

## Syed Azim Murtaza : As A Reticent Poet

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### ABSSTRACT

Azim Murtaza, in his most isolated place, has gently cut the curve of his possibilities along with his age. The imitation of the poets begins to show its colors. In the art of Azim Murtaza, the whole evolution is slowly unfolding and one can feel that he hates the terms of wearing a belt and a clock. He is not just a good lion. He say good ghazals, his poems are not prisoners of his loneliness, his poems are prisoners of the group of his companions, and they fly in the direction of the thoughts. The greatest sorrow of Azim Murtaza, the seeker of the original grief, is that the manifestations of grief are not ready to leave him. It should be that this failed attempt of Azim Murtaza is the most powerful part of his personality and this is the point where he seems to repeat the steps taken by modern poets.

KEY WORDS Azim Murtaza, Reticent Lyricist, Ghazal, slowly unfolding, imitation of the poets, prisoners, Quiet and deep, impression, Ghalib, allied, World War, Bright-eyed, Thin-lipped, smiling, manifestations

, noble general , Arsh Malisani , intoxicated , decision-making power , Tarruh and Basti , Faiz, Nadeem, Nasir, Shahzad , Zafar, Shakib , Barlas , Gohar , Rasa , Chaghatai , spontaneity..

### Introduction

After reading Syed Azim Murtaza, the first impression I got that there was an allied general of the Second World War in front of me. A tall, bright-eyed and thin-lipped, smiling, noble general who is capable of making any decision, does not hesitate to follow through on any decision, and does not know how to regret the consequences of any decision, the last You can retreat to the last extent until victory Quiet and deep.

### Literature Review

Reading Syed Azim Murtaza and listening to him were two different stages of knowing him. Even when the heart of Azim Murtaza was lost in the enchantment of the damp, I felt like this, this intelligent and smart general, like all the soldiers of the world, was fond of art, and the thunder of cannons, exploding shells and rain. To get away from the ruts, unconcerned by his surroundings, intoxicated by his tunes, humming only to himself to defend his majesty. Be able to keep your decision-making power together. For some artists, art is a great driving force for their personal gatherings. Ghalib says in his poetry..

سوڀشت سڙ ڀڄ پيشه آبا سپه گري  
ڪڇه شاعري ذريعه عزت نهين مجھے (1)

I was very fond of this poet of Absence until the time when this poem reached my ears in Arsh Malisani.

جي چاهتا ڀڄ عرش ڪرون ترڪه شاعري  
ليڪن يهي ذريعه عزت ڀڄ ڪيا ڪرون (2)

I found this poem of Arsh somewhat truer and somewhat truer than Ghalib's jingling poetry, even though Ghalib's jingling hit itself is being expressed as a great "artistic truth", But this poem, heard by Arsh only once about 24 years ago, could not leave my mind till today.

After reading Azim Murtaza's Kallam's collection "Rait Kay Phool" I found this true statement of Arsh Malisani from another dimension, from another side, something

more and something more true. After picking “Rait Kay Phool”, my first thought was that if I could not write lines as straight as the great Murtaza, then at least I should pull his hand in vain. hand position.

لیکن یہی ذریعہ عزت ہے کیا کروں (3)

And so the poem of Arsh went down to a new depth in my soul as a completely unique offering of devotion. Azim Murtaza's poetry line by line descends into the soul deeply..

لائی نہ صبا بوئے چمن اب کے برس بھی  
کچھ سوچ کے خاموش ہیں یا ران قفس بھی  
نازک ہیں مراحل سفر منزل غم کے  
اس راہ میں کھو جاتی ہے آواز جرس بھی  
دستور محبت ہی نہیں جاں سے گزرنا  
کر لیتے ہیں یہ کام کبھی اہل ہوس بھی  
آزاد بھی ہو جائیں گے آخر ترے قید ی  
اک روز بکھر جائے گی زنجیر نفس بھی  
دیوانہ ابھی تک ہے اسی دشمن جاں کا  
آتا ہے دل زار پہ غصہ بھی ، ترس بھی  
انگشت نماشیخ و برہمن کے چلن پر  
مسجد کے منارے بھی ہیں مندر کے کلس بھی (4)

The poems on the sky of Azim Murtaza do not twinkle like stars, but they are colored in the setting sun, tied beyond the view of the golden edges of the clouds and passed in the form of strings of naked women. Not only he say good songs but his poems are not prisoners of their loneliness, their poems are prisoners of the cluster of their companions. They are forced to fly in the direction of the flow of thought. It is important to say that the poems recorded in the next line will actually be the pointers to the related ghazal and thus the name of Azim Murtaza is colored in the color of a setting sun under the golden edges of the clouds, within the row. Azim Murtaza says that the cause of the journey, the pain of the journey and the destination of the journey will be recorded in order to find out the journey. He says

درازی شب ہجران تھی غفلت غم تک  
تڑپ کے چونکے تو چاروں طرف اجالا تھا (5)

The current dawn of Pakistani poetry has spread very slowly in the last 70 years in the form of Faiz, Nadeem, Nasir, Shahzad, Zafar, Shakaib, Barlas, Gohar , Rasa, and

Chaghatai, so this brightness , which took shape in the form of modern ghazal poets. This brightness has descended very slowly.

