

## Poetry Series

# Akhtar Jawad

- 207 poems -

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**Akhtar Jawad (8-2-1945)**

I was born on 8th of February,1945 at 8 AM

Works:

NIL

## **A Bribe of Nature**

When the eyes talk and lips are sealed,  
When your hand is in my hand,  
And we walk together,  
In a moonlit night,  
On the lonely paths,  
And the moon points out,  
To the shy stars,  
How close are we!  
And he asks the stars,  
Are they two?  
Or in fact they are one!  
And the bright star,  
Smiles and says,  
They were one,  
And separated to feel,  
The pain of parting,  
And the joy once again,  
In the re-uniting,  
Just to learn the worth,  
Of blended love,  
In a life together,  
And to pay their thanks,  
To their creator.

And not to complain,  
A life so bitter,  
Full of troubles,  
Wars and hates,  
Disabled children,  
And the women carrying,  
Unwanted children,  
Being raped by soldiers,  
The victorious soldiers,  
Who took their revenge!  
From the girls under teens,  
After last world war,  
They were working in the fields,  
Not a part of war,  
In china and Japan,  
And the soldiers claimed,  
Being citizens of a nation,  
Highly civilized,  
And nicely cultured,  
They fought for an ideal,  
Freedom and democracy!

And they still claim,  
They are fighting once again,  
For the same ideal,  
May I know?  
Whereat you are planning,  
To rape the girls which are under thirteen?

Is it Gaza or somewhere else?  
God was silent,  
During wars last fought,  
And I assure you, sir,  
He will remain silent.

And the clouds play a game,  
Of hide and seek,  
Sometimes moon in a dress,  
Sometimes painted as a nude,  
How excited we are!  
Thanks God we are humans,  
And not the angels,  
Deprived of this love,  
That is blended with pleasure.

Akhtar Jawad

## **A Creeper amongst Large Trees**

I saw a creeper slowly rising up, satisfied with the place,  
Surrounded by great and proud large trees, in a garden of grace.  
From the foot of a tower, having white fragrant flowers,  
The lovely high tower saved her from the showers,  
From the frightening thunders of a black dense cloud.  
And the great large trees, with their grandeur and proud,  
Were laughing on the creeper so weak and soft,  
They were thinking, heat strokes will burn her craft.  
The humble, weak and feeble creeper, a victim of visitors' oversight,  
Was never found resting, sleeping, she went on creeping,  
She went on, went on, slow but sure, not crying or weeping,  
And soon came the day, she was dancing on the top of the tower,  
Spreading and dispersing white flowers round the tower.  
And God was smiling on the proud of big names now drowned in shame,  
Still humble was she, at all not affected by name and fame.

Akhtar Jawad

## A Deadly Romance

The caravan of life never stops,  
A harvest is followed by new grown crops,  
Cold nights are followed by hot sunny days,  
When paths are enlighten by golden rays,  
Destruction is followed by new construction,  
Hope removes the effects of dejection,  
In this changing world nothing is stable,  
Strong were those now weak and feeble.

Oh! Helpless men, don't waste your tears,  
Get rid of weakness forget your fears,  
Revolutions don't come in a week or a month,  
An entire generation has to put his worth,  
Grandfathers sow the seeds for a better tomorrow,  
Grandsons get a joy that follows now's sorrow,  
Who can change the law of change of nature?  
Struggle will amend this foolish caricature.

The people illiterate, foolish or innocent,  
Not aware of their might, so much ignorant!  
For generations they are serving mighty lords,  
In a bounded square are controlled by chords,  
The hidden chords who worship the rising suns,  
Their thinking and beliefs are determined by guns,  
They live for the lords they die for the lords,  
They smile for the lords they cry for the lords.

Their children are not allowed to go to schools,  
Their sons are showered in bloody pools,  
Their daughters are raped and they accept the torture,  
As a writing of their fates, what a foolish caricature!  
They cannot protest they can't raise their voices,  
As the lords bring votes they are ruler's choices,  
My Lord! How do you see this hell-fare system?  
Let us rise and move for a welfare system.

Humanity will survive and the rest will die,  
It's abstract truth and the rest is a lie.  
The seed was sown in Adam by God,  
Who bowed his head with submission and nod,  
Winter after autumn and spring after winter,  
Time runs fast like a winning splinter,  
Humanity is a tree and seen many ages,  
The man now free has remained in cages.

Let the powerful know the poisons you sown,  
Will kill your descendants if watered to be grown,  
Your crowns will be melted and smashed your thrones,  
They will dig your grave and will burn your bones.  
When the angry feeble men rise like a volcano,  
They don't rise for a tune on piano.  
They don't smile and sing and dance,

But a cruel adventure and a deadly romance!

Akhtar Jawad

## **A Fairy Came To Me**

A fairy came to me,  
I was pleased to see,  
She doesn't lack fame,  
You know her name,  
She has a beautiful face,  
With a lot of grace,  
Her wings are weak,  
She glided from the peak,  
She said to pray,  
For a curing ray,  
That could mend the wrong,  
Did by devils so strong,  
They wounded her wings,  
With a sword that pings,  
That affected her flights,  
All days all nights,  
She wants to go back,  
On her lovely track,  
She wants to fly,  
In the blue sky,  
From east to west,  
To extend her nest,  
She wants to sing,  
On her mono string,  
A song for all,  
Whether big or small,  
A lyric of love,  
My poor wounded dove!

Akhtar Jawad

## **A Friend**

Friendship is an amazing relationship,  
I don't know how others understand,  
I don't know how others withstand,  
It is something hidden and locked by a zip.

By the passage of time,  
A friend is gradually exposed,  
Constituents are often decomposed,  
Keeping the relations becomes a crime.

If the common interest,  
Is very much alike,  
And if the same thing, both dislike,  
The friend is nearer than nearest.

I never found dearer than dearest,  
Wish you good luck and all the best.

Friendship needs trust and sighting,  
Often a friend like a comedian of Hollywood,  
Says or writes some thing not very good  
Ask him to explain his saying or writing.

Before changing your attitude or the behavior,  
You should inform your friend about his lacks,  
Don't make his heart a wall of cracks,  
You shouldn't be destroyer, act like a savior.

I didn't find a savior in my life,  
Except one, my lovely wife!

Akhtar Jawad

## **A Guide For Boys In Love**

You are sitting on the bank of a lake,  
Engaged in fishing and smoking with silence,  
You are not interested in a particular fish,  
Depending entirely on your fate for the day.

The fish may be beautiful or may be ugly,  
A friend of your system or harmful for it,  
It may suit to your taste,  
Or just a food, for your hunger, so wild.

You are hungry and thirsty,  
Just need a fish,  
Being called by instinct.  
Whether moral or immoral.

Bring your ears a little closer to my mouth,  
Hunger of the girls are more intense,  
But they know it well,  
They may fish a snake.  
What is inside the lake,  
You are completely unaware,

(An immediate response to Yash Shinde's request)

Akhtar Jawad

## **A Guide For Girls In Love**

A man who is never sentimental,  
Always discussing philosophy and ethics,  
Always busy in business dynamics,  
And not admires you when you're emotional,  
Is merely a book to be kept on the shelf,  
Not for reading by your loving self,

A man who is always sentimental,  
In a minute he is happy and cross in the next,  
Is a write on computer an editable text,  
Carefully handle him, may be too fatal.  
Treat him like a child and keep him busy,  
Better you get rid of this man so fussy.

A man who is sentimental only sometimes,  
Understands your emotions and knows you well,  
Stands by you in paradise or hell,  
Suits to you like beautiful rhymes.  
May be your partner for the whole of life,  
Love him, marry him, be his wife.

Akhtar Jawad

## **A Lie Is Really Beautiful**

If someone says I love you my dear,  
Come on my love too close and near.

I shall bring stars from the distant sky,  
I shall make you a fairy and you'll fly,  
I shall live for you and for you I shall die.  
Why don't you react why don't you reply,  
In a manner like a colorful pretty butterfly,  
While kissing a rose, is at all not shy,

You are so pretty so lovely so charming,  
You are so appealing and so much warming.

Your silky hair your deep blue eyes,  
Just like clouds in the high blue skies,  
Restless is my heart, for your petals like lips,  
And dreams for the joy of sailing in the ships.  
The ships that sail to your lovely beach,  
Where lessons of love like waves you teach,  
Flower like palms and the rounded arms,  
You've amazing beauty and exciting charms.

You are so lovely and so much are exciting,  
Your cheeks are attractive and your face inviting.

From head to foot your body is a wave,  
Beauty your mate and attraction your slave,  
Nothing to ignore all you have I should have,  
Why don't you're bold and a little more brave,  
And like a girl you speak and behave,  
You've made me insane you've made me a knave.

You know it well that, in toto, it's a lie,  
You smile and say how lovely is this guy!

(I have edited this poem and changed a few objectionable lines but I think the original poem was a little more beautiful)

Akhtar Jawad

## **A Love Letter To Sonu**

Oh! my cute,  
No dispute,  
You are number one,  
Next to none.

The nights were dark,  
The days were shark,  
The garden lacked flowers,  
No wind, no showers.

It was first of June,  
I listened to a tune,  
So pleasant so cute,  
It was Krishna on his flute,

Radha came to me,  
I was amazed to see,  
Her image and her charms,  
It were you into arms.

You were like your mother,  
Who in fact is a mirror,  
Having all of the beauty,  
Of her mother so pretty,

You became a beloved,  
You are still so much loved,  
By me and all,  
Grown up or small.

Radha gave you to me,  
I thanked God to see.  
And my sentiment!  
I was Krishna at that moment.

(Sonu is my first grand daughter, and daughter of my lovely daughter)

Akhtar Jawad

## **A Love Story of Rains**

She rises from Bay of Bengal,  
A piece of beauty and charms,  
Black hair black eyes, lean and tall,  
And when she spreads her arms,

The sun, the moon and the stars so bright,  
Vanish somewhere behind the sky,  
And the day, sunny day, is turned into night,  
She slows the wind, the birds don't fly.

The teen aged girl is a model of sex,  
Ascends from the sea and descends to the earth,  
Singing dancing on the apex,  
Spreads every where all her wealth.

She looks for a mate,  
Has an ideal in her heart,  
For a lovely date,  
So romantic and smart.

She travels many days,  
She travels many nights,  
Goes on changing unknown ways,  
Pleasing with her wealth so many sights.

And reaches ultimately at the roof of my house,  
And there she sees a handsome boy,  
A rise of Arabian Sea, her ideal spouse.  
A deserving partner a lovely toy.

Violently he embraces her,  
Violently he kisses,  
His awaited mate, he traces her,  
For a year he misses.

Within twinkling of eyes every thing is wet,  
The streets are filled with water of rains,  
Made every one joyful, whenever they met,  
The collision of clouds removes the strains.

The girl hasn't come, and the midnight rain,  
Are the tears fell down on the thirsty earth,  
His soul is humid and the heart in strain,  
He direly needs her sexy wealth.

(When clouds from Bay of Bengal collide with that of Arabian Sea, it causes heavy rains at Karachi)

Akhtar Jawad

## **A Lovely Child**

The moon is not too high,  
Not so high in the sky,  
Why its light is cool?  
In a starry blue pool,  
It appears so nice,  
Seen it twice and thrice,  
Why my eyes ask me,  
Once more I should see,  
Its face like she,  
Just on the top of a tree.  
By the way let me know,  
When my hair will grow,  
And why she is milky,  
Why her hands are silky,  
Why dark my complexion,  
I remain in dejection,  
Can you bring the moon?  
Where it goes in the noon?  
I shall play with the moon,  
I shall sleep in the noon.

My lovely dear child,  
How innocent and mild!  
She was born in the day,  
From a silky white clay,  
You were born in the night,  
Like moon you are bright,  
Have a glass of milk,  
Grow hair, make it silk,  
See this silver bright tray,  
Have moon in it and sleep,  
The sleep should be deep,  
She will come in your dreams,  
Like this moon's streams.  
And here is a flute,  
Your symbol my cute!

Akhtar Jawad

## **A Moment of Love**

When the milky-way smiles on the sky,  
And the crazy night birds glide and fly,  
The white night flowers when sing and dance,  
The corner in roses is a cradle of romance,  
Stars on sky play hide and seek,  
The beauty of moon is at the peak,

Pleasant winds with the violent waves,  
Throw their water on the thirsty caves,  
The shores and gardens are lovely sights,  
Hot days are followed by soothing nights.  
Innocent lovers are completely changed,  
Present dominates and past is shaved,

No other purpose of life is remained,  
Anyone alive cannot be refrained,  
So what if our shirts are stained?  
Life and its meaning is truly explained  
Dreams of the day come true at night,  
Thinking is changed and wrong is right,

The dark appears so lovely so bright,  
When they meet in a wet moon light,  
The love is watched by nature with joy,  
The beautiful lovers are nature's toy.  
Nature smiles with dancing lovers,  
She loves to see the romancing lovers.

All our sorrows and pains she feels,  
And a moment of love she nicely steals.  
In that moment all worries are rotten,  
The pain and sorrow are fully forgotten,  
A moment of love when all is dead,  
The book of love is opened and read,

Akhtar Jawad

## **A Naat**

Nazish-e-kehkashan, nayyar-e-zaufishan,  
Afsar-e-kunfakan, unsa koi kahan,  
Yeh zaban natawan, keya karegi beyan,  
Unki midhat yehan, unsa koi kahan.

Badshah-e-Haram, badshah-e-ajam,  
Meer-e-khair-ul-umam, Kitne woh zeehashm,  
Khak-e-pa muhtaram, surma-e-chashm-e-nam,  
Rahat-e-aasman, unsa koi kahan.

Aise khir-ul-bashar, jinmen koi na shar,  
Noor ka hay safar, aapki rahguzar,  
Jo bhi is rah par, aap ka humsafar,  
Bas wohi kamran, unsa koi kahan.

Chahe bejan hay, chahay haiwan hay,  
Jin ya insan hay, sub pe ehsan hay,  
Aam faizan hay, goya quraan hay,  
Rehmat-e-dojahan, unsa koi kahan.

Gora ho ya siah, shah ho ya gada,  
Farq sub mit geya, kaisa chota bara,  
Subke woh nakhuda, subke woh rahnuma,  
Sub pe woh meheraban, unsa koi kahan.

(This Naat was accidently deleted I am resubmitting it again)

Akhtar Jawad

## **A Rose Flower**

After a fine mild rain,  
I walked on the pavements,  
Of a garden of flowers,  
Aftershocks of showers,  
Touched my heart,  
And my soul smiled,  
And the soul told me,  
Watch all the flowers,  
Feel their fragrance,  
Love their colors,  
But look for a rose,  
The queen of flowers,  
See your left,  
See your right,  
Remove green leaves,  
And lightly kiss,  
The wet pink petals,  
Soft and untouched,  
And listen to the flower,  
She will sing a song,  
On the beats of winds,  
The leaves will dance,  
I obeyed the command.

The flower sang,  
Oh You! Long awaited,  
Where you were,  
Why so late?  
I looked your way,  
Since my bud hood,  
Why don't you kissed,  
When the flower was a bud,  
If you would have kissed the bud,  
My pink color,  
Would have been shocking pink,  
My fragrance,  
Would have made this garden,  
A paradise on earth,  
I would have earned,  
A name so great,  
Cleopatra of roses,  
My love story,  
The world would have read,  
Like poems of Wordsworth.  
Now I shall remain,  
Confined in your poems,  
A few will read,  
A few will like.  
But your kiss was pleasant,  
Blown a new soul,  
Now let me behave,  
Like a shy lovely bud.

My soul said,  
This rose is now yours,  
Pluck it, keep it safe,  
As long it's alive,  
I obeyed the command.

Now the flower has dried,  
But still kept,  
In the book of love,  
When I open this book,  
My soul smiles,  
My love smiles,  
And the dry petals,  
Still smile,  
Like fresh shy bud.

Akhtar Jawad

## **A Sexy Lie**

Is there anything more beautiful than she?  
Leaving all other things and being her he,  
I should watch her from the front, and from her back,  
From top to bottom, the beauty and appeal of a sexy pack.

When her breaths are deep, the front I should watch,  
And wish something more, if I could watch,  
When she dries her hair followed by a shower,  
I should watch leaves less semi nude nice flower.

When to and fro she moves in the room,  
From back I should watch the exciting bloom,  
Ups and downs, downs and ups, the lovely crest,  
Expose the charming eve at her best.

When moving upstairs, from the floor I should see,  
That remains unseen of a beautiful she,  
When moving downstairs from the roof should enjoy,  
And I should behave like a naughty boy.

I should describe a woman's floating fleet,  
The questions and answers from head to feet,  
The valley of hills and the lake so deep,  
Inviting a diver to dive and sleep.

I hope I shall get some dignity,  
Why did I waste my time in dull deciphers,  
I shouldn't write to earn profanity,  
I should write for her lovely metaphors.

A woman is enough for a poet to write,  
Her lovely description is infinite,  
How much you know something is left,  
Steal a woman you'll be proud of the theft.

Bitter is the truth and sweet is the lie,  
For a woman I live, for a woman I die,  
I was on the earth but now on the sky,  
And with this sexy lie I take off to fly.

Akhtar Jawad

## A Sinner's Optimism

He had seen You, and talked as well,  
Yet disobeyed, for him is the hell.  
I haven't seen You, did not talk,  
May I know, where I'll walk?

The famous caliph, Haroon Rasheed,  
Was no doubt, a ruler in deed.  
And Zubaidah, his charming wife,  
Was his love, was his life.

Once she was angry, said with spout,  
You are a hell-dweller, now get out.  
Haroon replied in anger so much,  
Divorce for you, if I'm such.

In Islam, if a Muslim so says,  
Divorce will be pending, till final sun-rays.  
And the couple will remain separated,  
The day of judgement will be awaited.

Haroon then called living legends having writ,  
They regretted, couldn't rule on it.  
Imam Shafai then a teen aged boy,  
Visited the court with a ruling of joy.

He told Haroon you're begging a reply,  
I'm the one here, God at sky.  
My place is that, your place is it,  
Haroon moved to floor and asked him to sit.

Proud is poison for a good deed,  
Haroon was tested, an essential need.  
A justice should be watchful before an award,  
Should asses plaintiff like a guard,

Did ever God's fear kept you away,  
From a sin, you might commit any way.  
Haron, on oath stated and affirmed,  
Many times, my lord, the oath confirmed.

Paradise for you, have my greetings,  
Zubaida is your wife no bar on meetings.  
He then recited a verse from The Book,  
Pleasing Haroon, the heavenly brook.

If one fears God, and remains away,  
From a sin possible, may commit any day.  
For such a man, paradise is reward,  
Book of God is the ruling award.

Oh! my God, many times on the way,  
I like Haroon remained away,

From the sins, because I fear,  
I am optimistic My Lord! my dear.

Akhtar Jawad

## **A Smile Is Smile**

When someone says you made me smile,  
The child within me the foolish juvenile,  
Falls in trouble to feel the essence  
Are the rose petals really dancing with fragrance?  
Or I behaved like a monkey in a zoo?  
And the smile was merely a shoo.  
The fleeting of my mind makes me restless,  
I start regretting my act in distress.  
But my heart replies, you old juvenile!  
Why so impatient, a smile is smile.

Akhtar Jawad

## **A Star on The Stem of a Tree**

Years have passed still I can see,  
You wrote my name on the stem of a tree,  
You opened your dissection kit,  
Took a knife from it  
And made a star of five arrows,  
Nobody knew but my heart only knows,  
What the five vertices represent,  
You asked activation of senses dormant,  
You asked to see the beauty of a girl,  
You asked to hear the beats of your pearl,  
You asked to taste the sweetness of your lips,  
You asked to smell a virgin with my dips,  
You asked to play my ancient role,  
And a lasting touch over all as a whole.  
Thanks God I succeeded to oblige my soul,  
And the life is smiling on my lovely goal.

(My name is Akhtar that means a star)

Akhtar Jawad

## A Teen Aged Widow

When the morning star,  
Sees first sun ray,  
And disappears,  
In grief and distress,  
Gives a parting kiss,  
To the nude lady,  
Who takes her bath,  
Every early morning,  
In the sea of fire,  
And once again,  
Like a virgin in tact,  
Likes teenaged beauty,  
Flying high in sky,  
The fine wet grass,  
Licking milky foot,  
Ask birds to rise,  
And sing their song,  
Asks flowers and buds,  
To change night suits,  
And moves to the bank,  
And sits nimble footed,  
Partly on the earth,  
And partly in river,  
A cold, pleasant wind,  
And the swinging trees,  
Having watched this porn,  
Smile and discuss,  
The body of the lady,  
And a naughty blow,  
Pulls the shying buds  
In the cover of leaves,  
And kisses their petals,  
The sunflower rises,  
And turns his face,  
Towards the sun,  
For a new warmup,  
And somewhere far,  
A boy with animals,  
All domestic,  
And romantic,  
With a watching dog,  
Plays the bamboo pipe,  
Fishermen with the nets,  
Start their fishing,  
I find everyone,  
So happy and enjoying,  
The gift of life.

On the bank but other,  
Other side of river,  
I see someone,  
A girl of sixteen,

Seventeen or so,  
In a white dressing,  
No smile on her face,  
Undressed long hair,  
Wearing no jewelry,  
Looking motionless,  
Staring in space.  
Somebody told me,  
A widow is she,  
Only after one month,  
After her marriage,  
Her spouse was killed,  
In a deadly war,  
Futile and fruitless.

Akhtar Jawad

## **A Woman in the Rains**

I am below an umbrella,  
I am chasing my Cinderella,  
Visibility tends to zero,  
I am a teen-aged hero,  
It's a rainy day,  
Being Adam's clay,  
I can see her charms,  
Her lovely arms,  
In a sleeveless shirt,  
My eyes full of dirt,  
But you can't blame me,  
I am bound to see,  
Her body is exposed,  
No eyes are closed,  
She is wet and appealing,  
Like a thief stealing,  
Many hearts on their way,  
It's rain on the clay,  
It's call of nature,  
Not an angel just a creature.

I go to the beauty,  
To perform my duty,  
And offer to share,  
The love and care,  
Of umbrella I had,  
She made me glad,  
By accepting my offer,  
Did not call me a loafer,  
While sharing my umbrella,  
Asked she, my Cinderella,  
Do you have any rag?  
I see your bag,  
I want to conceal,  
The device of steal,  
My body is exposed,  
No eyes are closed.

She was woman of east!  
And me, not better than a beast!

Akhtar Jawad

## **Aadhunik Lok Geet (Ek aur Bhojpuri Kavita)**

Sawan ki garmi umas mare jat,  
Choro sanwaria ji choro yeh hat.

Paseenwa se bheeji hay choli hamar,  
Nikle na pawat hay boli hamar,  
Neek naheen lagat hay holi tumhar,  
Kothri ke andar rangoli tumhar.  
Lagan naheen khulihey na lao barat,  
Choro sanwaria ji choro yeh hat.

