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عبدالغیر مجدی مرحومی زیارتہ لیتدک .. بندہ کزہ خطبات : نفلک برآمدہ دل !
دیتدی . آشنی دہی منظور بو خطباء جواب اولاد کزہ نیتدی .

« نفلک برآمدہ دل ! » بووردک بیج ،
نہ نفس وار بن ، نہ نفس وار ..
روزگارک اذہ عجز ، اُسیرم ،
نہر دیوگ وار ، نہ لوصم وار .

گوزلی سده دم ، گوگش دیرم ..
بیتہ طاقبیلید لیدر ، عظیم ؛
ظلمتیں آچار ، حوکار ، اُبرم ..
واری یولونده حرف ایدم وار .

بہ دکلم اودر بندہ گوردنہ ،
عشق دوستوب سوردم سوردم سورونہ ،
خرفہ گلیہ ، قوسورہ بوردنہ ..
صائم بن صابغ وار ، قسم وار .

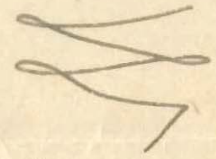
نہ گوزدم بندر ، نہ گوگش بنم ..
نہ یاسنہ بنم ، نہ لولوم بنم ..
قصی اوندک لاکہ او گلام بنم ،
بوف عرصہ ایتدہ یتہ رسم وار .

بنم دیکت بن اتمام احمید در ،
بلکہ بر اکیسک اتمام احمید در ،
سوخ ، کتہ افرام احمید در ؛
دولتوب دہ لیتدہ برقص وار .

TDV İSAM
Kütüphanesi Arşivi
No R76/756.1

نفس بیدی ویند آشی ، دولاشدی ..
 عرش ، فری گیدی ، صبح یاناشدی ..
 غیری سه دینه واروی ، اولاشدی ،
 آزاره نه جانه وار ، نه ره جسم وار .

الست بونه گوردیگم دمدت ،
 مستدک بیجی دوردیگم دمدت ،
 جانس بنانه ووردیگم دمدت ،
 بنده دمدتی دینه تک بر اتم وار .



قیامی ، گدیقهی ، و خولو در ریاست
 مدبری صدقی

Rashid Street 277/1,

Bagdad November 2, 1940.

My Dear Dr. Reza Terfit,

First, I beg you excuse me for not writing to you, will you?
Next, when you ask for a book it does not mean that you should pay for it; it is given free to you; the account does not worth while. Moreover, as you are a close friend, I like to tell you in short what happened when I was up to the Iraq Petroleum Co; to receive the cost of my book, (because Dr Neal Brakam had asked the I.P.C. to pay me.) The chappies at the I.P.C., even the manager, thought it was a business matter, & the head-clerk, as any other head-clerk, a very wise fat, bald-headed, bullying chap, asked me for my bill. You know I had no bill to show; and, ^{he} started treating me in the most rude manner. Well, keep this absurd story aside.

I am working as a teacher in English in Shamash School, & I hope that the future is bright, & I shall be entrusted with the higher classes. It is for this reason that I had not enough time neither to find out the other books (which I enclose, of Murray: Greek Religion; Jears. M. Unicode; ^{non to write to you;} Essays) & in future, I hope, I'll let you hear much about myself, & about Aesthetic Criticism.

I enclose a few poems (my own) for your reading, please let ^{have} me your sincere idea of them. All the well.

Your sincere friend

[Signature]
2/11/40 (Please Turn Over)

P.S. - sorry to tell you I did not hear yet from the Rev. Dr. Nahom, of Egypt. - please, say, why? did you hear?

A young plant in distress.

I fret and foam within the earth,
I push my legs in vain;
For hard-limed stones and bones beneath,
On harmful plants that spread the heath,
Make life not worth
The push my legs attain.

Now up I shoot; - The air's all round
Embalmed with the scent
Of my playmates, of flowers that thrive,
So sweet, so green, so true alive;
But the sun's not found;
In fleecy clouds he's pent.

My pants are dry; I feel the thirst,
As one in pains of love;
I stretch my blades to catch the dew;
My blades are weak, my limbs are new;
Then out I burst
And cry to heaven above
my.

If all these three - the earth, the air,
The water; make it hard
For my weak pants (my tender frame)
To have their way; then who's to blame?
And if I care, care
To live, I should be hard.
live

Days that have no sun
Make our life a care;
Hearts that are undone
Ruin and kill the brave.

Things that cluster round us
Give our view a mould;
In this mind the wondrous,
Purest mind is cold.

If to cheer the hours,
Days must shine & glow,
Hearts must have their powers,
Things must keep us go.

Love alone will do it -
Soothe our burning hearts,
Drive our woe & slake it,
Make too soft our pants.

Better life in darkness
Under cloudy skies;
Sure, in love, you're heartless,
Not so keen and wise.

The Epitaph.

TDV İSAM
Kütüphanesi Arşivi
No RTB/716.2

Here, where I lie, — a weedy walk;

O, young man, stand & read:—

"I, the Donkey, sometime horn, I had
my talk;

I had my way, I had my head;

In all my life I felt the guilt

That tinged my heart. I laugh

At those wisai, wise men who built

My head of straw, & made of me a calf.

