
MUHAMMAD IQBAL*



**Muhammad Iqbal, born on November 9, 1877, in the city of Sialkot in the Punjab province of Pakistan, is a great Islamic scholar and poet. He is renowned for his philosophical and political contributions. His poems are among the most significant examples of modern Urdu and Persian literature. He was the poet who first brought up and fought for the independence struggle of India's Muslim population. After completing his Quranic education in a madrasa, he began to take an interest in Islamic literature. In 1905, he graduated from the philosophy and economics department of Cambridge University in London. He then went to Germany and obtained his doctorate in philosophy from the University of Munich. Upon returning to India in 1908, Iqbal was greatly influenced by Mevlana Jalal ad-Din Rumi. He played a significant role in mobilizing Muslims to resist British colonialism and in the establishment of Pakistan. He made the assessment that "One of the greatest Islamic scholars in history is Atatürk. The Republic revolution is a unique renewal movement of Islam led by him. Therefore, opposition to Atatürk is directly opposition to Islam," which drew parallels between him and Mehmet Akif Ersoy. After a prolonged illness, the great poet passed away in his hometown of Lahore, Pakistan, on April 21, 1938.*

The Mosque of Cordoba (Masjid-e-Qurtaba)**

Oh Qurtaba! Beneath the stars, your ground a celestial dome,
For centuries, awaiting the call to prayer, a sacred home.

Where is the love's army to bring Islam back, fierce and bold,
In which stations, in which inns, has its story been told?

Germany witnessed religious reform, a revolution's blaze,
Sweeping away old eras, as history found a new phase.

The innocence of the Christian pope, his claim refuted clear,
A delicate ship of ideas set sail, beyond doubt or fear.

France too beheld that monumental change, reshaping its view,
Turning the face of Europe, to a world anew.

Italy, evolving, casting off antiquated thought,
Revitalized by innovation's taste, from old ways they sought.

Today, waves of revolution ripple in the Muslim soul,
A secret of Allah, beyond language's control.

Let's see what emerges from the sea's depths, in stormy fray,
Will it change the sky's hue, in its turbulent display?

POEM

Clouds on mountain slopes, drowned by the group's cunning,
The sun lays down flames, red as Bedahşan rubies, stunning.

The peasant girl's song, simple yet profound,
Youth, like a flood, for the heart's ship, unbound.

Oh Kebir River, flowing by Qurtaba's side,
A man, Ikbal, dreams of another era, in your tranquil tide.

The future, shrouded in destiny's veil, yet to be seen,
Its dawn unveils before my eyes, in hopes serene.

If I lift the veil from my thoughts, what visions shall appear,
Europe could not bear my prophecies, indeed.

Life without revolution, mere existence, not true breath,
Nations thrive on struggle, in revolution's dance of death.

A nation mastering self-control, stands tall, survives the test,
For fate and destiny, like a sharp sword, in hand, they rest.

Every work incomplete, without the blood of heart's deep,
Poetry too, devoid of love's essence, in silence, it would sleep.