Aysee load shedding me yeh prem leela,  
Awal burhapa na badlal rangeela,  
Samjhat hay apne ko banka sajeela,  
Bheej bheej murli ka rang bhaya neela.  
Bhar mein jaey yeh sawan ki rat,  
Choro sanwaria ji choro yeh hat.

Gas nahin awat na pakihey pakwan,  
Hartal hay bajaran mein sunein shreeman,  
Hathon se sattu nikal karein pan,  
Pani nahin awat na hoihey ashnan.  
Aaye bijuria to hoihey mulakat,  
Choro sanwaria ji choro yeh hat.

Akhtar Jawad

## **Aag Bun Kar Kisi Din Dehak Jao Na**

Apni aankhon ka kajra bana lo mujhe,  
Apni zulfon ka gajra bana lo mujhe,  
Apne honton ki madira pila do mujhe,  
Chand jaisa yeh chehra dikha do mujhe.

Dhoop mein apni zulfon ka saya karo,  
Muskura kar kabhi to bulaya karo,  
Kabhi chup chup ke raton mein aya karo,  
Gungunaya karo hosh uraya karo.

Bun ke badal kabhi mujhpe barso zara,  
Jhank kar meri aankhon mein dekho zara,  
Ek shab umr ko de do dhoka zara,  
Mujhko chaho zara mujhko socho zara.

Tum hatheli pe mehndi rachaya karo,  
Apne honton pe lali lagaya karo,  
Choorion ki khanak bhi sunaya karo,  
Peyar ke geet chupke se gaya karo.

Tum gulab ho agar to mehak jao na,  
Tum sharab ho agar to chalak jao na,  
Tum shabab ho agar to behak jao na,  
Aag ban kar kisi din dehak jao na.

Akhtar Jawad

## Aaj Ki Raat

Aaj ki raat ka unuwan Khamoshi hi rahe,  
Main bhi khamosh hoon tumbhi yunhi khamosh raho,  
Mujhko madhosh banaya hay to tumbhi aiy dost,  
Aaj ki raat meri bahon mein madhosh raho.

Aaj ki raat ka unuwan Khamoshi hi rahe,  
Aj ki raat na baton mein ganwao sathi,  
Ankhon ankhon mein bhi ho jati hain baten kitni,  
Apni nazren meri janib to uthao sathi.

Aaj ki raat ka unuwan Khamoshi hi rahe,  
Mujhko peeney do chalakti huyee aankhon se zara,  
Yun hi chupchap mere pehloo min shab bhar baitho,  
Khelne do mujhe mehki huyee zulfon se zara.

Aaj ki raat ka unuwan Khamoshi hi rahe,  
Kanpte hathon ko de bhi do mere hathon mein,  
Aaj to barhte huye hath na pakro mere,  
Sharm aati hay to chup jao meri bahon mein.

Aaj ki raat ka unuwan Khamoshi hi rahe,  
Apni rangeen mulaqat adhoori na rahe,  
Ab to ruswai ka dar hay na gunah ki uljhan,  
Roohain jab mil chukeen jismon mei bhi doori na rahe.

Aaj ki raat ka unuwan Khamoshi hi rahe,  
Hijr ke shikwe zaroori sahi kar len ge kabhi,  
Sath rehne ki yeh qasmein to bahut hain khai,  
Dawe kitne hain kiye aur bhi kar len ge kabhi.

Aaj ki raat ka unuwan Khamoshi hi rahe,  
Zindagi itni musarrat se na gae gi kabhi,  
Sans rukta haiy magar waqt nahin rukta hay,  
Aaj ki rat na phir laut ke aaey gi kabhi.

Aaj ki raat ka unuwan Khamoshi hi rahe,  
Ajnabi mujhse meri dost kisi taur nahin tum,  
Aaj keyon mujhse jhijhakti ho barho meri taraf,  
Meri dulhan ho meri jan koi aur nahin tum.

Akhtar Jawad

## **Aangan Mein Khud Ko Aaj Sulane Chala Hoon Main**

Shabnam se dil ki aag bujhane chala hoon main,  
Aangan mein khud ko aaj sulane chala hoon main.  
Sargoshian karoon ga sitaron se rat bhar,  
Thandi hawa ko geet sunane chala hoon main.  
Aakash per uroon ga main badal ke sath sath,  
Chanda se chandni ko churane chala hoon main.  
Juhi ke har shabbo ki khshboo liye huey,  
Is rat ko aroos banane chala hoon main.  
Woh door aasman pe jo pardon mein hay chupi,  
Usko zameen ki goud mein lane chala hoon main.  
Kal rat mere sath thi soyee na sari rat,  
Phir rat aa gayee hay jagane chala hoon main.  
Uske hassen jism ki ranaian na pooch,  
Tan man mein phir ek aag lagane chala hoon main.  
Gustakhion pe meri woh naraz ho gayee,  
Aashiq hoon main bhi usko manane chala hoon main.  
Woh subh ke bad jane kahan ja ke so gai,  
Dekhi jo ek jhalak to jagane chala hoon main.  
Dosheezgiye laila ke israr ki quasam,  
Fitrat ko belibas banane chala hoon main.

Akhtar Jawad

## **Aanu Bhadra Kratvo Yantu Vishwatah - Bhagvad Geeta**

Let noble thoughts come, from each sides,  
Collect the gems, wherever are the tides.  
Enjoy good thoughts, like beauty of brides,  
They are friends of all, and good guides.

Prove All things, hold fast that, which is good,  
Holy Bible told me, I understood,  
I was taught since my childhood,  
Spread the truth, don't keep in a hood.

Golden principles, great men share,  
God made laws for our welfare,  
Same in Holy Koran, many unaware,  
I respect all, read and care.

Akhtar Jawad

## **Adam Will Find You Out Wherever You Are Thrown**

Life is pleasing and charming in love,  
Life is bleeding and wounding in hate,  
So I love, to love,  
I hate, to hate.

Life is pretty and beauty when smile,  
Life is anxiety and a prison when cry,  
So I smile, won't you?  
I don't cry, and you?

Life is inspiring when I think of you,  
Life is boring when my thoughts lack you,  
So I think of you, why don't you,  
I catch your arms when you try to go.  
Why you want to go?  
Where you want to go?  
Sometimes sick like an ailing old lady,  
Sometimes sleeping, silent like a body,  
Sometimes asking to kiss, a parting kiss,  
Your kiss is bliss, but the parting kiss!

Be dynamic, I shall not let you go,  
Arise my love life calls you,  
Start day dreaming,  
It's my practice every day,  
Think you're a girl,  
Of sweet sixteen,  
Or seventeen,  
You've to sing and dance,  
And enjoy the romance,  
Ask me to bring a rose,  
Pink in color and fragrance,  
That provokes,  
Appetite of love!

Come on my girl,  
Get up my girl,  
Love calls you,  
Forget who you are,  
Not a grandmother at this moment,  
Not a mother at this moment,  
Not even a wife.

Imagine the beauty of meeting someone,  
Behind the trees,  
In a moon lit night,  
And a starry sky,  
Blows of wind in summer mild rains,  
Shall remove the stress,  
Shall remove the strains,  
Shall remove the fears,  
Shall wipe out the tears,

You'll find yourself,  
Carefree and confident,  
Unconcerned with the fate,  
Willing and prepared,  
Like Adam and Eve,  
To the call of nature,  
That is love only love.

And if you go out of my sight,  
My dear Eve, you'll not be alone,  
Adam will find you out,  
Wherever you are thrown!

(As advised by my dear friend Asadullah I have edited this poem. I regret the hurt that caused to him and to others too)

Akhtar Jawad

## All Time Poet

He knows nothing,  
He feels nothing,  
Still there's something!  
He's a player of Bing.  
The five cards ping,  
When they embrace each other,  
And kiss the lover,  
When He wins the game,  
And do you know His fame?  
He is an all time winner,  
He is an all-time lover.  
And after every win,  
He wipes out a sin,  
Another piece of land,  
He makes gorgeous and grand,  
Snatched from the hell.  
The burning well,  
Then cries and says,  
These ugly clays,  
Will make me empty,  
How unfair and dirty!  
How strong are the cards!  
How can I face the wizards!  
I know on the day,  
The fire will be clay,  
A garden of flowers,  
With the clouds of showers,  
Will turn me green,  
His cards are unseen.

He then smiles, and I hear His song,  
Like a ball of Ping-Pong,  
Beauty throws me to love,  
Love flies like a dove,  
I then touch the skies,  
And regret the denies,  
I see a poem written on sky,  
Five cards so high!  
And do you know these cards,  
Their magic and wizards,  
It's love and beauty,  
It's peace, my duty,  
It's coexistence and tolerance,  
I come back with a fragrance,  
I then perform my duty,  
Write a poem with some beauty.

Akhtar Jawad

## Al-Rahman

Shak ki ismein keya gunjaish hota agar na woh Rahman,  
Paida karta keyun woh tujhko nazil karta keyun quraan,  
Tujhko keyun goyai deta keyun woh deta tujhko jan,  
Mitti ke ek dher ki unchi kardi hay Gabriela se shan,  
Chand aur sooraj ki gardish ki uske dam se hay gardan,  
Patta patta boota boota apne Rab ka kare bakhan,  
Arsh ko uncha kar ke usne rakh dee hay usmein meezan,  
Take uske nazm-o-nasakh mein paida na ho ho kutch bohran,  
Tu bhi nap aur tol mein apne qaim rakha kar iman,  
Sona jaisi sunder dharti tere data ka hay dan,  
Jisse paida hui khajoorein ghallah jiska hay vardan,  
Bhoosa tere janwaron ka teri khatir hay rehan,  
Har soo bikhra mile ga tujhko apne Malik ka faizan,  
Uski kis kis niymat ko tu jhutlaey ga aiy insan.

Aag se jo jinnat banaye mitti se yeh jism-0-jan,  
Mashriq maghrib har soo chalta tere Malik ka farman,  
Meetha pani khara pani dono ka sagar asthan,  
Jinse nikle kaise kaise chamkeeley lulu marjan,  
Bare bare bajron ko dekho parbat jaisi unki shan,  
Dharti ho akash ho sab per tere Malik ka ehsan,  
Jab chahe ga gul karde ga maya ka yeh deep puran,  
Baqi bacha rah jae ga lekin tera woh nirgun Bhagwan,  
Sabka Malik sabka Data sabko woh deta hay dan,  
Har pal bas masroof hi rahna jiski hay yeh aan aur shan,  
Char dinon ki bat hay khudko farigh kar le ga Rahman,  
Us din dast-e-ghaib mei uske dekhe ga tu ek meezan,  
Tu hay uska agar to tujhko mil jaye ga phir nirwan,  
Uski kis kis niymat ko tu jhutlaey ga aiy insan.

Tere bas mein ho to chala ja aur kahin kar le asthan,  
Lekin in seemaon ke bahr ja na sake ga bin Sultan,  
Aag ke sholon aur dhooen se dono ka ho ga apman,  
Chahe tu jinnat ho papi chahe tu ho ek insan,  
Khoon ke jaisa ho jaye ga neela yeh yeh aakash mahan,  
Tujhse tere pap na poochey jaen ge aiy nafarman,  
Kala chehra neeli aankhen teri hogi yeh pehchan,  
Sar ke bal aur paon pakar kar tujhko aiy jin aiy insan,  
Kholti dozah ke pani mein phenka jaega jaega nadan,  
Jisko tu jhutlata tha ab dekh yehi hay woh asthan,  
Jeena hay ab ismein tujhko maut hui tujhse anjan,  
Kholta pani isi jagah ka tujhko karna hoga pan,  
Illa yeh ke bakhsh de tujhko kisi wajah se woh Rahman,  
Uski kis kis niymat ko tu jhutlaey ga aiy insan.

Aur jo apne Rab se darne wala hoga aiy insan,  
Ek nahin do bagh karega tujhko tera data dan,  
Thande chashme meethe meve jin baghon ki hogi shan,  
Ek nahin do quismein hongi mevon ki yeh hogo shan,  
Narm mulayam bistar takeye resham jaisa hay asthan,  
Bagh mein dosheezayen achooli tere Rab ka hay vardan,  
Aisi sunder aisi komal jinpar kaliyan hon qurban,

Samne hon yaqoot bhi pheeke, pheeke par jaen marjan,  
Kutch bhi nahin ehsan ka badla hay jo agar to bas ehsan,  
Jannat mein kam neki wale bhi to hon ge kutch insan,  
Unke liye bhi bagh hayn lekin thori kam hay unki shan,  
Waisey ismein bhi nehrein hayn, meve, khajoorein aur rumman,  
Gori rangat wali hoorein kheme jinke hayn asthan,  
Uski kis kis niymat ko tu jhutlaey ga aiy insan.

(CAUTION; THIS IS NOT A TRANSLATION, but this is based on Surat-ul-Rahman)

Akhtar Jawad

## **An Ellipse Not A Circle**

I am an orbiting point,  
I am moving in a way such that,  
The sum of my distances from two fixed points,  
The left and right focal points,  
Always remains the same,  
My locus is an ellipse.

When my distance from the left focal point is minimum,  
My distance from the right focal point is maximum,  
When my distance from the left focal point is maximum,  
My distance from the right focal point is minimum.  
This is because I am a son of Adam and a son of Eve,  
Sometimes I am pretty and some times so ugly.

I am keeping the two focal points away from each other,  
In case they coincide and merge, I shall become an extremist,  
The ellipse will be a circle, and I shall not remain moderate,  
I shall act like a robot, I shall not remain a human being,  
Either I shall be an angel,  
Or I shall be a devil.

Oh Almighty God! I don't desire to become an angel,  
Chances are there I shall become a devil,  
I know You are benevolent I know You are kind,  
You will over look my ugliness, and look at my beauty,  
Don't make me a locus of a dangerous circle,  
Let my locus remain as an ellipse.

Akhtar Jawad

## **An Innocent Love Affair**

I watched a movie of Suraiya when I was a child,  
Suraiya was an Indian popular star,  
She exposed her tunes like a guitar,  
An appealing beauty making every one wild.

One of my uncles friendly asked me,  
Asked a child only ten years old,  
But very talkative, and too much bold,  
Did you like Suraiya, how is she?

The naughty child knew what he wants to listen,  
And he replied a dirty bitch,  
Exposes her breasts like a witch,  
I was famous for replies, although only ten.

You stupid Suraiyawala how dare you say,  
Suraiyawala means one, who belongs to her,  
From that day it became my name, spread from one to another,  
Gained popularity, more and more, every day.

The name of Suraiya stuck to my mind,  
I got her in the college as a mate,  
In my sub conscious Suraiya was my fate,  
I fell in love with her like a blind.

The fatty girl found many times alone,  
I tried to tell her but always failed,  
I then decided, she should be mailed,  
Why to fear, she was flash and bone.

I wrote a letter on a pinkish paper,  
Showing two bleeding hearts stitched with an arrow,  
Telling my story of pain and sorrow,  
Romantic promises from a loving trapper.

But the problem again how could I deliver,  
My sincere sentiments my poetic expressions,  
Having charms of teen age and warming emotions,  
Perfumed it was my maiden love letter.

I then decided to put it in her journal,  
Checked and placed with others on a table,  
But the innocent boy inexperienced and feeble,  
His shyness internal! His fears external!

Remained in the pocket, the lovely rhymes,  
Then came the washer-man and my elder sister,  
Who used to have a look, the clothes to deliver,  
Found it, censured me for one of my innocent crimes.

Akhtar Jawad

## **An Invitation**

When the birds come down,  
And take shelter in the dense,  
Thick branches of the trees,  
And below the shades,  
Of large tall buildings,  
And the wind starts blowing,  
And the dust starts flying,  
And the dry leaves,  
Rise from the earth,  
And move like kites,  
The windows are shaken,  
Their glass is broken,  
Locks fail to work,  
And a door is open.

The sun light turns dim,  
She comes with thunders,  
With all her wonders,  
And pleasing lovely charms,  
With her stretched arms,  
The trees then dance,  
Their leaves truly green,  
Their branches swing,  
The street like a river,  
And the children in streets,  
With their boats of paper,  
Make noise and play.

He receives a call,  
From a shy lovely girl,  
Can't you come to me,  
I have made the snacks,  
Of your taste so wild,  
That you like in rains,  
Have a cup of tea,  
I am alone at home.

Akhtar Jawad

## **An Outstanding Loan**

The embryo smiled,  
The first glimpse of the letter,  
The first sigh of relief,  
He read the subject,  
Loan Granted.  
It was a long letter,  
But he didn't bother to read,  
The complete content,  
He said, my foot!  
I shall read it at a later time,  
And placed it in the third drawer!  
That is opened in dreams,  
Those come like thieves,  
Sometimes like fairies,  
And sometimes,  
Like demons and devils.

Opened the door  
His head was the first,  
He saw on the left,  
He saw on the right,  
He was a little injured,  
And he cried for a while,  
In pain and fear,  
But the first breath in,  
An the first breath out,  
Brought courage in him,  
The oxygen of earth,  
And warmness,  
Of social relationships,  
And above all,  
The welcoming love,  
From all sides,  
Brought confidence in him!

The magic in the breasts,  
Of the mother who fed him,  
Boosted his senses,  
Accelerated his systems,  
And the confidence,  
Gained being loved,  
Inspired him for efforts,  
He crawled,  
He stood up,  
He started walking,  
He started running,  
And he ran and rushed,  
To the garden of youth  
Whereat he knew,  
A woman is beauty,  
In all her roles,

And smiling she plays all.  
All around,  
Arms of kind trees,  
Welcomed the child,  
He went to a playground,  
And there made a few friends,  
He enjoyed a care free time,  
And played many games!  
Enjoyed ice creams,  
Chocolates and cakes,

Then he saw her,  
And her beauty and charm,  
Made him enchanted,  
His thoughts his emotions,  
His sentiments,  
His dreams,  
His life,  
Whatever he had,  
Were now slaves!  
Slaves of her silky hairs,  
Slaves of dark brown eyes,  
Slaves of her rosy cheeks,  
Slaves of her petals like lips.  
Slaves of the waves,  
From hills to the sea,  
Like a waterfall,  
He fell from the hill,  
Like a wild river,  
He moved on the plains,  
Satisfied and content,  
He fell from the hills,  
And lost himself,  
In the deep blue ocean  
She was a tree of flowers,  
A tree of fruits,  
And her lovely off shoots,  
Saved him from sunlight,  
In the hot warm days, .  
And in the lovely nights,  
She was turned in moon lights.

In a corner of the garden,  
He sewn some seeds,  
Watered the earth,  
A few plants came out,  
With green lovely leaves,  
And pink flowers,  
Lovely colors,  
And nice fragrance,  
He saved the plants,  
With a fence of care,

Worked hard for them,  
And helped all of them,  
To reach at a height,  
He was pleased to see.  
During all this struggle,  
He received many letters,  
From his bankers,  
Time to time,  
He read the subject,  
And threw in the drawers,  
And when silver shined,  
In remaining hairs,  
He received final notice,  
From the bankers,  
The Humanity!  
Though you have paid,  
The interest from time to time,  
But the principal is intact.  
The period of loan,  
Was extended many times,  
On your requests and prayers,  
Finally it was done,  
During heart attack,  
On April 1,2008!  
It can't be extended now,  
And you are advised to repay,  
The standing loan,  
You are indebted of,  
The Humanity,  
Your creditor,  
Otherwise The Humanity,  
Keeps the right,  
To auction to any creature,  
The highest bidder,  
Of your mortgaged soul!

Akhtar Jawad

## **An Unsent Wish**

I remember the flowers,  
We plucked from the gardens,  
I remember butterflies,  
We jointly collected,  
I remember the festivals,  
We celebrated and enjoyed,  
I remember the songs,  
We listened to on the radio,  
I remember the games,  
We played in the streets,  
I remember the rivers,  
That met like lovers,  
I remember the school,  
We studied whereat,  
I remember the showers,  
We jointly enjoyed.

And I remember the girl,  
We watched every day,  
In the morning to school,  
In afternoon back to home,  
Every day when she passed,  
From the road we stood at,  
We commented with a sigh,  
The colors have gone,  
The fragrance has gone,  
And left behind,  
A thirst to see again,  
What a joint love affair!

And I still remember,  
We liked her so much,  
Yes, we loved her jointly,  
She was a piece of beauty,  
Not sexy at all,  
A model of innocence,  
A divine lovely charm,  
I don't know what,  
There was something in her,  
That was holy and pious.

Years have now passed,  
I left that place,  
However for a few years,  
We exchanged the letters,  
Then a tragedy of hate,  
Resulting in a war,  
Increased the distances,  
And correspondence was over.

Time changes Eve,  
Time changes Adam,

But a friend never changes,  
I saw your lovely photographs,  
On a website,  
With your graceful wife,  
Your children and grandchildren,  
I recognized your wife,  
You appeared to me,  
Like two holy rivers,  
That ultimately met,  
With seven commitments,  
And the hidden third river,  
Wishes you dear,  
A happy life,  
With a lovely wife!

Akhtar Jawad

## **An Upside Down Helpless Cockroach**

I am a fish not an old man,  
Who brought this fish?  
To this hot frying pan,  
And made it a dish!

For an uninvited and unfriendly guest,  
Either right now, or at a time very soon,  
With nails so sharp and his art at the best,  
He doesn't need a fork or spoon,

The flash he will eat,  
And the bones will remain,  
Shall his belly be a final seat?  
Or the cycle will repeat once again?

Nobody knew and nobody knows,  
Everyone has his own approach,  
The soil is hard and weak are the plows,  
An upside down helpless cockroach!

Did the cockroach bring joys for You? ,  
Are we created to remain helpless?  
Are we nothing but toys for You?  
Why we are alone in this world of mess?

Why do You leave us at the mercy of sadism?  
In the thunder and fire of tyrant terrorism,  
Centuries old unending imperialism,  
Changing shapes through an ancient prism.

Many came in the world and weren't replied,  
The cruel guest didn't spare anyone,  
Restless they lived, restless they died,  
Passed any how, they loved someone!

Akhtar Jawad

## Apples and Oranges

Ek saib do saib teen saib char,  
Ek day do mujhko lena ho jo pyar.  
Ek kinnu do kinnu teen kinnu char,  
Ek de do mujhko mangoon bar bar.  
Saib aur kinnu maze ki takrar,  
Aisa ho muqabla bane yeh tehwar.  
Lal lal saib rang aur mithas,  
Ras bhare saibon ki mujhe sada pyas.  
Phal yeh mukammal, meethe raseele,  
Beej hon ya na hon dono chabeele.  
Saib aur kinnu dono ache phal,  
Pyas bujhaen munh men meetha jal.  
Pinic pe bhi le jao bant ke khao,  
Pyaron ko dildaron ko sab ko khilao.  
Dono ko inam do dono ko pyar,  
Dono hi khao raho shandar.  
Ras hon ya khooja dono ko khao,  
Kahte sabhi hain sher ban jao.

