

Pyaari Zainab,

Baba ki jaan, jab bhi aap ko apni kitabon mein mashghool dekhta hoon, toh dil masarrat se bhar jaata hai. Mehez 14 baras ki hain, lekin kis qadar ba-shaoor hain aap.

Aaj yunhi khelte dauraan jab aap ne humari daraaz se apni dadi, yaani humaari pyaari amma ka purana khat nikala, toh unki Urdu ki kitabat dekh kar dil bhar aya. Woh aksar raat ko sone se qabl apni kitabon se dhoond kar humein kahaaniyan sunatin.

Jis kisi roz sheher mein koi mushaira hota, toh amma ujlat se din tamaam ghar ke saare kaam kaaj samait letin aur phir humein aur aapki phuppo ko tayyaar kar ke fauran ghar se rawaana hojaatin.

Deewar paar ek chhota sa Madarsa bhi hua karta tha jo Taqi sahib, jinhein hum khuloos se phuppa kaha karte they, unki betiyaa baqaaidgi se Asr se maghrib tak chalaati thin. 100 rupay ke ivaz daulat-e-ilm se nawaaz jaatin.

Humaari Urdu se mohabbat ka aaghaaz bhi isi madrase mai dauraan-e-taleem hua. Ek woh Madarsa, aur dusra *farsh-e-aza*. Mir Anees ke marsiye muh zabani yaad kar liye, baik waqt Dabeer ke ashshar bhi.

Bachpan mein Abba ek martaba Hazrat Nizammuddin ki dargah mauqa-e-basant par le gaye. Hum jaakar ek qawwal ke paas baith gaye, jo apni dhun mein magan, Khusrau ki ek ghazal padh rahe they—

*ze-hāl-e-miskīñ makun taġhāful durā.e naināñ banā.e batiyāñ
ki tāb-e-hijrāñ nadāram ai jaañ na lehū kaahe lagā.e chhatiyāñ*

Kaanon mein azaan ki maanind goonjti rahi yeh ghazal humaari rooh mein utar gayi!

Iss ghazal ka aksar taaluq Amir Khusrou se diya jata hai, magar kuch muhaqiqeen ka kehna hai ki iski tasdeeq karna kaafi mushkil hai. Bahar haal, iss ghazal mai mukhtalif zubaanon, Hindavi aur Farsi, ko ek hi ghazal mein piro lene ka fann maujood hai.

Wahin Dakhan mai Muhammad Quli Qutub Shah ne isi zabaan ko apne diwan ke zariye ek naya maqaam ata kiya. Jaanti hain unhein Urdu ka pehla sahib-e-diwan shayar qarar diya jaata hai.

Aap ke dada huzoor, Khuda abba jaan ki maghfirat farmaye, ne humein is ta'aluq se Wali Dakhani ka naam bachpan mai hee zehen nasheen karwa diya tha. Urdu ghazlein toh Rekhta ki soorat mai in se pehle bhi likhi parhi jaati thin, lekin un par Farsi ka ghalba shadeed tha. Hindustan mai shayari ka rukh Farsi se Urdu ki jaanib ruju' Wali Dakhani ke hee zer-e-meherbani hua. Waise toh Wali sahab ki jaaye paidaish ke hawale se danishwaron main kaafi ikhtalafaat hain, lekin Wali Dakhani ne ba-zaat-e-khud is behes par waqf-e-laazim ek sher se laga diya—

*wali irān o turān mein hai mashhoor
agarche shā'ir-e mulk-e-dakan hai*

Zainab, meri khwahish hai ke aap kabhi Mirza Muhammad Rafi Sauda ke bhi Urdu qaseede parhein. Un ki pur josh zabaan aur shaan o shaukat mai aap ko Urdu ka ek naya lutf milega.

