



## DRAMATIC MONOLOGUE AND MODERN URDU POETRY

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### Abstract

*This research aims to explore the intersection of dramatic monologue and modern Urdu poetry, investigating how this unique form of expression has evolved and been employed by poets in the contemporary Urdu literary landscape. Through a comparative analysis of selected works, the study will delve into the thematic, structural, and stylistic elements that characterize the fusion of dramatic monologue and Urdu poetic traditions. The goal is to unravel the nuanced ways in which poets utilize this form to engage with socio-cultural realities, individual experiences, and introspective narratives, shedding light on the dynamic relationship between dramatic monologue and the evolution of Urdu poetry. It employ a qualitative approach, utilizing close textual analysis of selected works of modern Urdu poets known for their adept use of dramatic monologue among them most prominent poets are N.M.Rashid, Mira Ji.*

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### Dramatic monologue and Modern Urdu Poetry

Soliloquy in the realm of solitude, articulating one's thoughts, aspirations, projects, and emotions in a loud voice, is known as self-expression. In various literary genres such as novels, short stories, drama, or poetry, self-expression is employed as a form of artistic struggle. This artistic endeavor contributes to the enhancement of dramatic elements. The technique of self-expression is generally utilized in the mentioned literary genres for two main purposes:

1. Explanation of practical projects for the character.
2. Expression of the character's heartfelt inputs and internal emotions.

A poetic form that incorporates the struggle of self-expression is called Dramatic Monologue. In Dramatic Monologue, a perspective regarding the life of an individual or character is presented. Many poets articulate their personal viewpoints in the form of dramatic monologues. The dictionary "Literary Terms and Criticism" mentions this aspect of Dramatic Monologue in these terms:

"All Dramatic Monologues present one person's response to life. Many poets offer us their personal view..." (1)

However, it is not necessary that the ideas and theories expressed in the monologue belong solely to the poet, and the character performing the monologue is the poet. Sometimes, the poet engages in monologue by identifying with a specific character, thereby adding depth to the impact of the poem. This technique of presenting oneself as a character in monologue enhances the effectiveness and profundity of the verse.



Because of this, readers sometimes have to confront confusion. Readers fail to understand the intricacies of the technique and begin to perceive the character's theories and thoughts as the poet's. The reader's perplexity and misinterpretation are also the result of our classical tradition of poetry, where in the tradition of Urdu ghazal, the sole speaker is always the poet. The terms First person, 'Second person', and Third person' are used exclusively for other characters. N.M. Rashid mentions it in these words:

"Urdu ghazal has a silent understanding with its reader that its sole speaker will present different aspects and these aspects will depend on the changing qualities of that individual."(2)

One reason for this misunderstanding is that modern Urdu criticism is influenced by Western criticism, and Western critics, such as Eliot, define self-expression in poetry as the poet's self-expression and assert that no other character can be created in self-expression. Eliot writes in his critical essay "Three Voices of Poetry":

"A poet who speaks in his own voice (as Browning does when speaking audibly) cannot impart life to another character. He can only reproduce that character with which we are already familiar."(3)

In the same essay, Eliot further states:

"No character can be created in a monologue, because characters become apparent and can be created only in action, and when they are in conversation with each other."(4)

It seems like Eliot explicitly denies that there is any role for self-expression in monologue. According to him, there is no room for personal expression in monologue. However, in monologue, the creation of characters is indeed possible. Psychologists argue that humans possess a unique ability to step outside themselves and integrate into the personalities of others. This phenomenon is described as a nervous condition or what Plato termed "inspired madness," while Aristotle referred to it as empathy. The term "empathy" is introduced in Princeton's *Encyclopedia of Poetry and Poetics* in these words:

"Empathy is the projection of ourselves into, or the identification of ourselves with objects either animate or inanimate... Empathy has been boldly conceived as the agent of our knowledge of nature, and is regard to poetics as the source of personification, or as the basis of all metaphor that endows the natural world with human life, thought and feeling... Empathetic identification depends upon motor-imagery, allied with tactile and muscular impressions, with sensation of tension and release. Empathy is then relatively physical and instinctive." (5)