I do protest — I had my mind;

I took things easy, I know why.

'Tis not ~~parsons~~ worth while to go behind

What men object to or abuse, to vie
with them or with my kind. I value

Patience, for genius lies right there;

I value truth, for truth is now my share;

I prize the honest, for honest men are few.)

My motto's clear: "Live and let live,"
I say.

So widely known is this to all,

So little followed, & so small

Its field is made, that every life is
Turned to clay.

There's one thing that saps my heart,

The pain of love, my love,

There's one thing that makes me smart,

The hope I'll win my love.

The ups and downs of love are smooth,

When my dear love is near;

'Tis departure that, in truth,

Puts me in pain and fear

'Tis I who fought my way to love,

— I won; but now I lost

That very thing that made me move

To love — my heart I lost.

When next I meet you, Oh my love,

I'll say what I would hide:—

"The pain that saps my heart, the love,

Makes life with you too wide."

The fish.

TDV İSAM
Kütüphanesi Arşivi
No K16/7562

Down we go; the water steady glides —
My race & I, for many a race are we;
We dine, we rise, we even sleep — besides,
We feed on other races, — but to be!

And as we dine; the waters blush & smile,
Giving out waves of mingled tints — that die!
But we, regardless of all this for the while,
Push on to animal plants & make them cry.

We rise — our weight increasing; our purpose
firm;
To outer worlds where the water-air is no more;
Where every thing on any-land has its form;
Where the poor retreat, the rich one to
the fore.

There we'd build our kingdom & our fame;
In marbles strange & emerald that would
last.

— But nothing lasts! the world is not the same,
With every new change destruction comes
on fast.

We dashed on to the shore, at any price,
— Possessed as we were then with a fiery
wish;

Non inert our mind, nor did we toss the
dice;

And met our death, so calmly — we
the fish!

O keep your light head up, my boy;
The world is small to thee.
You plough the sand; but you're, boy,
Far better — off than we
I envy you.

You walk & talk in your own way,
You show no signs of pain.
To you the work of man a play,
The thought of man in vain.
I envy you.

Young or old, you're all the same;
You draw on life for pleasure;
You keep no pence; you have no name;
Your light heart is a treasure.
I envy you.

✓

معارف عمهيه ناطق لملات بروری و دعوات
رضا نوضه بك ازدي حضرتك
تقدمه عبودتخانه در

باركاه! مسد اوله برك ارتقا
زیداه! فضل و عرفانكم بولرك اغلا
مفراط اسا (فیوض) عنواي احضار برك
ملائزه سنده ابدي بویام برنام اجسام

داهن عصرا اول برك تسلیم ابد اعجاز و بار
نوراه! فرة العینه و فستك لی ریا

سایه عرفانیا هفتم معارف اهلام
اصراه! استوی بایك بر محل النجا
مکتب، اولستی مثال طایم افراسیاب

هوناه کهر و سمانسی، بر لانه بولوم اجتموا
عونه عقلم الله اول رفعم و راسته قدرتم
بیراه! اندک بفرستیه ابد سزایا
(درموند) تهنیت

حضرت سلطانیه (و جلالیه) بیغیر سینه
تاج و تختیه مدام اولسونه کجوه کبریا
صدر لاحفام رجال دولتی تشکیل اجمود
وقفه اه! علوی نوضه الریس بالرضا
وصفی ناقابل سفالنه زبون اولسینه ایسه
هر لاه! جمله اولاد و طبعه بولری رهها

اه پسرده حاجتکم
منفاعة طوعی فاعتمادتیه
و طرف و دستازیه خیرط
توجه بید بلام بولک
برادر لی
محمد وصفی

آخر عمرده سعالتہ روسہ
زاوالی خواجہ م بیکبائی
وصفی بکالہ بکا تقدیم آئینہ
اولاد و غنی بر منظومہ

اسکندریہ والہ جہنہ
آلای مہتمی ک قاسم خوف
واہل سید و صفی بک

المؤتمر الاسلامي العام

المنعقد في بيت المقدس

٢٧ رجب ١٣٥٠ — ٧ كانون الاول ١٩٣١

الحامي رضابا كاشفانه
رضو

ادعوا الى الله على الاوجه الا هذه الاجار

ضاهك من تراحم
مولا نا محمد علي نك يقينه بر بزا اورتر يا زبلي اولاي

حياتي جي بهاي خوب و كهلا يا ماگر
مركي جوهر آب تي جوهر كهلي

دار دنیا کیمه قاطب اور برهان لپی در
عمری هونجه ریا - هکس مرهان لپی در
اختیار بود هونجه کین ره پروستغالی سینه
له هلبیب برعه آتا - مقصدی قنجان لپی در

عملیات وید حضرت کولیدنده ایش
اوزقان اقلدک اهلوی پریشان لپی در
تولتولک قوسیدک هالنده کورنجه قیلونی
دیوردم او فاها مخانه کور زبان لپی در
توکجه اهراردن ایلی اولری وطن هائنی صول
شیدی مجید الحمیدک دورینه قران لپی در
سیرفانی صغانه وه توپمدیه آصله آلی
زنده اهلوی زکی کوزلری شیطان لپی در

دوققور عاصم نشت سوزنی

Dr. Asım Nesret