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COMES EVER THE DAWN

by

BALDOON DHINGRA

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To
Svetoslav Roerich

Comes Ever The Dawn



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*It seems as though the night were one great harp,
Whereon a low wind moves, with velvet touch,
Stirring a formless murmur from the strings,
Music that has no structure or design,
Yet bears a load of meaning ; and that load
Of infinite vibrations everywhere,
Is just the throb of human passion, spread
Throughout all Being from our shaken hearts.*

*We have made heavy with Love the slumb'rous air,
Added a subtle burden to night's warm breath,
Poured out more than the roses dreamed in the dew ;
Are not lovers one with the soul of the world ?*

*Starlit peaks are pale with eternal desire,
Olive and cypress shiver with straining hope,*

Moth and bat are messengers, bearing the call ;—

Are not lovers one with the soul of the world ?

Here, at our feet, the water, lapping the stones,

Lisps and whispers words in a wonderful tongue

Learned by the lake, in talk with the mirrored moon,—

Are not lovers one with the soul of the world ?

Measureless heart-beat, throb of the pulses that feed

Life of meadow and woodland, fathomless sigh,

Blown from passionate river and yearning sea ;

Are not lovers one with the soul of the world ?

So has the self-complacent song been sung

By men of every time,



Under the same enchantment lured

To dream that for their pride alone

Was atom piled on atom,

Till slow laborious growth made perfect this great whole,

Yielding the vast variety

Of vision and sensation, for the boards

Whereon was nobly staged the drama of their lives.

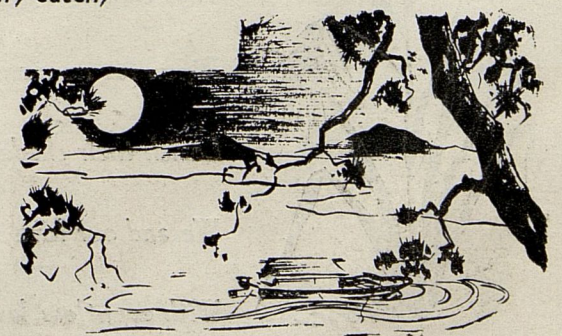
How the stars mock

These idle fables of our vanity,

Staring with their impenetrable gaze !

Responsive, you and I,

Whose ears are ever tuned to laughter, catch,—



Though our mood be exalted,—the faint echo
 Of merriment celestial, making plain
 The true proportions and importance due.
 Ripples of tender raillery, that chime
 Softly from yonder quaking waters, rouse
 Answering agitation in the calm
 Of our profound and mutual absorption,
 Reminding us

That, heedless of our race,
 The cosmic process works,
 That not alone to guide the voyager
 Glitters the piercing Pole-star in the sky,
 That flowers will bloom for no man's scent and fruit
 Ripen for no man's appetite, and boughs
 Lavish their shade where no man ever lies.
 We and our love shall vanish like last year's leaves,
 With countless lovers before, countless to come,



With all the pomp and clamour of human-kind,
 With vain ambitions, empty, arrogant hopes,
 With power and riches and government and fame,
 But after the stars go out, comes ever the Dawn.

Still would the chestnuts ripen, even if man
 Never should walk to gather them, still would rain
 Soak to fatten the seed and dissolve to mould
 Rotting, fallen foliage—We are no more
 Than changing spadefulls, shovelled in garden work ;—
 But after the stars go out, comes ever the Dawn.

We have our destiny, we, who do not know
 Why or how we have happened, what we shall be,
 Whether you or I in reality are ;
 We have a share in something beyond our thought ;
 Love and Life have their value ; there is no waste ;
 And, after the stars go out, comes ever the Dawn.



SOME OPINIONS

His poetic sense is allied to the mastery of the language.

—*The Indian P.E.N.*

There is a wild energy and deep thoughtfulness.

—*The Hindu.*

I had the feeling that here was a man whose barque had found its haven of peace after storm-tossed adventurings on the ocean of life.

—*Roy's Weekly.*

One recognizes the genuine blend of detachment and absorption which the poet knows. Mysticism at this level, is poetry, and words in such air can take legitimate wings.

—*Amiya Chakravarty in the Tribune.*

He is the premier poet among the younger men in India.....He has arrived at a point where his mastery is undeniable.

—*Triveni.*

Your poems, as I read them, aroused ripples of delight in my heart like the rhythmic response your oars won from the stream you mentioned. These lines have a serenity of poise that brings to my mind a bird's wings that have mastered the air.

—*Rabindranath Tagore.*

These verses are the work of a spirit as sensitive to the moods and moments of nature as the thoughts that rise to the surface of the pool of meditation

—*Times Literary Supplement.*