The aforementioned definition of empathy implies merging one's own personality into another or identifying one's own personality with another. According to Shamsur Rahman Faruqi, Aristotle's poetry describes this embodiment as a form of empathy, a powerful ability to go beyond oneself and immerse into another's personality. This power, driven by inspirational empathy, was also acknowledged by Keats, who stated that a poet cannot have a more non-poetic personality than anyone else. Aristotle asserts that if the characters presented possess a natural empathetic connection, and if the poet, through spontaneous empathy, generates emotions similar to theirs, the creation becomes more convincing.

Aristotle presents the theory of empathy, attributing it to psychological foundations and accepting this power as a nervous condition. It seems that if a poem uses a singular speaker, it does not necessarily mean that the poet is recounting personal experiences. Instead, it becomes a technical device enhancing the impact of creation, making it more convincing. This artistic struggle has been widely employed by Western romantic poets to augment the influence of their artistic endeavors, with Robert Browning being particularly prominent. In the *Princeton's Encyclopedia of Poetry and Poetics*, there is a reference to Robert Browning's *Dramatic Monologues*, emphasizing the trend of presenting characters through self-identification in romantic dramatic monologues:

"Not only in its theatrical form but in nondramatic poetry it becomes as favorite device of the romantic poets... In instances where the speaker is strictly identified with the poet,

as in much romantic verse, the absence of impersonation vitiates the achievement of monologue in the more usual sense of the word. The highest form of monologues is dramatic and is best illustrated by the dramatic monologues of Robert Browning." (6)

In the above-mentioned Encyclopedia, the term "self-expression" refers to a debate in the context of Romantic poetry where the poet often identifies themselves as the speaker in many examples. Due to the absence of embodiment, the term "self-expression" loses its precise understanding. It seems that self-expression is not merely the poet's self-expression but rather the self-expression of another character. In other words, in such cases, the poet is not expressing their own thoughts and ideas but is, in fact, assuming the role of a character.

Generally, in dramatic monologues, the presentation of the story through the character's self-expression doesn't delve into the details of physical actions. In Western Literature, Robert Browning's dramatic monologues hold significance, and in this light, Western critic Philip Drew discusses various artistic dimensions born out of the technique of self-expression in dramatic monologue:

"...The typical form of one of Browning's Dramatic Monologues is a narrative spoken by one person. From narrative we can infer one or more of the following:

- (i) The circumstances in which narrative is spoken,
- (ii) The proceeding history of the speaker, especially the past that explain the occasion of narrative and.
- (iii) The character and motives of speaker. But these inferences are of the two kinds:
  - Those which the speaker realizes are apparent and which he has presumably designed, and
  - Those which the speaker has not designed and which he presumably does not realize are apparent." (7)

It seems that in dramatic monologues, the central character who narrates the story reveals not only their own thoughts and emotions but also provides information about the circumstances around them, their past, the role they play, and the motivations of that role.

In the realm of dramatic monologue, the technique of self-narration is not exclusive to Western poetic forms but is also prevalent among contemporary Eastern poets who show a strong inclination towards creating various characters through the technique of self-expression. Flip Drew's insightful perspective on dramatic monologues in Urdu poetry, particularly in the context of modern poets like N.M. Rashid and MiraJi, can be explored to avoid a narrow focus on Western influences.

In line with Philip Drew's perspective in the aforementioned Encyclopedia, in the poetry of Noon Meem Rashid's "Hasan Kuzagar" serves as an example of dramatic self-expression.

