

Kabul

by Saib-e-Tabrizi

Ah! How beautiful is Kabul encircled by her arid mountains  
And Rose, of the trails of thorns she envies  
Her gusts of powdered soil, slightly sting my eyes  
But I love her, for knowing and loving are born of this same dust

My song exalts her dazzling tulips  
And at the beauty of her trees, I blush  
How sparkling the water flows from Pul-I-Mastan!  
May Allah protect such beauty from the evil eye of man!

Khizr chose the path to Kabul in order to reach Paradise  
For her mountains brought him close to the delights of heaven  
From the fort with sprawling walls, A Dragon of protection  
Each stone is there more precious than the treasure of Shayagan

Every street of Kabul is entralling to the eye  
Through the bazaars, caravans of Egypt pass  
One could not count the moons that shimmer on her roofs  
And the thousand splendid suns that hide behind her walls

Her laughter of mornings has the gaiety of flowers  
Her nights of darkness, the reflections of lustrous hair  
Her melodious nightingales, with passion sing their songs  
Ardent tunes, as leaves enflamed, cascading from their throats

And I, I sing in the gardens of Jahanara, of Sharbara  
And even the trumpets of heaven envy their green pastures