

### 3. By Mir Taqi Mir (On a Love That Everyone Knows)
> Patta patta, boota boota, haal hamara jaane hai,
> Jaane na jaane gul hi na jaane, baagh toh saara jaane hai.
**Poet:** Mir Taqi Mir
**Translation:** Every leaf, every plant, knows my condition. The only one who doesn't know is the
flower (my beloved), though the entire garden knows.
### 4. By Sahir Ludhianvi (On Resilience and Moving On)
> Main zindagi ka saath nibhata chala gaya,
> Har fikr ko dhuen mein udata chala gaya.
**Poet:** Sahir Ludhianvi
**Translation:** I kept on walking along with life. I kept blowing away every worry in smoke.
### 5. By Jaun Elia (On Sarcasm and Heartbreak)
> Kitne aish se rehte honge kitne itraate honge,
> Jaane kaise log woh honge jo usko bhaate honge.

**Poet:** Jaun Elia
**Translation:** How luxuriously they must live, how much they must swagger I wonder what kind
of people they are, the ones she finds pleasing.
### 6. By Ahmed Faraz (On Longing and Hope)
> Suna hai log use aankh bhar ke dekhte hain,
> Toh uske shehar mein kuch din thehar ke dekhte hain.
**Poet:** Ahmed Faraz
**Translation:** I have heard that people gaze at her to their heart's content, so I shall stay in her
city for a few days and see for myself.
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### 7. By Bashir Badr (On the Journey of Life)
> Musafir hain hum bhi, musafir ho tum bhi,
> Kisi mod par phir mulaqat hogi.
**Poet:** Bashir Badr
**Translation:** I am a traveler, and so are you. We will surely meet again at some turn in the road
(of life).

### 8. By Mirza Ghalib (On the Effect of Love)
> Ishq ne 'Ghalib' nikamma kar diya,
> Varna hum bhi aadmi the kaam ke.
**Poet:** Mirza Ghalib  **Translation:** Love has rendered me worthless, 'Ghalib'. Otherwise, I too was a man of great use.
### 9. By Nida Fazli (On Perseverance)
> Safar mein dhoop toh hogi, jo chal sako toh chalo,
> Sabhi hain bheed mein, tum bhi nikal sako toh chalo.
**Poet:** Nida Fazli
**Translation:** There will be harsh sun on the journey; if you can walk, then let's go. Everyone is in
the crowd; if you can make your own way out, then let's go.
### 10. By Gulzar (On Nostalgia and Loneliness)
> Ek purana mausam lauta, yaad bhari purvai bhi,
> Aisa toh kam hi hota hai, woh bhi ho tanhai bhi.

\*\*Poet:\*\* Gulzar

\*\*Translation:\*\* An old season has returned, and with it, a memory-filled easterly wind. It seldom happens that \*she\* is here (in memory), and so is loneliness.