(Translation of a poem by Rachel Nichols)

Akhtar Jawad

## Ardhangni

Itni bhi na preet karo jo tumko main lauta na sakoon,  
Keyon itni unchee urti ho, main dhoondhoon tumhein aur pa na sakoon.  
Aakash pe lekar jati hoon main dhool tumhare charnon ki,  
Yeh mang kabhi dekhi hi nahin, haiy bhool tumhare nainon ki.  
Yeh nain tere gahra sagar, rahta hoon sada jalthal jalthal,  
Main mang teri kaise dekhoon, rahta haiy sada inpar aanchal.

Keyon aisae samay mein aati ho, main chor ke tumko ja na sakoon,  
Keyon aise roop banati ho jo darpan mein dikhla na sakoon.  
Yeh bache mere yeh ghar mera main inko swarg banati hoon,  
Jab samay mile tab aati hoon aur charnon mei so jati hoon,  
Har bat na likhkho kavita mein keyon mere hosh urate ho,  
Haiy roop tumhare nainon ka keyon mujhpar dosh lagate ho.

Tum geet na aise likha karo jo samne sabke ga na sakoon,  
Keyon aise sapne dikhate ho is jeevan mein jo pa na sakoon.  
Pushpon se saja aangan tera, sapnon se bhara jeevan tera,  
Ganga bhi tu hi jamna bhi tu hi aur sangam haiy tan man tera,  
Tu poorab des ki nari haiy sansar mein koi upma nahin,  
Koi dharti se keya laye ga aakash pe koi tulna nahin.

(Midnight whispers)

Akhtar Jawad

## Ardhangni 2

Jab mujhse aankh milati ho tum mujhko rag dikhati ho,  
Mukh pher ke phir muskati ho aur us karwat so jati ho.

Tum do do naukariyan karte ho kab jate ho kab aate ho,  
Tum kitne durbal dikhte ho tum der se keyun ghar aate ho.

Bachon ko to parhana hay unka jeevan to banana hay,  
Hum aaj agar ro len ge agar kal bachon ko muskana hay.

Tum doosri naukari chor do ab thore mei guzara kar loon gi,  
Han tumse bara sukh koi nahin har dukh main gawara kar loon gi.

Yeh raina bari hi sunder hay poonam ka chand chamakta hay,  
Yeh mujhse jo kutch kehta hay keya tumse wo sab kehta hay.

Jub mera chand ho dharti par main aakash ko keyun dekhoon,  
Tum kanon mein ras gholte ho keya aur sunoon aur keyun sochoon.

Choro kal itwar hay ab kam ki batein ho jaen,  
Kal to nahin itwar hay aaj ache bache so jaen.

(Midnight whispers)

Akhtar Jawad

### Ardhangni 3

Keya soch rahi ho so jao,  
Kal ke sapnon mein kho jao,  
Jane wale phir aate nahin,  
Sath unke to mar jate nahin.  
Jo chala geya woh kaisa tha,  
Suna hay woh tum jaisa tha,

Balwanon ki is dunya mein,  
Dhanwanon ki is dunya mein,  
Woh chota sa ek darpan tha,  
Woh toot geya woh nirdhan tha,  
Woh nirbal tha woh jee na saka,  
Woh man ka doodh bhi pee na saka.

Main tumko bacha kar le aaya,  
Lekin usko na bacha paya,  
Yeh jo hamarey bache hain,  
Yeh teen hi bas ab achey hain.  
Main tumko geet sunata hoon,  
Tum so jao main sulata hoon.

Tum kitni sunder dikhti ho,  
Tum kitni achi lagti ho,  
Jab tum mujhse yeh kahte ho,  
Tum kitne ache lagte ho,  
Han tum ek geet suna do na,  
Han mujhko aaj sula do na.

(Midnight whispers)

Akhtar Jawad

## Ardhangni 4

Tumko ek bat batani hay,  
Is dunya ki yeh kahani hay,  
Jab beti bari ho jati hay,  
Chup chap woh kutch samjhati hay,  
Woh kehti hay yeh ghar kundan hay,  
Yeh ghar hi mera jeevan hay,  
Is ghar se roti jaoon gi,  
Gar samay mila phir aaoon gi,  
Aaj uska rishta aaya hay,  
Is ghar mein woh ek chaya hay,  
Is ghar se usko jana hay,  
Ab apna ghar jo banana hay,  
Larka bhi theek hi lagta hay,  
Ek acha gharana dikhta hay.

Nari jeevan keya jeevan hay,  
Kutch iska nahin sab arpan hay,  
Woh apnon ko chor ke jati hay,  
Tab ghar sansar basati hay,  
Woh kitne aansu bahati hay,  
Do bolon mein muskati hay,  
Tum bhi to roti aai theen,  
Kajal ko dhoti aai theen,  
Phir aise hanseen hansti hi raheen,  
Phir sapne bune bunti hi rahin,  
Kutch poore huye kutch ho na sake,  
Jo ho na sake woh kho na sake.  
Woh sapne aaj bhi jivit hayn,  
Ye bachey unse parichit hayn.  
Ab bachey poora karen inko,  
Ham jeevit hayn bas us din ko.

Woh rat hay ab tak yad mujhe,  
Woh hath hayn ab tak yad mujhe,  
Woh yaden chanchal hathon ki,  
Woh ghaten bekal aankhon ki,  
Main unko khol nahin sakti,  
Laj aati hay, bol nahin sakti.

Jo keh na sakeen tum bol doon main  
Dohra doon unhein sab khol doon main.

Bas bas bas chup chap raho,  
Ab kishan kanhaiya to na bano.

Akhtar Jawad

## **Ardhangni 5**

Tum nana banne wale ho ab choro apni chanchalta,  
Ab hum par achi lagti nahin yeh madakta yeh veyakulta,  
Yeh jeevan to sangram hay ek tum Ranjha nahin ranveer bano,  
Kal dada bhi ban jao ge ab thore se gambheer bano.

Yeh kaisi baten karne lageen, who dekho chand nikalta hay,  
Yeh juhi ab bhi mehekti hay who tara ab bhi chamakta hay,  
Badal bhi abhi tak urte haiyn jhonke bhi abhi tak sheetal hain,  
Bas ek akela main to nahin yeh sare ke sare bekal hain.

Prem bhi roop badalta hay har yug mein iske dhang naye,  
Yeh jeevan aisi chaya hay pal pal iske rang naye,  
Kal bachey aaye they ghar mein ab unke bachey aayen ge,  
Bache bhi achey hayn lekin ab unse achey aayen ge.

Acha baba so jao aur mujhko bhi ab sone do,  
Main aur na ab kutch bolun ga jo hota hay who hone do.

Tum isi tarah se rootha karo mujhko bhi manana aata hay,  
Jo tumne mujhko sikhaya hay, mujhko bhi sikhana aata hay.

Akhtar Jawad

## At the Zero Hour

My dear lovely friends, Adams and Eves,  
I don't like you, as you are thieves!  
You have stolen my heart,  
I salute to your art,  
The art of stealing,  
An act, wound healing,  
I know you love me,  
I wish I could see,  
You're smiling faces,  
Shall steal some graces.  
This game of stealing,  
Its emotion and feeling,  
Its beauty and charms,  
In my weak old arms,  
I shall show to the moon,  
A lovely super moon,  
We shall see it tonight,  
With joy and delight,  
You shall also see the beauty,  
My eyes will meet your eyes so pretty,  
You will see me,  
And you, I shall see.

A few days after,  
At the zero hour,  
In between two dates,  
Victims of their fates,  
May dream we enjoy,  
A lovely nice toy,  
That sings a song,  
With the beats so strong,  
Like a beautiful dove,  
We know only love,  
We do only love,  
We live for love,  
Our God is love,  
We shall die for love.

Akhtar Jawad

## **Babul ki Dua**

Yun hi hansti raho muskurati raho,  
Tum khizaon mein bhi gul khilati raho,  
Apne naghme jahan ko sunati raho,  
Khud hanso aur sabko hansati raho,  
Tum muhabbat ki Ganga bahati raho,  
Tum chamakti raho jagmagati raho,  
Phool ban jao khushboo lutati raho,  
Aur dunya ko rangeen banati raho.

Tum sada khush raho yeh dua hay meri,  
Han khuda se yehi iltija hay meri,  
Betian meri khush hon to hansta hoon main,  
Warna khamosh chup chap rahta hoon hoon main.  
Zindigi ek safar hay ya hay imtehan,  
Is haqueequat ko bus janta aasman,  
Yeh safar hay to himmat se chalti raho,  
Imtehan hay to din rat padhti raho.

Ponch kar aansuon ko hanso to zara,  
Maine mana ke jeevan hay dukh se bhara,  
Tumko kanton mein bhi phool mil jaye ga,  
In duaon se aakash hil jaye ga.

(Being inspired by a poem from Geetha Jaykumar)

Akhtar Jawad

## **Badibee aur Bademian**

Pehle to kabhi na mile tum ham kyun apni apni lagti ho,  
Manoos si khushboo aati hay jab tum zulfon ko jhatakti ho.  
Har ang shanasa lagta hay har rang shanasa lagta hay,  
Nazdeek se dekhoon aakhir keyun, tum mere dil mein utarti ho.  
Honton ka tabassun wya hi jab pehle pehel dekha tha use,  
Yeh jado purana lagta hay, jab dheeme suron mein hansti ho.

Main Charon taraf se dekhoon tumhein, pehchanoon tumhein,  
Keya hoor bhi meri dharti per yun phirti hay yun chalti hay.  
Tum koi bhi ho keya karna hay, bas tumse muhabbat karna hay,  
Ab tumper dil aaya hay mera, yeh hasti nahin bas masti hay.  
Tum aain to rut bhi baalne lagi, Who thandi hawaen chalne lageen  
Who dekho amber nachta hay, who kali badarya barasti hay.

Bade mian khamosh raho yeh harbe tumhare purane hayn,  
In sheyron ki chandi ab mere rookhe balon mein jhalakti hay.  
Alfaz ki jadoogari choro yeh sona to dil mein utar bhi chukka,  
In phoolon ki khusboo se din keya, yeh rat bhi meri mehekti hay.  
Ek shadi mein jana hay mujhko, tayyar main ho kar aai hoon,  
Yeh beti tumhari ladli hay jo jee chahay who karti hay.  
Acha meri in aankhon mein jhanko to zara aur sach bolo,  
Yeh boorhi aurat ab bhi tumhein pehle si achi lagti hay.

Acha to badi bee yeh tum ho in naynon ka vishvas bhi keya,  
Tum ab bhi dhanak ban sakti ho, tum ab bhi chand si dikhti ho,  
Is man ka mere sangeet suno, tum ab bhi roop ho yovan ho,  
Darpan mein yunhi dekho to sahi, tum solah baras ki lagti ho.

Akhtar Jawad

## **Beauty And Love**

Two in one I see together,  
Like charms of a flower,  
Meeting free of arrogance,  
Like color and fragrance,  
Of a beautiful rose,  
So near, so close.

Sometimes I think,  
Their unity is a link,  
Between worship and duty,  
Love and beauty,  
Are His servants and friends,  
The world needs them and their mends.

Sometimes I say,  
To my mortal clay,  
Love is beauty in itself,  
Put the rest on the shelf,  
Love and love and only love,  
Beauty and charms of a peace making dove.

Akhtar Jawad

## **Being Inspired By Rachel Nichols**

A bird, free to fly,  
In the open sky,  
May be hungry  
May be thirsty,  
But sings happily.  
A sweet melody.

A bird with tied wings,  
And getting many things,  
Trying to cut the tight strings,  
And not eating, any of the things,  
Beauty, though it brings,  
Cry is, but, who says it sings?

(Being inspired by Rachel Nichols' poems on birds)

Akhtar Jawad

## **Birds And Girls**

Pretty, colorful flying graces,  
Gliding in air, twittering everywhere,  
I have seen their smiling faces,  
Loyal to spouse, no affair.

Working hard, at their best,  
Collecting something, knitting a craft,  
Making a nest for love and rest,  
And to lay the eggs, so soft.

So are the girls, all beautiful,  
Thinking in teen age, now or never,  
Innocent, lovely and colorful,  
Looking for a partner, a friend for ever.

Mostly deceived, by playboys,  
Enjoying a girl, looking for other,  
They take them as beautiful toys,  
Not to love and live for ever.

Akhtar Jawad

## **Blood of Gaza**

Killings of women and innocent children,  
A terror a horror and a satanic act,  
I am surprised why silent is heaven?  
Is there a treaty or a secret pact?

Is Satan now so much powerful?  
And Nemesis is tired and deeply sleeping,  
Dejected, unconcerned, no more wonderful,  
On crying of women and children's weeping.

But I don't think so, because I know,  
She will rise at last with death and destruction,  
Satanic forces will face her blow,  
For renovating the world and a new construction.

Akhtar Jawad

## **Buried Alive Part I**

My feet were unmoved,  
My hands were static,  
I could not speak,  
Could not open my eyelids,  
Still I was thinking,  
Still I was hearing,  
I was lying on my bed,  
Was I dead?

My wife was unconscious,  
My daughter was crying,  
Grand Children were so.  
I was trying to speak,  
I was trying to get up,  
Could not do any thing,  
So helpless I was,  
So restless I was.

My friends and relatives,  
Had arrived at my house,  
My sister was spreading,  
Some water on the face,  
Of my unconscious wife,  
And sister of my wife,  
Was giving some food,  
To the hungry grand children.

My son was away,  
Younger daughter was away,  
And my son-in-law,  
With my brother-in-law,  
Were informing my son,  
And my daughter abroad,  
On their cell phones,  
That I have been expired.

I was frightened so much,  
And my mental pain,  
Was a source of strain,  
I wanted to tell,  
I am alive, perhaps,  
But all my efforts,  
To speak to them,  
Failed again and again.

I started thinking,  
Of my sins shameful,  
And started regretting,  
Why wasted my life,  
In futile exercises,  
Why did not something,  
Something really good,

To please my God,

Meanwhile I heard,  
My son and my daughter,  
Are expected next day,  
By the mid noon flight,  
And they decided my body,  
To be kept in freezing,  
In a social worker trust,  
Till the time of burial.

I tried to speak,  
My dear loved ones,  
Please keep me here,  
Turn on air conditioner,  
Take some food,  
And rest at night,  
But I could not speak,  
I was dead.

I was moved to a place,  
Where no living man,  
Can pass a few minutes,  
And there I noticed,  
I can smell as well,  
As the bad smell,  
Of the dead bodies,  
Annoyed and frightened.

Then I thought,  
Many hours have passed,  
I did not pray,  
And remember my God.  
Having no alternate,  
And a victim of fate,  
I remembered Him,  
But all in vain,

So this is the death,  
The last experience,  
My life was prey of my death,  
And the hunter finally hunted,  
And as I could think,  
I have a life different in nature,  
But is my soul still in my body?  
I am dead or alive?

Oh my God! If I was dead,  
The soul should have gone,  
Out of the body,  
None of my senses,  
Should have worked,

But I could smell,  
And I could hear  
And I could think,

Was I alive?  
Was I dead?  
Was it coma?  
I knew nothing,  
But it appeared,  
To me in distress,  
I am going,  
To be buried alive.

I heard some voices,  
And recognized all of them,  
My son and others,  
Have come to pick,  
My dead body at home,  
And I was carried,  
Once again to my house,  
To my nears and dears.

I was given a bath,  
And in two pieces of white cloth,  
Those were not stitched,  
I was brought for the last,  
And final sight,  
Many voices I recognized,  
And I heard so many,  
Reciting holy verses.

Finally I was lifted,  
And my body was carried,  
To the near by mosque,  
After routine prayers,  
All gathered in the lawn of the mosque,  
And offered prayers for resting my soul,  
In piece, but the peace was not for me,  
They were going to bury a man alive.

Then I was carried to the final place,  
Where at, my grave was open for me,  
I was put in the grave,  
By my son and in-laws,  
And stones were put to cover the grave,  
And the clay on it was put by all,  
And the poor old man,  
Was buried alive.

Akhtar Jawad

## Buried Alive Part II

Then I saw two angels in the grave,  
They informed me,  
I was under arrest and would face a trial,  
And would be produced,  
Before the court of divine law,  
On the day proceeding,  
What could I do?  
Just waiting and waiting.

The grave was dark and suffocating,  
I could not sit just lying on the clay,  
I found myself now capable,  
Of crying and praying,  
Tears came in my eyes,  
And I said my Lord!  
Are my sins greater than your mercy?  
Am I a man so much bad?

Can't you forgive?  
I am buried alive,  
I then fell unconscious,  
When came in my senses,  
Saw the angels again,  
With a handsome man,  
Having face so graceful,  
He is your advocate Samuel Taylor Coleridge,

The angels left us alone,  
To discuss the case,  
Coleridge told me,  
You need not worry,  
Charges against you,  
Are weak and feeble,  
The prosecution has no witness,  
Other than you.

After some time I was produced,  
Before the divine court,  
And the trial started,  
I saw the prosecutor,  
And I was surprised,  
It was no one else,  
It was me only me.  
He read the charges.

My Lord then asked me,  
Do you plea guilty?  
Yes My Lord, I plea guilty,  
The accused has pleaded guilty,  
Coleridge stood and bowed his head,  
My Honorable Lord the accused has faced,  
A painful experience, he was buried alive,

He is no more normal.

Coleridge requested the Honorable Court,  
To allow to defend,  
The accused in the name of justice,  
My Lord, so kind, allowed proceedings,  
The prosecutor started presenting his case,  
The first witness were my eyes,  
They narrated the sins I did with my eyes,  
Your witness said the prosecutor,

Coleridge stood and said, "No questions."  
The second witness were my ears,  
They narrated the sins I did with my ears,  
Your witness said the prosecutor,  
Coleridge said again, "No questions My Lord."  
The third witness my tongue like a snake,  
Narrated my sins I did with my tongue.  
Again no cross examination by my council.

One by one all parts of my body,  
Stated my sins I did by them,  
For their pleasure,  
For their joy,  
All against me,  
I loved them so much,  
They never hesitated,  
Whatever were the sins.

The final witness was my soul,  
And the soul described my sinful thoughts,  
Coleridge desired to cross examine,  
The final witness.  
And he asked the soul,  
Did the accused was happy with the sins?  
No he was not.  
He regretted his sins, yes regretted.

Did he believe in love, peace and coexistence?  
Yes he believed.  
Did he something for the three?  
Yes, he wrote poems to promote all,  
That's all, my Lord.  
No need of any witness,  
For the defense,  
At the moment his bail is to be considered.

The Divine Law states,  
If one regrets his sins and is unhappy with it,  
He will be forgiven.  
The accused may kindly be granted the bail,

Already applied.  
Bail granted,  
Said My Lord,  
Till the Judgment Day.

I was brought back to the grave,  
I noticed a light and heard a voice,  
Come for the prayer,  
Come for welfare,  
Prayer is better than sleep,  
God is greatest of all,  
And none is the master other than Him.  
My wife was asking me to get up.

Akhtar Jawad

## **But She Was Touched**

I arose early in the morning, a routine every day,  
Washed my hands, brushed my teeth, washed my face,  
Cleaned my hair, washed my foot, tried to have a little of the grace,  
Proceeded towards light, with a mortal clay.

When I was moving outside I saw her on the top of a building,  
Her beautiful blue house, and I noticed her fair complexion,  
I smiled at her, but couldn't notice my smile's reaction,  
I bowed my head and while coming back, saw her again still standing.

Now her face was clear and distinctly sighted,  
An amazing beauty, a pinkish doll, in a white bridal dress,  
I wished her hand in my hand, with love I could press,  
She looked into eyes, gave her hand, in my hand excited.

I wonder how her hand was so much stretched,  
What did she see in my thirsty eyes,  
You may take it as a truth or one of my lies,  
She was so far, but she was touched.

(A love affair with Miss Early Morning)

Akhtar Jawad

## Chandelier

My friend gifted me a chandelier,  
But my eyes, being blind to others  
See a color of their choice,  
Unconcerned of the rainbow,  
A rotating beauty!  
Inheritance, ignorance and obstinacy,  
Of a heart having love,  
Blended with hate,  
I am an especial color blind,  
My eyes are sensitive to inherited radiation,  
The beauty of others is irritating for me!  
Am I the man my friend really meant?

(Lau shama-e-haqueequat ki apni jagah per hay,  
Fanoos ki gardish se keya keya nazar aata hay.  
Jigar Muradabadi)

Akhtar Jawad

## Changing Thoughts

Her first cry,  
With first breath,  
I read,  
She was thinking,  
I am unsecured,  
I have been in a safer place,  
My days, my nights,  
Will now depend,  
On breathing in,  
And breathing out,  
Just now I have survived,  
From most critical moment,  
Of my life,  
When I started breathing,  
Myself in a world,  
Where air is polluted,  
Where water is polluted,  
Where food is polluted,  
Whereat if I am sick,  
I will have to take,  
Slow poisons,  
The antibiotics!

I read once again,  
Sweet smile on her lips,  
She was playing in a garden,  
With her friends and foes,  
She was plucking the flowers,  
Colorful fragrant,  
And while she was running,  
To chase butterflies,  
A foe interrupted,  
By his naughty leg,  
She fell down on the greenery,  
A friend rushed to her,  
Raised her from the grass,  
Wiped her tears,  
Cleaned her frock,  
And kissed her cheeks,  
She thought,  
Life is lovely,  
World is beautiful,  
With a loving friend!

Then I read her,  
When she was in her teens,  
A princess of beauty,  
The owner of planes,  
The Lady of hills,  
Night in her hairs,  
Days in her cheeks,  
Stars in her eyes,

Roses in her lips,  
Warmth in the winter,  
And cold in the summer,  
In the soft lovely palms!  
Acid in her tears,  
That can melt the stones,  
Passion in her smile,  
That can mend universe,  
When she saw her image,  
She started thinking,  
I need someone,  
To love and admire,  
Or otherwise,  
This beauty is worthless,  
And she got him when,  
She started thinking,  
Life is charming,  
Gift of Nature!

I read her,  
In her bridal dress,  
Shocking pink shirt,  
With a moon like face,  
Heavenly grace,  
Ornaments like stars,  
Smiling eyes,  
With dreams of a night,  
With love and passion,  
Sentiments and emotions,  
Warmed up planes,  
Volcano in the hills,  
Settled hairs,  
Excited with a wish,  
To scatter on the shoulders,  
Of a loving groom!  
She was thinking,  
How lovely,  
Will be days and nights!

I read her,  
With a baby in her arms,  
No more a child,  
That ran behind,  
Colorful butterflies,  
No more a girl,  
In her lovely teens,  
Seeking music and dance,  
Being thirsty of romance,  
No more a bride,  
With exciting dreams,  
Of a lovely wedding night,  
The planes were static,

But with dynamic hills,  
She was thinking,  
Whereat I can get,  
An isolated corner,  
To feed my infant,  
My love is hungry.

