Under such circumstance, sheikh, the critic of heresy, is also spell-bound, because he sees the glory and grandeur of God on the eve of Dussehra. This is the spring of life for everybody but the poet has sense of loss on this occasion. His sorrows and sufferings, pains and griefs, revive and regenerate on this happy occasion as he is too much sensitive. In other words, life is confluence of both, joys and sorrows. They are inseparable.
Mujjesimo men noha fanne Azuri ka kamal,  
Butoon ki shaan hai jaiwa nuna dussehra men,  
Amir bhi hai agar shaad to gharib bhi khush,  
Mili hai dard ki sab ko dawa dussehra men,  
Na hota sheikh bhi keonkar asire naazara?  
Nazar jo aati hai shama khuda dussehra men,  
Batao isko siwa aur fasle gul kiya hai?  
Hua hai zakhme jigar pair Hera Dussehra men,164

(Among the idols is concealed the craftmanship of Azur,  
The images nave glory and grandeur in Dussehra,  
If rich is happy, poor is also equally happy,  
Dussehra is a pain-relieving drug for everybody,  
How the Sheikh would not have been spell-bound  
The greatness of gods and goddesses appears on  
Tell me, what else is spring except Dussehra,  
this?  
The wound of heart is revived on the eve of  
dusshera.)

Speaking about the hypocrites of this world, the poet  
opines that they are cankers of society and black-spots on the  
face of humanity. They hold with the hare and run with the  
hound. They set the fire and run for the water and they are  
satans in the garb of men. One has to avoid their company,  
because they may sting at any time being the snakes of the  
sleeves. Any religion and any country is not devoid of such  
persons. History still remembers the hypocrites of Koofa. The  
world cannot forget and forgive the hypocrites like Mir Jaffer  
and Mir Saddique. The world is full of bricks and stones but  
rubies and diamonds are rare. Whatever Najmi Sahab has felt and  
experienced requires all-out attention of everyone, because  
hypocrites are the persons who misguide others, set one against  
the other and spread mis-understanding and ill-will all over the  
world. The world has experienced war, destruction and devasta-  
tion due to them only.
Aeey din duniya ko iska ho raha hai tajruba,
Kufiano be wafa se kaisi umide wafa?
Mulk-o-millat aese ghaddaron se khali hai kahan?
Hai jahan Sultan Tipoo, Mir Sadique hai ohan,
Leal aur heare to kam hain, eent, pathar hain bahut,
Algharaz duniya men ao dil, Moor Jaffer hain bahut,

(The world is experiencing this in these days,
How can we expect fidelity from the infidels of Koofa?
Our nations and organisations are not devoid of traitors,
Wherever Tipu Sultan is there, Moor Sadique is also there,
Rubies and diamonds are rare, bricks and stones are enough,
In a nutshell, the number of Moor Jaffar is innumerable.)

Being in the world, man should not be indifferent to the happenings of the world. He has to share the sorrows and sufferings, pleasure and happiness of others. This is what we call a social life. Man is a social animal and as such he is bound to involve himself in the happenings around a man. Otherwise, he has got no right to exist, according to Najmi Saheb.

Heq tejhe hai kiya hasil, zare charkh jine ka?
Hadsate aalem se, tu agar hai bogana.166

(What right have you got to exist on this earth?
If you are indifferent towards the happenings of the world.)

Sharing the miseries of poor persons, labourers and workers, the poet speaks thus:

Tapka ke jabeeno se paseene pe paseena,
Kheto to ho is peit ko dozakh ka safsena,
Is per bhi to dashwar hua jata hai jeena,
Tum jeene ka duniya mhi koi haq nahin rakhte,
Mutlaq nahin rakhte.167

(Shedding the sweat from the brow,
You fill up your belly with the food,
Over and above this, living is difficult for you,
You have no right to exist on the earth,
Not at all.)
Throwing light on the subject of equality, he says that equality has been the cry of the day, so much so, insignificant persons have been clamouring for complete equality with the significant ones. This is something very ridiculous. It is, as if, the earth claiming equality with the heaven. God has not created five fingers equal. There is difference in taste, talent and skill of everybody. So, how can we equate all? Since democracy and socialism believe in equality in all spheres of life, there is ample opportunity for illiterates and unskilled persons to rise up the ladder of existence and become the leaders of the intellectual mass.

Ab zameen karne legi hai aasman ki hamari
Kor ahle chashm ki ab kar rahne hai rah-bari.

(Now, the earth is claiming equality with the heaven, Blind persons have started leading the persons having eyes.)

Cherishing hope and confidence, the poet says that in the midst of adversities, he is optimist because he knows that difficulties are passing phases of life. They are transient and transitory in nature:

Fikre imroz moh farda ko hai dhundlo saa,
Neelgoon charkh pe jaise koi tara ubhre,
Ya shabe tar moh jaise koi jugnu chamke,
Mere seene moh farozan hai umedon ka chiraag,
En jo jalta hai to jalta hi ise rehne da,
Mom ki tarna pighalta hi ise rehne da.

(In the thought of today, there is shadow of tomorrow; It is as if, the star appears in the blue sky, Or, any glow-worm shines in the nocturnal darkness, The lamp of hope burns inside my heart, If it burns, let the same be burning.)
A deed of sincerity, an action of love, a work of confidence leaves indelible mark in the history of mankind. Such action is revealed through the construction of Taj Mahal by the Moghul Emperor, Shah Jahan, in memory of his beloved wife, Mumtaz Mahal. A noble deed is ever remembered.

Najmi Sahab is one who has confidence in getting good result provided the quest in sincere, because, there is no dearth of anything in this world. But, we don't put all-out effort inorder to avail things of our choice and hence is our failure. For him, there is no difference between temple and mosque. If he fails to get something at mosque, he will try to avail the same at temple or vice-versa and he will succeed without any doubt.

Tumhi batao kah kis cheez ki kami hai chaand?
Talab ho sacchi to hoti hain manzil unn aasan,
Eh mujh se kahta hai khud mora shauq be-payaan,
Mile na dair men to meo na haram se la ka pleo. 171

(Tell me, is there dearth of anything here? If the quest is sincere, the goals are easy, If drink is not available at temple, I will bring it from sanctuary or sacred territory of Mecca.)
Youth is the best period of Man's life. It is full of enthusiasm and energy, eddies and currents, and volcanic eruptions. Inspite of all ecstasies, the youth passes away very soon and enters into the region of old age. That is why, the poet mourns the fading away of youth.

