**Be Near Me (1963), Faiz Ahmed Faiz**

**Translated by Agha Shahid Ali**

You who demolish me, you whom I love,

be near me. Remain near me when evening,

drunk on the blood of the skies,

becomes night, in its one hand

a perfumed balm, in the other

a sword sheathed in the diamond of stars.

Be near me when night laments or sings,

or when it begins to dance,

its steel-blue anklets ringing with grief.

Be here when longings, long submerged

in the heart’s waters, resurface

and when everyone begins to look:

Where is the assassin? In whose sleeve

is hidden the redeeming knife?

And when wine, as it is poured, is the sobbing of children whom nothing will console– when nothing holds, when nothing is: at that dark hour when night mourns, be near me, my destroyer, my lover me, be near me.