Azim Murtaza, the most isolated, in his own place, with the slowness and gentleness with which he cuts the curve of his possibilities with his age, is only the scenario of his personal journey, but it surprisingly comes to the same place where the modern The artistry of the poets begins to show color. In the art of Azim Murtaza, all piety is slowly opening up and gradually embracing, hating the lofty, worn-out, and stilted terms. The name of Azim Murtaza feels like a sorrow, a name of grief is seen. "Rait kay Phool" bloom in the land of early "Gham e Hija"

ہم درد کے مارے ہی گراں جال میں وگرنہ

جینا تری فرقت میں کچھ اسان تو نہیں ہے (6)

But the beaten path of "Hija" by knowing the origin of "Hija" stands out on the path of finding the origin of grief. Perhaps he knew the "origin" of "Hija", although the thing about We think that we know her very well, when we start writing about that, it is clear that we did not know anything about that. It is said that while the seeker of the origin of "Gham" was declared as "reproach", Gham Hija is the root of the mystical poetry of Pakistan. Those who sought reprimand found a way to get rid of the "grief" but still could not clarify the "original grief". Azim Murtaza took a more difficult path but this position gave him many ghazals.

رخصت عہد بہاراں کی گھڑی آپہنچی

بوئے گل چوم رہی ہے درودیوار چمن (7)

اب نشان ملے شاید ، منزل تمنا کا

تیرے ہجر کے غم سے آگئے ترے غم تک (8)

خیال ترک تعلق ، جنوں قطع مراسم

تمام سعی طلب ہے ، تمام تشنہ لبی ہے (9)

The greatest sorrow of Azim Murtaza, the seeker of real grief, is that "manifestations of grief" are not willing to leave his side. They want to find the origin of "sorrow", but the veil of phenomena does not come in the direction of "sorrow" not defeated , I must be allowed to say that this attempt at failure by Azim Murtaza is the most powerful part of his art. And this is the point where he seems to step far ahead of the modern poets. He says in his various verses that he included in his book , as..

تیرات غم ساتھ ہے ، جہاں جائیں  
اہل دل کیا کریں ، کہاں جائیں (10)  
نہ التفات کی خواہش ، نہ بے رخی کا گلہ  
غم جیب مجھے کیا بنا دیا تو نے (11)  
تجھ سے مل کر بھی غم ہجر کی تلخی نہ مٹی  
ایک حسرت سی بہ انداز دگر ہے کہ جوتھی (12)  
کسی کو وحدت دیر و حرم کا پاس نہیں  
خدا پرست ہے دنیا ، خداشناس نہیں (13)  
جب حرم میں تھے اب دلوں میں ہیں  
بت ہمیشہ خدا کے گھر میں رہے (14)  
برے دنوں میں سبھی ساتھ چھوڑ جاتے ہیں  
درست ہو گا ، مگر تجھ سے یہ امید نہ تھی (15)  
اتنا بھی نہ غم دے کر ترا بند شاکر  
پھر جائے کہیں شیوہ تسلیم و رضا سے (16)  
تو جر فرمائے تو انسان کو سجدہ لازم  
اپنی مرضی سے جھکے کوئی تو کافر ہو جائے (17)  
اب امتیاز ظاہر و باطن بھی مٹ گیا  
دل چاک ہو رہا ہے گریباں کے ساتھ ساتھ (18)  
مون ہوا، زنجیر دکھائی دیتی ہے  
جم ساگیا ہے عکس سلاسل آنکھوں میں (19)

Azim Murtaza could not understand "real grief" and was confused by "manifestations of grief". My personal opinion is that if Azim Murtaza had tried to know "his own grief" instead of "real grief", he would have gone through more difficult paths. Somewhere in his work, there are evidences of turning back to his original path. I feel a person breathing behind this cloak who is in the mood to test his self-esteem step by step. Such a beautiful but noble person whom God has given to the end of his honor to be loved by the "lover" is the end of God's rewards. But for the seeker of the real grief, God makes these blessings and gifts for him along with the request, as well as a warning, so that in response to this request, there is such a warning that his capacity can increase by a drop in this request and he can take it to another place.