Meri beti, Urdu zubaan ne apni taweel zindagi kabhi shaahi aaghoshon mein guzari, toh kabhi jail ke andheron main. Bahadur Shah Zafar, jisne Mirza Zauq aur phir Ghalib ko panah di, aur aagey chal kar angrezi hukoomat se sheher badar kar diye gaye they, unka gham agar koi zaban khud mein samo saki, seh saki, toh woh Urdu hee thi—

*bulbul ko bāghbāñ se na sayyād se gila
qismat meñ qaid likkhī thī fasl-e-bahār meñ
kitnā hai bad-nasīb 'zafar' dafn ke liye
do gaz zamīn bhī na milī kū-e-yār meñ*

Isi Urdu ghazal mai, baad ki naslon mai, ishq ki nazakat aur zabaan ki shaguftagi ko apne khaas andaaz-e-bayaan se Daghlvi ne bhi amar kar diya. Yehi Urdu jo Zafar ke dard aur umeedon ka bojh uthaye aagey barhi, usay phir Allama Iqbal ne bhi apne zor-e-qalm se nayi zindagi ata kardi—

*ḵhudī ko kar buland itnā ki har taqdīr se pahle
ḵhudā bande se ḵhud pūchhe batā terī razā kyā hai*

Waise toh humne Iqbal ke kuch bol apne school mein gaye jaane waley ‘Saare Jahaan se Accha’ se seekhey, ya phir ‘Lab pe aati hai dua’ se. Jaanti hain, Azamgarh ke school mein yehi dua padhane par principal ko jail tak hogayi thi. Lekin duaeyein toh sab ki hoti hain aur sab ke liye hoti hai. Un par jail bhi ho toh kya muzaiqa, pohanch toh gayi Khuda talak.

Ek roz Amjad Sabri ke inteqal ki khabar suni. Us roz Youtube par dhoond kar, unki zubaani, ‘Jawab-e-Shikwa’ suna. Yaqeen maano Zainab, muattar hogaye hum toh!

Is baat se ek qissa yaad aaya. Iqbal sahab ke dost Maulana Hasrat Mohani sahab hamesha 3rd class ki boogie mein safar kiya karte they. Kisi ne ek din puch liya keh “Bhai Maulana, aap 3rd class mein kyun safar karte hain, parliament bhi tange se jatey hain, aur sarkari makaan mein rehne ke bajaye masjid mein raat guzartey hain.” Toh Maulana ne bade hi adab ke saath jawaab diya keh “Bhai main third class mein isliye safar karta hoon kyunki abhi tak fourth class bana nahin.” Kya hee shakhsiyat they!

Yaad hai hum aap ko Lucknow lekar gaye they? Bachpan humara Mashak-Ganj ki galiyon mein guzra, aatey jaatey Rifa-e-Aam club ko dekhtey. Kabhi wahaan mela lagta, kabhi numaish, toh kabhi valime ki daawat ka intizam. Ab toh toota pada hai, kude ghar ki tarah. Na jaane kis baat par, lekin us zamane ke sho’ra o novel nigaaron aur sahaafiyon ko laga ki sab ko ek saath ek chhat ke neeche aana chahiye. Bas phir kya tha, Rifa-e-Aam club ko muntakhab kiya gaya. Sab hee log jama huye aur lage haath All-India Progressive Writers' Association (AIPWA) ki sadaarat ho gayi. Rifa-e-Aam club me pehla jalsa hua jisme Munshi Premchand ne sadaarati khutba diya.

Zainab, kya aap ko yaad hai is hee Rifa-e-Aam club ke baghal mai city station hai jis ke aaghosh mai Khuda-e-Sukhan Mir Taqi Mir dafn hain. Baad az zawaal-e-Mughalia Sultanat aur Dilli ki tabahi, atthaarvi sadi mai, Mir Lucknow chale aaye they, jahan unhein Nawab ke darbaar mein sarparasti mousool hui. Magar Mir kabhi Lucknow ko bataur ghar apna hee na sakay—

*dillī ke na the kūche aurāq-e-musavvar the
jo shakl nazar aa.ī tasvīr nazar aa.ī*

Koi shakhs Dilli se toh nikal aaye, lekin dil se Dilli kaise nikaale bhala? Magar bahot hi afsos ki baat hai keh jab sheher ke city station ke aas-paas railway line bichai ja rahi thi, tab Mir ki qabr kho gayi. Is baat par jitna afsos kiya jaaye kum hai.