In this dramatic monologue, the central character "Hasan" engages in self-expression. Physical actions can be inferred from his body language, and through his narration of the story, information about the circumstances around him, his past, the role he plays, and the motivations of that role becomes apparent. Particularly, the following excerpt from the mentioned self-expression is notable:

جہاں زاد نیچے گلی میں ترے در کے آگے  
 یہ میں سوختہ سر حسن کوزہ گر ہوں  
 تجھے صبح بازار میں بوڑھے عطار یوسف  
 کی دکان پر میں نے دیکھا  
 تو تیری نگاہوں میں وہ تابناکی  
 (9) تھی میں جس کی حسرت میں نو سال دیوانہ پھرتا رہا ہوں

Jahan zād neeche gallī mein tere dar ke āge  
 Yeh main sukhta sar hassan kozahgar hoon

Tujhe subah bazaar mein boorhe attar Yusuf  
Ki dukaan par maine dekha  
To teri nigaahon mein woh tabānakī

Thi main jis ki hasrat mein nau saal deewāna phirta raha hoon

(In the alley beneath your doorstep,  
I am the unfortunate lover, Hassan potter,  
I saw you in the morning at the old perfumer Yusuf's shop,  
And in your eyes, there was that dazzling brilliance  
For which, in longing, I have wandered madly for nine years.)

In his first book of poetry *Maavara*, Noon Meem Rashid has also presented himself in various roles through several poems, such as "Sharabi," "Raqs," "Intiqam," "Khudkushi," and "Sipahi."

In the poem "Sharabi," the monologue articulates the character of a person who seeks escape from the harsh realities of life and, therefore, finds refuge in the intoxication of alcohol. However, even alcohol cannot heal his sorrows. Confronted with the bitter truths of life in front of his beloved, he expresses interpretation of his drinking through this monologue. It seems like he is also performing his own catharsis through this self-dialogue:

آج پھر جی بھر کے پی آیا ہوں میں  
دیکھتے ہی تیری آنکھیں شعلہ سامان ہو گئیں  
شکر کر اے جاں کہ میں  
ہوں در افرنگ کا ادنیٰ غلام  
صدر اعظم یعنی دریوزہ گر اعظم نہیں  
ورنہ اک جام شراب ارغوان  
کیا بچھا سکتا تھا میرے سینہ سوزاں کی آگ  
غم سے مرجاتی نہ تو  
آج پی آتا جو میں  
جام رنگیں کی بجائے  
بے کسوں اور ناتوانوں کا لہو  
شکر کر اے جاں کہ میں  
ہوں در افرنگ کا ادنیٰ غلام  
اور بہتر عیش کے قابل نہیں؟ (10)

Aaj phir jee bhar ke pi aaya hoon main  
Dekhte hi teri aankhein shola samaan ho gayi  
Shukr kar ae jaan, ke main  
Hoon dar-i-Afraang ka adna ghulaam  
Sadar-e-Azam, yaani Daryoza gar Azam nahi  
Warna ek jaam sharaab Arghwan  
Kya bujha sakta tha mere seena sozaan ki aag  
Gham se marjaati na tu  
Aaj pe aata jo main  
Jaam-e-rangin ki bajaye  
Bekason aur natawanon ka lahoo  
Shukr kar ae jaan, ke main  
Hoon dar-i-Afraang ka adna ghulaam  
Aur behtar aish ke qaabil nahi  
(Today, once again, I have quenched my thirst to the fullest,  
You looked me and your eyes became like blazing flames.  
Express gratitude, O beloved, that I am  
A servant at the threshold of the West,  
Not a Ruler, Having Power and authority,

Otherwise, a cup of Red Wine  
 Could not have extinguished the fire in my chest.  
 You would have died of sorrow  
 Had you known that today, instead of red wine, I have come after drinking the blood of the helpless  
 and the weak.  
 Be Grateful, O beloved, that I am  
 A servant at the threshold of the West,  
 Unworthy of a life any better than this lavish existence, obviously!)

