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An Unwanted Woman's Tale

Translation of Ghulam Ahmad Mahjoor's poem, "Kare Khyeh Waseyay"

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How can I change my fate and destiny
When my friend, my beloved does not love me
Careless he is the creator of my destiny
My friend, my beloved does not love me
Unwanted I was born, I came uninvited
My birth was never celebrated in my family
My birth made everyone unhappy
My friend, my beloved does not love me
Born out of pity, was bred with affliction
Miseries' misfortunes always followed me
My friend, my beloved does not love me
My mother, my beloved an angel was she
Who taught me how to cook and be submissive
Neither a word, nor any skill was given in my dowry
My friend, my beloved does not love me
My beauty, my passion were in high quality
But patience and modesty kept everything in a cage
Hidden somewhere was he never wanted to see me
My friend, my beloved does not love me
Someone came like stranger and took away me
They never ascertained my view and opinion
I accepted the injustice and nodded with sublimity
My friend, my beloved does not love me
Lal, I roamed naked in the valley wantonly
They called me mad woman, fiend, and crazy
Shahamdan accosted me then have to hide my body
My friend, my beloved does not love me
One day a country lass born in poor family
I rose to a queen of beauty and high dignity
Even in that royalty I feared God and never felt proudly
My friend, my beloved does not love me
Blossomed bough I gave birth to a big family
Thorns and flowers were born out of me
Increased thorns put my head down shamefully
My friend, my beloved does not love me

I bore every pain and misery patiently
And rocked the beloved in my lone, barren lap
Like Mahjoor I am bewailing my fate so painfully
My friend, my beloved does not love me