Jo Dilli Mir ke dil se na nikal saki thi, usi Dilli ki fiza mai Nazeer Akbarabadi ne bhi Urdu nazm ko ek nayi wusa'at bakhshi. Aur idhar Lucknow ki adabi mehfilon mai Imam Baksh Nasikh aur Khwaja Haider Ali Aatish ne Rekhta ki riwayat aur Urdu se apni mohabbat ko apni zabaan ki nafasat se nikhaara.

Baharhaal mohabbat aurat se ho, watan se, ya zubaan se, hamesha siyasat, iqtidar aur mafaad parasti ki bhent chad jaati hai. Aurat, chahe woh is haqeeqat ka aiteraaf kare na kare, ghar, daftar, aur muashre ki tamaam tar zimmedariyon ka bojh uthati hai. Aurat ki soch aur zaban par pabandiyan bhi har daur mai ra'ij rahi hain. Jab aksariyat mein hosla na tha, toh Kishwar Naheed ne un tamaam aurton ki zubaan mein likhna shuru kiya. Un aurton ki khamoshi ko sada bakhshi jo apne haqooq ka mutalba aur jazbaat ka izhar karne se khaaif thin. Nazm 'Hum Gunahgaar Aurtein' un ki maqbool tareen nazmon mai se hain jin mai unhon ne is amal ko anjaam diya.

Desh angrezon se azaad ho chuka tha, magar kya aurton ko yeh azaadi hasil thi? Jawaab musbat nahin. Phir bhi, yehi "gunahgaar" aurtein 'Quit India Movement' se lekar 'Abducted Person Recovery Act' tak qadam qadam par admiyon ke saath yakja chalin. Aap ki Dadi, Nani aur Ammi bhi in dilair aurton mai shaamil thin jo har jung ke muqabil mazboot, bay-baak o bay-khauf khadi rahin.

Hindu, Musalman, Sikh, Isaih aur har tabqay ke log shana-ba-shana, apne ikhtilafaat bhula kar Angrezi hukoomat ke khilaf khade huey they. Aap ke par dada bhi is tehreek ka hissa they. Apne dost ke ek Urdu akhbaar main Angrezon ke khilaf tehreer kiye huey ek mazmoon ke nateeja main Angrezi hukoomat ne unhe Mahatma Gandhi ke saath jail mein daal diya tha. Un ke bandh padhe muqaffal daftar ki almariyon mein aaj bhi woh tamaam khatoot aur tasaaveer moujood hain jo unki azaadi ki jung, aur Mahatma Gandhi ke saath guzre lamhon ka khazeena hai.

1947 mein bil-aakhir Hindustan ko azaadi mili. Angrezon se humein azaadi toh haasil ho gayi, lekin nateejan humaari muqaddas zameen do hisson mai taqseem ho kar reh gayi—Hindustan aur Pakistan. Unhon ne na sirf humari zameen ko do hisson mai baant diya, balkeh nafrat aur firqa parasti ke beej mulki bashindon ki sochon main is qadar bo diye keh aaj tak donon mumalik is nafrat se panpi dushmani ko bakhubi nibha rahe hain. Taqseem ke dardnaak haalaat ke darmiyan, aapki dadi Hindustan mein reh gayin aur unke bhai Pakistan hijrat kar gaye. Apne aakhri dum tak woh apne bhai ko yaad karke roya kartin.

Azaadi toh haasil hui, magar kya ye wahi azaadi thi jiska hum sab ko intezaar tha? Faiz Ahmed Faiz apne alfaaz mai, nazm Subh-e-Azadi mai farmaate hain—

*ye daaḡh daaḡh ujālā ye shab-gazīda sahar
vo intizār thā jis kā ye vo sahar to nahīñ*

Waqai ye woh sahar na thi. Mulk ke batware ke baad, Hindustan aur Pakistan mein tamaam siyasati diqqatein aur musibatain barh gayi. 1977 mein jahan Hindustan 'Emergency' ke gehre ghaav se ubhar raha tha, wahi Pakistan mein Zia-ul-Haq ki hukoomat ne apni qoumi taqat barhane ke liye fauj ka zor barhaaya aur martial law naafiz kar diya gaya. In mushkilaat ke darmiyaan, kuch afraad, maslan shayar Faiz Ahmed Faiz aur fankaara Iqbal Bano, Inquilab ki misaal ban kar ubhre. 13 Farvari 1986 ko Lahore ke Alhamra Arts Council me Iqbal Bano ne bhare majme main saari aur laal lipstick mai malboos, 'Hum Dekhenge' gaya. Saari bhi mana thi, is nazm par bhi pabandi thi. Bawajud is ke kehte hain rongtey khada kar dene wala manzar tha.