Akhtar Jawad

## **Children In The Morning**

Sweet children, sweet children,  
Where are you?  
We are in the wash room brushing our teeth,  
Aren't you too.

Sweet children, sweet children,  
How do you do?  
Wearing our uniforms,  
Fine, thank you.

Sweet children, sweet children,  
How is the break fast?  
A tasty one, nice one, by grand mother,  
Unlike other days, it is a contrast.

Sweet children, Sweet children,  
The bus has arrived, so beautiful indeed,  
Papa we are ready, see you again,  
A parting kiss that's all we need.

Akhtar Jawad

## City of Gardens

Having thousands of gardens,  
Having millions of flowers,  
Is the city of gardens!  
With wise learned wardens!

And a small piece of land,  
On the farther end,  
In a corner neglected,  
Only few plantations!

Where visitors are rare,  
There is no boundary wall,  
As the fear of being plucked,  
The flowers don't have.

The familiar faces,  
With silver in their hairs,  
And gold in their hearts,  
Often visit this land.

They kiss the flowers,  
They feel their fragrance,  
And when they kiss the flowers,  
Their kiss is not wild!

They kiss the flowers,  
As a granny kisses,  
Her newly born grandchild,  
Still in the cradle!

Lovely, lightly and gently,  
Their passion and emotion,  
Their promoting kindness,  
Makes the flowers smile.

And the life of flowers,  
Is increased by a day,  
And the land is inspired,  
Furthermore for the flowers!

(A lovely comment of Valsa George inspired me to write this poem. Thanks Valsa)

Akhtar Jawad

## **Come On Women and Strive**

I cannot cure you in your pains,  
I cannot relieve you of your strains,  
I cannot set aside injustice,  
I cannot remove this centuries old malice,  
I cannot help you in acid attacks,  
I cannot keep you away from smacks,  
I cannot save you from the knaves,  
I cannot watch you in your graves,  
I cannot empower you to cast your votes,  
I cannot promote you, from your demotes,  
I cannot burn the market of sex,  
I am a petty poet and not an apex,  
I cannot defend you, burning alive,  
Unless you come on and strive.

Akhtar Jawad

## **Come September and Sweet Heart**

Why don't you remember?  
Remember again,  
Music of September,  
I still retain.  
We met in the greenery,  
A wet, lovely scenery,  
A teen age romance,  
The music and dance.

Why don't you remember?  
Remember again,  
Magic of September,  
Your shyness, my refrain.  
Love at first sight,  
In a moonlit night,  
Fragrance of white flowers,  
And the mild rain showers.

Why don't you remember?  
Remember again,  
Picnic of September,  
A love to remain.  
The maiden kiss,  
The beautiful bliss.  
A lasting joy,  
Not a moment's toy.

Why don't you remember?  
Remember again,  
The tune, Come September,  
We can still entertain.  
In the heat strokes,  
It still provokes,  
The desires of romance,  
We can sing and dance.

Akhtar Jawad

## **Compromises**

A word widely misspelled,  
Is included in the dictionary,  
And over all accepted,  
A welcoming compromise.

An enemy of an enemy,  
Becomes an ally,  
To win the war,  
Nothing to shy.

A couple having adverse relations,  
Live together and pass the life.  
Just for their coming generations,  
A good husband and a wife.

But a compromise on ethics,  
Has no excuse.  
I condemn,  
I refuse.

Akhtar Jawad

## **Continuity has its own Starins**

Continuity has its own strains,  
A frozen life has so many pains,  
Rising early in the morning,  
Initially it was charming,  
Sometimes I desire,  
For the day entire,  
May be passed on the bed,  
The sun hot red,  
May sleep somewhere,  
And my lovely sphere,  
May be free of sunlight,  
And a moonlit night,  
With the bright stars,  
The tune of guitars,  
Of the wind may please,  
And pains may cease.

And the dream of a world,  
Wherein whispers may be heard,  
Of a thirsty lover,  
And it may uncover,  
A war-less earth,  
And the peace its worth,  
Having love as its crown,  
White, black or brown,  
Being crazy in a tone,  
And sharing a throne,  
On a love stage,  
Having broken their cage,  
May sing together,  
And embrace each other.

A change has its own charms,  
If it is too long I'm tired of the norms,  
The greed of heaven and fear of hell,  
May be helpful, useful and truth as well,  
If ending in wars and killings and hate,  
A slow-moving clock we must update.

But I know it's a dream so let me sleep,  
A careless sleep, deep very deep,  
And ask the sun not to rise once again,  
Continuity of the sun is now source of strain.

Akhtar Jawad

## **Courage and Confidence**

At about 0100 hours,  
While I was sleeping,  
My phone rang,  
A naughty girl asked,  
Is your refrigerator running?  
I was not fully awoken,  
I replied, let me check,  
It's running, I said,  
Please lock the doors,  
Otherwise it will run away.

At this stage I was fully awoken,  
I checked the number,  
It was stranger to me,  
Next day I tried to find out,  
As to who was she,  
But I failed.

During the night,  
I called on that number,  
At 1300 hours,  
It was busy,  
I tried a few more times,  
It was busy every time.

Next day in the morning  
At 1100 hours,  
I dialed that number,  
After continuous rings for a few minutes,  
The girl attended the call and said,  
Hell with Alexander Graham Bell,  
You awoke me at the odd hours,  
I remained awoken for the whole night,  
And now you disturbed me,  
Well, who are you?

The same man,  
Whom you disturbed,  
Yesterday, at 1300 hours,  
The real odd hours!  
I am sorry.  
She disconnected the phone.

The same night,  
At 1300 hours,  
I received another call,  
Budha ghar per hay?  
(Is the old man at home?)  
Yes but he doesn't want to talk to you,  
Why?  
He likes to talk with the girls,  
Having beauty and charms.

Your complexion is dark,  
You are fat like an elephant,  
You are too ugly.

How dare you? I am beautiful.  
Impossible, a beautiful girl,  
Instead of talking on phones,  
Talks face to face,  
Because she possesses,  
Courage and confidence,  
That you don't have.  
No more calls.

Akhtar Jawad

## **Cry of Hills and Snow**

The day was fearful, sleep-less is the night,  
Energy crisis has blackened the streets,  
Terror is prevailing and there is no light,  
Children are crying and forgotten their tweets.

Gun fires are heard, gun powder is smelt,  
All are confined in their light-less houses,  
Mosques are empty and the roads not dwelt.  
Wives are waiting for the missing spouses.

All children above twelve have been kidnapped,  
They are being trained to become the slaves,  
Brain washing is on and hearts are trapped,  
Merciless robots are prepared in the caves.

The virgin beauty of hills and snow,  
Has been gang raped by infernal beasts,  
Tourists don't come and economy doesn't grow,  
Game of death is played by the priests.

They train to kill the women and children,  
Cause they are fond of an uncalled war,  
They will go to paradise after killing the men,  
They will watch their family in the hell from far.

The children are asking for their dears,  
And the helpless women have no reply,  
The earth is shaking with tears and fears,  
Watching silently, ignorant is sky.

The stars are shining like all other days,  
The moon is bathing in the moonlit flood,  
The sun will rise and disperse its rays,  
It will set, unconcerned, in the lake of blood.

Slow is the nature but she rises at last, ,  
History is the witness that violence is returned,  
Enjoy your killings, celebrate your blast,  
Tomorrow your body will be watched unconcerned.

Akhtar Jawad

## Democracy

Man is a mystery,  
Difficult to understand,  
And his feelings and emotions,  
Even more difficult,  
His behavior reflects,  
Only a moment of his life.

If he is happy,  
He behaves so nice,  
On the next day,  
He appears,  
Very indecent,  
He might have some problems,  
Physical or mental,  
Or something else.

An examiner was given an answer book,  
For checking and marking,  
On a separate sheet of paper,  
He was in pain,  
He gave poor marks.

After some time.  
He was given the same answer book,  
He was now all right,  
He gave very good marks.

Man is man,  
And his judgments and decisions,  
Are affected by his ego,  
And his circumstances,  
The judgments and decisions,  
Should be made collectively,  
By persons who represent,  
Various classes of people,  
Sitting at a place,  
Call it a parliament,  
In the light of a book,  
Call it a constitution.

This is democracy,  
Even its worst form,  
Is better than the best,  
One man rule!

Thanks to the lovely man,  
And a leader so great,  
Who defined democracy,  
With beauty of his words,

Democracy is the government,  
Of the people,

By the people,  
And, for the people.

Akhtar Jawad

## Desires And Dreams

He was very much fond of crushing sugar cane,  
With the teeth so strong, and sucking its juice,  
Then came a day when all his teeth were lost due to age,  
Now he couldn't crush and took the juice packed in tins,  
His desire to crush and suck did not die,  
Desire is an instinct given by God.  
One day after watching a serial on TV,  
A serial on aliens who came on earth,  
And helped some men in curing their disease,  
He went to bed but could not sleep.  
He left the bed and walked to a lonely place,  
Expecting to meet an alien for help.  
And to his surprise a ship from space,  
Really came there and took him in,  
He was moved to a cabin and laid on a table,  
He was made unconscious and when came in conscious,  
He found again healthy tooth on the jaws,  
He jumped from the table and rushed to the door,  
He then came out and ran to a field of sugar cane,  
While on way he slipped and fell down,  
And found himself on his same old bed,  
No tooth on the jaws.

Akhtar Jawad

## **Dil Ke Tarapne Ka Sabab Mat Poocho**

Tum bhi is dil ke tarapne ka sabab poochti ho,  
Tum na pooch tumhein ye bat bataen keyun kar,  
Aiey meri parda nasheen parde jab tum ho chupi,  
Tum hi socho to zara parda uthaen keyun kar.

Tum ne tanhai mein aaina to dekha ho ga,  
Tumpe jo guzri who auron pe bhi guzri ho gi,  
Khud parasti griftar hui ho tumbhi,  
Aur ki aankh to phir aur bhi gahari ho gi.

Tumne sharma ke nigahon ko jhukaya ho ga  
Usne kutch aur hi andaz se dekha ho ga,  
Phool jaisa tera paikar yeh nazakat yeh nikhar,  
Tera har ang nigahon ne nihara ho ga.

Hathon se door ho aankhon se to tum door nahin,  
Jispe dil machla use peyar se chooma ho ga,  
Tumko mahsoos hua ho ga har ek lamse nazar,  
Dil tumhara bhi ghari bhar ko to bahka ho ga.

Pecho kham mein kabhi zulfon ke tiki bhi ho gi,  
Tere honton ki halawat bhi to chakhi ho gi,  
Teri aankhon ki sharabon mein bhi doobi ho gi,  
Tere joban ki baharon se bhi kheli ho gi.

Who nazar shokh hay kutch uska thikana hi nahin,  
Jab yeh phisli to koi ang na choota hoga,  
Kabhi garden kabhi bahein kabhi rukhsaro labo chashm,  
Jane kis kis jagah kambakht ne loota hoga.

Husn ki adulate nayab ko in aankhon ne,  
Dil ke tahkhane mein leja ke chupaya ho ga,  
Dil to sheeshe se bhi nazuk hay zara socho to,  
Usne ye bojh bhi kis dil se uthaya ho ga.

Ab tarapta hay tarapne do sabab mat poocho,  
Itni maasoom nahin itni bhi nadan nahin ho,  
Itni bholi na bano tumko khabar hay sari,  
Mere is dil ke liye itni parishan nahin ho.

(This poem was written by me when I was 21 and I am submitting it after a little editing)

Akhtar Jawad

## **Do You Love Me? Do You Know Me?**

I humbly stand for a relief  
I am neat and clean,  
I am trying to see my faith my belief  
But Alas! Both are unseen.

Not for the fairies and paradise,  
Not to defend myself from the hell,  
My forehead doesn't want to rise,  
For a whisper, I may tell,

I have no fears of punishments,  
I have no greed of reward,  
I bow my head for my own sentiments,  
Believe it or not I love you My Lord

I am restless why you're unseen,  
I am aggrieved not getting a reply,  
On this way since long I have been,  
Will I see my love on sky?

Tell me before you cut the string,  
Do you love me? Do you know me?  
I want to know just one thing,  
If not so, like the garbage throw me.

Akhtar Jawad

## **Double Standards**

I saw her photograph at home,  
Liked her simple grace.  
Saw her at a holy place,  
Peace prevailing face.

I saw her on a modern town's roam,  
Modern dressing modern style,  
Posing for cameras and mobile,  
A glorious past becoming futile.

Why should I blame her and for what?  
Double standards a common disease!  
Even religions couldn't decrease,  
Excuse me all, excuse me please!

Why I should blame her, I should not.  
When I found my past infected,  
And my present too, affected,  
Hopeful future, although dejected.

Akhtar Jawad

## Earth in Universe

Universe, when I watched in a map,  
Doesn't has a point to show,  
Our planet the big one, we know,  
An arrow has been trying to trap.

Our sun and its system, fine, descent,  
We know and see them all,  
But the system is so much small,  
A point couldn't represent.

Instead, I found written there,  
I was sad and grieved to see,  
In the great Milky Way, where are we,  
Our Solar System, somewhere here.

Do the humans have anything  
To raise their rating in universe?  
Our acts, our thinking, all adverse,  
Need to think and do something.

Limited resources, rising population,  
Shortage of water, weapons of war,  
Might is right, our ideal so far,  
Proceeding we are towards destruction.

Why not use resources and wealth,  
To look a planet, in the space,  
To save our planet, to save our face,  
To shift our people relieving the earth.

Help yourselves and help all,  
Loving, pleasant and descent,  
Make the earth significant,  
Love every one, big or small.

Akhtar Jawad

## Ek Bhojpuri Kavita

Kaounu kam na kaj ka,  
Sasura shatru haiy anaj ka,  
Chahe lagao eko sonta,  
Chahe maro danda,  
Ghat talak na jaehe bhaiya,  
Ladi na uthaehe bhaiya,  
Khara khara chillaheeye bhaiya,  
Khancha bhar ke khaehe bhaiya,  
Dolatti bhi chalaeehe bhaiya,  
Dantwa bhi dekhleehe bhaiya,  
Jane keker hay jana,  
Sasura khawat hay chana.  
Eker bigral ba chalaniya,  
Jab bhi dekhat hay nachaniya,  
Ab ka hum batlaen bhaiya,  
Kaeese tumhen sunayen bhaiya,  
Aur agar batla bhi den to ee ho jaehe censor,  
Pornhunter wale nahin rahne den ge member,  
Laloo ji ko phone kiya to hanse bahut aur bole,  
Ee to vidyavan haiy janta hi bas tole,  
Ya to bhejo Bharat eko ya rakho Pakistan,  
Do din mein ban jaehe bhaiya ee to sabka pran,  
Awat hay chunao bhaiya ee ban jaehe cheeta,  
Mano ya na mano ee to hoihe sabka neta.

Akhtar Jawad

## Evening in Paris

My mother was much sensitive to cleanliness,  
She was fond of perfumes and fragrant flowers,  
She was famous for her kindness,  
And hard works, in the suns and showers

She loved all children, particularly her own,  
She was fond of sweets and ice-creams,  
She was married at an age, not much grown,  
She remained a girl with teen aged dreams.

She liked melodies and fine arts,  
She was fond of fictions and movies in the hall,  
Knitting, stitching and cooking, her crafts.  
My father a contrast to her at all.

After working whole day, since early morning,  
Restless lady took some rest mid day,  
A shower and change of dress, in the evening,  
The small blue bottle of perfume, for the tired day!

(I still feel fragrance of "Evening in Paris", a perfume in a small blue bottle)

Akhtar Jawad

## **Feel in Hot Arms, His Marvel on it.**

Muhabbat ko agar hona ho ho jati hay baton mein,  
Kaho apni suno meri kabhi jago to raton mein.  
Yeh meri bhi zaroorat hay tumhari bhi zaroorat hay  
Tumhen mujhse muhabbat hay mujhe tumse muhabbat hay,  
Agar samjho to dunya mein yehi to ek haquequat hay,  
Yeh jag ki ek rawayet hay yeh rab ki ek inayat hay,  
Yeh khushboo hay yeh naghma hay yeh shokhi hay yeh aadat hay,  
Yeh Hawa ki qyamat hay yeh Adam ki shararat hay,  
Yehi hay zindigi apni isi mein to musarrat hay.  
Kabhi chal kar to dekho tum mehekti shahrahon mein,  
Khuda mil jaye ga tumko kisi ki garm bahon mein.

Translation

Love will spare neither him nor her, but if they talk,  
Awake in the nights, listen to, and jointly walk  
This is my need and this is your need,  
The abstract reality one may call it a greed,  
You love me; I love you, a bliss top listed,  
If you think, is the only reality that existed,  
An old custom and the first preference,  
A habit, a song, a romance, a fragrance,  
Naughtiness of Adam and Eve's lovely wit,  
This is life and joy, enforced by His writ.  
The love is a highway travel on it,  
Feel in hot arms, His marvel on it.

Akhtar Jawad

## **First Experience of Sex**

Amoeba when beautified at vertex,  
Excited, twisted her body, enjoyed the apex,  
Was broken in two, the pleasure of sex!

Akhtar Jawad

## Frustration

Dear God,  
I am looking for you,  
I went to Kaba,  
I went to Kashi,  
I went to Kailash,  
I went to Karbala,  
I went to Jerusalem,  
I asked the learned men,  
Where is God?  
They smiled at me,  
As I smile,  
When I see an insane,  
They asked me to read,  
The tomes they have,  
I read these tomes,  
I was more confused.

The money that I had,  
Was about to finish,  
So I came back,  
To the dirty street,  
That remains dark,  
Due to energy crisis,  
To my house that is thirsty,  
Due to shortage of water,  
And tried to make,  
A cup of tea,  
But the gas in stove,  
Could not boil the water.

Frustrated and dejected,  
I started walking,  
On the dark street,  
Two men came on a bike,  
And snatched my cell phone,  
On gun point.

I decided to come back,  
To my house of problems,  
That has a generator,  
That has an UPS,  
That has a water pump,  
But during my absence,  
All went out of order.

I am still alive,  
I still survive,  
And worked hard,  
To solve the problems,  
A few have been solved,  
And a few are remaining,  
Should I accept all that?

As my written tough fate,  
A punishment of my sins,  
Or a game of probability!

But the question remains,  
Where are you?  
Don't have you sometime?  
For a weak old man.

And not only me,  
My nation and my world,  
I s a place of sufferings,  
With pains and strains,  
With bloods and wounds.

The nation is standing,  
Very close to a ditch,  
And the leaders of the nation,  
Are playing games of chess!

Akhtar Jawad

## **Gaza I Condemn the Butchers**

I had a few friends,  
Having modern trends,  
Sacrificing with bends  
Always ready for the mends,

A broad outlook,  
Like showers of a brook,  
Like verses of a book,  
That attracted and shook,

Everyone they met,  
And the hearts to let,  
All eyes were set,  
And their eyes like a net,

Made a room and place,  
With appeal and grace,  
Won an smiling face,  
Having beauty and glace,

And they convinced when they talked,  
Were followed when they walked,  
And the thoughts they stacked,  
They had nicely racked,

Poets were we all,  
They were large and tall,  
It was me the small,  
In the shining hall,

The hall of fame,  
Although had my name,  
Far behind in the game,  
I deserved the same,

Then I wrote a line,  
On Gaza, Palestine,  
For the feelings of mine,  
Am I in quarantine?

I may lose everything,  
Knocked out in the ring,  
I may lose a wing  
Shall continue to sing,

For Gaza and others,  
Anyone who suffers,  
Shall not hide in buffers,  
I condemn the butchers.

Akhtar Jawad

## **Ghazal Zindagi Dheere Dheere Na Chal Pai Hay**

Qurbaten faslon mein badal to gaeen yad lekin na dil se nikal pai hay,  
Ishq ka rog hay husn ka sog hay yeh tabiat na ab tak sambhal pai hay.  
Maine koshish bahut ki magar keya karoon zindagi dheere dheere na chal pai hay,  
Chal chhalao hay is zindagi ka magar teri chahat na dil se nikal pai hay.  
Husn walon pe uthti hay ab bhi nazar tak aur jhank ka aaj bhi shauq hay,  
Kaun sa shahr mein woh haseen shakhs hay jispe tabiat na meri machal pai hay.  
Aap aaye abhi aur chal bhi diye do ghari to mere pas baithen zara,  
Birha ka deep to bujh गया hay magar wasl ki shama ab tak na jal pai hay.  
Aap aahi gaye meri bahon mein par aankh uthti nahin hont khulte nahin,  
Barf si sard hay sang si sakht hay uf yeh ranjish na ab tak pighal pai hay.  
Jab koi poochta hay mera halchal, hans ke kahta hoon ache hi hayn hal-0-chal,  
Han chalan to hay bachpan se bigra hua, han yeh fitrat na ab tak badal pai hay.

Dosti ek thi jo ke chahat banee, Aarzoo ek thi jo ke hasrat banee,

Uf woh hasrat ke jisko fana hi nahin na to puri huwee na nikal pai hay.

Akhtar Jawad

## Ghazal-Ab Dhoondhta Hoon Aaj Magar Lapata Hay Jee

Keyun pagalon ki tarah use dhoondhta hay ji,  
Na janta hay usko na pahchanta hay ji,  
Keyun tere pas rahne ko un chahta hay ji,  
Ab tak samajh na paya ke keya mangta hay ji.  
Tum pas they to tumse koi bat tak na ki,  
Ab door ho to kahne ko kutch chahta hay ji.  
Do pal ka sath rog bana sog ban geya,  
Who lamha ek pal ka sahi mangta hay ji.  
Ek bat kah ke who to kahin door ja base,  
Ab main bhi door jaoon yahi chahta hay ji.  
Sab ke uthe to apne bhi yeh hath uth gaye,  
Kahte hue khuda se bhi ab kanpta hay ji.  
Uthi jo yeh nigah to sakit hi rah gayee,  
Allah in khalaon mein keya takta hay ji.  
Kal tak to mere pas tha phir jane keya hua,  
Ab dhoondhta hun aaj magar lapata hay ji.  
Likha tha jo naseeb mein who kab ka mil geya,  
Jo mil sake kabhi na wohi mangta hay ji.  
Har shay mein ek tu hi nazar aa raha ho jab,  
Pardon mein keya chupe ga tujhe dekhta hay ji.  
Tum socho ya na socho mujhe scone to do,  
Socho agar to socho ke keya sochta hay ji.