Jawani kiya hai tum se kiya kahan ham?
Jawani ka hai ab peeri mein matam,
Jawani sholae aatish fashan hai,
Jawani zeest ka raaze nehan hai. 172

(What is youth? What shall I tell you? During old age, we lament for youth; Youth is the flame of volcano, Youth is the concealed secret of our existence.)

The sweet sensation of love, the prime of youth, the beauty of love has filled entire atmosphere with charm and delight.

Husno rangeen ne tere,
Lutfe shirin ne tere,
Kar dikhya harr ek aaghez ka anjam hasan,
Din hasan, raat hasan, subha hasan, shaam hasan,
Rach gaee thi mara rag rag mein muhabbat teri,
Hae kiya cheez thi ulfat teri, chahat teri. 173

(Your colourful beauty,
Your sweet charm,
Has resulted in the beginning of beautiful ends,
Days beautiful, nights beautiful, mornings beautiful,
and evenings beautiful,
Your love has pierced through my veins and arteries,
0, what a beautiful thing was your love! your attractive look!)

There are persons who say that love and friendship do not exist in the world. It is circumstance that makes us love, it is circumstance that makes us friends. Whatever might be the cause of genesis of love and friendship, the world is not devoid of love and friendship. The power of love pervades all over the world and it is this that keeps the society intact like magnetic attraction of constellations. Had there been no love and friendship, the world would have been a
deserted place. It is love that sets the world in motion. There are instances where love has been given the top-most priority over all other things. Farhad has sacrificed his life for Shirin, Majnu has preferred to move in jungles for the sake of Laila’s love. Heer and Ranjha, Romeo and Juliet, Soni and Mahawal have laid down their valuable lives for the sake of love. Taj Mahal was constructed as token of Shahjahan’s love for Mumtaz Mahal. Edward-viii has abdicated the throne of England for the sake of love. History is full of such instances where love has worked wonder. To crown all, Adam has taken the fruit of the forbidden tree for the sake of Eve’s love and undergone humiliation and hardship and we, the successors of Adam and Eve have inherited this quality of love by birth. There is a verse in the Persian poetry regarding love quoted below:

"Agar gooe hadiso ishq gunah ast, Gunah auwai ze houwa hooed-o-Adam."
(If you say Love is sin, This sin was first committed by Adam and Eve.)

Najmi Sahob has firm faith in the fact that love exists in this world. We must have eyes to see lovers and friends.

"Kyoñ en kahte ho koi chahne walla hi nahiñ, Chahne walloñ ko tum ne abhi dekha hi nahiñ."
(Why do you say that there is none to love, You have not seen the lovers so far.)

The poet reveals the inequality and injustice pervading in the society, though the law exists and constitution
comes down upto these days. The world has been very much enlightened so much so the darkness, waywardness and wrong visions have developed everywhere:

Ohī dastur purāna, ohī kohna gānoon,
Jīs mān posheeda hai inṣaf-o-musawat ka khoon,
Gum-rahi, teerqī, be rāhrawī, kaj-nazārī,
Raushmī etni hui tez kēh ab bujhno lagī.175

(Same old constitution, same old regulation; Inequality, injustice is concealed in them, The light has been so bright that it is dwindling, The darkness, waywardness and wrong visions are pervading.)

Najmi Sahob realises the importance of every man, however small and insignificant he might be, because man comes to the rescue of man, never an angel. That is why, he has developed friendship with man,

Jo thāma hai mānā ne oh dāman tuwhara, na tha koi iske siwa aūr chara,
Kēh dokha gāya hai nikhalta hai aśrā, ghan Adrian hi so kaśm aadmi kā.176
(I have caught hold of your skirt, because there is no alternative, It is seen generally, man is useful for man.)

According to Najmi Sahob, the fret and fever of action, the sound and fury of life is full of fire. The fire works in the nature of Mankind. In other words, fire is an important component of human life and this element manifests itself in various objects and different ways of life.

Eh tub-o-tabā amal, eh soz-o-saze zindagi,
Fitrate naame bashar mēn, kaśr-farma aēg hai.177
(This fret and fever of action, this sound and fury of life, Manifests "fire" and works in the nature of Mankind)
The poet has broken the chain of confinement to any colour or fragrance and feels himself free to appreciate the beauty of desert and forest. This has been possible due to his deep insight, keen observation and objective outlook.

Ho gaya hoon is qadar azad qaede raang-o-boo,
Desht-o-sahra men bhi husna gulistān pata hoon meen.

(I have been free from the prison of colour and fragrance so much so,
I find the beauty of garden in the forest and desert.)

God manifests his beauty in every object of creation, however great or small it might be. One must cast aside his narrow outlook, personal prejudice, nepotism and favouritism in order to judge things in the light of reality.

The poet longs for the company of his friend in the following manner:

Jaise bulbul ke liy ho shakhe gul rahat faza,
Ya patingon ke liy ho kanje fanooose chiragh,
Eun hi mere wasta ho damana rangeene dost,
Ya jagah thodi si zero sayayae daawere yaar.

(As branches of flowers are comfortable for the nightingales,
Or cosy corners of chandeliers for the moths,
So also, the colourful skirt of friend for me,
Or else, little space under the shadow of friend's well.)

Speaking about the man's progress and prosperity, the poet opines that the so-called progress is regress in the real sense, because he has deviated from the true path and entangled himself in the quagmire of dark dungeon and deluge of destruction and devastation. His activity is a sign of declivity only, because he has forgotten all about himself and his universe, the moment he has gone up. Can we call this as progress?
Kis taraf jana tha tujh ko, kis taraf too murd gaya,
Eh na dekh rah mein aage hai in ki khamiyan,
Kin mesaeb mein phansi hai teri kishtie hayat,
Aandhiyan, terikyey, gahrain, tughyaniyey,
Ho gaya ghafil zamgon se jotna upar ko urda,
Hain bhala kis kaam ki eh aasan parwaziya.

(Where you had to go and where you have gone?
You have not seen how many imperfections are there on the way;)

Your boat of life is entangled in the midst of difficulties,
Tempests, darkness, dungeons and deluges,
You have ignored the earth as soon as you have started soaring,
What is the use of this flight of sky?)

The poet has exposed the wounds of society through the following stanza with a view to bringing about "Summum bonum" for the humanity as a whole.

Eh mazhab, eh milat, eh rasam-o-rewaj,
Eh bah-o-kheraj aur eh takht-o-taj,
Kiya darde inson ka kis ne elaj?
Abhi sara aalum hai berham mizaj,
Abhi sab hain waqfe fasad-o-fatoor,
Musafir abhi teri manzil hai door.