Gudiya, jab Muharram ke dauran saari khwateen Hussain sahab ke ghar mein jama hotin, toh aksar majlis khatm hone ke baad aapki dadi chhup kar mimber par chadh jaati aur Habib Jalib ki koi nazm parh deti. Woh kehti thin ke Jalib ke alfaaz main zulm aur taanashaahi ke khilaaf ek dewaar keh maanind khade hone ki taaqat hai. 'Shayar-e-Awaam' ke khitab se nawaaze gaye Jalib aapki dadi ke liye kisi 'hero' se kam nahi they.

1959 mein jab General Ayub Khan ne Pakistan mein martial law ka ailaan kiya toh taqreeban sab hi media houses aur zaraye iblaagh ko sakhti se hukoomat ke khilaaf likhne se mana kar diya gaya. Is mahaul ke beech Radio Pakistan ne ek sher-o-shairi ki nashist mun'aqid ki. Jahan sab hi shairon ne 'Mehboob Pakistan' aur Hukoomat ke liye ghazal aur sher pesh kiye, wahin Habib Jalib they jinhon ne radio par apni nazm padhte hue izhaar kiya—

kahin gas ka dhuwan hai, kahin golion ki baarish
shab-e-ahd-e-kamnighai tujhe kis tarah sunaye

Is nazm ke telecast hone ke fauran baad hi radio station par chhaapa maara gaya aur agle din Habib Jalib aur radio station ke director ko giraftaar karwa diya gaya. Gudiya, aaj jab waqiye ko yaad karta hoon, toh us waqt ke Pakistan aur aaj ke Hindustan ke beech koi khaas farq nazar nahi aata.

Ramzan ka mubarak mahina shuru hone wala hai meri bachi. Humare bachpan mai har saal hum sab ko Eid ka badi besabri se intizar rehta tha. Poore din Eidi ekhatta karte aur shaam ko seedha film cassette ki dukaan par pahoch jaate. Ek martaba, Ramzan shuru hone se ek hafta pehle aapke dada abbu ne aap ki dadijaan ko unki salgirah ke mauqe par ek VCR player dilaya tha. Ab Ramzan ke poore mahine toh woh chala nahi magar Eid ke din subah se le kar raat tak khub istemal hua.

Ab VCR player aapki Dadi ke liye laaya gaya tha, toh pehli film ke liye unhin se unki pasand poochi gayi. Hass kar bolin, “*Pyaasa* dekhenge.” Hamaara koi dishoom-dishoom wali film dekhne ka khwaab toh wahin reza-reza ho gaya. Munh bisoray *Pyaasa* ka cassette rent par le aaye aur ghar aate hi sab log drawing room mein aa jama huey. Film shuru hui, aur jaise-jaise kahani aage barhi, ek ajeeb si khamoshi chha gayi. Guru Dutt ka mazloom aur jazbaati shayar ka woh kirdaar.. uff. Uski kahani ne sabko bechain kar diya. Lekin ek baat sabse gehri chhap chhod gayi—Sahir Ludhianvi ka likha geet ‘Jinhe Naaz Hai Hind Par Woh Kahaan Hain’. Hum tab kaafi kum umr they Zainab, magar Sahir ki likhai ne humein us umr mai bhi gehri soch main muftala kar diya. Sahir ne Hindustan ke us tabqe par sawal uthaya jo apne aap ko watan ke iftikhari muhafiz toh samajhte hain, magar jab auraton ko majbooran tawaif bana diya jata hai, mazdoor ko gareebi ke daldal mein dhakel diya jata hai, aam insaan ko nizaami zulm talay kuchal diya jata hai, tab yehi muhaffiz apni aankhon par patti baandh khamosh tamashai ban jaate hain.