The poem "Raqs" portrays a character whose persona has been so diminished that, in an attempt to sustain his existence, he seeks refuge in the embrace of his own dance:

اے مری ہم رقص مجھ کو تھام لے  
 زندگی سے بھاگ کر آیا ہوں میں  
 ڈر سے لرزاں ہوں کہیں ایسا نہ ہو  
 رقص گہ کے چور دروازے سے آکر زندگی  
 ڈھونڈ کے مجھ کو، نشان پالے میرا  
 اور جرم عیش کرتے دیکھ لے (11)

Ae meri hamraqs mujh ko thaam le  
 Zindagi se bhag kar aaya hoon main  
 Darr se larzaan hoon kahin aisa na ho  
 Raqs-gah ke chor darwaze se aakar zindagi  
 Dhoond ke mujh ko, nishaan paale mera  
 Aur jurm aish karte dekh le

Oh, my dance partner, hold me tight  
 I've escaped from life, fleeing in haste  
 I tremble with fear, hoping it's not true  
 Life, like a thief, entered through the dance hall door  
 Search for me, establish my mark  
 And witness the crime of indulgence in enjoyment!)

Rashid's poem 'Intiqam' has always been discussed by critics. Many critics agree that in this poem, Rashid attempts unsuccessfully to cloak his hedonistic lifestyle in the garb of revenge, especially against Foreign Rulers. However, when examining this poem from a specific perspective, particularly in the context of neo-colonialism, it becomes clear that Rashid is not the sole narrator. Rashid has defined himself through the technique of soliloquies, embodying a character not driven by the physical allure of foreign beauties but rather as a manifestation of revenge stemming from the captivity's yearning. This psychological aspect reflects the mental turmoil of the character:

اس کا چہرہ اس کے خدو خال یاد آتے نہیں"  
 اک شبستاں یاد ہے  
 اک برہنہ جسم آتشداں کے پاس  
 فرش پر قالین، قالینوں پہ سیج  
 دھات اور پتھر کے بت  
 گوشہ دیوار میں ہنستے ہوئے  
 اور آتشداں میں انگاروں کا شور  
 ان بتوں کی بے حسی پر خشمگیں  
 اجلی اجلی اونچی دیواروں پہ عکس  
 ان فرنگی حاکموں کی یاد گار  
 جن کی تلواروں نے رکھا تھا یہاں  
 سنگ بنیاد فرنگ  
 اس کا چہرہ اس کے خدو خال یاد آتے نہیں



اک برہنہ جسم اب تک یاد ہے  
 اجنبی عورت کا جسم  
 میرے ہونٹوں نے لیا تھا رات بھر  
 جس سے ارباب وطن کی بے بسی کا انتقام  
 وہ برہنہ جسم اب تک یاد ہے" (12)

Us ka chehra us ke khudo khaal yaad aate nahi  
 Ek shabistaan yaad hai  
 Ek barhana jism aatishdaan ke paas  
 Farsh par qaleen, qaleenon par saij  
 Dhaat aur patthar ke but  
 Goosha deewar mein hans te hue  
 Aur aatishdaan mein angaron ka shor  
 In botoon ki behissi par khushmageen  
 Ujli ujli oonchi deewaron par aks  
 In farangi hakimon ki yaadgaar  
 Jin ki talwaaron ne rakha tha yahan  
 Sang-e-bunyad farang

Us ka chehra us ke khud-o-khaal yaad aate nahi  
 Ek barhana jism ab tak yaad hai  
 Ajnabi aurat ka jism  
 Mere honton ne liya tha raat bhar  
 Jis se arbab-e-watan ki baybassi ka intiqam  
 Woh barhana jism ab tak yaad hai

(His face, his features, don't come to mind  
 A memory of a night  
 A naked body nears the fiery hearth  
 On the carpet, on cushions  
 Figures of metal and stone  
 In a corner, laughter echoing off the walls  
 And the crackling of embers in the fireplace  
 Fury at the numbness of these statues  
 Images high on towering walls  
 Memorials to foreign rulers  
 Whose swords had laid the foundation here  
 Stones built by the West