(Lamha	Moment
Lapata	Having no address/Whose whereabouts are not known
Naseeb	Fate
Shay	A thing)
Sakit	Unmoved, static

Akhtar Jawad

## **Ghazal-Ajnabi Se They**

Woyese to hum mile na kahin, ajnabi se they,  
Rishte na jane kaise kahan ke kabhi ke they.  
Dekha jo unko aankhon ne chupke se keya kaha,  
Alam ajeeb dil pe mere bebasi ke they.  
Majboor kar ke jane kahan ja ke chup gaye,  
Andaz badalon se dhanki roshni se they.  
Who din bhi kaise din they ke unke liye mere,  
Asar thore thore se deewangi ke they.  
Mujhko pata chala hi nahin le gaye woh dil,  
Dil ke irade unse zara dillagi ke they.  
Thori si cher char per roothe they kistarah,  
Andaz thore thore zara berukhi se they.  
Ghuse ki chadar orhkar kab tak chupao ge,  
Honton ke zaviey to tumhare hansa ke they.

Akhtar Jawad

## **Ghazal-Akhtar Yeh Dil Bhi Aap Ka Bigra Huwa Nawab Hay**

Mana ke roshini teri taron main lajawab hay,  
Akhtar-e-sham bujh bhi ja aamade mah-e-tab hay.  
Kaisi giran muhabbaten jane kahan lutai haiyn,  
Akhtar yeh dil bhi aap ka bigra huwa nawab hay.  
Aariz damak ke kah gaye, naguftahaye raz-e-dil,  
Akhtar tumhare dost ka chehra khuli kitab hay.  
Akhtar tumhem quasam meri jao na aaj rat tum,  
Kali ghataen chai hain, mausam bara kharab hay.  
Akhtar yeh lams-e-aatisheen jam-o-subu men bhi nahin,  
Ek ahmareen sharab hay ya ghuncha-e-gulab hay.  
Akhtar baja hayn aap bhi lekin zara bataiye,  
Peshani aap ki huzoor keyun aaj aab aab hay.  
Akhtar barha to hat gaye, Akhtar khincha to aaye pas,  
Keya dilnasheen yeh khel hay, kitna haseen sarab hay.  
Akhtar tumhen jo jeena hay to khawab dekhte raho,  
Ke zindagi woh khawab hay jo khawab bin azab hay.

Akhtar Jawad

## **Ghazal-Chand Aansu Hum Ne Pee Dale Chand Peetey Peetey Beh Bhi Gaye**

Kutch gham woh mile ke tadap uththe, kutch aise mile jo sah bhi gaye,  
Chand aansu humne pee daley chand peetey peetey bah bhi gaye.  
Toofan na jane kitne uthe sab jhele humne chup hi rahe,  
Aankhon ke ubalte ashkon se hum apne fasane kah bhi gaye.  
Do hont laraz ke tham hi gaey woh bat zuban tak aa na saki,  
Kai bar kisi ke samne hum do palken utha kar rah bji gaye.  
Armanon ki chakki mein pis kar dil khoon huwa aankhon se baha,  
Is ek muhabbat ki khatir hum lakhon masaib sah bhi gaye.  
Paththar pe asar keya maujon ka takra ke bikhar jati hain khudhi,  
Jazbat ke sarkash dharon mein hum tinkon ki manind bah bhi gaye.  
In jagti aankhon ke sapne deewana bana kar choren ge,  
Woh nazren jhukae aae yehan aur deir talak phir rah bhi gaye.  
Hansti huwi chanchal aankhon ne jhuk jhuk kar uthna seekh liya,  
Jo kah na sake they hum ab tak woh sari baten kah bhi gaye.

Akhtar Jawad

## **Ghazal-Jise Main Apna Samajhta Raha**

Woh ek shakhs jo hamraz-o-hamnasheen tha mera,  
Jise main apna samajhta raha, nahin tha mera.  
Jo le uda tha qurar aur chain dil se mere,  
Sukoon-e-dil bhi wohi dard-e-dilnasheen tha mera.  
Makeen koi na tha hadsa jab aaya pesh,  
Yeh dil jo toot gaya, kitna doorbeen tha mera.  
Qudam qudam pe sahara diya hay jisne mujhe,  
Woh uski zat nahin, zat par yaqueen tha mera.  
Main jisko ghair samajh kar talash karta raha,  
Woh apna tha, isi dil men tha aur yaheen tha mera.

Akhtar Jawad

## **Ghazal-Kam Se kam Ghairon Pe Chahat ke Bharam Rahte they**

Yeh Wohi ghar hay ke jismen kabhi hum rahte they,  
Han kabhi aap ke Akhtar pe karam rahte they.  
Aao is dil mein zara jhank ke dekho to sahi,  
Yeh woh mandir hay ke isme bhi sanam rahte they.  
Zindagi bhar ki kamai woho chand roz to hain,  
Jin dinon aap ke is dil pe sitam rahte they.  
Choti choti si woh khushian bhi theen kitni sadah,  
Kitne masoom they is dil mein jo gham rahtet they.  
Rooth jate they to baton mein laga deta tha,  
Tum khafa rahte they lekin zara kam rahte they.  
Apni khafgi ko tum auron se chupa lete they,  
Kam se kam ghairon pe chahat ke bharam rahte they.  
Kash apna lo woh andaz dobarah Akhtar,  
Jab sitam karte to mael bah karam rahte they.

Akhtar Jawad

## **Ghazal-Keya kho geya keya pa geya**

Zidigi ay zindigi tujhse main ukta geya,  
Yeh jagah hay kaun si main kahan per aa geya.  
Apnon ne ayse dukh diye jinka beyan mumkin nahin,  
Keya kahoon kisse kahun keya kho geya keya pa geya.  
Keya bataoon reza reza hoke keyun bikhra hoon main,  
Main khud apne aap se ghabra geya takra geya.  
Tujhko kho kar yun laga shayed khuda bhi kho geya,  
Tujhko pakar yun laga tha main khuda ko pa geya.  
Phool kante bun gaye dil mein jakar chubh gaye,  
Na zamin hi hil gayee na aasman tharra geya.  
Pehle hi keya pas tha han ek bharam tha jo geya,  
Loot kar rehzen bhi mujhko aaj to sharma geya.  
Chup raho Akhtar ke khamoshi hi mein hay aafiat,  
Keya zamana kho geya aur keya zamana aa geya.

Akhtar Jawad

## **Ghazal-Keya Mere Is Dil Mein Hay**

Aainon ko tootte dekha isi mehfil mein hay,  
Keya bataoon aap ko Keya mere is dil mein hay.  
Hamnasheen main tujhko apna dil dikha sakta nahin,  
Dagh tere nakhunon jaisa bhi ek is dil mein hay.  
Zindagi ka lutf to aaghosh mein maujon ki hay,  
Zindagi woh zindagi keya gharq jo sahil mein hay.  
Kaif woh jo justujoo mein tha kahan per reh गया,  
Aaj main kahne laga hoon rakha keya manzil mein hay.  
Mere hone ya na hone se bhala keya farq hay,  
Aap chup to khamushi chai huyee mehfil mein hay.

Akhtar Jawad

## **Ghazal-Khamoshi Achi Lagti Hay**

Jab aankhein batien karne lagen khamoshi achi lagti hay,  
Ab hosh ko rakh kar keya karna behoshi achi lagti hay.  
Koi hosh urane wala ho aur aur toot ke chahne wala ho,  
Aur shanon pe zulfein bikhri hon madhoshi achi lagti hay.  
Koi dekh na le koi sun na le, gul kar do sari shamen ab,  
In narm achoote honton ki sargoshi achi lagti hay.  
Zara dekho iski shararat ko yeh har singhar ke barse phool,  
Yeh chadar kaisi urhai hay gulposhi achi lagti hay.  
Main tummei chupa tum mujmein chupe, koi dhoondh raha,  
Yeh chand hay aur yeh kahta hay ruposhi achi lagti hay.  
Jab gal ki rangat nikhri ho jab aankhon mein masti utri ho,  
Ay chasme ghizalan chalakti raho may noshi achi lagti hay.  
Jab hont hon kaliyon ki manind jab phool ke jaisa paikar ho,  
Bareek gulabi libadeh mein khushposhi achi lagti hay.

Akhtar Jawad

## **Ghazal-Khudshanasi**

Khudshanasi khuda shanasi hay,  
Aagahi phir bhi kitni peyasi hay.  
Phir muhanbbat ki yad aai hay,  
Jazba taza hay rooh basi hay.  
Phir dhamaka huwa hay jane kahan,  
Har taraf chayee ek udasi hay.  
Log lashon ko raundte bhage,  
Badhawasi si badhawasi hay.  
Khudkushi, qatl, Jannaton ki talab?  
Bat choti si hay zara si hay.!

Akhtar Jawad

## **Ghazal-Lagte Hain Bhaley**

Mujhko to bas woh usi waqt hi lagte hain bhale,  
Roothe hote hain manata hoon woh milte hain gale.  
Woh bure to nahin lekin bahut ache bhi nahin,  
Aa to jate hain magar aate hi kehte hain chale.  
Rakh ho jae yeh dil rah-e-wafa ho roshan,  
Main to din rat dua bas yehi karta hoon jale.  
Rat aayee hay magar aap nahin aaye hain,  
Mujhko keya lena hay is rat se dhalti hay dhale.  
Waqt keya aaya gawarah nahin nafrat mujhse,  
Woh ghari aai hay mujhpar ke jo taale na tale.

Akhtar Jawad

## **Ghazal-Rat Ke Pardon Mein Sahmi Si Mulaqat Nahin**

Rat ke pardon mein sahmi si mulaqat nahin,  
Ek muddat se woh mehke hue din rat nahin.  
Teri madhosh jawani ki inayat nahin,  
Shokh nazron mein woh rangeen isharat namin.  
Bat keya apni sunaen jo teri bat nahin,  
Woh tasawar hi nahin ab woh kheyalat nahin.  
Ab nahin waslke hangamon mein lazzat baqi,  
Ab tere hijr ke woh pehle se sadmat nahin.  
Dost hangamae dunya mein hain hum tum uljhe,  
Fursale Ishq kise hay ke woh halat nahin.

Akhtar Jawad

## **Ghazal-Roshni Ko Maut Aai**

Khuloos-o-mehr mite dosti ko maut aai,  
Yeh kaisi aag lagi roshni ko maut aai.  
Woh jazba jisse haseen lag raha tha aaina,  
Kahan गया के मेरी दिलकशी को मaut aai.  
Woh kaun tha woh kahan ka tha bolta keya tha,  
Keya itna kafi nahin aadmi ko maut aai.  
Main rahgeer tha ek bezarar sa shahri tha,  
Main kab mara hoon meri bebasi ko maut aai.  
Woh barson sath raha nam tak na poocha kabhi,  
Mere pados men ek ajnabi ko maut aai.  
Tu qatl karne chala tha to mar raha tha khud,  
Tu baz aaya agar khudkushi ko maut aai.  
Na jane kaun kahan paye tere lasheh ko,  
Yeh koi bhi ho utha aadmi ko maut aai.

Akhtar Jawad

## **Ghazal-Teri Namaz Aur Hay Meri Namaz Aur**

Hum aashiquon ke hote hayn razo neyaz aur,  
Teri namaz aur hay meri namaz aur.  
Kahte ho jisko Ishq woh dikhta nahin mujhe,  
Meri muhabbaton ke nashebo faraz aur.  
Jo dill ko loot ley woh lutera mujhe pasand,  
Mahmood mera aur hay mera Ayaz aur.  
Roe jo tere gham pe wohi aankh muhtaram,  
Main keya karoon ke dil ke hain andazo naz aur.  
Jango jadal ke tabl se sahama hua sa hoon,  
Qudrat ne mere hathon ko bakhsha tha saz aur.

Akhtar Jawad

## **Ghazal-Who Bholi Bali Aurat Jab**

Jo shaiy apnon mein unqua hay who beganon mein milti hay,  
Muhabbat darhaqueequat sirf deewanon mein milti hay.  
Farishta jurm karta hay to sharminda nahin hota,  
Khataon per pasheemani to insanon mein milti hay.  
Wh bholi bali aurat jab kabhi kutch kho si jati hay,  
To mere dil ke chote se nihan khaanon mein milti hay.  
Parishan zulfon wali shan pariyan jaisi teri hay,  
Tu ghqazlon mein bhi dikhti hay tu afsanon mein milti hay.  
Hay teri mamata chai hui sari khudai per,  
Tu insanon mein milti hay tu haiwanon mein milti hay.  
Who jiski chonch mein zaitoon ki ek shakh hoti thi,  
Who zakhmi fakhta janon na anjanon mein milti hay.  
Diya jo jhonpri mein jal raha hay roshni uski,  
Na masjid na kalisa na sanamkhaanon mein milti hay.

Akhtar Jawad

## **Ghazal-Woh Chupke Se Aa Geya**

Bujhte huye chiragh ko phir se jala geya,  
Jhonka hawa ka yad tumhari dila geya.  
Apnon ki ghaireyat ka bahut dukh raha magar,  
Ek ghair keya mila ke harek dukh bhula geya.  
Jaisa bhi tha wohi to mera ek apna tha,  
Jhagrah ana ka usko paraya bana geya.  
Aankhon se neend jab bhi udi fikre dahar se,  
Aa kar tera kheyal mujhe phir sula geya.  
Yun dilshikan bahut tha magar ek bat hay,  
Yeh hadsa judai ka chahat badha geya.  
Main faslon ke husn pe hairan hoon aaj tak,  
Kyun koi isqadar mere nazdeek aa geya.  
Aankhen kisi ki mujhse mukhatib hain aaj phir,  
Shaed kisi ko mujhpe bahut peyar aa geya.  
Yeh rahe ishq thi mujhe manoos si lagi,  
Dil se chura ke aankhen main aage chala geya.  
Aql-o-khirid ke pehre sabhi rah gae dhare,  
Aana tha jisko dil men woh chupke se aa geya.

Akhtar Jawad

## **Ghazal-Woh Jo Bas Peyare They Ab Peyar Hhuwe Jate Hain**

Aur hain koi jo sarshar huwe jate hain,  
Hum to bas yun hi gunahgar huwe jate hain.  
Bebasihaye muhabbat ke mile gham jinse,  
Wohi monis wohi gham khawar huwe jate hain.  
Irtaqa ishq ka keya jane khilae keya gul,  
Wo jo bas peyare they ab peyar huwe jate hain.  
Tumne acha na kiya meri tamanna keyun ki,  
Aaj hum apne talabgar huwey jate hain.  
Jism ke ghao to bhar sakte hain lekin aiy dost,  
Rooh ke zakhm giranbar huwe jate hain.  
Jan aur dil tabahi to koi cheez na thi,  
Apne afkar bhi beemar huwe jate hain,  
Itni arzan to nahin jins-e-muhabbat yaro,  
Lo yeh Akhtar bhi khareedar huwe jate hain.

Akhtar Jawad

## **Ghazal-Yeh Kiska Intezar Hay**

Khushi o gham ki dhoop chaon kitni khushgawar hay,  
Kabhi theen unse ranjishen aur aaj kitna peyar hay.  
Yeh kaun aa geya yehan ke bam-o-dar chamak uthe,  
Hawa bhi kutch mehek gai fiza bhi lalazar hay.  
Khizan ka raj ujar geya har ek kali chatakh gai,  
Uthaoon jistaraf nazar bahar hi bahar hay.  
Shikaeton ki sari gard chahaton se dhul gai,  
Nazar men phir khuloos hay dilon men phir se peyar hay.  
Jhuken ge hum bbadho to tum yeh fasley mitaen hum,  
Gale milen miten gile yeh kiska intezar hay.

Akhtar Jawad

## Gori Chali Piya Ke Des

Dil ne ki jab peyar ki bhool,  
Chehra bana gulab ka phool,  
Masti bhari nigahon mein,  
Shokhi aa gai bahon mein.  
Dekho badly badly chal,  
Tan man dono hayn behal,  
Chupke chupke sari sakhiyan,  
Samjhatai hayn peyar ki batiyan.  
Chehre pe apne rakh kar hath,  
Baithi sakhiyon ke hay sath,  
Bhabhi ne kanon mein kaha,  
Sharma ke gori ne suna.  
Dulha bhai cherte hayn,  
Jane keya keya bolte hayn.  
Baji ki danten sunte hayn,  
Phir bhi chup nahin hote hayn.  
Kaisa aaya yeh baisakh,  
Jhukne lagi gori ki aankh.  
Fasleyn katin aur khuli lagan,  
Chanki payal phir chan chan.  
Aayen ge sajan leke barat,  
Mehke hue hon ge din rat.  
Gori ne orhi lal chunariya,  
Aayen ge lene uske sanwariya.  
Gori ne leli sunahri khes,  
Dulhan ban ke chali pardes,  
Keyun bojh bani peyari beti,  
Kal tak to thi dulari beti.  
Bahta kajra kahta hay,  
Dil mein dar keyun rahta hay.  
Keya jane bhag mein keya likha hay.  
Beti ki shadi ek jua hay.  
Bhaiya kal lene aana hay.  
Kutch din to aana jana hay!

Akhtar Jawad

## **Grand Children**

When I am annoyed of my son and daughters,  
My grand children come to me,  
In a hot summer the soothing showers,  
A rainbow pleasing to see.

My room becomes a lovely garden,  
A spectrum of pretty colorful flowers.  
My room becomes a watchful warden,  
Of birds and butterflies flying in showers.

How can I ignore the plants, I had seeded,  
From whom I got the loving beauty?  
My children, grand children, both are needed,  
To love and look after, isn't my duty?

Akhtar Jawad

## **Gulluism**

Just now I heard on a TV broadcast,  
A new word is going to be added,  
In Oxford Dictionary,  
It is Gullism.  
It means being power drunk,  
And supported by someone strong,  
Damaging public property.

Gullu Butt, is a political activist,  
Supported by the ruling political party,  
And was used to disturb,  
Demonstrations of another political party,

At Lahore he was seen on TV,  
Breaking the window glasses,  
Of cars and other vehicles,  
He served soft beverages,  
Looted from broke open shops,  
To the police officials,  
He was embraced by,  
A superintendent of police,  
The courts while confirming his bail,  
Remarked as to why the SP is not arrested.  
The embracing video was also seen on TV.

Thanks Gullu Butt, and congratulations,  
For adding a word in a reputed dictionary,  
And to to earn fame in a manner,  
To become a top class leader,  
And even a ruler of time.  
This is how languages develop.  
This is how leadership is developed!  
This is how democracy runs in an underdeveloped nation!

Akhtar Jawad

## Haiku Of Hockey

She had lovely fast running legs,  
And mighty arms reaching bottom of the kegs,  
Adventurous lips, winning wine filled in pegs,  
Romantic and exciting to watch her moving,  
How nicely she dodged and succeeded in kissing.

In the left and right the beauty for backing,  
In the center at half the sexy tracking,  
An artist she was in her lovely love making.

Classical hockey was a poem of Keats,  
Hockey on astroturf is a battle of beasts.

I no more watch her wild ugly kissing.

Akhtar Jawad

## Happy Birthday

Happy Birthday

My daughter was in the labor room,  
I asked the gynecologist, though not wild,  
What the ultra sound reports bloom?  
The report has shown a female child.

A mother of one male and two females,  
My daughter wanted a male child this time,  
We're praying and praying to Divine Scales,  
To balance the stanza with a handsome rhyme.

One hour after the last ultra sound,  
My daughter gave birth to a handsome child,  
A piece of beauty making every one bound,  
To look at him, and kiss like a wild.

There are certain things that God only knows,  
Fate, some thing definite and some are hanging,  
Hung fate changes by prayers and bows,  
Definite is definite, may be pleasing or paining.

And today is the birthday of that lovely nice boy,  
My dear Hassan, I wish and pray,  
A lovely long life with the moon light's joy,  
Have a happy, happy, happy, very happy nice day.

(25th of May, the birthday of Hassan, son of my daughter,)

,

Akhtar Jawad

## **He Is the Same Man Who Lived In a Cave**

The universe is designed to be ruled by power,  
Here might is right and mighty is the ruler,  
The weak has to pass his life as a slave,  
How nice he may be how worthy and brave,  
The weapons outclass his morale and braveness,  
The cowards invented to feed their madness,  
To exploit the resources of weak petty people,  
How badly they are treated being weak and feeble,  
Not only men but animals and trees and all the earth,  
Have lost their grander have lost their worth,  
Men are treated like insects and reptiles,  
Palaces have blood in their beauty of tiles,  
But the merciless time ne'er spares anyone,  
The weak stands and the done is undone,  
Thousand years it may take but they become wild animals,  
The descendants pay back the snatches of criminals  
The history has preserved all crimes of the might,  
For the time being their might was right,  
And the violent adventures are now facing the revenge,  
Descendents of victims are pleased with avenge.

Man will never improve his behave,  
He is the same man who lived in a cave.  
Why the poet is aggrieved his end is near?  
Just for descendents of my children my dear!

Akhtar Jawad

## Hidden in Ashes

You ignored me many times,  
As if,  
I am a stranger to you,  
When you look at me,  
In the crowds of a gathering,  
You don't smile,  
And you prefer to sit at,  
A place,  
Quiet far from me,  
When I talk to you,  
You utter,  
Just two or three words,  
When you see me on a road,  
You don't wave your hands,  
When we discuss politics,  
You don't oppose me,  
Your silence is painful,  
But I take it as a color,  
Of the lovely rainbow,  
That is beauty of friendship.

I am not annoyed,  
My friend,  
I know there is something,  
In me, yes in me,  
That has annoyed you,  
But that something,  
Is annoying me,  
I'll not ask you,  
I know the art,  
Of studying myself,  
My conscience,  
Is self-accountable,  
I am a human being,  
What so if I commit,  
Something wrong,  
I am not aware with.

But I assure you dear,  
A day will come,  
When my conscience will send,  
A message to me,  
Being aware of my guilt,  
I shall mend it at once,  
And I'll come to you,  
And embrace you dear,  
And your lovely smile,  
Will blossom the flowers,  
Of a dormant friendship,  
Buried alive in ashes,  
Still hot with passion,  
The twinkling sparks,

Like hidden stars,  
In the thick dense clouds,  
Facing suffocation,  
Still alive!

Akhtar Jawad

## Home Sweet Home

My home sweet home!  
You are better than Venice,  
You are better than Rome,

Your streets with crimes,  
Explosions and killings,  
You have lovely rimes.

I know the dwellers,  
I can talk anyone,  
Don't find the strangers.

Whereat I can walk,  
In the powerless nights,  
And complete dark.

Where dogs on way,  
Don't bark at me,  
Fearless of bites and betray.

I know your demerits,  
I am used to with it,  
And love your merits.

Whereat I can drive my old lovely bike,  
And can go to a place of my choice and like.  
Everything is familiar and nothing is new,  
May be it a fog or it may be dew.  
They all know me and I know them all,  
At home, I know what to do if I fall.  
Nice may be Venice and lovely may be Rome,  
I want to go back to my home, sweet home.

