

“The story of Pakistan was a story of the ideals of equality, fraternity and social and economic justice” **Mohtarima Fatimah Jinnah**

نثار میں تیری گلیوں پرے، اے وطن، کہ جہاں (Urdu)  
Nisar mein teri galyion ke aye watan ke jahan (transliteration)  
I give my life to your alleys, o my land, where (translation)  
چلی ہے رسم کہ کوئی نہ سر اٹھا کے چلے (Urdu)  
chali hai rasm keh koi na sar utha kay chalay (transliteration)  
custom now dictates that one walk with head bowed (translation)

(Faiz Ahmad Faiz)

The state of Pakistan is facing the most difficult and unmanageable time of its history. Terrorism and religious extremism have been damaging the socio-political structure of Pakistan, its relations in the region and across the globe, or the last few years. The recent floods have escalated some of the problems, thousands have lost their lives, millions have been displaced, crops of cotton, rice, sugarcane and tobacco, worth of billions rupees, have been destroyed, and many cities and villages have been washed out. Although the natural disasters are beyond human control, the recent flooding has exposed the state's incapacity even to minimise the devastations. The people of Pakistan looks like a rabble and the concept of a nation has not been emerged yet. The institutions which are responsible to achieve it, are struggling to gain superiority and authority over each other.

Once Mohtarima Fatimah Jinnah (younger sister of Mr. Jinnah) said, “The story of Pakistan was a story of the ideals of equality, fraternity and social and economic justice”. Mrs Hilary Clinton, US Foreign Secretary, in her recent message says, “Since gaining independence in 1947, the people of Pakistan have been writing that story, one day at a time. And the Pakistani people will continue to write the story that began 63 years ago.”

Sixty three years back, on 14<sup>th</sup> of August, Pakistan came into being; however a vast majority of Pakistanis do not have a real experience of freedom. Since independence a small elite minority is enjoying-rather over enjoying itself, while the ‘Independence Day’ to a deprived majority is not more than the day of separation from the Indian Subcontinent. The people, who have memories of pre-partitions period, regard the British period as a golden time. The present political, social and economical scenario depicts a despairing picture of Pakistan. Who is responsible? Religious extremists would blame the West, political parties blame each other, some democrats will point out the military interventions, liberal and secular groups will criticise the Islamisation, minorities will mention the arrogance-rather persecution – of the majority community, and friends of Pakistan and the international community will refer to the insincerity and lack of commitment of the political leadership and the government. These all are valid observations, however Pakistan as country has no vision-rather has lost the vision which was

given by its founder, Mohammed Ali Jinnah, who In his opening speech, on 11<sup>th</sup> August 1947, to the Constituent Assembly, said:

*"You are free; you are free to go to your temples, you are free to go to your mosques or to any other place or worship in this State of Pakistan. You may belong to any religion or caste or creed that has nothing to do with the business of the State."*

He in particular highlighted the democratic features of England in his speech said,

*"Now I think we should keep that in front of us as our ideal and you will find that in course of time Hindus would cease to be Hindus and Muslims would cease to be Muslims, not in the religious sense, because that is the personal faith of each individual, but in the political sense as citizens of the State."*

One of the foremost poets in the Indian sub-continent, Faiz Ahmed Faiz (1911-1984) studied philosophy and English literature, but poetry and politics preoccupied him more than anything else, writing poetry that always antagonizes the ruling elite and challenges feudal values. In the 1930s Faiz Ahmed Faiz married a British woman, Alys Faiz. He had to go to jail repeatedly during both colonial and postcolonial times in Pakistan because of his liberal thoughts. He says,

*If they snatch my ink and pen  
I should not complain,  
For I have dipped my fingers  
In the blood of my heart.  
I should not complain  
Even if they seal my tongue,  
For every ring of my chain  
Is a tongue ready to speak.*

On the Independence Day I would love to share the masterpiece of Mr. Faiz Ahmad Faiz, translated by Mr. Asif Iftikhar, a friend of mine and the disciple of Mr. Javid Ahmad Ghamadi.