Bas phir kya tha, hum saari Eidi liye kutub khana pahoch gaye aur Sahir ki tamaam kitaabein khareed daali. Jab ghar aakar kitaabon ke safhaat palat rahe they, toh ek kitaab mein humein ‘Taj Mahal’ likha nazar aaya. Humein pehli baar Taj Mahal dekhne ka mauqa mila jab aapke dada ko Agra ek mushairay mai bulaya gaya tha. Magar us roz yeh khwaab bhi zarra-zarra ho gaya jab humne Sahir ki nazm Taj Mahal padhi. Apni nazm mein Sahir ne un tamaam mazdooron ki qurbaniyon ko bepardah kiya jinhone Taj Mahal toh banaya magar jin ki

pehchaan taareekh ke panno me gum ho gayi. Woh Taj Mahal jisay mohabbat ki misaal ke taur par becha jaata hai, usay Sahir ne samaaji o muashi na-insafi ki nishani zaahir kiya.

Us din ke baad se jab bhi Taj Mahal ka zikr hota toh hamare zehen mein Sahir ka likha woh misra ubhar aata hai—

*ik shahanshāh ne daulat kā sahārā le kar
ham gharībōñ kī mohabbat kā uḌāyā hai mazāq*

Pichle hafte jab hum aapke Dada ki almari saaf kar rahe the, yaad hai tab aapko un kapdon ke dhair mai kuch tasaaveer aur khatoot mile they.

Woh tasaaveer aur khatoot jaise hi hamare samne aaye, purani yaadon ka ek silsila chal pada. Lucknow mein, aapke Dada ke ek bade hi azeez dost they Dr. Afzal Ahmad. Aapke dada hamesha un hee ke ghar jaakar theherte they. Peshe se toh Afzal mian waqeel they, magar Urdu adab ke bade muhafiz aur shayar bhi they. Afzal mian aur unke walid dono hi mashoor shayar Arzoo Lakhnavi ke pasandeedah shagirdon me se they aur unke hi naam se ek ‘Anjuman-e-Arzoo’ naami tanzeem chalate they. Afzal mian isi tanzeem ke zariye mushairon, Urdu mehfilon, aur tehzeebi programon ka intezaam kiya karte, jin main sarhad paar ke mashhoor sho’ra bhi shirkat kiya karte. Faiz Ahmad Faiz, Ahmad Faraz, Iftikhar Arif, Bashir Badr, Siraj Lakhnavi jaise naamwar sho’ra aur khud Arzoo Lakhnavi in mushairon ki shaan barhaate. Sirf sho’ra hi nahin, balkeh kai mashhoor fankaar ne bhi ‘Anjuman-e-Arzoo’ ke mushairon mein hissa liya, jinmein Prithviraj Kapoor aur Begum Akhtar jaise numainde bhi shamil hain.

Jo khatoot aapke Dada ki almaari main mile, woh unhi mashhoor sho’ra aur adabi shakhsiyaat ke they jo taqseem ke baad bhi Afzal mian ko ghazalein aur shayari likh kar bheja karte. Afzal mian ne inme se kuch khaas khatoot aapke Dada ko bataur tohfa diye they.

Is main se jab hum Fahmida Riaz ka Afzal mian ko likha hua khat padh rahe they, toh us main unhone na sirf Afzal mian ke 100 saala qadeem ghar aur unki zaujah Seemi ke haath ke rasawal ka zikr kiya, balkeh kuch tasveeron ka bhi hawala diya jo Jamia University mai Fahmida ji ke kisi shagird ne kheechi thin, jab hum, Afzal mian, aur abba huzoor un se Delhi milne gaye they.

Un dinon Fahmida Riaz Jamia Millia Islamia mein ‘poet in residence’ thin. Pakistan me siyasi dabao aur tehqiqaat ke sabab Fahmida ji ne Hindustan mein 7 saal tak panah li. Humein aaj bhi woh manzar yaad hai jab Fahmida phupho ne humein apni godh me bitha kar apni nazm ‘Ek Ladki Si’ sunayi thi. Sunne ke baad humne badi masoomiyat se un se sawaal kiya, “Kya hamari Ammi bhi qaid hain?”, qahqaha laga kar bolin “Thi, ab azaad hain”.