(This poem is written at Riyadh, Saudi Arabia)

Akhtar Jawad

## How Can I Forget You

I can forget you, how did you say?  
My dear Eve I am Adam's clay,  
Listen to my eyes they are talking with you,  
See my legs they are walking with you,  
Look at the paintings my eyes reflect,  
Don't see the mirror as it may defect,  
See your arms I am chained in it,  
See my naught I'm trained in it,  
My face carries your colorful courtships,  
From hairs to eyes and eyes to lips,  
The melodies coming out of my Romeo's heart,  
Is a song for beauty in a fairy cart,  
The Juliet came again with golden wings,  
Like pleasant winds of sweet springs.  
A beauty like you I haven't yet seen,  
You took my heart like a bandit queen,  
Either left or right or to and fro,  
With you I stop with you I go,  
It's close to you without refrain,  
Cage are your eyes the prisoner will remain,  
Hypnotized, mesmerized and enchanted,  
A heart in love is no more oriented,  
Where else it can go what else it can see,  
Its roots are fixed it's your garden's tree,  
It cannot sing new song Juliet,  
Your arms are cute and strong Juliet,  
It calls you a dream; it calls you a sleep,  
It's drowned in an ocean, calm and deep,  
Listen to this heart in your house of dreams,  
Why don't have a bath in its hot streams,  
It says all its corners are perfumed by you,  
Whatever it had, been consumed by you,  
A flower of colors that shines in day lights,  
A fragrant flower that blossoms in the nights,  
Blossoms even autumn and fresh always,  
May be cold nights or hot summer days,  
Milky in color with the pinkish shades,  
No fading with time any dirt of decades,  
The poetic eyes look drunk all times,  
Like two lines in harmony of rimes,  
How silky is your skin smooth and fragrant,  
Especially designed for my hands so tangent,  
The lips remind a soft pink rose,  
Let me have a snap please keep the pose,  
The soft white palm when red with alkanet,  
The long pointed fingers with a lovely garnet,  
The tired moonlight kisses your lips  
While she goes for day time dips,  
I see you in the light I see you in the dark,  
Don't you see their induced spark,  
Your long silky hairs gave a shed in sunlight,  
Your moon shying face in the dark so bright!

Services and loyalty care and sacrifice,  
How can I pay its Himalayan price!  
Your words are wrong and I regret you!  
How did you say I would forget you!  
I shall follow you sweet heart wherever you go.  
Death can't separate our love is so!

Akhtar Jawad

## How I Am

You are my beloved,  
And you have seen me,  
Will you please tell me,  
How I am?

She Smiled and embraced me,  
She kissed my cheeks,  
She kissed my lips,  
But didn't reply.

You are my friend,  
And you know me,  
Will you please tell me,  
How I am?

She wrote and replied,  
You are like my father,  
And a friend indeed,  
I love, I respect and I like you.

You are my admirer,  
You have read my poems,  
Will you please tell me,  
How I am?

You are a poet, very good,  
Never lack a topic,  
Always some thing new,  
I love to read.

You are my critic,  
You, too, know me,  
Will you please tell me,  
How I am?

I am your true friend,  
You address me a teacher,  
I am working with you,  
To improve your poetry.

You are my enemy,  
Police dog for me,  
Will you please tell me,  
How I am?

You are a rag-man,  
Reproducing ugly thoughts,  
I don't need you,  
Beware of the dog.

You are my God,  
You know me very well,

Will you please tell me,  
How I am?

I gave you beloved, friends and admirers,  
Teachers as well,  
Is something else?  
Haven't been replied!

Akhtar Jawad

## Husn Chala kuch Jhenpa Jhenpa

Cha gae badal halke halke,  
Chand ka aanchal dhalka dhalka,  
Gesuye geeti mahke mahke,  
Rat ka ka paikar bheega bheega,  
Kon yeh aaya dheere dheere,  
Waqt ka dhara thahra thahra,  
Mang men afshan cham chamke,  
Sar per jorah mehka mehka,  
Nain kisi ke kale kale,  
Gal kisi ka gora gora,  
Hath badhe do jhijhke jhijhke,  
Phool sa paikar simta simta,  
Hont kisi ke kanpe kanpe,  
Jism kisi ka toota toota,  
Zabt ke bandhan toote toote,  
Sara badan hay dahka dahka,  
Aaj hain arman machle machle,  
Sans ka toofan biphra biphra,  
Husn ke taivar bahke bahke,  
Ishq ka saghar chalka chalka.

Surkh se lub kuch pheeke pheeke,  
Aankh ka kajal phaila phaila,  
Bal kisi ke bikhre bikhre,  
Hath ka gajra toota toota,  
Kan ke bale tedhe tedhe,  
Mehka aanchal maska maska,  
Jhuk gain palken uthte uthte,  
Husn chala kuch jhenpa jhenpa.

Akhtar Jawad

## Hussain-Tasveer-e-Ishq

Tasveer to thi kamil lekin,  
Yeh rang na tha,  
Yeh jan na thee,  
Yeh shan na thee.  
Yeh kiske lahu ne rang bhare,  
Tasveer wohi shahkar bani,  
Jo pheeki thi,  
Berang bhi thi.  
Yeh karb-o-bala men kaun aaya,  
Keya shan hay is matwale ki,  
Yeh jan hay ummat wale ki.  
Is ret ke tapte maidan men,  
Yeh rang anokhe laya hay.  
Yeh Akbar hain,  
Yeh Quasim hain,  
Yeh Ibn-e-Hasan,  
Yeh Asghar hain,  
Yeh qous-o-qazah ke rang hain ya,  
Phir noor ke rangeen dhare hain,  
Yeh Ahmed ke ghar wale hain,  
Quran ke natiq pare hain,  
Nayab sahi,  
Nadir bhi sahi,  
Yeh rang bahut kamyab sahi,  
Tasveer yun hi rah jaegi.  
Koi pani lado thora sa,  
Yeh rang bahut he peyase hain.  
Asghar ko liye yeh kaun badha,  
Woh teer chala,  
Woh khoon ubla.  
Kiskis ke lahoo se ishq ki is  
Tasveer ko ranga jaye ga.  
Quasim bhi gaye,  
Akbar bhi gaye,  
Asghar bhi gaye!  
Ab koi nahin,  
Ek hujjat hay, so rahne do.  
Tasveer ke lekin qalb men yeh,  
Berang sa kaisa halqa hay,  
Dekho to zara keya likhkha hay,  
Keya sibt-e-Nabi ka nam hay yeh!  
Lo yeh bhi chale!  
Ek shor utha,  
Sijde men mujahid par kisne,  
Yeh waar kiya, yeh waar kiya!  
Tasveer hui rangeen teri,  
Tayyar hui,  
Shahkar bani,  
Kamyab sahi,  
Nadir bhi sahi,  
Tasveer teri nayab sahi,  
Fankar mere batla de zara,

Keya beete gi ab Zainab par!

Akhtar Jawad

## **I Am a Man But An Animal Too**

My children planned a visit to a zoo,  
They invited me, I replied with a shoo,  
I already have a zoo inside, within me,  
I cannot show and you cannot see.

All the animals are present in a man,  
You can see them with an honest scan.  
Both for the friends and their enemies,  
They have long, very long memories.

Like funny camels, like large elephants,  
Whether old or youths or innocent infants.  
They often behave like a beast so wild,  
They don't hesitate to abuse a child.

For many centuries they've been killing fellow men,  
They have misused their sword and their pen,  
Most of their killings were in His religion and name,  
Man was never shy of this bloody game.

Men cast their thinking in a too old mold.  
Those adventurers seeking silver and gold,  
Left footprints of animals in fact,  
I see in the prints many criminals in fact.

On the other hand like birds they twit,  
Under blue moons are lovely and sweet,  
Loyal and faithful like horses and dogs,  
Swim and jump just like the frogs,

Entertain the children like a dolphin or a monkey,  
Before pretty women they flirt like a donkey,  
Like a peacock they dance in a hall,  
Like a sweet cuckoo, girlfriends they call.

They are handsome when they love fellow men,  
Praise them with their words and use their pen.  
I don't need to watch a zoo,  
I am a man but an animal too.

Akhtar Jawad

## **I Am Alive**

They are human beings,  
They have emotions,  
They have sentiments,  
They have passions,  
They feel and they think,  
What's wrong in it?  
If they want a change!  
If they desire,  
A needful revolution!

They have been constrained,  
To stand on a road,  
Wherein all forks,  
Have been blocked,  
Behind them is a gun,  
Before them is a sun,  
Shining just on their heads!  
But enlightening paths as well!

The rotten system,  
The dirty politics,  
The selfish politicians,  
Corruption and violence,  
Ignorance and illiteracy,  
Communal riots,  
Terror and extremism,  
Unemployment and street crimes,  
Rapes and robberies,  
And above all,  
The hungry poor men,  
Discussing all time,  
The conditions and situation,  
Now ripe to burst,  
For a change and revolution!

I didn't see my shadow,  
I was alone,  
How helpless I looked!  
But truth is power,  
Could I speak the truth?  
I could not!  
For nine months,  
I regretted my past,  
I condemned my present,  
Too worried for my future,  
It wasn't only me,  
Everybody knew,  
What's going on to happen.  
In a cold night of December,  
After a long bloodshed,  
After a deadly war,

My heart was cut,  
Into two pieces,  
It could have been done,  
Without bloodshed!

Afternoon is it,  
Length of shadows,  
Show a linear propagation,  
Soon these shadows,  
Will disappear,  
But why don't you think,  
That may be a deadly night,  
Of a bloody revolution!

For the sake of men,  
For the sake of women,  
For the sake of children,  
For the sake of nation,  
Can't you get rid of ego,  
For a while only!  
And accept the fate,  
And move to a side,  
And avoid bloodshed!

Let them come forward,  
Let them change the world,  
If they succeed,  
It will bring some good,  
To you even, sir.  
And if they fail,  
The angry mobs,  
Will sweep them out,  
Like a dirty garbage.

I remind you, sir,  
Waleed told to Quraish,  
Let Muhammad (pbuh) continue,  
If he succeeds,  
Will be honor for Arabs,  
And if he fails,  
He will be no more,  
But he was ignored,  
And I know it well,  
You will also ignore,  
Feeble voice of time!

(This poem has an especial reference to the present political disturbances in Pakistan)

Akhtar Jawad

## **I am Amorous Nature**

I am light, neither I am black nor I am white,  
These are the objects that react and write,  
Having many radiations of several wave lengths,  
And the objects grasp according to strengths,  
Properties and approach they have in all,  
Some digest all whether large or small,  
Keeping seven radiations of my lovely kite,  
They appear as black but their soul is white.

I am not sticking, the objects have glue,  
I'm neither violet nor indigo nor blue,  
Nor green nor yellow nor orange nor red,  
Neither I'm alive nor am I dead,  
Invisible I am and colors I grant,  
That depends on reflection and its want.

One reflects the seven and white is the write,  
I like colors, keep a few and reflect the elite,  
Sometimes appear as the printed violets,  
On indigo uniforms of girls' sweet sonnets,  
As blue sun glasses of a beauty on a bike,  
Like green belts their belly I strike,  
Like yellow ribbon in the silky hair,  
Like orange socks in the soft cute pair,  
Like red shoes I kiss their feet,  
This is how the beauty I love to treat.  
Extremely amorous I am the nature,  
And you're my carvings and sculpture.

Akhtar Jawad

## **I Am In Love**

I am often so attracted,  
Mesmerized and enchanted,  
Having watched pretty things,  
With magic in their wings,  
Flying at human height,  
Touching eyes like a light,  
Getting inside very deep,  
With a pleasant soul peep,  
Then my eyes smile,  
Making heart juvenile,  
And I say to myself,  
Put book in the shelf,  
Watch beauty an' sacrifice,  
Your self, may be nice,  
I then sing like a dove,  
I am now in love.

Akhtar Jawad

## **I Do Not, But The Dog Has Some Worth**

Proceeding to my office, I was on my bike,  
I noticed an open man hole in the street,  
Welcoming the visitors to adore and like,  
The grander of the hole with smells so sweet!

The addicts had stolen and sold its covers,  
The police being paid every month by purchaser,  
A handsome sum for it and others,  
Popularly known as 'bhatta', a right of enforcer.

I saw a dog in the open man hole,  
Trying hard and hard to get out of it,  
He looked at me with his hopeful sole,  
Please help me, my lord, just a bit.

I was so late and I knew it well,  
If I help him I'll have to change,  
My affected dress with a bad smell,  
A struggle was inside, with my goodness in a cage.

Meanwhile a sweeper with a bamboo in his hand,  
Came for the rescue of the helpless dog,  
He was looking like an angel, great and grand,  
Helped the dog who jumped out like a frog.

He moved his tale, the nature had trained,  
Looked at the sweeper with his grateful eyes,  
If I would have helped him! I exclaimed,  
The sweeper's name I saw at the skies.

You are much taller and greater than me,  
We are men with garbage, and you are the cleaner,  
The lord of the moment you are taller than me,  
It doesn't matter that you are a sweeper.

And what of myself, a selfish white collar!  
The worst on the face of this lovely earth,  
Never thankful, to my helpful Master!  
I do not, but the dog has some worth.

Akhtar Jawad

## **I Love Them Though They Are Wrong**

When I came from my office,  
My father told me,  
Man reached moon,  
I rushed to the balcony,  
Started starrng at the moon,  
Soon I realized my simplicity.

A few days latter,  
While going to office,  
I heard some men,  
It is a lie.

The illiterate and ignorant,  
Simple on the other hand,  
One of them a little literate,  
Looking wiser than others,

Said not yet the man,  
Has reached Kohe Quaf,  
Where fairies live.  
How can reach,  
The moon so far?  
Definitely a lie.

Sometimes latter,  
I read a news,  
In a leading newspaper,  
Neil Armstrong,  
Heard on the moon,  
A call for prayer.

How simple are the men,  
They do not know,  
Sound needs a medium,  
For propagation.

And on the surface,  
Of the moon,  
There's no atmosphere,  
No medium.

All our senses, are a touch,  
When a sound wave touches,  
The hearing sense,  
We feel a sound.

What is important,  
These simple men,  
Although simple,  
Although ignorant,

Don't kill anyone,

Women or children,  
May be illiterate,  
May be ignorant.

They are not one of,  
The hating terrorists,  
They are not one of,  
Killing activists,  
They are not one of,  
Religious extremists,

How simple are the men,  
Deserving a song,  
I love them,  
Though they are wrong.

Akhtar Jawad

## **I Love You**

To me you're not a lovely one,  
To me you're the one, only one,  
To me you're not like a moon,  
To me you're beauty of a boon,  
To me you're not simply a flower,  
To me you're a fine flowering shower,  
To me you're not a moment's fragrance,  
To me you're sweet smell of endurance,  
To me you're not helpful and nice,  
To me you're a model of self sacrifice,  
To me you're not merely a need,  
To me you're an eternal living deed,

I remember the day when we met,  
What did I say? How can I forget!

For me, you are made, for you I shall die,  
Look into my eyes and say it's a lie.  
"I love you." is so much abused,  
Your smile now says, you are amused,  
Although I am a teen aged boy,  
But I don't want to play with a toy,  
My heart says, " She and only she"  
No one else I want to see,  
No more, none else, nothing more,  
Starring at your ways and crazy in adore,  
I want a doll for the whole of my life,  
Loyalty I assure and assure no strife,

Akhtar Jawad

## **I Neither am a Devil Nor are You a Demon.**

We both were created in a lovely river,  
Coming from the peaks of the highest mountains,  
Together took showers in the cleanest fountains,  
We played together we danced together.  
Our song was the same and the dreams were common,  
I neither was a devil nor were you a demon.

We went to school in the white uniform,  
And jointly did our all home work,  
Same was the dawn and same was the dusk,  
We stood together in deeds and perform.  
Our worship was friendship and love was the sermon,  
I neither was a devil nor were you a demon.

The river still flows but the banks are different,  
I am on the west and you are on the east,  
We can see each other and talk at least,  
And the friendship is alive although it is dormant.  
Bodies have been changed but the soul is common,  
I neither am a devil nor are you a demon.

We are now old our hair are now white,  
But in our depths we are still loving friends,  
Our thinking is unchanged with all old trends,  
Still the springs are enjoyed with a kite.  
In many fields is reflected the relation,  
I neither am a devil nor are you a demon.

We both are children and still juvenile,  
Could we swim together in the river's waves!  
The river is unchanged in all her behaves,  
Could we share our tear and share the smile!  
The hearts are beating with the same old passion,  
I neither am a devil nor are you a demon.

Could we walk together on the banks of the fate!  
Could we talk each other all day all night!  
Could we fight with the time with all our might!  
You are my friend and I am your mate.  
Now wait for embrace in the great deep ocean,  
I neither am a devil nor are you a demon.

Akhtar Jawad

## **In Cradle I See A Newly Born Sun**

The moon is singing,  
Stars are dancing,  
Milky way is tuning,  
The guitar of nature.

The poets are writing,  
Songs of the birth,  
Of a new bright sun,  
Who is now too late.

And the mother,  
Kind mother universe,  
Looks like Mona Lisa,  
She is smiling.

Beasts are sharpening,  
Blades of their swords,  
Improving their weapons,  
To kill the sun.

And they are playing,  
With the lives of stars,  
They are trying,  
To break the guitar,

They are outraged in a war with nature,  
They are fighting with their own God,  
To kill the desire of love and peace,  
To stop the tune of mother universe.

Pleasant wind is blowing,  
Dense clouds are coming,  
For a shower to wash,  
The polluted atmosphere.

The cradle still empty,  
Mona Lisa is expecting,  
I dream, I wish, and I pray.  
In cradle I see a newly born sun.

Akhtar Jawad

## **International Anthem**

Rise up Adam, Rise up Eve,  
Whatever you speak whatever you believe,  
Wherever you live let others live,  
Let the petals live and let the feathers live,  
Let us sing together, let us walk together,  
The talks of love let us talk together,  
Rise up old men, rise youths with passion,  
Yes, your motherland is a lovely nation,  
Yes, full of love is your nice religion,  
Yes your language is a lovely tweet,  
Yes your culture is pretty and sweet,  
Rise up lovely women, rise up pretty dolls,  
Rise up, listen to your mother, how dearly she calls,  
Bravely, boldly, firmly shout and raise your hands,  
At sea, in the air, or on the lovely lands  
No hot war, no cold war, no proxy war,  
Say nay to the terror, keep beliefs at par,  
  
Your mother earth is full of beauty and full of wealth,  
Let your mother survive with all her worth.

Akhtar Jawad

## **Intezar**

Aana to tha sooraj ke sang, chand ke sang aa jao sathi,  
Sara din to tadpa hoon main, sham ko na tadpao sathi,  
Subah ka bhoola sham ko aaye to bhoola kahlata nahin,  
Subah se ab to sham huei tum ab bhi aa jao sathi.

Sham dhale poorab se uththeen kali kali ghataen sathi,  
Rat andheri sar par aai, tum bin kaise bitaen sathi,  
Barkha rut men dost ki doori, dushman bhi mahfooz rahe,  
Thandi thandi mast hawaen dilmen aag lagaen sathi.

Tum aao ya neend aae ya maut hi aa jae sathi,  
Kuch to aisi bat ho jisse rat yeh kat jae sathi,  
Rimjhim rimjhim badra barse chamcham chamcham chamke bijli,  
Bheegi bheegi rat ka joban pal pal uthta jae sathi.

Akhtar Jawad

## **It's You Only You**

I never loved you,  
It's me only me,  
Myself, my image, my ego,  
I loved.

I loved my eyes,  
For beautiful sights,  
For poems I read,  
For watching a mirror.

I loved my ears,  
For hearing the others,  
For the tunes I like,  
For hearing my own speech.

I loved my tongue,  
For speaking the others,  
For tasting something delicious,  
For expressing myself.

I loved my nose,  
For smelling the fragrance,  
For exciting my apathy,  
For my own appetite.

I loved my body as a whole,  
For joyful touches,  
For all my acts,  
For me only me.

I never hated anyone,  
It's me only me,  
Myself, my image, my ego,  
I hated.

I hated my eyes,  
For ugly sights,  
For my foolish writes,  
For my face in a mirror.

I hated my ears,  
For hearing myself,  
For my bathroom singing,  
For the tunes I dislike.

I hated my tongue,  
For abusing others,  
For tasting the medicines,  
For the foods I dislike.

I hated my nose,  
For smelling something bad,

For breathing troubles,  
For sleeping opened mouth,

I hated my body as a whole,  
For my pains and allergies,  
For my all ugly acts.  
For me only me.

Please wait I'm wrong,  
I forgot my soul,  
My soul loves you,  
It's you, only you.

Akhtar Jawad

## Jamal-e-Yar

Sabz bheege pairahan men paikar-e-marmar ko dekh,  
Tune keya dekhe naheen barsat men joohi ke phool,  
Samne uske main kyun na sari baten jaoon bhool,  
Kakul-e-uswad ke neechे aariz-e-ahmar ko dekh.

Dekh le uski jabeen par do darakhshandah hilal,  
Teergi se jinki sharmata hay noor-e-mahetab,  
Gesuaon men doob jata hay chamakta aftar,  
Nargisi aankhen hain ya shair ka hain rangeen khyal.

Dekh aa kar uske nazuk lub ke jinke darmian,  
Bijlion ki fauj saf ara khadi tayyar hay,  
Dant hain ya motion ka kondta ek har hay,  
Muskurahat hay yeh uski ya bahar-e-gulfishan.

Woh to bus raanaion ki rang bhari tasveer hay,  
Shair-e rangeen taba ka ek nadir khawab hay,  
Woh kitab-e-husn ka mehka hua ek bab hay,  
Qudrat-e-rangeen bayan ki dilnasheen tehereer hay.

Akhtar Jawad

## **Jane and Joe, The Twin Paradox**

Jane and Joe were twins alike,  
Jane the sister, went high in the sky,  
Velocity of the ship was that of light.  
Joe the brother, he did not not fly.

Dwelling in space for a few days only,  
Jane came back and she was surprised,  
Her brother has grown, too old than her,  
But the youth and beauty of Jane survived.

Jane was traveling with the speed of light,  
Biological clock turned slower, same on the wrist,  
At enormous speed time is relative,  
Albert Einstein was a great scientist.

Akhtar Jawad

## **Keep The Beauty**

The dancer of space,  
A charming face,  
Amazing mountains,  
Music of fountains,  
Flowing rivers,  
And the divers.  
All on duty.  
Keep the beauty.

The teen-aged girls,  
Need these curls.  
The babes and moms,  
Need the farms.  
Mother's the earth,  
Keep her wealth.  
All on duty!  
Keep the beauty! !

The queen planet,  
Eternal sonnet,  
Forests and gardens,  
Are the wardens.  
The friendly trees!  
Cut not please!  
All on duty! !  
Keep the beauty!

