Hamza Hakimzoda:

Tursunoy's Lamentation

My dress on hanger has not dried up yet,
My open slender forearm turned rosette,
My sweetheart was unfaithful, shod my blood,
Oh friends, was that my dream? I'm so upset.
With him I was too proud and conceited,
My freedom, letting not me sleep, retreated,
Not looking at my teary eyes and face
A rascal man, he tied my hands and cheated.
So I was abandoned, all alone,
Around me kind people seemed unknown,
I had in my heart an unfulfilled wish,
In my garden no path, no bud grown.
Turned back on you, I leaned on my foe heart,
I was ashamed to say I fall apart,
Good-by my precious homeland, all the best!
I couldn't serve you, all in blood depart.
Do not mourn for me and do not sigh,
Do not let my loving age-mates cry,
Love like me, like Tursunoy, my sisters,
For a good life, make sure to qualify.
If people miss and ask me, please becalm,
Rejoice the hearts and give them my salaam,
Whoever's evil like this Khojiqul,
Kick off the family life, be safe from harm!