(Religion and organisation, tradition and custom, Duty and taxation, throne and crown, Have ever been remedies of human sufferings? Now, the whole world is very much annoyed, At present, everyone is devoted to strife and struggle, O traveller! your destination is far far away.)

He reviews "haves" critically and speaks about them very satirically in the following stanzas. His intention is to set right the ways of rich persons through the lines of poetry.

Kis rawunat se oh leta hai ghariban ka salam,
Aesa sukoar hai, kuch etna hai nazuk anam,
Haath uthana to kuja, jumbhe abroo bhi nahin,
Pas ekhalq-o-sharafat ka sare moo bhi nahin,
Ketna Firazum hai, kaisa maghroor!
(With what a pride he accepts the regards of poor persons!
That he cannot give jerk to his eyebases, what to speak of raising hands!
He does not bear in mind the manners and etiquettes,
What a proud pharaoh he is!)

In contrast to this, the poor persons, the labourers and the workers have no peace and rest. The thought of maintaining their respective families haunts them day in and day out and this tells upon their health and happiness badly. What sort of life is this?

**Din nahi, raat nahi, subha nahi, shaam nahi,**
**Bisram nahi, sukh nahi, aaram nahi,**
**Bal bacchon ki hai kuch fikr to kuch apna khayyal,**
**Isi Uljhan mein saab-o-roz on ranta hai nidhal,**
**Sun jia bhi to bhala kiya oh jia?**

(For him, no day, no night, no morning, no evening,
For him, no rest, no peace, no pleasure, no repose,
His worries are those of himself and his family,
He is over-burdened with those problems throughout day and night,
What a wretched life is this?)

Life means differently to different persons. Some persons are born with a silver spoon in their mouth and some persons fall on the thorns of life from the very beginning of their career, and hence we find the difference in the lifestyle of every person. Some are hard-working, tolerant and dashing in nature; some are easy-going and self-contented in their day-to-day life. The proverb goes "sweet are the uses of adversities." The fire purifies the gold; so does the difficult situation a man. Najmi Sahib has realised this while comparing himself with his beloved in the following lines.
Maen leit ta hoon angaron par, tum jhool rahe ho jhoolon men,
Chalta hoon ehen maen katon par, tulte ho ehen tum phoolon men,
Tum subhe baharan ke aashiq, maen shaene gharibaan ka shaeda,
Tum chandni rato par mftoon, maen sholae sozeen ka shaeda.

(I roll on fire, you rock on cradle,
I walk on thorns, you weigh on flowers,
You are fond of spring-morn and I am a lover of strangers' evening,
You are a devotee of moonlit night and I am a worshipper of burning flames.)

Najmi Saheb was very much influenced by the three Gurus of Gandhiji advising him not to listen, speak or see anything wrong and hence advises others to follow the same line in order to lead a successful life.

Jo kuch bhi parde too parde na parde, ghairon ka namee siah,
Jo kuch bhi sun too sun na sun, aghyar ki pukar ko.

(Whatever you read, read not the black deeds of others,
Whatever you listen, listen not the rumours of others.)

Throwing light on the aims and objects of poets, their feelings and emotions, their aesthetic sense and keen sensation, Najmi Saheb has nicely summed up the following lines cited as an example of his definition of a poet.

Goonjta hai zindagi ka geet jiske raag maen,
Jo hamesha kood parde bhai pareso aag maen,
Jiski nazab amine jooj, jiska mashrab sulho kul,
Jiske naghmon ki latafat hai jawabe barge gul,
Ahle zahor kab samajh sakte haiin en raaz-o-nicz?
Ashk hai jiska wazoo aur dard hai jiski nameez,
Zauqe irfan hai tujhe to ja kisi shaer se mil.
Muddasee too no abhi dekha nahiin shaer ka dil.
(In whose raag (music) reverberates the song of existence,
Who always leaps on the fire of others,
Whose delicacy of songs is a reply of rose petals,
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,
O plaintiff! you have not, so far, seen the heart
of a poet.)

Regarding prejudice, narrow mindedness, envy and other vices, the poet is very much aggrieved and wants to eradicate the existing ills of the society through his poetry.

Hai agar apnon, oganon se tujhe ah boghz-o-keen,
Phir tore laachan zamana men panaapne ke naheen,
Aa teasub ki faza, ch tang zarfi ta kuja?
Aankh knulne par bhi teri kor chashni ta kuja? 187

(If you are jealous and envious of your own kith and kin,
Then, your character cannot prosper at all,
How long this atmosphere of prejudice? How long this superstition?
There is still short-sightedness even after eye-opening)

Life is an enigma, a riddle which poses problems before the poet and he is unable to unfold the mysteries of life.
Hence, he is not aware of the fact whether life is "existence" or "non-existence". He is not sure of his own "whereabouts",
He walks all by himself to an unknown destination without any goal, without any guide or leader. He fears lest guide may misguide and leader may mislead him in the sojourn of life.
So, he follows the line of Gurudev Rabindra Nath Tagore "Ekla chalo re" in the lines quoted below:

Ek hasti hamari hai ya nesti,
Hai masroofe halle moam-ma khayyal,
Ekla chala hoon na jano kidhar,
Nahin hai mujhe rahnuma ka khayyal. 188
Whether this life is our existence or non-existence, the mind is engaged in solving the riddles, I don't know where I am going alone, I don't have a leader in mind.)

Najmi Sahab was all along busy and he never liked to while away time. Whenever he had time to converse, he used to select topics very interesting and useful. This helped him to widen the horizon of his knowledge and enabled him to explore the truths of existence.

Aawo kieun bekaar baethān kaam ki baatēn kēra, Kuch gusishta rehāt-o-aalam ki baatēn kēra. 189

(Come, why should we sit idle, let us talk something useful, Let us talk something of past pleasure and pain.)

Najmi Sahab has touched the truth of life through his poetic talent in the following stanza from his poem "Maya eh sansar".

