

Classic Poetry Series

Rasul Mir
- poems -

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Rasul Mir(1820 - 1870)

Rasool Mir (Kashmiri: ????? ???, ????? ???) was one of the leading Kashmiri poets of the 19th century. Was born at Dooru Shahabad, a historic town in Anantnag district of Jammu and Kashmir. He has been titled as keats of kashmir for his powerful romantic poetry but at times he mingles with mysticism.

He descended from a family of zamindars who used to be village heads at Doru. Now government has laid a beautiful lawn and tomb at mir's graveyard.

Rasul Mir, that skilled decanter of love, has a raging controversy shrouding his age. The local traditions recorded in 1940's of by Ab Ahad Azad, spoke of a death in his prime. Folk history has it that, Mahmood Gani predicted his youthful death (Amis Chhi jan-h-margi handi koder). His poetry, its fervent youthfulness, its vibrant tenor, its tone of hearty yearning, its pristine emotions, all point to a poet, untouched by the cares of decaying age. Rasul Mir was said to have been alive in 1855 AD when Mahmood Gani passed away and died a few years before- Maqbool Shah Kralawari (d.1874). Accordingly his demise was reckoned between 1867-1870). Rasul Mir was thus said to have lived between 1820s and 1870s. Mr. Teng in his Kuliya Rasul Mir, refers to a document, in revenue records at Anantnag, which bears the signature of Rasul Mir, as Nambardar and is dated 5th of April 1889. On this basis, Rasool may have lived into the last decade of 19th is as close to factual certainty as researches have gotten to.

For the rest, there is his poetic legacy, and, ah again oral traditions. Oral traditions say, Rasul Mir was tall, handsome fair complexioned person, and sported moustaches that tapered far into the face. He was graceful, fashionable fellow, with a youthful heart that throbbed with love, love, and lots of love.

Yi chho Rasul Mir Shahabad Doo-rey
Tami chho trov-mut lo-la du-kaan
Yi-vu aash-qow che-vu tor-re tor-rey
Mai chho moor-rey la-la-vun naar.

This is Rasul Mir, at Shahabad, Doru. He has opened a love-kiosk. Come ye lovers, drink free cup.

Love's fire burns me deep

Love, is the waft and whoop, the craft and creed of Rasul Mir(He lived love, sang

love, and lives for his love-ful passion). Love, the first strings of human heart that present the whole universe as an undulating poem. Love is the creed, beloved is the god and lyrics rush forth in bubbling streams to worship the deity. Singing, sighing and singing again they cascade over the expanses of life, in undating it in its fervor.

Ze-h posha tu-l-i maeni aashq-a mas-jid
husn imam ta-th
Tsa-ae bae-ng-i shu-baan mokh-ta-e da-ae
Ch-e-i yous-faen-i chae-lee

My Loves' mosque, is an edifice of just two petals, Love is the preist there, Ye pearly one art the caller there, Ye, who hath the Yousef's grace. Mir's beloved is grace personi fied Zeh posha tu-l (two petals, mere) the being of his, object of love, is characteristic of Rasul Mir's' dainty love. Love, flowers, passion and fragrance, the eternal inciters of life and beauty, are a recurring motiff in his poetry.

Boeti No Yeh Dooreur Chonuai Zarai

Rasul Mir

Bride's Robes

Bride's robes, would suit thee well,
Ye, my beloved of short years
Thy braids of hair, thy ear rings
peep from beneath the gossamer cover

Rasul Mir

Come Let Us Be Friends

Come let us be friends, ye lovely beauty,
listen to my laments, oh Henzi,
come to see the mela and,
we shall roam through Telbal.

Rasul Mir

Don'T Unveil The Face

Don't unveil the face,
Don't glitter the scene.
Don't try to test my race,
The race not in reign.

Rasul Mir

For Her Hennaed Naib I'll Give

For her hennaed naib I'll give,
pot-fuls of blood from under my throat,
that tall beloved of mine,
is attired in robes of scent Rasul.
Mir is crying his heart, away,
far in Dooru, oh love

Rasul Mir

He Is Angry, Him I'll Chase

He is angry, him I'll chase,
by collar I'll catch hold of him
on dooms day, I'll hold thee by thy robe;
without thee, here I die

Rasul Mir

How Graceful The Swans Neck Of Henziyani Looks

How graceful the swans neck of henziyani looks,
spare her from evil eyes, my Lord,
Thy bounty, that won't lessen,
O God, Lo, the love goes on a frolic outing.

Rasul Mir

I Am All Ashake, I May Die

I am all ashake, I may die
my heart's wish has seen no fulfillment
that lovely, pleasing, my heart throb
he hasn't come, ah Dear!