نثار میں تیری گلیوں پے، اے وطن، کہ جہاں  
چلی ہے رسم کہ کوئی نہ سر اٹھا کے چلے  
جو کوئی چاہنے والا طواف کو نکلے  
نظر چرا کے چلے، جسم و جاں بچا کے چلے  
بے اہل دل کے لیے اب یہ نظم بست و کشاد  
کہ سنگ و خشت مقید ہیں اور سگ آزاد  
بہت ہیں ظلم کے دست بہانہ جو کے لیے  
جو چند اہل جنوں تیرے نام ہیں لیوا  
بنے ہیں اہل ہوس مدعی بھی، منصف بھی

*In every lane yours, O Land mine, my heart I lay  
Where "No head shall rise!" now the way  
Stealthily to the tryst, must your love proceed  
And guard its life 'n limb night 'n day  
For those with heart, now 'tis the decree  
Stones 'n wood in prison, and dogs roam free  
Suffice for the hand oppressive as excuse  
The few love-crazed that proclaim your name  
The plaintiff and the judge both venal plain*

کسے کریں وکیل کس سے چاہیں منصفی

*Who be counsel, from whom one justice obtain?*

کے دن گزرتے ہیں مگر گزارنے والوں  
تیرے فراق میں یوں صبح و شام کرتے ہیں

*But the one who'll not give up, still goes on  
'Tis how he does night 'n day, of you forlorn:*

بُجھا جو روزن۔ زنداں تو دل یہ سمجھا ہے  
کہ تیری مانگ ستاروں سے بھر گئی ہو گی  
چمک اٹھے ہیں سلاسل تو ہم نے جانا ہے  
کہ اب سحر تیرے رخ پر بکھر گئی ہو گی

*Now that the light through prison hole has faded  
My heart sees stars parting your hair  
Now that my chains are bright and un-shaded  
I know the dawn in your visage did appear*

غرض تصورِ شام و سحر میں جیتے ہیں  
گرفتِ سایہ دیوار و در میں جیتے ہیں

*Thus, I live in thoughts of today and the 'morrow  
In the shadow of prison walls 'n door, my sorrow*

یونہی ہمیشہ الجھتی رہی ہے ظلم سے خلق  
نہ ان کی رسم نئی ہے، نہ اپنی ریت نئی  
یونہی ہمیشہ کھلائے ہیں ہم نے آگ میں  
نہ ان کی ہار نئی ہے، نہ اپنی جیت نئی پھول  
اسی سبب سے فلک کا گلہ نہیں کرتے  
تیرے فراق میں ہم دل برا نہیں کرتے

*Such has been the rift between Creation and oppression  
Neither their ritual nor mine new for the eye to see  
In such manner have my kind watered flowers in the fire  
Not new is their defeat, not new my victory  
For this reason I don't complain of the sky  
Even forlorn of your love, my hope won't die*

گر آج تجھ سے جدا ہیں تو کل بھم ہوں گے  
و کوئی بات نہیں یہ رات بھر کی خدائی ت  
گر آج اوج پہ ہیں طالعِ رقیب تو کیا؟  
یہ چار دن کی خدائی تو کوئی بات نہیں

*If away today, tomorrow we'll be one  
This night of separation is no great ordeal  
If rival's moon is bright today, so it be!  
'Tis ephemeral apotheosis is not real!*

جو تجھ سے عہدِ وفا استوار رکھتے ہیں  
علاجِ گردشِ لیل و نہار رکھتے ہیں

*Those who in your love keep strong  
Know the panacea for every wrong!*

۱۹۵۳ء، فیض احمد فیض، **Faiz Ahmad Faiz, 1953**

**Mr. Asif Iftikhar**, McGill, Montréal Canada (Published in  
*Renaissance*, Lahore)

In this time of distress and hopelessness what can a true Pakistani and a lover of humanity do?  
Mr Ardisher Cowasjee, a prominent columnist says,

*"As long as the majority of our people remain uneducated  
their thinking can only be narrow and bigoted. All we can do  
is constantly keep on reminding them of what Jinnah, the  
founder of their country, said and wrote."*

**By Revd Rana Youab Khan**  
**International Inter Faith Dialogues Assiatnt**  
**Lambeth Palace , London**  
**14<sup>th</sup> August 2010**