

**“The Firefly”  
A Translation of Iqbal’s Poem**

**By  
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The evening garden is bright with the light of the firely  
As if a candle is burning in the assemblage of flowers  
Or some shooting star has flown down from the sky  
Or a ray of moonlight that has got animated tonight  
Or the emissary of the day has come to the kingdom of night  
That was unknown at home and now came to shine abroad  
It seems as if a button full of light fell from the moon’s gown  
Or a sudden burst of light from the sun flashed over the garden  
Perhaps it was a glimpse of the Eternal Beauty hitherto concealed  
That nature brought out of solitude for us to meditate on  
This little moon is a blend of darkness as well as light  
That at times is in eclipse and at times out of eclipse  
The moth is an insect just as the firefly is an insect  
The farmer is ever in search of light, the latter the embodiment of light  
Nature provided everything in the universe with a unique quality of its own  
It provided the firefly with light and filled the moth with a craving for light  
It provided the speechless birds with a rich sweet-sounding music  
And provided the flowers with tongues but taught them the beauty of silence  
Nature kept the attraction of the twilight in the decline of the day  
Brightening it up like a fairy it provided this spectacle with a little life  
It made the dawn colourful like a fashionable pretty bride  
Clothed it in red and embellished it with the mirrors of dew  
It provided the tree with shade and the wind with flight  
And provided the water with flow and the waves with turbulence  
Through this distinction, I intend to make a point  
The day of the firefly is the same as is our night  
In fact, there is reflection of the Eternal Beauty in everything we see  
Which is speech in human beings and blooming in the flower buds  
That moon in the sky is just like the heart of a poet  
Whatever is moonlight there is the prick of pathos here

Different ways of expression of different things deceive us, else  
a song is a nightingale's fragrance and a fragrance a flower's song  
In fact, the secret of The Unity is concealed in the plurality of colours in nature  
What is brightness in a firefly, is fragrance in a flower  
Then, why should this difference be a subject of dissension  
When in everything around us is Nature hidden silent?

**Note:-**

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Dr. Sir Muhammad iqbal (1877-1938) also known as Allama Iqbal with Allama meaning "The learned one" was a Lahore poet, philosopher, politician, barrister and scholar of undivided India who wrote in three languages Urdu, Persian and English and produced prose and poetical works in all the three languages. He is well known for philosophical and religious poetry that appealed to millions of people throughout the world. His poem in Urdu titled Jugnoo (firefly) is translated here.

About the Translator: Abdul Rashid Dar (M.A. English with SET Qualified in English), Taught as an Assistant Professor in English (Contractual) at the Department of English, Central University of Kashmir, Srinagar for four year