

Poem No.

14

# My Neighbour Friend Breathing His Last!

(Bullah Shah)

My neighbour friend breathing his last!

What should I do, O God! Aghast!

He is to leave, now can't remain,

Companions ready to catch the train.

What should I do, O God! Aghast!

On every side decamping talk,

At every place are shrieks in stock

What should I do, O God! Aghast!

Flare up flames in heart to height,

For, visible is not charming sight.

What should I do, O God! Aghast!

Without His love, Bullah in loss,

Can hardly dwell here or across.

What should I do, O God! Aghast!

Translated by A.R. Luther

## Glossary

aghast	terrified
decamping	going away (secretly)
shrieks	cries
flare up	burst into bright flame