Eh dhan, daulat, sona, chandi, eh zowar, eh zer, Eh bagh aur eh kheti bardi, eh kotha, eh ghar, Eh singhasan, eh gaddi, eh naukar, eh chakar, Saath bhitere jāega kya sara eh durbar? "Maya eh sansar re baba, maya eh sanser, Jisne man ki aankhen kholeon, uska be da paar. 190

(Those riches; gold and silver, coins and ornaments, Those lands; garden and fields, buildings and palaces, Those thrones, cushions, servants and slaves, Will this durbar accompany you to the grave? This is temporal love, this is worldly affection, One who has opened his eyes, his problems are solved)

Here, Najmi Sahab is at one with the idea extended by Shelley, the Romantic English poet regarding life and death, quoted below:

"Life like dome of many coloured glass, Stains the white radiance of Eternity, And death tramples it into fragments."
Extending his opinion on action, the poet has beautifully and vividly enumerated the results of action. Human life is not merely contemplation, but full of actions. Action is the jewel of human existence. It is this that helps mankind to overcome all the problems of life. It keeps the warmth and glare of human life. It is source of life and sets the same in motion. Natural phenomena and universal movements are outcomes of existing principles of action.

Amal kiya? Zindagie naee insani ke oh jauhar,
Amal kiya? Jis se kare aadmi har marhale ko sar,
Amal so hai hayat insan ki duniya mein tabinda,
Amal rakhna hai duniya mein har ek zirooh ko zinda,
Amal ka jaazabhar peeham har ek mukhloog mein pinhan,
Isi asah se hai aasmane peer bhi gareda,
Amal so raashni hai chand mein, suraj mein, tere mein,
Amal ka naam se paada tardap hoti hai pare mein,
Amal ka josh posheeda, shrae qalbe mustar mein,
Hawa mein, barq mein, badal mein, darya mein samandar mein.

(What is action? A jewel of human existence,
It is this that helps to overcome every impediment,
The human existence is bright due to action,
The action helps to keep alive every soul on the earth,
The ceaseless force of action is concealed in every creation,
Due to this and this alone, the sky revolves,
Owing to action, there is light in the moon, sun and stars,
With the name of "action", the mercury becomes restless,
The ferment of action lurks in the restless heart,
So also, in the lightning, cloud, river and ocean.)

The world is flooded with darkness. A small lamp of desires flickers. The cup of existence is full to the brim by the wine of sorrows and sufferings. The poet gives a clarion call to the people to come and sweeten the bitterness of time and lit the candle of hope for the suffering mankind.
Zulmaton se abhi mamoor hai ahar az-o-sama,
Timtimata hai tamannaon ke nanha sa diya,
Abhi paemanae hasti meh hai gham ki sahba,
Talkhia waqt ke sawo shaker aamez karo,
Raushni tez karo, tez karo, tez karo.192

(The whole universe is full of darkness now,
The candle of anxieties flickers every now and then,
At present, the goblet of life consists "the wine of sorrow",
Come and sweeten the bitterness of time,
Intensify the light and banish the darkness.)

Being influenced by the "Quit India Movement", when
the freedom fighters were sent behind the bars and the
imperialists had let loose the reign of terror, the poet
writes the following lines expressing his own feelings of
patriotism.

Bala ki kashmakash men mutbela hai ab watan apna,
Dahi bache daure khazaan se sh chaman apna,
Idher ijzo-niazo, inkesari, azizi, narmi,
Udher ujbo khudi, abroo pe chee, har baat men
garmi.193

(At present, our country is between scylla and
charybdis,
May God save this garden from the destruction of
autumn,
This side, there is supplication, politeness and
humbleness,
That side, there is pride, anger and annoyance on
every matter.)

The poet sees the beauty of perfection, the restlessness
of restless heart in the flash of lightning. The
character of lightning is to rise up the sky, then
disappearing and re-appearing, re-appearing and disappear-
ing. This sort of elevated thought deserves all praise for
Najmi Sahib.
Jhalak hai tujh meh maa bijli kisi ke husn-e-kamal ki,  
Tadap hai teri fitr mat kisi ke muztarab dil ki,  
Tera shewa hai dam bhur ko faroz-e-aasman bona,  
Ayaan ho kar nohan bona, nohan hokar ayaan hona,194

(O lightning, there is flash of "perfect Beauty"
 in you,  
There is restlessness of somebody's heart in your
 flash,  
Your nature is to soar up to the sky within a moment,  
Appearing and disappearing, disappearing and
 reappearing.)

Najmi Saneb was proud of his birth-place, Cuttack, a
cantonment, a delta and a historic town of the province of
"Orissá". Hence, "Orissá" finds a prominent place in his
poetry. He always claimed himself an Oriya to the backbone
and makes a special mention of Orissá as follows:

Ae Orissá, desh ki taarikh ka rangoen baab,  
Too kisi ke qalbe muztar ka hai goya pech-o-taub,195

(O Orissá! You are colourful chapter of the history
of India,  
You are, as if, twisting and twining of someone's
troubled heart.)

But, the provincial attachment is not due to his narrow
outlook or parochial feelings. Since he was the son of the
soil, he had every right to scatter the beauty and fragrance
of his native land all over the world. He was an Indian and
hence every inch a patriot. He lived, worked and died for his
nation and world as a whole. So, where is the difference of
East and West, North and South for him? This idea has been
confirmed by the poet while writing his verses to Dr. Iqbal
who was also a cosmopolitan in outlook and patriot in nature.
The verse is quoted below:

Nizde to mafhoome watan pabando shirq-o-ghurb nest,  
Pas kaa beghood baad azan man digaram too digaram.196
In his poem "Dawate Amal" (Invitation for action), the poet has employed the technique of bi-lingual parody from the verses of Saeb and Mirza Bedil in the following manner:

Past himmat dekh kar tujn ko watan ne oh kaha,
Kamrha ra mi kuni bar khestan mushkil chaera?
Too jo aazadi ka khchham hai to pair ghaflat naker,
Talibe Laila nasheenad ghaful az mahmil Chaera?
Apane sacche azm ki duniya ko dikhla saab-o-taab,
Chun chiragehe kushta be-noori dareen mahfil chaera?197

(Seeing me disheartened, the country said,
Why are you making your work difficult?
If you long for liberty, don't be negligent,
How the lover of Laila sits idle and neglects the liter?
Display your true spirit and its glare,
Why are you blind like an extinguished lamp?)

Speaking about liberty and freedom, the poet opines that the musical instrument of universe is full of notes of freedom which passes on the message of life. Slavery is darkness of night and liberty is aurora borealis. The poet is fond of liberty and grandeur, because it is the birth-right of every man. Concluding lines give the final decision regarding freedom in the following manner:

Aadmi shaedao aazadi nahin to kuch nahin,
Dil ko jab parwao aazadi nahin to kuch nahin.198

(If man is not fond of freedom, he is of no use,
If heart does not crave for liberty, it is of no use.)