Dekhte hi dekhte kuch aur log wahaan tashreef le aaye aur woh choti si mulaqaat ek mehfil mai tabdeel ho gayi. Log apni apni shayari, apni nazmein parhne lage. Jab abba huzoor ki baari aayi toh woh kuch ghabra gaye. Unhone apne diwan ka safha palta magar un ke muh se awaaz na nikli. Fahmida phupho unki ghabrahat samajh gayin aur muskura kar dheere se bolin "shayar ka dil dhadak raha ho, tabhi uske alfaaz asar karte hain".

Aapke dada ne unhein ek nazar dekha aur phir nazrein jhuka kar bole, "Humne Rekhti mai kuch asha’ar likhe hain jo hamari begum ke jazbaat aur unki masroof zindagi se mutasir hain. Socha tha yeh asha’ar khud tak mehfooz rakhunga, lekin aaj is mehfil mein pesh karne ki himmat kar raha hoon."

Aapke dada ka kalaam sunne ke baad Fahmida phupho halka sa muskurayin, phir Afzal mian ki taraf dekh kar bolin, “Aap ke dost ko Sajid Sajni Lakhnavi se milwana chahiye”. Sajid Sajni Lakhnavi they toh Lucknow ke magar rehaisht Bhopal ki thi. Woh Rekhti ke aakhri mashhoor shayar they. Unhone ek mard hokar aurton ke jinsi khwahishat aur jazbaat ko puri azaadi ke saath, unhin ki awaaz mai, apni shayari mein bayaan kiya. Magar aapke dada aur dadi ki hamesha is mouzu par behes ho jaati keh Rekhti hamesha mardon ne likhi aur mardon ke liye hi likhi gayi. Aapki dadi ka maanna tha ke ek aurat ke jazbaat ko sirf ek aurat hee sahi tarah samajh aur bayaan kar sakti hain. Unka kehna tha ke jab tak auratein khud apni kahaniyon ko shayari ke zariye pesh nahi karenge, tab tak woh apni haqeeqat ko samaaj ke samne nahi la paayengi. Aaj azaadi ke 79 saal baad bhi jab aurton ke haalaat dekhta hoon, toh sochta hoon kahin na kahin un ki baat durust thi.

Ek roz jab aapke dada aur dadi aangan mai charpai par nasheen Rekhti ke mudde par hee behes kar rahe they, tabhi unhe Afzal mian ka fax aaya jisme unhon ne Sahiba Parveen Shakir ke sadak ke haadse aur nateerjan inteqal ki ittela di. Dada fauran hee uthe aur apni charhi ka sahara lete hue kamre ki taraf chal pade. Kamre mein dekha toh woh apni purani kitaabon ke sandooq ko khol kar ek purani diary nikaal bethe they. Us diary mein Parveen Shakir ke apne haath se likhe kuch asha’ar aur unki ek tasveer thi. Dada ne tasveer ko dheere se chooma aur

diary ko apne seene se laga kar ek kone mein baith gaye. Dadi unke paas aayin, magar dono ne ek doosre se kuch na kaha. Parveen Shakir abba ke liye behen samaan thin. Parveen phupho ki hee wajah se hi un ke zauq aur tehreer mai lau-baali ladkiyon ki awaaz aur un ke masa'il ko jagah mili. Sirf 42 saal ki kum umr mein Parveen Shakir ne Urdu shayari ko jo andaz faraham kiya, woh be-misaal tha.

Beti, Pakistan me ek aisa bhi waqt tha jab Ibn-e-Safi ki 'Imran series' ladkon ke takiyo ke neeche mila karti thin toh Parveen Shakir ki 'Khushboo' ladkiyon ke takiye talay.