Akhtar Jawad

## Keya Kahoon, Kisse Kahoon, Kayse Kahoon

Koi bhool hui, Keya bhool hui,  
Woh mujhse bat nahin karte,  
Koi chook hui, Keya chook hui,  
Main bol rahi, Woh sunte nahin,  
Kutch kahte nahin,  
Jate jate jab maine kaha,  
Allah Hafiz,  
Pehle woh keya keya kahte the,  
Pehle woh keyakeya karte they,  
Aur aaj to bas itna hi kaha,  
Allah Hafiz.  
Woh chale gaye, jate jate,  
Ek bar bhi mur kar dekha nahin,  
Woh aankhen bhi khamosh raheen,  
Aur hont to bilkul sakit they,  
Bas chale gaye, koi phone bhi ab tak aaya nahin,  
Dil daftar mein ghabraya nahin.

Koi bat nahin,  
Aysa to aksar hota hay,  
Insan hay Woh hansta hay sada,  
Kabhi kabhi ro leta hay,  
Mujhko bhi zara ro lene do,  
Is dil ko zara dho lene do,  
Jab sham suhani aayegi,  
Aur madhoshi jab chaye gi,  
Jab sham ke sanwle paikar per,  
Chanda ki kirnen barsen gi,  
Jab tare hans kar neel gagan per,  
Athkhelian karne niklen ge,  
Jab sham ke phoolon ka joban,  
Angrai lekar uththe ga,  
Aur khusboo har soo bikhre gi,  
Woh hosh urane aaye ga,  
Har shikwah mitane aaye ga,  
Woh jaddo banker chaye ga,  
Soton ko jagane aaye ga,  
Roton ko hansane aaye ga,  
Roothon ko manane aayega,  
Aur han ek bat bataun tumhein,  
Koi tohfa lekar aayen ge.

Lekin uske, aane se pehle,  
Main aaj karoon gi solah singhar,  
Phir hal kisi ka dekhoon gi,  
Aur main unse phir rothoon gi,  
Aiy sham zara jaldi aana,  
Dil mera abhi se dharakta hay,  
Aur chupke chepke kahta hay,  
Phir taza hogi guzri bahar,  
Aur chand sitare dekhen ge,  
Hum kaise muhabbat karte hayn,

Phir kaliyan chupen gi patton mein,  
Phir hawa chalegi behki hui,  
Phir jadoo woh ban jayega,  
Phir khusboo main ban jaoon gi,  
Phir dulhan main ban jaoon gi,  
Koi ghughat mera uthae ga,  
Koi geet bhi mujhko sunaye ga,  
Woh apna hosh urayega,  
Woh mujhko bhi bahkaye ga,  
Har aang se masti phoote gi,  
Har rang se kirnen niklen gi,  
Tum khud hi kaho is jeevan ka,  
Us nazuk rangeen lamhe mein,  
Koi matlab aur bhi mumkin hay,  
Bas ek muhabbat hogi wohan,  
Aur uske siwa sare jazbe,  
Sharmaen ge chup jaen ge,  
Bachon ki tarah so jaen ge.

Yeh khel they mere jeevan ke,  
Yeh jeevan aise hi guzra hay,  
Keyun aaj nahin, dunya mein kahin,  
Yeh khushian dikhai deti hayn,  
Logon mein, mere bachon mein,  
Yeh preet ki reet sikhaon kise,  
Yeh geet suhane sunaon kise,  
Main kisse kahoon yun peyar karo,  
Yun apni subh ki sham karo,  
Yun apni sham ki rat karo,  
Woh roothe agar to manao use,  
Aur rootho, jab muskaye koi,  
Yun waqt ganwana theek nahin,  
Ban jao lutere muhabbat ke,  
Kal balon mein chandi chamke gi,  
Yeh guzri umr na aaye gi,  
Lekin yeh sab kisse kahoon,  
Koi meri sune to usse kahoon,  
Koi uske jaisa bhi dikhta nahin,  
Koi mere jaisa bhi milta nahin.

Akhtar Jawad

## **Law And Equity**

If I am a dictator,  
Or a powerful preacher,  
Even, a democratic leader,  
And I am instrumental in legislature,  
And I am responsible of framing or continuing a law,  
That has an element of flaw,  
It is in violation to equity,  
And I am ignorant of the reality,  
And I have made many decisions on the basis of necessity,  
I have taken many actions in my own capacity,  
And there is a law against the principles of natural justice,  
And I don't take any action against this malice,  
For humanity I am not doing any service,  
I'm not doing anything for the real justice.

Akhtar Jawad

## **Let The Candles Lit**

Calm my friend, the sky is fighting the unfriendly dark,  
Don't come in the way of a deadly shark.  
The seas and oceans are knitting a net, for the giant evil,  
Soon you will see the end of the dominant devil.  
The hills and mountains will be green once again,  
You will see a snow fall and it will rain.  
The flowers will blossom and the trees will dance,  
The rivers will sing the melodies of romance.  
The fields will produce the golden grains,  
The girls in schools will have no strains.  
Without any fear you will go for the prayers,  
You'll play your games with all the players.  
Let the candles lit, rough night is followed by a silky day,  
Don't disturb, the sun is sleeping in the milky way.

Akhtar Jawad

## Life Is A Play

I was too,  
Just like you,  
Used to say,  
My life is a play,  
In no way bound,  
Just playing in the ground,  
Badminton, Cricket, Hockey as well,  
Long live my games, rest in hell,  
Chasing sweet girls on my bike,  
One may like me or dislike,  
Whistling, hooting during a match,  
Jumping monkey, on a good catch.

Being old man now,  
I'm gentle like a cow,  
Sobers like an owl, sit like a goat,  
In a still lake, a slow little boat,  
My mistake, I heard a name,  
Shakespeare it was, a man of of fame,  
Having read the great man, once more say,  
Everyone has a role and life is a play.  
Had I played, my little role?  
Or I should play more, for a goal?

Akhtar Jawad

## **Life is too Short for Love**

Life ending quickly and has almost passed,  
Nothing is remained; the limits have been crossed,  
Like a dry leaf with a pale faded face,  
No glory of the past, or shine or glaze,  
I still sense waves I still reflect light,  
I'm still hanging on with all my might.

The amorous branches that swing with joy,  
Stretched carefree like arms of a boy,  
To the singing, dancing maid of rains,  
Breaking the taboos and smashing the refrains,  
The rain is amusing with pleasant heavy showers,  
The leaves are green and red are the flowers

The blow of wind is exciting and amazing,  
The soul peeping out as if body is glazing,  
The cold blow of wind is hot and brightening,  
The pale dry leaf is shivering and frightening,  
As at any time it may fall on the earth,  
The mother it rose from having all his worth.

He loved his mother more than anyone,  
The stem like his father who was next to none,  
The spread branches like brothers and sisters,  
The friendly leaves the naughty gangsters,  
And the lovely flowers like sweet charming girls,  
Colorful, fragrant, charming like pearls.

Still thirsty goes with a hunger of love,  
With branch of olive the sweet singing dove,  
He couldn't meet yet and he couldn't yet see.  
Good bye lovely garden, good bye my tree.  
For a time passing love we need bright years,  
To find a true love we need light years.

Akhtar Jawad

## Lily Is Truly Beautiful

Lily was my co-league,  
Never tired of fatigue,  
Strong with her pen,  
One female, while others were men.  
Sober and sincere at her desk,  
Willing to repair wherever may be wreck.

A few sometimes used to make her a fun,  
Often described her, a bulky gun.  
Sometimes they called her, cold dry ice,  
Although she was pleasant and very nice.  
Her complexion was dark she was not beautiful,  
But she was helpful and dutiful.

One day a girl very very cute,  
Moving like the waves coming out from a flute,  
A tight fit dress exposing all curves,  
Accelerating the beats, exciting the nerves,  
An advertising executive arrived there,  
And in a moment she was center of sphere.

See her, see her, Lily whispered,  
How beautiful! Cleopatra she referred.  
But I think she's wife of a bull,  
And Miss Lily you are more beautiful.  
How I am beautiful, a bulky gun,  
I think you too have made me a fun.

Then every day she asked to tell,  
Like an alarm's fixed time bell,  
I was annoyed of the question being same,  
Bringing on me an assertion's shame.  
The answer was revealed at last to me,  
I can get you but I can't Miss She.

She laughed and told me, you naughty boy,  
I am working for my family, I'm not a toy.  
My husband has left me, alone on this earth,  
My asset is my son, I'm struggling for his worth.  
And to support my old ailing parents,  
To life I have made these two commitments.

Many years after, I saw once more,  
Lily, with her son, she was worthy of adore,  
Introduced his son as a top executive,  
Her car, her son, were both narrative,  
Sincere to commitments, she was in full,  
I must say she is truly beautiful.

Akhtar Jawad

## Love Always Wins

Early morning came,  
With dark brown clouds,  
With a singing dawn,  
With the dancing winds,  
The veiled sun,  
Hidden somewhere,  
But his smile,  
Was so pleasant,  
Awoke the souls,  
From very deep,  
The dreaming sleep,  
The sick flower,  
With a mild shower,  
Was turned in flames,  
The amazing flames,  
Very cold outside,  
Very hot inside,  
All her senses,  
Were active now,  
Sensed her colors,  
Felt her fragrance,  
Heard the music,  
Tasted rain drops,  
Twisted her petals,  
Now shocking pink,  
Withstood the rains,  
Now heavy and violent,  
She was not afraid,  
Of frightening thunders,  
And flash of lightening,  
Nature has blown,  
A new soul in her,  
She smiled like a bud.  
Her beauty and grace,  
Her challenging face,  
Constrained the nature,  
For a friendly surrender!

But the nature smiled,  
And said to her,  
My dear rose bud,  
A starry night,  
With the shining moon light,  
Humid and hot,  
Sweating and tiring,  
But romantic as well,  
Provocations from my side,  
Is ahead of you,  
I would love to see,  
How you sustain,  
The youth of new soul,  
I shall eagerly watch,

If your petals remain,  
Fresh and pink,  
Happily I shall go,  
If I surrender once again!

Love always wins,  
And nature proudly said,  
They are my slaves,  
They shall remain my slaves.

Akhtar Jawad

## Love and Peace

No more confined,  
To a family so small,  
Now my family,  
Is large and tall.  
The inspiring friendships,  
Relationships,  
Like rainbow,  
A colorful painting,  
A joy ever lasting.

Has made this life,  
Inhabitant of an oasis,  
In hot and lonely,  
Desert of reptiles.

I am no more afraid,  
Of scorpions of extremism,  
I am no more frightened,  
Of snakes of fundamentalism.

I remain peaceful,  
Even when the media,  
Lets me know,  
How many have been killed,  
In the name of religion,  
In the name of sects,  
And,  
In the ethnic violence.

I am now carefree,  
And not an angry old man,  
On power shut downs,  
Low pressure of gas,  
Scarcity of water,  
And crimes in the streets.

I am no more disturbed,  
When I come to know,  
Hot fire has been exchanged,  
On the borders with neighbors.

Do you know why?  
Because I have got,  
A sky so vast,  
Whereat I add a tiny star,  
In a Milky Way,  
Having Suns and Moons.

I convey my sentiments,  
To my larger family,  
For comments and rating,  
In the website dating,

And when I am responded,  
I become hopeful.

The time will change,  
And ahead of us,  
Is a mental revolution,  
That will rise like waves,  
Of an ocean of love,  
And shall wipe out dust,  
And garbage of the past,  
From the beach of life.

In a neat and clean,  
Lovely beach of the world,  
In the moonlit nights,  
With faces so bright,  
I shall watch my children,  
Enjoying their lives,  
In song and dance.

On the shining silver sand,  
They will play the game,  
Of hide and seek,  
And will share in the air,  
The life boosting lesson,  
Of coexistence.

Pains will be dormant,  
And hatred will die,  
And nothing will remain,  
But love and peace.

Akhtar Jawad

## Love Can Do It

If your smile brings tears,  
In the glittering stars,  
Shining in the nights,  
Of brown silky hairs,  
Before tears touch,  
The dawn of her cheeks,  
Before tears kiss,  
The petals of the rose,  
Put your lips,  
On the soft pink petals,  
Separate the petals,  
See the lightning,  
Of the diamonds inside,  
Make her smile.

Exchange your smile,  
With the prisms of tears.  
And see the spectrum,  
The pretty nice colors.  
And the rainbow,  
Will make you a flower,  
Having so many petals,  
Having various colors,  
And enchanting fragrance

But don't cry,  
In front of her,  
Ask your soul,  
To keep the tears,  
Till you get,  
A camouflaged reason,  
And you could tell her,  
It's not due to you.

Do you know?  
Angels will carry,  
Your tears to the ocean,  
And allotropy will modify,  
Your tears into pearls,  
And when a garland of pearls,  
Will decorate the neck,  
Of an appealing beauty,  
The beauty will smile,  
Her soul will dance,  
A melody of romance,  
With the beats of love,  
She will turn into magic,  
Her eyes will radiate,  
The colorful rays,  
Will make you a moon,  
When you will see yourself,  
In her deep brown eyes,

You will say to yourself,  
How handsome am I!

She is so much pretty,  
Your beloved is she!  
And love is miracle,  
She loves you,  
More than her life,  
And years old love,  
Can easily do it,  
Love can do,  
Much more than this.  
Love is a bliss!  
Love is supported,  
Love is propagated,  
Love is decorated,  
By someone unseen!  
Sometimes far in skies,  
Yet so closed to your heart!

Akhtar Jawad

## Main Tumhein Kaise Bhool Sakta Hoon

Main tumko bool sakta hoon yeh kaise keh diya tumne,  
Yeh aankhein bhi mukhatib hayn inhein bhi sun liya tumne,  
Zara dekho in aankhon mein yeh tasveerein tumhari hayn,  
Jo dil ko bandh kar rakhein woh zanjeerien tumhari hayn,  
Mera chehra liye phirta hay rangeen dastanein jo,  
Mere dil se nikalti rehti hayn Ranjha ki tanein jo,  
Tumhein woh Heer kehti hayn tum itni khoobssorat ho,  
Nazakat ho, raoonat ho, muhabbat hi muhabbat ho,  
Yeh dil to ek qaidi hay kahin ja hi nahin sakta,  
Yeh koi aur naghma ab kabhi ga hi nahin sakta,  
Tumhein yeh neend kehta hay tumhein ye khawab kehta hay,  
Kabhi sun kar to dekho keya dile betab kehta hay.

Yeh kehta hay ke mera gosha gosha keyun mehekta hay,  
Na jane phool kaisa hay jo subho sham khilta hay,  
Yeh juhi hay chanbeli hay ya phir yeh rat rani hay,  
Ke ispar to khizaon mein bhi aati ek jawani hay,  
Yeh iski doodhia rangat mein masti hay gulabi hay,  
Nigahein shairana hayn nazar behki sharabi hay,  
Nazakat ka yeh paikar hay yeh rangat hay yeh khushboo hay,  
Zamin keya aasman jhuk jaye chalta phirta jadoo hay,  
Agar honton ko dekhoon main to kaliyan yad aati hayn,  
Agar choo loon to behki rang ralian yad aati hayn,  
Yeh nazuk si hatheli jab hina se surkh hoti hay,  
To inko choom ker phir chandni her subh soti hay.  
Andhera ho ujala ho tumhein paya sada maine,  
Dukhon ki dhoop mein zulfon ka saya le liya maine,  
Wafa ki sari rasmein kistarah tumne nibhai hayn,  
Tumhi ne jhalkian hooron ki dunya mein dikhai hayn,  
Bari qurbanian deen hayn ke mere jaise khudsar ko,  
Kiya bardasht tumne kistarah jazbati Akhtar ko,  
Yeh kaise keh diya tumne main tumko bhool jaon ga,  
Jahan bhi jaogi janam main peeche peeche aoon ga.

(Urdu version of my poem How Can I Forget You)

Akhtar Jawad

## **Majnoon Sahra Ke Samne**

Bahut hans liye hum bahut ro liye hum,  
Bas ab door jane ko ji chahta hay,  
Nazar tujhpe parne na paey meri ab.  
Ttere pas aane ko ji chahta hay,

Un aankhon mein jane yeh jadoo hay kaisa,  
Yeh khusboo kahan se chali aa rahi hay,  
Mera dil yeh kahta hay mur ke to dekho,  
Mmanane tumhen ek kali aa rahi hay.

Amavas ki raton men yeh chandni si,  
Bbahut door tak roshni dikh rahi hay,  
Hawa mere kanon mein kutch kah rahi hay,  
Ffiza ret par jane keya likh rahi hay.

Sitare to dono ko hayn dekhte,  
Bata dein mujhe keya wohi aa rahi hay,  
Kahan hay kidhar hay meri jane jan,  
Khanak choorion ki suni ja rahi hay.

Darakhton ke peeche yeh halchal hay kaisi,  
Khajoron ke neeche hay shayed khari woh,  
O laila meri zindigi tere dam se,  
Yeh lagta hay mujhko kahin mar gai woh.

Mera nam to Qais pehle kabhi tha,  
Magar aaj se sirf Majnoon hay,  
Muhabbat mein jeena muhabbat mein marna  
Yehi ishq mein ab bhi masnoon hay.

Akhtar Jawad

## Makeup

She has no deficiency in her beauty,  
No need of making up anything,  
The virgin is free of all ugliness,  
She is beauty only beauty,  
She is charm only charm,  
She is cold in the hot and warming days,  
She is warm in the cold shivering wet nights,  
She shines like the sun,  
She shines like the moon,  
And when she smiles,  
Stars swim and float in the blue ocean,  
Like sexy mermaids,  
And the blue umbrella,  
Filled in with a wine of delicious love,  
How she keeps it intact!  
But she sees that love is scare and casual,  
And the earth is thirsty of raining love,  
Showers of wine then fall on the souls,  
And the cold and static,  
Is drunk, and active like a handsome youth,  
And turned into fire,  
And the flames of love,  
For the ice to bath,  
Then asks the ice to be hot and melt,  
And the ice is melted, like the wax,  
And water is turned into hot steam,  
The heart then opens,  
Her kissing eyelids.

She doesn't need a makeup for her at all,  
But she makes up us with a lovely call.

(I read a poem by Geetha Jaykumar, therein she wrote that she disliked lipstick. I started writing poem on a woman who dislikes makeup, I don't know how I started describing the virgin of nature. It often happens with me)

Akhtar Jawad

## Me Too Me Too

I welcome your hate,  
And accept my fate,  
But I love you,  
And I shall love you,  
You can't stop me,  
And I have heard,  
Love conquers love,  
I shall wait for days,  
I shall wait for months,  
I shall wait for years,  
And if I shall get life,  
After death in the heaven,  
I shall wait for the lives,  
I shall count the risings,  
I shall count the sets,  
Of the sun and the moon,  
During days the birds,  
Who twit for love,  
During night the stars,  
Twinkling for love,  
I shall talk to the buds,  
I shall talk to the flowers,  
I shall write your name,  
On the stems of trees,  
I shall see your hair,  
In the dark wet nights,  
I shall kiss your lips,  
By kissing pink buds,  
I shall smell your fragrance,  
In the white jasmines,  
Of your silky dress,  
Opaque is it,  
But my thinking is naughty,  
I can make it transparent,  
But I will not,  
Only semi transparent,  
And the moon will appear,  
Partly from the clouds,  
I shall watch the colors,  
In rainbows and roses,  
I shall write my poems,  
For you only you,  
Then my love story,  
Will be famous and popular,  
Your friends will ask,  
Who is this poet?  
The girl of his poems looks just like you,  
With a shy smile you will confess and say,  
Me too, me too!

But in the meantime,  
Many years will be passed,

My hair will be white,  
And lenses on my eyes,  
Walking stick in my hands,  
My evenings in a garden,  
With my grandson and granddaughter,  
Thereat I shall see,  
A graceful old woman,  
You will not recognize,  
And I shall let you know,  
As to who am I,  
Your grandson would be playing,  
The game of hide and seek,  
And I shall tell you with joy,  
Could they play lifelong!  
And then you will say,  
Me too, me too!

A teen aged boy,  
Was thinking like so,  
Suddenly she came,  
And asked the boy,  
I was looking for you,  
And you're hiding in the trees.  
The boy asked the girl,  
Do you like this looking?  
The girl kept silence,  
Do you know sweetheart,  
I really love you,  
And the boy was surprised,  
To listen to reply,  
She smiled and said,  
Me too, me too!

Not happy with my poem,  
The story is short,  
And the poem is long,  
But I request you please,  
Don't write in comment,  
Me too, me too!

Do you know why?  
When I told this story,  
To my friendly grandchildren,  
They started calling me,  
Me too, me too!

Akhtar Jawad

## Medina (Urdu poem with translation)

Jahan ja ke aana bahut hi geran hay,  
Jahan mein jagah koi aisi kahan hay.  
Ajab ek rahat si milti yehan hay,  
Yehan zarra-e-ret bhi gulfishan hay.  
Ana ka nahin koi nam-o-nishan hay,  
Gada bhi yehan aa ke shah-e-jahan hay.  
Yehin shauq ka bhi hua imtehan hay,  
Yehin ishq bhi ho गया kamran hay.  
Zamin mukhtalif aur juda aasman hay.  
Yehan gosha gosha bhi jannat nishan hay.  
Bata mere dil kho गया tu kahan hay,  
Na teri khabar hay na mera nishan hay.  
Yeh manzar hay kaisa yeh kaisa saman hay,  
Na jane yeh mera ya unka beyan hay.  
Meri chashm-e-nam aaj gauhar fishan hay,  
Yeh tareek dil aaj to zaufishan hay  
Yeh rauza bari dilnasheen dastan hay.  
Yeh masjid nahin yeh to jannat makan hay.  
Yehan aaj simta hua ek jahan hay,  
Pata chal गया meri manzil kahan hay.

### Translation

(After coming here it is painful to depart)  
(Where else in the world is a place like this)  
(An strange happiness is got here)  
(Each and every particle of sand disperses flowers)  
(There is no sign of ego here)  
(Even a beggar is the ruler of a world)  
(The desire of someone is at a test)  
(Love is a big success at this place)  
(Earth and skies both are different here)  
(Each and every corner is a paradise)  
(Tell me my heart where at you have vanished)  
(There is no news of you and me too doesn't exist)  
(What a scene is it! What a sight is it!)  
(I don't know whether I am describing it or it's he)  
(My wet eyes are dispersing pearls)  
(My black heart is a source of light)  
(This tomb is a heart wining tale)  
(This is not a mosque; it is a house in paradise)  
(Today a world is gathered at this place)  
(Now I know where is my destination)

Akhtar Jawad

## **Memories Of The Past-Specially Written For Bri Edwards (A Translation Of My Urdu Poem Yade Mazi)**

It's not only me a sinner in your love,  
Each and every thing of this room, is sick for you,  
The pillow has preserved the print of your lips,  
The blanket is a bouquet of flowers stolen from your cheeks,  
The nightgown has kept the color of lipstick,  
Broken pieces of the bangles still in the corner of the room,  
In the neck of the hanger your flower garland,  
Is still hanging,  
Eye lids of the windows are still shying,  
To remember the magic and appeal of your body,  
The atmosphere of the room, you're still beautifying,  
Still my heart is sick in your love.  
Why don't you come out from the web of present,  
Why don't you peep into romantic past,  
You come in the room again and again,  
Why not you come with the past style,  
With your coral lips having a teen smile,  
With the hands vibrating excited enough,  
Invitation in the eyes,  
Refusal on the lips,  
And the breaths playing the Come September tune,  
Still your eyes are full of wine,  
Still your hair perfumed and silky  
And not yet grey,  
Still your body can perfume the nights,  
Still the full moon is jealous of your body,  
Still the flowers are jealous of your cheeks,  
The day to day business has kept you away,  
Why aren't you are tired of the business some day.