Coming to the discussion of Hajmi as a composer of Ghazals, let us first examine as to what ghazhal means? The literal meaning of ghazal is conversation with 'fair sex' or

(For you, the connotation of 'Nation' is not confined to East or West alone, Hence, how can you say after this "you are different from me?")
"beloved". This Persian form of poetry dominates in Urdu poetry as well. The equivalent form of ghazal in English poetry is "sonnet", in Hindi poetry, we call it "Ras". The excellence and height achieved by Ghazal cannot be found in any other form of poetry. In the words of Matthew Arnold, "The best poetry is what we want, the best poetry will be found to have a power of forming, sustaining and delighting us as nothing else can...." The Ghazal in poetry is not only confined to the conversation with beloved, the beauty and charm of fair sex, the black and lustrous eyes of the young ladies, the curling hair of the damsels, the black mole of the Young Turks, the rosy cheeks and creamy breasts of the Kashmiri girls but also deals with any subject, and hence it has got wide connotation and vast horizon, deep meaning and flight of imagination, sometimes romantic and sometimes realistic, never-the-less it deals with feelings and emotions, thoughts and ideas, actions and deeds of day-to-day life. In other words, it is not merely, "an art for art sake", it is an "art for life sake". It is a form of poetry where we find "criticism of life", the ups and downs, rises and falls, joys and sorrows, conformities and inconformities, possibilities and impossibilities, sweet sensations and bitter experiences, aesthetic senses and brutal attitudes, logical arguments and illogical accomplishments, facts and fictions, truths and fallacies, sound and fury of our existence. In a nut-shell, the poet sums up his vast idea, wide experience, uncontrolled emotions,
genuine feelings within the lines of Ghazal. A ghazal generally comprises fourteen to twenty lines wherein a poet incorporates his innumerable experiences right from cradle to the grave, from natural to supernatural, from earth to heaven, from one universe to another universe, from one hemisphere to another hemisphere, from physics to metaphysics, from science to philosophy under the impulse of unrestrained emotion. Thus overflow the powerful lines of Ghazal having universal effect thereby touching the feelings and emotions of others, make the listeners spell-bound, hypnotise the audience for the time-being. The rhythmic beauty, the rhyming effect, the alliterative sound, the synonymous words, the abundant use of rhetorical devices (like similes, metaphors, symbols etc.) produce a magic effect on the listeners of ghazals. The depth of meaning, the flight of imagination, the exquisite delineation of facts and fictions open a world of beauty and charm. After all, what is poetry? According to Wordsworth, "Poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings: it takes its origin from emotion re-collected in tranquillity." The Ghazal form of poetry is undoubtedly par excellence and there is no other opinion in this respect. Let me put my opinion in brief about Ghazal in the words of Shakespeare "Not marble nor gilded monuments of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme."
When we discuss Najmi as a composer of ghazals we find that he is an institution by himself and retains his individuality in every branch of literature. His literary pieces comprise the characteristics of many other poets, writers and philosophers. Similarly he adjusted himself with all ages, traditions, forms, rituals, religions and customs and found a via-media to trade on in both, his personal as well as literary pursuits. His balanced, reasonable, pragmatic and rational approach to the problems of life with beautiful solutions find a significant place in his ghazals and hence his ghazals are not merely confined to the beauty and charm of the beloved or the sorrows and sufferings of human existence. His canvas of ghazal is very wide with variegated hues, different patterns and innumerable designs but attractive to the readers and connoisseurs of art. In his purple lines of ghazal, he poses not only the problems of life but also comes forward with their solutions. He dips into the abysmal depth of past, peeps into the present and looks forward with anxiety and hope, and tries his hand with all forms of ghazals with dexterity. Sometimes, he has antique style, sometimes, medieval and at times progressive but all with perfect craftsmanship. His poems are also ghazal-oriented.

In his beautiful poem "Danao-Gnazal" (The Not of Ghazal) Najmi Sahob has expressed his feelings about his ghazals and their impact in the following manner:
In one of his poems, he has followed Longfellow in the following manner:

**Tell me not in mournful numbers,**
**Life is but an empty dream -**
**For the soul is dead that slumbers,**
**And things are not what they seem.**

— Longfellow "A psalm of life"

"Zindagi ek jaste la-nasil,
Maen to is baat ka nahin qael."

— Najmi

(Life is an unnecessary leap,
I, at least, don't agree to this.)

In another verse, he sarcastically speaks about the "subdued voice of conscience" ought to be termed as "lack of communication".

"Rah gaee hai ghut ke sine hi main aawaze zamaer,
Kyon na apni khud-e-tarze bayan per roeeye?"

(The voice of conscience is suffocated within the ribs,
Why shouldn't you cry over your incapacity of expression?)

Speaking about the worldly love which leads to heavenly love, the poet says as follows:
The poet, discussing about sin and forgiveness, opines in the following manner:

My sin is in search of forgiveness of God,
The benevolence of God is in search of my sins,
Najmi Sahib is in search of a world fair in every respect.

The following lines, illustrate this idea.

Fairness of spring, fairness of sight and fairness of confidence;
I am in search of a world altogether different.

The poet is disillusioned by the darkness all around him.
There is always tug of war between light and shade. This is owing to the lack of keen insight, depth of knowledge and realisation of truth.

Now, there is tug of war between light and shade, Now, the goal of awareness is far, far away.

Light follows darkness and darkness succeeds light and hence there is no reason for despair and disillusionment. He finds no difference between Sheikh and Brahmin, because they are created by one, that is God. The following couplet of ghazal is cited to illustrate this idea:

(Uptill now, there is same difference between Sheikh and Brahmin, Now also, there is glass-maker behind the glass.)
Through love one realises himself and peeps into his own self:

\[
\text{Muhabbat kar to khud apne ko pahchan,} \\
\text{Muhabbat kya hai baoh aaghi hai.207}
\]

(If you love, realise your own self, 
Love is nothing but self-realisation.)

Man is the product of love, may be earthly or heavenly, 
and it is this that keeps him intact just like the gravitational pull of the stars, and it is this that makes his existence interesting, attractive and beautiful on the earth.