His face, his features, don't come to mind  
 A naked body is still remembered  
 The body of a foreign woman  
 That my lips embraced all night  
 Extracting revenge for the helplessness of the homeland  
 That naked body i still remember)

Rashid's poem "Khudkushi" is a self-reflective portrayal of a character overwhelmed by the hopelessness of life. This character is entangled in the unattainable pursuit of meaning in life. He has isolated himself from people, and life feels so meaningless to him that every moment seems to be dominated by darkness. To the extent that even the postures of darkness depict qualities of agony and helplessness. This isolation and the sense of life's absurdity lead him towards

contemplating the end of his own life. Thus, in the final lines of the poem, he unequivocally expresses his resolution for imminent suicide:

میرا عزم آخری یہ ہے کہ میں  
کود جاوں ساتویں منزل سے آج"13)

Mera azm akhri yeh hai ke main  
Kood jaon saatvain manzil se aaj

(My final resolve is that today  
I leap from the 7th floor of this building)

The poem captures the deep despair and the struggle of the character with the futility of existence, ultimately culminating in a stark declaration of his intention to end his life.

These lines also lightly hint towards the fact that this person has been inclined towards contemplating the end of life multiple times before. However, some hope, desire, or perhaps cowardice prevented him from translating his intentions into practical actions. But now, his despair is reaching such extremes that the surroundings seem to be closing in on him with darkness. To the point where darkness itself sits in despair, engulfing him in its melancholy. The people around him do not hold more significance than a meaningless crowd. Disgusted by the connections and relationships between humans, he turns his face towards home not for peace but with the intention of ending his own life:

شام سے پہلے ہی کر دیتا تھا میں"  
چاٹ کر دیوار کو نوک زباں سے ناتواں  
صبح ہونے تک وہ ہو جاتی تھی دوبارہ بلند  
رات کو جب گھر کا رخ کرتا تھا میں  
تیرگی کو دیکھتا تھا سرنگوں  
منہ بسورے، راہگزاروں سے لپٹتے سوگوار  
گھر پہنچتا تھا میں انسانوں سے اکتایا ہوا  
میرا عزم آخری یہ ہے کہ میں  
کود جاوں ساتویں منزل سے آج"14)

"Shaam se pehle hi kar deta tha main  
Chat kar deewar ko nok zabaan se natawaan  
Subah hone tak woh ho jaati thi dobara buland  
Raat ko jab ghar ka rukh karta tha main  
Taaregi ko dekhta tha sarngon  
Munh basore, raahguzaron se liphte sogwaar  
Ghar pohanchta tha main insano se uktaaya hua  
Mera azm-e-akhri yeh hai ke main  
Kood jaon saatvain manzil se aaj"

("Even before the evening,  
I used to weaken and bring the wall close to collapsing.  
By morning, it would rise again  
When I turned towards home at night,  
I would see the darkness adorned with stars  
Silent, entwined with deserted paths  
I would reach home, isolated from humanity  
My final resolution is that today  
I leap from the 7th floor of the building

At the end of this poem, it also feels as if this individual wants to maintain the maturity of his suicidal intention with some interpretation or justification. The dialogue of this character is nothing

more than the depth within. But it is precisely this depth portrayed through the style of soliloquy that makes the characterization, especially the psychological quality, successful. We can recognize this character separate from the poet's personality. It is through the battles of soliloquy that the successful characterization is the reason readers often misconstrue Rashid's poems as reflections on personal experiences.

Meeraji's poems 'Ras ki Anokhi Lehrain' and 'Khudkushi' also reflect this inclination to employing technique of dramatic monologue for characterization in poems.

The person who cannot achieve things in life solidifies their thoughts. Meeraji's poetry embodies dreams, the expanse of imagination, and a world of perceptions. Nowhere in Meeraji's poetry is the expression of reality presented in a way that we can witness an event of their commitment. The intensity of the feeling of loneliness is also a result of this process. On the level of imagination, Meeraji is entirely alone. He is the weaver of dreams, the sage of fantasies, and the essence of his poetry is woven from dreams to the point that, when employing the technique of soliloquy, he reflects the aspiration of sensual dreams when transitioning into the realm of femininity.