Rasul Mir

I'LI Look For You At Veernag

I'll look for you at Veernag,
in the garb of an unknown mendicent,
at Pooli, cheeni-gund,
Drengi. Give me a glimpse, Kongi

Rasul Mir

Jasmine, Iris Narcissus Too

Jasmine, Iris narcissus too,
looking at thee have withered away
Thine eyes are black, face is red
and robes are of the whitest hue

Rasul Mir

Like A Tulip, My Robe I'LI Rent

Like a tulip, my robe I'll rent,
and come forth;
O Padmani, I'm thy loved,
infamed by my love

Rasul Mir

Like An Ivy Caught In Violets

Like an Ivy caught in violets,
a full moon trapped by pythons two;
or a beauty of China
wearing the sacred thread

Rasul Mir

Loves Fire Bored Into The Poppy

Loves fire bored into the poppy,
the moment they he-nnaed hands it saw.
The wild rose is nursing
its boils from burning, dear

Rasul Mir

My Beloved Is But Two And A Half Petals

My beloved (Posh-a-mal) is but two and a half petals;
lo, the gay love goes out to frolic.
Go ye my friend, fetch my lover here, A Jasmine,
I have woven garlands for him

Rasul Mir

My Heart Is Not The Love One

My heart is not the love one, caged in that love
This is way, the path through which,
not one but two worlds've gone

Rasul Mir

My Heart You Stole

My heart you stole,
and left me a maiden.
With a blot in Ashes
I'll smear myself
and wander away, dear

Thee I'll hold by neck,
and squeeuster away in heart
like robe I'll cling

Rasul Mir

My Heart You've Taken

My heart you've taken, trap not my body,
O beautiful Shama, expose me not to.....
I look for you at Veernag through Ram Nagri

Rasul Mir

My Love, Spurn Not This Padmani

My love, spurn not this Padmani,
now for another occasion is not meet.
My primal mate, my word I won't break.
How much shall I bear, ye pretender

Rasul Mir

My Loves' Mosque

My Loves' mosque, is an edifice of just two petals,
Love is the preist there,
Ye pearly one art the caller there,
Ye, who hath the Yousef's grace.

Rasul Mir

My Wise Lover Is Enchanted

My wise lover is enchanted;
whence gone, how'd I know'
He is Yousef, himself is Zulaikhah;
a lover he is unto his self, my dear.

Rasul Mir

O' Livest In All The Traglies

O' livest in all the traglies,
gazing at red hands.
drank the cup of all woes,
keeping alive all desires.

Rasul Mir

Rasul, Even Though You Are Infamous For Your Love Of Tulip Lips

Rasul, even though you are infamous for your love of tulip lips,
be happy, for seldom do the lovers complain of thy in-attention.

Love was the task to which Rasul applied himself with abandon.
Love, and beloved, a total world, with neither time nor space for the mundane.

Rasul Mir

Rasuls, Knows Thy Locks And Looks

Rasuls, knows thy locks and looks
is a fine faith.
How'd he know what is kufur,
and what Islam, dear.

Rasul Mir

That Face Is The Kaaba Of Beauty

That face is the kaaba of beauty,
her lashes layered over and over.
In the path of love,
it is meet to bow to those two brows

Rasul Mir

This Is Rasul Mir, At Shahabad, Doru.

This is Rasul Mir, at Shahabad, Doru.

He has opened a love-kiosk.

Come ye lovers, drink free cup.

Love's fire burns me deep

Rasul Mir

This New Volume

This new volume
Rasul has sung in thy pang,
who' dare to rebut come,
hand me another cup'

Rasul Mir

This New Volume

This new volume
Rasul has sung in thy pang,
who' dare to rebut come,
hand me another cup'

Rasul Mir

This Sepration Srom Thee My Love!

This sepration from Thee my Love!
I can't withstand.
Helpless you made me,
I may perish in this grief.
Love enter this dwelling,
I shall lock the doors.
Without you,i am extinguished and
Thrown out from this dwelling of love.
I may perish in this grief.
O My saaki you made me oblivious of my existence,
Now tell me whom have thee brefriended?
How could they be prettier than me Love?
listen I may perish in this grief.
In darkness, the pearl seller told me straight truth
The real Pearl lies hidden in a stone only.
Listen love, i may perish in this grief.

(Translation from Kashmiri by a K Mota)

Rasul Mir

Veer-Nag, I'LI Go To Usher Thee

Veer-nag, I'll go to usher thee,
Thy brow I'll deck in flowers of Acha-bal
Yeh, vine I'll twins thee to my breast
come ye kasturi, don't roam the meadows free

Rasul Mir

When Count Is Taken Of Thy Braids

When count is taken of thy braids,
lacs of fortnights it'll take.
Once begun there is no escape from there.
Lo, the gay love goes out to frolic

Rasul Mir

White Are The Robes, My Kamdev Wears

White are the robes, my Kamdev wears.
His brow is adorned in flowers red,
His path, I'd take in drunken stupor,
go, tell my love of my pangs

Rasul Mir

Would He Grace In The Balcony

Would he grace in the balcony,
or sit in the painted room' Arise,
my friend, spread his bed.
I ask for little, but to lay be his side.
Tell, my friend why didn't he come

Rasul Mir

Ye Tulip Faced, Thee I'D Hold

Ye tulip faced, thee I'd hold
by neck to heal my pain sans thee,
Rasul the flower bed,
is a thorny seat for me

Rasul Mir

You Stay Away, My Angry Love

You stay away, my angry love,
and here I sink from senses dear;
My tears flow and wash all kajal from my eyes dear

Rasul Mir