Azim Murtaza says in many places as under..

اس طرح تم سے بگڑ بیٹھے ہیں  
جیسے ہم بھول ہی جائیں گے تمہیں (20)  
بے خودی میں جیسے ہم سمجھے ہیں تیرا دامن  
عین ممکن ہے کہ اپنا ہی گریباں نکلے (21)  
ہر ایک گام پر امید پرشس غم تھی

- کچھ اس طرح بھی تری رہ گزرے ہیں (22)  
بے گانہ ہو رہی ہے ہر ایک آشنا نظر  
جیسے کسی کو میری ضرورت نہیں رہی (23)  
یوں دیکھ رہے ہیں مجھے کو جیسے  
بھولی ہوئی بات یا دئے (24)  
اہل دل کے سکوت پرمت جا  
جو ترے دل میں ہے وہ بات نہیں (25)  
ایک تم ہی شریک غم نہ ہوئے  
مجھ کو دیوارودر رد بھی بیٹھے (26)  
بے وفاؤں سے وفا کر دیکھو  
دوستو! دل کا کہا کر دیکھو (27)  
مسکرائے ہیں ترے ہجر نصیب  
دل میں پھر درد اٹھابو جیسے (28)  
ابھی احساس باقی ہے تمہاری کم نگاہی کا  
ابھی تکمیل غم میں کچھ کمی معلوم ہوتی ہے (29)  
ہجر کے لمحوں پر شاید، پابند صبح و شام نہیں  
رات کئے ایک مدت گزری اور سحر کا نام نہیں  
شہر لب و رخسار عزت بڑھتی ہے رسوائی سے  
حیف ہے ان لوگوں پر جو عاشق ہیں اور بدنام نہیں (30)  
برباد وفا، وارفتہ غم، محمل کش حرماں رہنے دے  
امید کرم کے ماروں کو دوزخ بہ گریباں رہنے دے  
ممکن ہو تو نوک نشر کو پیوست رگ جاں رہنے دے (31)  
ہم نکتہ شناسان غم کو بے گانہ و درماں رہنے دے  
آرزو تشنہ کرم ہی رہی  
قافلے منزل آشنا نہ ہوئے  
ہائے یہ ہجر کے چمکتے درد  
حد سے گزرے مگر دوانہ ہوئے (32)  
جلوہ گہ انوار سے کون آئے گا  
بزم لب و رخسارے سے کون آئے گا  
بے کار صدائیں دے رہی ہے دنیا  
خلوت کدہ یار سے کون آئے گا (33)  
دنیا نے عاشقی میں یہ پرچھائیاں نہ تھیں  
اہل وفات تھے کشمکش خیر و شر سے دور (34)  
کانٹوں کو بھی شرمائے ہیں  
کیسے پھول کھلے گلشن میں  
تیرے کام آتے ہیں شاید  
اڑتے ہیں جو رنگ چمن میں  
تیری باتیں، میری غزلیں  
ملتی ہیں بے ساختہ پن ہیں (35)

Even if we keep the spontaneity of Azim Murtaza in the account of style and consider his intellectual journey as an experience, there is definitely one ghazal and one

poem in this collection which can be called the historical call to find for Azim Murtaza. When Azim Murtaza's intellectual conflict was mixed with his heart conflict, these two miracles took place. I will end today's discussion on his collection of words with his ghazals and also this poem.

پیکر صلح رہا، مائل پیکار رہا  
دل کبھی میرا، کبھی تیرا طرف دار رہا  
آگئے ہوش میں آخر ترے دیوانے بھی  
ہاں مگر جن پر تراسایہ دیوار رہا  
دولت درد نہ آئی تھی میسر جب تک  
عشق اوارہ شہر لب ورخسار رہا  
خوش نہ آئی، دل و حشی کو فضائے صحرا  
قید سے چھوٹ کے رنج درد دیوار رہا (36)

And two verses are as under

اس جان تمنا کے بدن کو چھو کر  
باتھوں کی لکیریں ہی بدل جاتی ہیں (37)

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- 3) Azim Murtaza, Rait Kay Phool, Altahrir Publishing House, Lahore, 1984, p. 10
- 4) Also, p. 13
- 5) Also, p.20
- 6) Also, p.21
- 7) Also, p.24
- 8) Also, p.27
- 9) Also, p.40
- 10) Also, p.47
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- 12) Also, p.132
- 13) Also, p.133
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