Meeraji is captivated by the unique waves of passion in "Rus Ki Anokhi Lehren," absorbing the distinctive surges of passion into his being. In his poem "Rus Ki Anokhi Lehren," the soliloquy mirrors the unspoken desires of the body, a reflection of the hidden desires within:

میں یہ چاہتی ہوں کہ دنیا کی آنکھیں مجھے دیکھتی جائیں جیسے"  
 کوئی پیڑ کی نرم ٹہنی کو دیکھے  
 (لچکتی ہوئی نرم ٹہنی کو دیکھے)  
 مگر بوجھ پتوں کا اترے ہوئے پیراہن کی طرح سیج کے ساتھ ہی فرش پر ایک مسلا ہوا  
 ڈھیر بن کر پڑا ہوا  
 میں یہ چاہتی ہوں کہ جھونکے ہوا کے لپٹتے چلے جائیں مجھ سے  
 مچلتے ہوئے، چھیڑ کرتے ہوئے، ہنستے ہنستے کوئی بات کہتے ہوئے لاج سے رکتے رکتے، سنبھالتے ہوئے، رس کی رنگین سرگوشیوں  
 میں!  
 میں یہ چاہتی ہوں کبھی چلتے چلتے کبھی دوڑتے دوڑتے بڑھتی جاؤں  
 ہوا جیسے ندی کی لہروں سے چھوتے ہوئے، سرسراتے ہوئے بہتی جاتی ہے، رکتی نہیں ہے  
 اگر کوئی پنچھی سہانی صدا میں کہیں گیت گائے  
 تو آواز کی گرم لہریں مرے جسم سے آگے ٹکرائیں اور لوٹ جائیں، ٹھہرنے نہ پائیں  
 کبھی گرم کرنیں، کبھی نرم جھونکے  
 کبھی میٹھی میٹھی فسوں ساز باتیں  
 کبھی کچھ کبھی کچھ نئے سے نیا رنگ ابھرے  
 ابھرتے ہی تحلیل ہو جائے پھیلی فضا میں  
 کوئی چیز میری مسرت کے  
 گھیرے میں رکنے نہ پائے"15)

Main yeh chahti hoon ke duniya ki aankhein mujhe dekhti jaayein jaise  
 Koi per ki narm thani ko dekhe

(Lachakhti hui narm thani ko dekhe)

Magar bojh patton ka utre hue pairahan ki tarah saij ke saath hi farsh par ek masla hua  
 Dher bun kar pada ho

Main yeh chahti hoon ke jhonkay hawa ke lapṭate chale jaayein mujh se

Machalte hue, chertē hue, hanste hanste koi baat kehte hue laaj se rukte rukte, sanbhalte hue,  
 rangin sargoshiyon mein!

Main yeh chahti hoon kabhi chalte chalte kabhi daurte daurte barhti jaaon

Hawa jaise nadi ki lehren se chhote hue, sarsaraate hue behti jaati hai, rukti nahi hai

Agar koi panchhi suhani sada mein kahein geet gaaye

To aawaz ki garam lehrein mere jism se aake ṭakrayein aur loot jaayein, thaharne na paayein

Kabhi garam kirnain, kabhi naram jhonkay

Kabhi meethi meethi fusaansaa baatein





Kabhi kuch kabhi kuch naye se naya rang ubhre  
 Ubharte hi tahlil hojaaye pheli fazaa mein  
 Koi cheez meri musarrat ke gheire mein rukne na paaye

(I want the world to see me as if  
 Observing a gentle bough of a tree  
 (Trembling soft bough)  
 But like a burdened robe lying with a carpet  
 Piled up in heaps  
 I want the breezes to carry away from me  
 Whispering, teasing, laughing, saying something while blushing,  
 Stopping out of embarrassment, settling down, in colorful confessions!  
 I want to keep growing sometimes walking, sometimes running  
 Flowing like a river's waves, flowing, unstoppable  
 If a compassionate bird sings in the sound  
 Then the warm waves of the voice collide with my body and loiter, unable to stop  
 Sometimes warming, sometimes gentle breezes  
 Sometimes sweet confessions  
 Sometimes something new blossoms in new colors  
 As soon as it blooms, let analysis happen in the spread air  
 So that something cannot be contained within the confines of my joy.)