The poet has come to such a pass where he likes to be devoid of longings and desires of the world and this will give him peace of mind and contentment of heart.

\[
\text{Kya poosh te ho mujh se mera mudduae dil,} \\
\text{Hai muddua ahi ko koi muddua nahi.208}
\]

(Why do you ask me about my longings and desires? 
I have only one desire that I might not have any desire)

Hafiz Shamsuddin, popularly known as Shums Muneri, was one of the admirers of Amjad Najmi. Shums Muneri was lecturer of law at Cuttack and afterwards became Head of the Deptt. of Urdu, Persian and Arabic at Patna University, was very much impressed with one of his ghazals and parodied the same and referred this fact in his collection of poems "Galbang".

Allama Niaz Fatehpuri, one of the luminaries among the Urdu critics, says "I have great reverence for Amjad Najmi and I regard him the greatest among the ghazal composers of this age."
In his ghazals (1930-1940), the style of predecessors, especially that of Amir, Da’gh and Iqbal reflects very frequently. From 1940 onwards his individual style finds a prominent place in his ghazals which leads him to Romanticism at times, Realism at another time and sufism at intervals.

The ghazals of Amjad Najmi are important because of the warmth and solidarity which are characteristics of chabbast and Simab. There is no doubt about the fact that he has shed an ounce of blood for writing every line of poetry and hence is the ever-lasting effect as the poet has admitted himself in the lines quoted below:

Koi suna na suna, eh to rang laega,
Ken khoone dil so maen likhta noon apna afsana.209

(Whether one does or doesnot lend his ears, it will have its-effect,
Only because, I write an account of myself by means of my own blood.)

When we discuss the psychological adventure of Amjad Najmi, we find that the psychic power of the poet reigns supreme in his poetry.

Generally, a poet is one who translates or transcribes his emotions and sensations as well as those his society and people all around. He is an adept painter of his thoughts. Now, the question arises as to how the psychological thoughts and intellectual ideas originate? The psychological thoughts and intellectual ideas are outcomes of feelings, sensations and emotions. When the same find expression through the mental frame-work, we call them "Poetry" and when the same come out through the speech of a
speaker, we call them "Oration". In speech, the intellectual aspect is, generally, lesser than that in poetry. Therefore, the poetry is result of mental exercise which has got direct connexion with feelings, emotions and sensations. It will not be out of place to call a poet 'an adventurer of intellectual world and discoverer of psychological realm', because he is conversant with human psychology and reveals the mental conditions in every possible way. A poet plays the role of a preceptor, controller, painter, resolver and sympathiser. He has to master the psychological, philosophical and para-psychological conditions, as for example, telepathy, hypnosis, telekinesis, teleaesthesia and so on. In every poet, these elements of psychological nature are found more or less. Let us examine these psychological elements and see as to how they affect "Poetry" and to what extent? The illustrations and answers to these questions are drawn from the lines of Amjad Najmi's poetry as follows.

In poetry not only heart but also mind has an important role to play. Almost every poet thinks his poetry to be a medium of others' learning. Hence, he plays the part of an advisor or a teacher. Najmi Sahab, like all other poets, has performed the role of a Preceptor. His lines of poetry are mute witness of this fact, Here is an example quoted below:

Agar che zere falak, waqfo paamali hoon,
Kisi ko saamne lokin, kahan sawali hoon,
Tumheñ khabar hai koh, mean rindo-la-ubali hoon,
Pion to tum ko bhi ek ghoñt meãñ pila ke pioon.210
A poet is an administrator, a leader and a controller in the true sense but he is not acknowledged by the so-called society nor anybody attaches so much importance to this ruling deity. He plays a vital role in the social set up of human beings. He inspires and energises the people, uproots the social, political and other evils and lays the foundation of reformed society. He is, therefore, an unacknowledged administrator of the whole world. Najmi Sahab has realised this fact in the lines quoted below:

Shaero, denishwaro!
Apte haathon mein qalun lo,
Justajoo tum ko agar hai taaz tabhi lakhliq ki,
Aao maan unwan dota maan tumhaai,
Ek do kiyaa? Darjaano,
Ketni acchi surkhiyaa hain,
Ketne maazueat hain.211

(Poets and intellectuals!
Grip the pen within the fingers,
If you are in search of new creation,
Come, I will give you topics,
Not one or two, at least a dozen,
How nice headings!
How many topics)

"Poetry is an art and 'Poet is an artist", and he portrays his emotions, feelings and sensations through the art of poetry and touches the heart of his readers and listeners like musicians, dramatists, writers and painters, because the same has got direct bearing with the universal truth, human nature, environmental conditions and so on. Najmi Sahab's poetry illustrates the artistic aspects of human existence:

Shaen jeena hai jitta sabko bas itna hi joota hain,
Sh mahr-o-mah, anjum bhi fana ka jaam poeti hain,
Sabeg amoz hai ae zarq tera jilwaa-e-aani,
Dallte be sababie kayyaa aalaa-o-faani.212

(They exist up to the time they have to exist on the earth,
The stars, sun and moon also drink the bitter-cup of mortality,
Your flash gives lesson, 0 lightning,
And stands testimony to the fact that this worldly life is mortal.)

Man is always surrounded by problems, difficulties, anxieties and perplexities, and hence poets come forward to resolve them by means of their poetry. They try to find out the ways and means to save humanity from moral degradation, spiritual confusion, social problems and economic crises. They use poetry as a means to these ends. Najmi Sahab has also played the role of a resolver in his poetry. The following lines are quoted for example:

Uljha, uljha ah masaol,  
Haal eh tashwish-naak,  
Eh parageda faza,  
Zakhmo dil har dam hara,  
Kiya, chi hai apni aazadi ka phal?  
Har taraf bad emaniyan, aadmi jeoy kahan?  
Shaero, denishwaro  
Apne hathon mein qalam lo, 213

(Complicated problems, awful condition, Confused atmosphere, wounds evergreen, Is this the result of our freedom? Everywhere disturbance and restlessness, Where will Man proceed? Poets and intellectuals! Grip the pen within the fingers.)

A poet is generally soft-hearted and sensitive. He is the most afflicted man on the earth. He burns himself throughout his life just like an earthen lamp or a wax-candle, sheds tears over the sufferings of humanity but casts light over the dark and dingy corners of human existence. His sorrows and sufferings are not only his own but those of others. Similarly, his joys and jubilations are personal as well as impersonal. A poet is sympathiser of helpless, poor, distressed and depressed persons. Sharing others' suffering
and happiness is perhaps the highest goal of his existence.
Najmi Saheb is not an exception to this. Following lines are cited as glaring proof of his sympathy with the martyrdom of Hazrat Imam Hussain and sad demise of Wazhab.