Us roz qareeb ek ghante tak aapke dada rote rahe. Shayad main khud bhi un ki takleef ka andaza na laga paun. Phir ladkhadate huey kamre se bahar aaye aur baramday mai Parveen Shakir ki kitaab 'Khushboo' lekar baith gaye. Unhon ne kuch safhaat palte hee they keh achanak se bahot tez aandhi aayi aur us kitaab ka ek panna ud kar aangan me gir gaya. Hum uthane ke liye aagey barhe hee they keh baarish tez ho gayi. Peeche se abba ki awaaz aayi, Parveen phuppo ka maqbool tareen sher parhte huey—

*kuchh to havā bhī sard thī kuchh thā tirā khayāl bhī
dil ko khushī ke saath saath hotā rahā malāl bhī*

Kehte hain keh Parveen Shakir ko baarish bahot pasand thi aur yeh bhi ek ajeeb ittefaq hai keh un ki paidaish par aur is duniya se kooch kar jaane par, doonon hee waqt tez barsaat ne unka istiqbal bhi kiya aur unhein alvida bhi. Is waqiye ke kuch hee mahinon baad abba huzoor ka bhi inteqal ho gaya.

Aapke dada ke chaliswe par jab aapki phuphi aangan mai rakhe gaddo par bichane ke liye chaadar talaash kar rahi thin, tab unhe Bashir Badr ki kitaab 'Ikai' mili. Woh usay lekar hamare paas aayin. Kitaab ki gard alood jild ko saaf kiya toh uske pehle panne par ek puraana, zard parcha chipka hua mila. Yeh khat tha jo Bashir Badr ne aapke dada ko kitaab ke saath bheja tha. Siyaahi kuch halki parh chuki thi, sirf aakhri ke chand jumle padhe jaa sake. Woh unhin ka ek sher tha—

*log tuut jaate haiñ ek ghar banāne meñ
tum taras nahīñ khāte bastiyāñ jalāne meñ*

Aapki dadi ne hamein aur aapki phuphi ko bataya ki aapke dada is se pehle bas ek baar aise toot kar roye the jab unhein 1987 ke Meerut dangon ke dauraan Bashir ke ghar ke jalne ki

khabar mili thi. Un dinon Muneer Niazi ki shayari mai jo tanhai aur bay-qarari ki kefiyat bayan hua karti thi, us mai aap ke dada ko kuch sukoon mila karta.

Dekhte hi dekhte ekeesvi sadi aa gayi aur us guzre daur ke tamaam azeem sho'ra Allah ko pyaare ho gaye. Is daur me Urdu ko na sirf qaumiyat se jod diya gaya balkeh musulmaniyat ka libaas bhi pehna diya gaya. Yeh tafreeq tab bhi nahin ki gayi thi jab unnesvi sadi mai Calcutta ke Fort William Collage mai Lallu Lal Ji ne 'Prem Sagar' devanagari rasm-ul-khat mai, Sanskrit alfaaz ki kasrat se tasneef ki. Is waqt tak Hindustani Hindi aur Urdu mai taqseem nahin hui thi, aur Hindustani nastaliq mai likhi jaati thi. Us waqt is aag ne hawa nahin pakdi thi. Lekin phir taqseem-e-Hind aur firqawarana fasadaat ke chalte Urdu aur Hindustani ke raaste alag kar diye gaye. Bil-aakhir Urdu shayari bhi, khusoosan nastaliq mai, tanha ho gayi.

Magar musbat soorat yeh hai keh guzarte waqt ke saath naye daur ki nasl ne Urdu ko phir se apnaya. Ekkeesvi sadi mai jadeediyat aur maa-baad jadeediyat ke rijhaanaat ke baad ab is naye daur ke shayaron mai kuch aise shayar hain jinhon ne riwayati taur tareeqe—maslan behr aur qafiya—ki pabandiyon ko tod kar apni shayari mai ek nayi zabaan ka istemal kiya jisay angrezi me 'slang poetry' ke naam se mousoom kiya jaata hai. Zainab, un mai se ek aapki sabse pasandeeda phuphi aur shayar Sabika Abbas bhi hain. Hum is baat se waaqif hain keh aap din raat un ki shayari sunti hain, aur unhin ki tarah likhne ki koshish bhi karti hain.