The poem "Khudkushi" also features a solitary speaker, a woman entangled in the self-deception of love. When she realizes the truth upon breaking free from this self-deception, she expresses her inner thoughts through soliloquy:

پہلے میں سمجھتی تھی کہ یہ ہے دعوت کے ہنگامے کا اثر"  
 دعوت ہی میں اس نے پہلے پہلے آنکھوں سے دیکھا تھا  
 اور میں یہ سمجھتی تھی شاید اک تازہ ہوا کا جھونکا ہے  
 میرے گیسو سہلاتا ہوا، سہلاتے ہوئے بڑھ جاتا ہے  
 دو چار ملاقاتیں اور وہ بھی اس کے یہاں کوئی، اس کے یہاں  
 دوچار ملاقاتوں میں بھلا کوئی عمر کا پیمانہ کرتا ہے؟" (16)

Pehle main samajhti thi ke yeh hai daawat ke hangaame ka asar  
 Daawat hi main ne pehle pehle aankhon se dekha tha  
 Aur main yeh samajhti thi shayad ek taaza hawa ka jhonka hai  
 Mere gaesu sahlaata hua, sahlaate hue barh jaata hai  
 Do chaar mulaqaten aur woh bhi us ke yahan koi, us ke yahan  
 Do char mulaqaton mein bhala koi umar ka peimaan karta  
 hai

(Initially, I thought it's the effect of the tumult of an invitation  
 In the invitation, he had seen it with his own eyes first  
 And I thought, perhaps it's a fresh breeze  
 Caressing my tresses, gently advancing  
 A couple of meetings, and even there, someone,  
 In these few encounters, assesses the measure of age.)

The poem "Clerk ka Nagma" reflects love through the technique of soliloquy, where a clerk attributes his poverty to the distance created by his love. His gaze upon those around him allows everyone to experience his love. The clerk's words tell the story of his yearnings. This poem reflects a Clerk's self-expression technique, where the poet attributes the separation from his love to his

own poverty. He imagines if he could share his love with those around him, everyone would have access to his affection. The poet describes the unique colors of the world and the diverse situations around him. Despite having a home, it feels empty; despite having possessions, there is a sense of emptiness. The contrast between the bustling city life and the simplicity of children going to school is depicted. The poet highlights the materialism in some households, acknowledging innocence and mischief. The poem ends with a poignant realization that everything exists here except the one he desires, and he lacks the courage to shed tears. He says:

"دنیا کے رنگ انوکھے ہیں"  
 جو میرے سامنے رہتا ہے اس کے گھر میں گھر والی ہے  
 اور دائیں پہلو میں اک منزل کا ہے مکاں، وہ خالی ہے  
 اور بائیں جانب اک عیاش ہے جس کے ہاں اک داشتہ ہے  
 اور ان سب میں اک میں اک میں بھی ہوں لیکن بس تو ہی نہیں  
 ہیں اور تو سب آرام مجھے، اک گیسو کی خوشبو ہی نہیں  
 فارغ ہوتا ہوں ناشتے سے اور اپنے گھر سے نکلتا ہوں  
 دفتر کی راہ پہ چلتا ہوں  
 رستے میں شہر کی رونق ہے، اک تانگہ ہے دو کاریں ہیں  
 بچے مکتب کو جاتے ہیں، اور تانگوں کی کیا بات کہوں؟  
 !کاریں تو چھچھلتی بجلی ہیں، تانگوں کے تیروں کو کیسے سہوں  
 یہ مانا ان شریفوں کے گھر کی دھن دولت ہے، مایا ہے  
 ،کچھ شوخ بھی ہیں معصوم بھی ہیں  
 ،لیکن رستے پر پیدل مجھ سے بدقسمت، مغموم بھی ہیں  
 تانگوں پر برق تبسم ہے  
 باتوں کا میٹھا ترنم ہے  
 اکساتا ہے دھیان یہ رہ رہ کر، قدرت کے دل میں ترجم ہے؟  
 !ہر چیز تو ہے موجود یہاں اک تو ہی نہیں، اک تو ہی نہیں  
 اور میری آنکھوں میں رونے کی ہمت ہی نہیں، آنسو ہی نہیں" (17)