Hai kis ko gham meh ab bhi gireban-o-lala chaak,
Khoon ro rahi hai kis ke liye aaj bhi shafaq,
Roza nahi hai koi bhi marte Yazid per,
Duniya tamam kari hai mitam Hussain ka.214

(In whose grief, the skirt of tulip is torn,
For whom, the horizon sheds blood?
Nobody cries over the death of Yazid,
The whole world mourns over the assassination of Hussain.)

Chal basa Wazhab on duniyo faani chord kar,
Is Janan ki char roza zindagi chord kar.215

(Wazhab has left this mortal world,
Leaving behind the transitory life.)

Telepathy is communication between mind and mind and one who practises telepathy is telepath, Telepathy comes under para-psychology and poets sometimes communicate through mind rather than sense channels. This sort of thing is found in the poetry of Amjad Najmi:

Na poocho mujh se tum sarhe niaze aashiqi kiy a hai?
Mari faryad be awycz bhi arze tamanna hai,
Mori fikre baba baare takraiul ka on ghta hai,
Koh jab dooba nae ak guhure mazmoon ko doonda hai,
Kamale be-khudi, waraftagi, sargasntagi, Najmi,
Jo sah poocho ehi ishq-o-munabbat ka taqaza hai.216

(Don't ask me about the interpretation and confirmation of love,
My silent complaint is representation of my longing,
My far-reaching thought is that diver in the "ocean of thought",
That whenever it dived, found a pearl of a theme,
The climax of intoxication and perfection of forgetfulness, O Najmi,
Is desired in love-affairs, frankly speaking.)
"Hypnos" is Greek-god of sleep. Hypnotism pertains to a state of drowsiness preceding sleep when the mind responds to external suggestions and one who practises hypnotism is "hypnotist". The poets create balmy atmosphere and dreamy effect through rhythmic beauty and rhyming effect so much so the readers respond to the external suggestions under the spell of poetry. This is how, Najmi Saheb has wonderfully influenced his readers and listeners through the hypnosis of his poetry by repetition of words, whispering suggestions and singing lullaby in an exquisite manner may be cited as an example.

(People add to the sorrow of my separation, And turn me mad telling again and again, Here he comes, here he comes and here he comes, But, he has not come nor shall he come, The scattered stars are about to set, That night was terrific and dark like tresses, Under such condition, my passion got trampled, Till such time Aurora appeared on the eastern horizon, But, he has not come nor shall he come, The scattered stars are about to set.)

"Telosthesis" is termed here as far-sighted vision of a poet, philosopher and prophet. Najmi Saheb has telesthetic vision, abnormal impression and far-sighted sensation. Following lines are cited here for example:

Zaamat kashe hijraň ka dil aur dukhate hain, 
On kahko mujhe log ab deewana bangate hain
Oh aate hain, aate hain, oh aate hain, aate hain,
Lokin oh kahan aaye? aate hain na aangey?
Chitke hue tare bhi ab doobte jate hain.
On raat bhayanak aur zulfoo ki tare kali,
Hoti hi rahi jisme jazbat ki pamali,
Ta ashke hui zahor mashriq ki taraf lali,
Lokin oh kahan aaye? aate hain na aangey.
Chitke hue tare bhi ab doobte jate hain.

217
Abhi hai barq se andesha aashyano ko,
Abhi sharara hai khashak ko jalane ko,
Abhi zamano se hai badzani zamane ko,
Abhi badaon se khali nahiin haiia sham-o-sahar,
Abhi adaon non hai aur ok ada baqi,
Abhi hai aql ka ok raqs shola za baqi,
Abhi hai jange khalage ka tajruba baqi,
Abhi kisi ko nahiin hai sakuna qalb-o-jigar.218

(Now, the nest is waiting for the lightning to fall,
Now, the sparks are ready to burn the straw,
Now, the one part of globe is hostile to the other,
Now, the world is not devoid of skeletons.
Among the acts, one more act is left at present,
The dance of fiery intellect is left at present,
The experience of space-war is left at present,
Alas! none has peace of heart and mind at present,)

A poet is telekinetic, because he produces motion at a
distance beyond the range of sense. The movement is produced
without material connection or physical attachment.

Chand ko bahre sakoon mein hai talatum paeda,
Chand se ja ke ab insaan ne takkar lee hai,
Aasman se bhi pare phekhla jata hai kamand,
Aql ki isko maan tum kuch aesi pee hai.219

(In the peaceful ocean of moon appears turbulence,
Man has dashed against the moon at present,
Beyond the sky throws the lasso again and again,
Because he has taken the hot drink of knowledge.)

A poet, sometimes, plays the role of a teleologist and
interprets things in terms of purpose or advances the
doctrine of final causes of things, in a beautiful manner.
Najmi is one of such poets whose poetry is replete with
teleology, the example of which is cited below:

Hawaon ch thandi, phe-waro on ch halki, ghato on ch ghangoor, badal eh kale,
To phir aese mauzum mein jaey koi sur taoba ka jaa kar gala ghont dale.220

(Cool breeze, light shower, inclement weather and
black cloud,
Go and strangulate the abstinence in this weather.)
Bahut qareeb hai kaabe se rahe maq-khana,
Qadam bardhao koh mausam bahar ka aaya,
Utha ke taq pe rakh do nhaye taoba ko,
Sharab lao ke mausam bahar ka aaya. 221

(The way to tavern is very near from kaabe.
Go ahead — the spring season has already set in,
Shelve the idea of abstinence altogether,
Bring the wine at the advent of spring season.)