Albatta, ghaur karne ki baat yeh hai keh Urdu adab aur shayari mein mohabbat aur Inquilab hamesha dosh-ba-dosh baaham chalte rahe hain.

Aapko yaad hai Zainab jab hum aapko Shaheen Bagh lekar gaye thay? Hazaron ke us majme me ek naya Hindustan banta dikhai diya tha, ek aisa Hindustan jo siyasatdanon ki taaqat ka mohtaaj nahi tha.

Aapki phuphi Sabika aapko stage par le gayi thin, jahan aapne unki ek nazm unhi ke saath padhi. Aur phir Sabika ne Amir Aziz ka istiqbal kuch yun kiya: "Doston, ab ek aise shayar aa rahe hain jin ki nazm hamare ehtijaaj ki awaaz ban chuki hai. Aam aadmi ki awaaz. Mushtamil Hindustan ki awaaz. Main Amir Aziz ko dawat deti hoon".

Aur phir jab Amir Aziz ne 'Sab Yaad Rakha Jayega' padhna shuru kiya toh poora Shaheen Bagh ek mushtarka awaaz ban kar goonja. Aakhir kaar thak-haar kar raat ke anqareeb 3 baje aap camp ki dadiyon ke darmiyan hee so gayi thin.

Dil me tees si uththi hai jab dekhta hoon Urdu zubaan ko aaj Hindustan mai kis qadar kuchla ja raha hai. Magar umeed par hee toh duniya qayam hai, hai na Zainab?

Abhi kuch roz pehle jab aap tution gayi thin, toh Raghu chacha ka ladka Babu mithai le kar aaya tha. Bata raha tha Delhi ke Jamia College mai kaise first year mai awwal number par aaya hai. Urdu zubaan ka mouzu nikla to batane laga Jamia mai pehle do saal Urdu laazim hai aur woh aaj kal Urdu padhna aur likhna seekh raha hai. Humne jab poocha keh Urdu ki taleem kis se haasil kar rahe ho toh badmaash has kar kehta hai Talha Anjum aur Faris Shafi ke Urdu rap se.

Ab toh Urdu sirf kitaabon tak mehsoor nahi rahi. Ab woh galiyon me gunjti hai, beats par chalti hai, aur julooson ka hissa banti hai. Talha Anjum, Faris Shafi, Young Stunners aur bohot se naye ‘Urdu rap’ artists hip-hop aur shayari ka aisa milaap qayam kar rahe hain jis mai inquilab ki cheekh bhi hai aur mohabbat ki sargoshiyan bhi. Aur sabse khoobsurat baat yeh hai ke nayi nasal, jo shaayad Urdu ke kitaabi haroof o tehreer se door thi, aaj is rap ke waseele se hee sahi, dobara is zabaan se aashna ho rahi hai.

Zainab, baba ke aankhon ka taara, aaj is khat ke zariye hum aapko batana chahte hain keh hum apne aap ko kitna khushnaseeb baap samajhte hai. Wajuhaat la-mehdood hain, lekin un main ek yeh bhi keh hum aapko Urdu mai kaafi dilchaspi lete huey dekhte hain. Humaari tamanna hai keh aap aage jaa kar Urdu ko apne tareeqe se samjhein, usay apni zabaan banaayein aur apne khaandaan ki adabi shanaakht ko parwaaz dein.

Aap humare liye umeed hain, Zainab. Hamari dua hai keh is adab ki duniya mai aapki bhi ek pehchaan bane taakeh is khoobsurat zubaan ka dil hamesha dhadakta rahe—kahin na kahin, kisi mehfil main, kisi kitaab ke panne par, kisi mushaire mai ya kisi ma’shooq ke liye likhi gayi ghazal mai. Bas taa qayamat dhadakta rahe. Aur yaad rakhein meri jaan, Urdu kabhi khatam nahin ho sakti, aur is zubaan ka safar rukega nahin jab tak is duniya mai isay chahne waala ek bhi shakhs moujud hai. Jigar Moradabadi ne khoob likha hai—

ham ko mitā sake ye zamāne meñ dam nahīñ
ham se zamāna khud hai zamāne se ham nahīñ

Beshumaar pyaar aur duayein.

Aapke Abba, Taha