“Poem 3” from *Ghazal* by Ghalib
You say you won’t give back my heart, if you find it lying around.

Where is my heart—is it really lost? I’ve found you out!

Through passion I found the taste of life—

I found a cure for pain, I found a pain without cure.

It’s an ally of the enemy—there’s no trusting the heart. My sighs were ineffective, my laments were all in vain.

Simplicity and artfulness, selflessness and awareness.

In her show of indifference, she tried to test my courage.

The bud began to bloom again; today I saw my heart Turned to blood—and found it lost.

I don’t know the state of my heart—except this much: Many times I looked for it; many times you found it.

The Adviser’s bitter counsel sprinkled salt on my wounds. Let someone ask him, “How did you enjoy it?”

Where is the second step of longing, oh Lord?

We found the desert of possibilities to be a single footprint.

Hoping for treasures in the dust—a childish business.

I found despair to be smiling, with the two worlds as its lips.

As the liver turns to blood, it offers a road to the rose— I found that the murderer’s sword had opened my heart.