There are numerous examples of psychological and para-
psychological conditions that help in the formation of poetry.
Poetry, as a matter of fact, is amalgamation of external and
internal experiences. Both are essential just like the
negative and positive currents for the generation of electricity,
the two opposite sex for the production of issue and two
patches of encountering clouds for the rain fall. The emotion,
feeling and experience of a poet reflect on the intellectual,
mental and psychological mirror before finding a suitable place
on the surface of a piece of paper. Therefore, a poet is
psychological discoverer and intellectual adventurer. Poetry,
in other words, is exercise of emotional, intellectual and
psychological powers: intersperses day to day experiences,
rational thinking, keen observation and beautiful way of
expression and hence appeals the heart as well as mind. Najmi
Sanah's poetry is not devoid of psychological aspects of human
existence and hence his psychic study of human nature deserves
all praise. Therefore, chinup and cherio to the psychological
adventure of Amjad Najmi.
Prior to that we discuss Najmi's artistic sensibility, let us examine as to who is an artist? The answer to this question is very easy. One who has got artistic thought and expression, may be painting, prose-writing, dramatising, singing or poetry-writing is an artist in the real sense. But, he shall have a definite goal, an ideal before him so that his expression will have heart-touching effect on the admirers of his art. Meaningless art has negative value. Therefore, art must be positive, to the point and effective by all means. Those who advocate the theory of "art for art sake" are very much mistaken. Art should not be for the sake of art alone; it should be for the sake of life as well. Since poetry is also an art, it should be very close to life. Matthew Arnold is very correct when he says "Poetry is criticism of life" but "Poetic virtues" must be followed and this includes the artistic and technical aspects of poetry. This is what every successful poet tries to achieve in his poetry. Being a poet of very high order, Najmi Sahib has immense poetic and artistic sensibility which is the outcome of his ideals and ambitions, thoughts and feelings, sensations and emotions of his own. He kept in view the technical aspects and artistic norms of poetry while expressing himself through the medium of poetry. His closeness to the day-to-day life, burning problems of the society, environmental happenings and rules of existence, makes him a great artist.
To be a poet, having artistic sensibility and technical know-how of poetry, is not so easy a task. Najmi Sahib was not only conversant with the techniques of poetry but also adept in artistic presentation of facts in a beautiful manner. As for instance, while writing about the lake "Chilika" he depicts not only the scenic beauty but also the tacit truth of existence.

Jheel hai en chilika ki,
Ya zameen ko daman per,
Ek chamman hai pani ka,
Naqsh hai en Mani ka.

Aaftab ki kiron,
Ismon jab ubharti hain,
Chand ki shoayen jab,
Is mein raqs karti hain,
Bu$$i$$ nazare aate hain,
Jaase paurae seeemeen,
Ya muraqao zarreeen,
Ya zaje billoreen,

Saikron Parinde hain,
Jinka en nasheman hai,
Kuch udher ko urdte hain,
Kuch idher ko mudte hain,
Kuch kinare baithe hain,
Be sahare baithe hain.

(This is the lake of Chilika,
Or, on the surface of the earth,
*A garden of water*,
*The painting of Mani*.

The rays of the sun,
Appear on the surface,
The rays of the moon,
Dance on the surface,
It appears, as if,
*A silver screen*;
*A golden album*;
Or,*a transparent glass*.

Hundreds of birds' Abode is this,
Some fly hither,
Some fly thither,
Some, on the shore,
Are sitting helpless,)


Similarly, while narrating about "Anicut", the dam, he speaks about the struggle and strife of existence, seen in the running water meandering in a zig-zag motion. In the same manner, he philosophises on the mortality of man while depicting the flash of lightning, "Appearing and disappearing, disappearing and reappearing." His poems "The morning of Jobra" and "The evening of Tulsipur" are no doubt picturesque descriptions but they are symbols of beginning and end of life. Najmi is, therefore, a poet, philosopher and artist of very high order. His writings, letters, plays and poems are testimonies to the fact that he is an adopt artist and perfect craftsman. Those who have interest in the rhetorical devices, technical aspects and artistic skills of poetry find immense pleasure in his poetry. The poet was conscious of his lofty thoughts, poetic talent and artistic sensibility:

Dekh Najmi ketni uñchi hai meri fikre rasa,
Baat karti hai falak se mere sheron ki zamoon,223

(Behold Najmi, how lofty is my thought!
The base of my poetry converses with the sky.)

At the very outset, he was influenced by Dagh Dehlvi and Amir Meenai but subsequently the impact of Dr. Iqbal left a lasting impression on his personality and poetry as well. Poetry is a mirror where the personality of a poet either consciously or unconsciously, reflects vividly. A poet intermingles his own feelings and emotions, happenings and experiences with those of others and artistically presents them in a very convincing manner and thus comes the real art in existence. Following lines are quoted in support of this idea.
The horizon of vision is beyond the limit of
colour and fragrance,
I find the beauty of a garden in a desert.)

The inner urge to express one's feelings and emotions
through the medium of art requires high degree of artistic
sensibility. The art lies in presentation of inner feelings
in a beautiful and exquisite manner. Similarly, true art
lies in concealment of art (latin saying "ars est celare
artem"). Najmi Sahab has been a very successful artist by
delineating and concealing the artistic part of his career
in the mid-stream of poetry, in the rivulets of plays and
fountains of prose but the artistic urge and undercurrent
of art is seen, half revealed and half concealed, by the
connoisseurs of art, patrons of culture and men of letters.

There is a latin proverb "ars longa, vita brevis" means
"Art is long and life is short" and this fact was believed by
Amjad Najmi. Najmi Sahab's concealment of art doesnot leave
his readers in the whirlpool of thoughts, riddle of ideas and
enigma of words. He has expressed his feelings, at times,
categorically and sometimes in a clear, lucid, and effective
language without taking the shelter of artificial diction and
ornate style. This is an extraordinary art of Amjad Najmi.

According to professor Rashid Ahmed Siddiqui, a poet must be
a man of character; unless one has chaste and compact
character, he cannot be an artist in the real sense. A poet,
having good character, has lasting effect of his poetry. So
is the case with all other artists. Since Najmi Sahob was a man of character, his art is permanent and perpetual in nature.

Najmi Sahob's poetry and personality are interwoven and hence reflects the desire to build up a healthy society — a world, where love, humanity and higher values of life reign supreme. The artistic and poetic ideal is outcome of his strong character. This helps his poetry to retain the higher values of life. His love is not a disease, his sorrows and sufferings do not have negative result and his joys do not trample the moral values of life. The moderate way of leading a life contributes greatly to his poetic talent and artistic sensibility. In this mortal world every thing is subject to decay and destruction. But, a piece of art is immortal, because it is based on truth, and whatever comes out of truth has universal effect. According to John Keats:

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty
That is all ye know."

Since Najmi Sahob's artistic sensibility has produced gospel truth, it has permanent value and long lasting effect. His entire poetry is based on universal truth, and whatever is truth is beauty, that means, "a source of joy forever." Whenever the poetry of Amjad Najmi flashes upon our inward eyes, either in vacant or in pensive mood, it becomes "a bliss of solitude", "a source of inspiration", "a companion of loneliness", "a fountain-head of jubilation" just like the sweet memory of golden daffodils for William Wordsworth who says thus:
"For often, when on my couch I lie,
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye,
Which is the bliss of solitude,
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils,"

—— Wordsworth.
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