Duniya ke rang anokhe hain

Jo mere samne rehta hai us ke ghar mein ghar waali hai  
 Aur daai'n pahlou mein ek manzil ka hai makaan, woh khali hai,  
 Aur baai'n jaanib ek 'Aiyash' hai jiske haan ek daasht hai  
 Aur inn sab mein ek main ek main bhi hoon lekin bas toh hi nahi  
 Hain aur toh sab araam mujhe, ek gesuon ki khushboo hi nahi!  
 Farigh hota hoon nashte se aur apne ghar se nikalta hoon  
 Daftar ki raah pe chalta hoon  
 Raste mein sheher ki raunaq hai, ek tangah hai do carain hain  
 Bachay maktab ko jaate hain, aur tangon ki kya baat kahoon?  
 Carain toh chachhlati bijli hain, tangon ke teeron ko kaise sahoon!  
 Yeh maana in shareefon ke ghar ki dhan daulat hai, maya hai,  
 Kuch shokh bhi hain, masoom bhi hain,  
 Lekin raste par paidal mujh se badqismat, maghmoom bhi hain,  
 Tangon par barq-e-tabassum hai  
 Baton ka meetha taranum hai  
 Ek saath hai dhyan yeh reh reh kar, qudrat ke dil mein tarahum hai?  
 Har cheez toh hai mojud yahan ek toh hi nahi, ek toh hi nahi!  
 Aur meri aankhon mein rone ki himmat hi nahi, aansu hi nahi

(The colors of the world are strange

He who stays in front of me, there is a family in his house  
 And on the right side, there is a house consisting of one story building, it's empty,  
 And on the left side, there is a libertine with possession



And in all of them, I am one, but not just me  
 They all bring peace to me, not just the fragrance of tresses!  
 I finish breakfast and leave my house  
 I walk on the path to the office  
 There's a hustle and bustle in the city on the way, there is a two wheel cart pulled by horse, and two cars  
 Children go to school, and what can I say about the two wheel cart pulled by horse?  
 Cars are like flashing lightning, how I tolerate the arrows of that two wheel cart!  
 It's true that the wealth of these noble houses is worth mentioning, but its illusion,  
 Some are mischievous, some are innocent,  
 But unfortunately, on the path, they are unlucky, and disheartened, too,  
 There are smiling women in the cart pulled by horse  
 There is sweet melody of their words  
 A thought echoes in my mind repeatedly, is there mercy in the heart of nature?  
 Everything is present here, except you!  
 And in my eyes, there is no strength to shed tears!)

In exploring the dynamic relationship between dramatic monologue and modern Urdu poetry, this article aspires to provide a nuanced understanding of how poets navigate linguistic, cultural, and thematic landscapes. The outcomes aim to contribute to the scholarly discourse surrounding both dramatic monologue and Urdu poetry, fostering a deeper appreciation for the intricacies of literary expression in a global context.

Absolutely, character poems in Urdu can be beautifully expressed through monologues. The rich and poetic nature of the Urdu language allows for deep exploration of a character's thoughts, emotions, and experiences in a single, compelling voice. Whether it's capturing the essence of a historical figure, a fictional character, or a personal reflection, Urdu monologue poems offer a captivating way to delve into the nuances of storytelling and expression.

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