(Dear Bri Edwards, my respectable teacher, you may enjoy the rhymes from the original Urdu poem 'Yade Mazi' and understand it from this one. I am not the only neglected old husband, there are many. I think we should form an union to fight the wives. It's my 50th poem on 29th day of my career on poemhunter.com))

Akhtar Jawad

## **Mental Revolution**

The growth from the earth,  
Is in accordance with the soil,  
Where from it has grown,  
And the air and water,  
Are reflected in the growth,  
As color, smell and taste,  
The nature and behavior,  
The base of their character  
Is made in the womb,  
Of their mother soil.

But a perpendicular on the base,  
May rise high enough,  
As it has a path,  
That is infinite,  
It may change attitude,  
It may change the behavior.

The people of the plains,  
Were peaceful and loving,  
And the people of mountains,  
And the deserts,  
And the cold and overpopulated,  
Being short of resources,  
Turned out violent,  
And warriors,  
And became imperialists.

It's not the religion,  
That prepares imperialists,  
It's base of the people,  
That plays this role.

While motivating the British soldiers,  
The leaders addressed,  
Either defeat Tipu.  
Or go back to England,  
Forget the wheat,  
And eat potatoes.

The time has changed,  
The perpendicular,  
Has touched the ether of space,  
Let us forget the past,  
And join our hands,  
To fight the poverty,  
And to lit the candles,  
For a mental revolution.

Akhtar Jawad

## Meri Ardhangni

Itni bhi na preet karo jo tumko main lauta na sakoon,  
Keyon itni unchee urti ho, main dhoondhoon tumhein aur pa na sakoon.  
Aakash pe lekar jati hoon main dhool tumhare charnon ki,  
Yeh mang kabhi dekhi hi nahin, haiy bhool tumhare nainon ki.  
Yeh nain tere gahra sagar, rahta hoon sada jalthal jalthal,  
Main mang teri kaise dekhoon, rahta haiy sada inpar aanchal.  
Keyon aisae samay mein aati ho, main chor ke tumko ja na sakoon,  
Keyon aise roop banati ho jo darpan mein dikhla na sakoon.  
Yeh bache mere yeh ghar mera main inko swarg banati hoon,  
Jab samay mile tab aati hoon aur charnon mein so jati hoon,  
Har bat na likhkho kavita mein keyon meri sudh bisrate ho,  
Haiy roop tumhare nainon ka keyon mujhpar dosh lagate ho.  
Tum geet na aise likha karo jo samne sabke ga na sakoon,  
Keyon aise sapne dikhate ho is jeevan mein jo pa na sakoon.  
Pushpon se saja aangan tera, sapnon se bhara jeevan tera,  
Ganga bhi tu hi jamna bhi tu hi aur sangam haiy tan man tera,  
Tu poorab des ki nari haiy sansar mein koi upma nahin,  
Koi dharti se keya laye ga aakash pe koi tulna nahin.

Jab mujhse aankh milati ho tum mujhko rag dikhati ho,  
Mukh pher ke phir muskati ho aur us karwat so jati ho.  
Tum do do naukariyan karte ho kab jate ho kab aate ho,  
Tum kitne durbal dikhte ho tum der se keyun ghar aate ho.  
Bachon ko to parhana hay unka jeevan to banana hay,  
Hum aaj agar ro len ge agar kal bachon ko muskana hay.  
Tum doosri naukari chor do ab thore mei guzara kar loon gi,  
Han tumse bara sukh koi nahin har dukh main gawara kar loon gi.  
Yeh raina bari hi sunder hay poonam ka chand chamakta hay,  
Yeh mujhse jo kutch kehta hay keya tumse wo sab kehta hay.  
Jub mera chand ho dharti par main aakash ko keyun dekhoon,  
Tum kanon mein ras gholte ho keya aur sunoon aur keyun sochoon.  
Choro kal itwar hay ab kam ki batein ho jaen,  
Kal to nahin itwar hay aaj ache bache so jaen.

Keya soch rahi ho so jao,  
Kal ke sapnon mein kho jao,  
Jane wale phir aate nahin,  
Sath unke to mar jate nahin.  
Jo chala geya woh kaisa tha,  
Suna hay woh tum jaisa tha,  
Balwanon ki is dunya mein,  
Dhanwanon ki is dunya mein,  
Woh chota sa ek darpan tha,  
Woh toot geya woh nirdhan tha,  
Woh nirbal tha woh jee na saka,  
Woh man ka doodh bhi pee na saka.  
Main tumko bacha kar le aaya,  
Lekin usko na bacha paya,  
Yeh jo hamarey bache hain,  
Yeh teen hi bas ab achey hain.  
Main tumko geet sunata hoon,  
Tum so jao main sulata hoon.

Tum kitni sunder dikhti ho,  
Tum kitni achi lagti ho,  
Jab tum mujhse yeh kahte ho,  
Tum kitne ache lagte ho,  
Han tum ek geet suna do na,  
Han mujhko aaj sula do na.

Tumko ek bat batani hay,  
Is dunya ki yeh kahani hay,  
Jab beti bari ho jati hay,  
Chup chap woh kutch samjhati hay,  
Woh kehti hay yeh ghar kundan hay,  
Yeh ghar hi mera jeevan hay,  
Is ghar se roti jaoon gi,  
Gar samay mila phir aaoon gi,  
Aaj uska rishta aaya hay,  
Is ghar mein woh ek chaya hay,  
Is ghar se usko jana hay,  
Ab apna ghar jo banana hay,  
Larka bhi theek hi lagta hay,  
Ek acha gharana dikhta hay.  
Nari jeevan keya jeevan hay,  
Kutch iska nahin sab arpan hay,  
Woh apnon ko chor ke jati hay  
Tab ghar sansar basati hay,  
Woh kitne aansu bahati hay,  
Do bolon mein muskati hay,  
Tum bhi to roti aai theen,  
Kajal ko dhoti aai theen,  
Phir aise hanseen hansti hi raheen,  
Phir sapne bune bunti hi rahin,  
Kutch poore huye kutch ho na sake,  
Jo ho na sake woh kho na sake.  
Woh sapne aaj bhi jivit hayn,  
Ye bachey unse parichit hayn.  
Ab bachey poora karen inko,  
Ham jeevit hayn bas us din ko.  
Woh rat hay ab tak yad mujhe,  
Woh hath hayn ab tak yad mujhe,  
Woh yaden chanchal hathon ki,  
Woh ghaten bekal aankhon ki,  
Main unko khol nahin sakti,  
Laj aati hay, bol nahin sakti.  
Jo keh na sakeen tum bol doon main  
Dohra doon unhein sab khol doon main.  
Bas bas bas chup chap raho,  
Ab kishan kanhaiya to na bano.

Tum nana banne wale ho ab choro apni chanchalta,  
Ab hum par achi lagti nahin yeh madakta yeh veyakulta,  
Yeh jeevan to sangram hay ek tum Ranjha nahin ranveer bano,  
Kal dada bhi ban jao ge ab thore se gambheer bano.

Yeh kaisi baten karne lageen, who dekho chand nikalta hay,  
Yeh juhi ab bhi mehekti hay who tara ab bhi chamakta hay,  
Badal bhi abhi tak urte haiyn jhonke bhi abhi tak sheetal hain,  
Bas ek akela main to nahin yeh sare ke sare bekal hain.  
Prem bhi roop badalta hay har yug mein iske dhang naye,  
Yeh jeevan aisi chaya hay pal pal iske rang naye,  
Kal bachey aaye they ghar mein ab unke bachey aayen ge,  
Bache bhi achey hayn lekin ab unse achey aayen ge.  
Acha baba so jao aur mujhko bhi ab sone do,  
Main aur na ab kutch bolun ga jo hota hay who hone do.  
Tum isi tarah se rootha karo mujhko bhi manana aata hay,  
Jo tumne mujhko sikhaya hay, mujhko bhi sikhana aata hay.

(My five Hindi poems were submitted from time to time with the titles-Ardhangni to ardhanni4. Now I am summitting these as a complete poem)

Akhtar Jawad

## Minorities

Is there a place for minorities?  
Insulted maltreated here and there,  
Hated and killed every where,  
Deprived of livelihood and amenities,

Some are the doctors, some engineers,  
Don't get a job to feed a family,  
Second class citizens, humans partly,  
Although in a field, they are pioneers.

Every day a news, some one killed,  
For his language, for his belief,  
Neither a criminal nor mischief,  
Who has killed him, who should be billed?

They don't speak the language you speak,  
They don't believe, what you believe,  
Fatigue for them to have an achieve,  
Although deserve the highest peak.

Differ in color, control your nerve,  
May be good for your own community,  
May be useful for humanity,  
Live and let them live and serve.

Akhtar Jawad

## Mirage

In a hot summer day,  
The restless clay,  
Desires of an evening,  
In a nearby park,  
With my buds and flowers,  
For a lovely few hours,  
Want to see them on swing,  
And running on the grass,  
Like rabbit and deer,  
And pressing me too hard,  
To purchase a few balloons,  
And ice cream cones,  
In angry tones,  
And the cold soft drinks.

The brightness of the sun!  
And its heat strokes!  
When eyelids are contracted,  
And light waves are refracted,  
A mirage appears,  
And my lovely dear ones,  
Who are away from me,  
All of them I see,  
They stand in desert,  
Their image appears,  
Like a bridge on the sea,  
And my love for them,  
In a twinkling of eyes,  
Runs madly on the bridge,  
But my naughty dear ones,  
Move a little furthermore,  
And the tiring distances,  
Don't end and remain,  
Ignoring my wet eyes,  
Laugh at me the insane.

But affection not expires,  
And love never tires,  
I close my eyes,  
I fly like clouds,  
I travel like moon light,  
With the twinkling stars,  
Being guided by night birds,  
In a night of desert,  
Having lovely comforts,  
And I call them all,  
And they run on my call,  
One of them with a cell phone,  
One or two nimble footed,  
And one in only shorts,  
And the night of desert,  
Whispers in ears,

This is beauty of life,  
Free of hate and of strife.

I embrace my dears,  
And kiss their foreheads,  
My lips smile,  
My eyes smile,  
My life smiles,  
My soul smiles,  
And once again I get,  
A reason to live,  
Furthermore!  
Furthermore! !

Akhtar Jawad

## **Moonlight Of My House-Chandni**

When someone says,  
You will have to do it,  
Do it for me,  
No excuses,  
No arguments,  
What ever may be cost,  
What ever may be time,  
Too hot may be sun,  
You will have to run,  
And bring it for me,  
I know it's too hot,  
The sun is hostile,  
And the shop is too far,  
My desire at extreme,  
I need ice cream.  
She appears so lovely,  
Who else she can be,  
Except Chandni,  
My youngest grand daughter,  
Moon light of my house.

When someone is possessive,  
My love for him,  
Is squared several times,  
I know it's a weakness.

Akhtar Jawad

## Morning

Chidyon ki chahchahat,  
Sang leke pehli kirnen,  
Sooraj nikal raha hay,  
Poorab ki ghation se,  
Usha ka odhe ghoonghat.

Phir khet jag uthe hain,  
Haryali lahlāhai,  
Phir ek naye jagat men.  
Dharti hay ab bhi zinda.

Chidyon ne ghonsle se,  
Bahar nikala sar hay,  
Phir chal pade yeh panchi,  
Khali hay pet inka, Khana to khojna hay.

(Translation of a poem by Yogiraj)

Akhtar Jawad

## Morning Chill

Thandak subha ki khanjar,  
Har shay pe khamushi hay,  
Chadar kohar ki odhe,  
Qudrat ki apsara bhi,  
Thandi hawa se dar kar,  
Dekho Laraz rahi hay.

Sooraj raha na sooraj,  
Ek lal gend hay bas,  
Dhoondho na uska chehra,  
Uspar kohar ka pehra.

Raston ki bheed ban kar,  
Jana bhi hay zaroori.  
Par kya karen yeh thandak,  
Qadmon ko rokti hay.

Lo phool muskaraye,  
Kaliyan laja rahi hayn,  
Aur barf dhoondhti hay,  
Sooraj ki garm bahen.

(Translation of a poem by V.P.Mathur)

Akhtar Jawad

## **Mother**

The strains she faced,  
The pains she embraced,  
The comforts she placed,  
Outside her life!  
The romance she ignored,  
The bitterness she cored,  
And the fruits she soared,  
As a lovely wife!

When she fed her child,  
Hell turned cold and mild,  
And the fire was exiled,  
As the child was content!  
God wrote on the wall,  
It's not over and all,  
Just a glimpse of my call,  
Kind enough and descent!

And reward of a mother,  
A golden feather,  
Nothing else and other,  
A pleasant surprise!  
On the Day of Judgment,  
All dead or dormant,  
But a mother will be ardent,  
Its disclosure, premature and unwise!

Akhtar Jawad

## **Mother Humanity**

Millions of years have passed,  
Many rivers of blood I have crossed,  
I am still wounded, I am still tortured,  
I am still sick, I could not be cured.

The way in which, I have been insulted,  
My dreams of love are ruined and deserted,  
My wish of peace was crushed with weapons,  
I regret to reproduce devils and demons.

How selfish are my sons how cruel how unkind!  
I wish my time I could once rewind,  
And love a black hole for an end to sleep,  
Forever, too long, uninterrupted and deep! !

Akhtar Jawad

## Muhammad (peace be upon him)

Jitni bhi ho tareef woh har hal mein kam hay,  
(How much may be quantum of praise it is not sufficient)  
Midhat ho Muhammad ki to rukta na qalam hay,  
(Although if it is praise of Muhammad the pen never stops)  
Kam maegie zore beyan baise gham hay,  
(It's a matter of sorrow, I am not efficient enough to describe)  
Awaz mein khoobi hay na alfaz mein dam hay,  
(Neither my voice is nice nor my words have life)  
Is aas pe maidan mein rakha yeh qadam hay,  
(But I have stepped in the ground with an expectation to perform)  
Woh zate Muhammad hay woh Adam ka bharam hay.  
(The praise of Muhammad who has saved the reputation of Adam)

Bijli ki chamak usmein na badal ki garaj hay,  
(Neither there was flash of lightning in him nor the thunder of the clouds)  
Barsa hay barasne mein magar dheer dharaj hay,  
(He has rained but rained mildly)  
Akash se utra hay ke dharti ki upaj hay  
(Has he descended from the skies or produced by the earth)  
Us swarg ke basi ka anup roop hay dhaj hay,  
(The inhabitant of paradise has no simile in beauty and decoration)  
Woh deen ka bandhu hay deya uska dharam hay,  
(He is friend of poors and pity is his religion)  
Woh zate Muhammad hay woh Adam ka bharam hay.

Woh jiske paseene mein booe baghe adan hay,  
(His sweat has the smell of flowers from paradise, he was fond of perfumes)  
Gesu hain woh reshama se to gulberg badan hay,  
(His long hairs are silky and his physique is like petals)  
Un ahmareen honton pe fida lale yemean hay.  
(His pink lips are like famous jewel(lal) of Yemen)  
Jis simt se dekho gule ranae chaman hay,  
(like a beautiful flower of the garden he looks beautiful all round)  
Us farrukhe bemisl pe yusuf bhi ajam hay,  
(Joseph cannot speak before the handsome having no simile)  
Woh zate Muhammad hay woh adam ka bharam hay.

Sah sah ke har ek zulm udoo ko jo dua de,  
(He tolerated all violence of his enemies and prayed for them)  
Maghloob ho dushman to imarat pe bitha de,  
(And when his enemies were defeated he appointed their chief as a governor)  
Ek junbisha lab jiski adawat ko mita de,  
(A movement of his lips finished the enmity)  
Lakar koi us jaisa hamein aur dikha de,  
(Show me if there is any other victorious like him)  
Sani hi nahin aapka saya bhi audam hay,  
(None after him was like him, he was transparent)  
Woh zate Muhammad hay woh adam ka bharam hay.

Har ek musalman ko Muhammad se na tolo,  
(Don't assess common Muslims with the standards of Muhammad)  
Karte jo musalman hain woh islam na bolo,

(What Muslims are doing is not Islam)  
Taeekh ka yeh bab zara qalb se kholo,  
(History has thrown complete light read it with your hearts)  
Dushman na bano tum jo agar dost na ho lo  
(If you cannot be a friend it's not necessary that you become an enemy)  
Itihas ke pannon ka bara ham pe karam hay,  
(The pages of history are vey kind and helpful for us)  
Woh zate Muhammad hay woh Adam ka bharam hay.

(Translated for all specially my lovely friend Amitava Sur)

Akhtar Jawad

## **My Earth My Love**

Alone I came,  
Alone I shall die,  
In between,  
Is a passing show!  
A blow,  
That raised the flames,  
To a climax,  
When achieved,  
Was nothing but a mirage!  
And with all my courage,  
I continued my flight,  
But the goal of life,  
The apex of soul,  
Was out of sight,  
Still out of sight.

But the love to survive,  
Could not spare anyone,  
How can spare myself!  
It's love that has made,  
Many charming idols,  
And the love says to me,  
Go on believing in the light,  
You inherit, you know,  
Like any other light,  
It's nice and bright.

Let the truth be hidden,  
At the heights infinite,  
Even if not unveiled,  
Won't bring any pain,  
So get rid of strain,  
And go back to the earth,  
And wait for D Day.

It's not for you,  
It's a job of saints,  
To fly so high,  
In search of a truth,  
That is locked in the lockers,  
And secured by blockers!  
Your apex is the earth,  
It's really beautiful,  
Add a beauty if you can,  
Or remain satisfied,  
With the charms existing,  
But don't destroy,  
The ornaments of your mother,  
With your ugly hands!

Akhtar Jawad

## **My Father is missing**

My lovely nice father,  
I salute you my dear,  
You gave me a house,  
And a lovely spouse.

You obliged me all round,  
What I wished I found,  
But this house of terror,  
Is a source of horror!

Why don't you are here,  
Why away you're there,  
Can't you live with me?  
I shall love to see!

Akhtar Jawad

## **My Heart, He and She**

I have a house deep inside a forest,  
I often fly there for peace and rest,  
It is surrounded by tall and dense large trees,  
The place is famous for many mysteries,  
Many roads touch the beginning of the dense forest,  
And all have a claim that, "I am the best, "  
I smile on the claims; I smile on the names,  
The lovely roads have beautiful frames.  
There is no road to go to that fairy's place,  
Which shines in the dark, with a gorgeous glaze,  
But I have wings which I don't see and find,  
As I am in fact by birth a blind,  
The house is occupied by a mighty guy,  
I am weak and helpless can only cry,  
I can't turn him out saying leave me alone,  
He will impose on me a deadly clone.  
And he pays me for his using my house,  
He has given me a fairy as a lovely spouse.  
Thanks to the wings you know as love,  
Thanks for the guy for making me a dove.

Akhtar Jawad

## **My Moon My Abuser**

Oh! Moon dear moon every night you abused me,  
Let me tell you, with your love, thirty times you amused me.  
Thousands of nights I remained your beloved,  
Nothing in me was remained untouched,  
Your cool white light and your charming face,  
Induced your love, your beauty and your grace,  
Since my early childhood you made me amorous,  
You made my soul pneumatic and porous  
You got in my soul you entered my heart,  
My feelings and my thoughts are merely your art.  
Your lessons of love I applied in my life.  
I returned all that to my lovely wife.

Your phases told me how time is passed,  
How death is embraced, how life out classed,  
We rise like a crescent and die in dark,  
The full moon nights with flowers in a park,  
During these thirty days your ups your downs,  
Sometimes pocket less sometimes full of crowns.  
The abuses of love are better than uses,  
The uses of hate are worse than abuses,  
I am happy Oh! Moon being abused by you,  
A lot of thanks, being amused by you.  
I flown with you many colorful kites,  
I returned all that in my humble writes.

Akhtar Jawad

## **My Veiled Enemy**

Once or twice,  
Every day,  
A knife wounds my back,  
It's thrown on me,  
From a hidden destination,  
I don't know why?  
It has been thrown on me!  
If my enemy has a purpose  
Of this uncalled game,  
He should come forward,  
And say boldly,  
Don't utter such words,  
Don't send such messages,  
Otherwise,  
You will be fired,  
And turned out,  
No allowed to travel,  
On the road of your ideals!

I shall leave the road,  
And enter the forest,  
Of wild animals,  
Who shall attack on me,  
With a purpose I know,  
To remove their hunger.  
These wild animals,  
And beasts of the forests,  
Remain unveiled,  
Much better than a man,  
Like my veiled enemy.

These knives are tokens,  
Of the enemy in curtains,  
Just say one thing,  
I dislike your words,  
I dislike your messages,  
My Dear Enemy,  
Please let me know,  
As to where I am wrong,  
As to what I am wrong?  
I assure you dear,  
I shall redress your grievances,  
Your knives are like pins,  
Just a drop of blood,  
Is lost from my heart!

Show the moral courage,  
if you have it, I doubt,  
And let me know,  
How I can make you happy,  
I want to see a smile on your face,

But if you don't show me,  
Your charming eyes,  
I shall have no alternate,  
Shall be constrained to say,  
Your eyes are ugly!  
Better for us, it's veiled and unseen.  
As enough blood I have,  
For millions of your knives,  
Go on throwing more knives at me.

Akhtar Jawad

## **Naughty First Meeting**

Let me tell you one thing, I know your past,  
Someone still unknown is sleeping in your heart,  
Someone loved you deeply,  
Often teased you cheaply,  
Someone send you flowers,  
On your birth day hours,  
And unanimous letters  
On perfumed nice papers,  
The love letters were pink like roses,  
That praised your beauty and exposes,  
The letters carried his warmth of emotion,  
His liking and madness his love and devotion,  
How crazy was he who called you on phones,  
Annoyed you every day with the phonic tones,  
Many times you told you dislike and hate,  
You prefer to die than being his mate,  
But you lied yourself and you knew it well,  
You liked that boy but couldn't you tell,  
One thing is definite, he loved you so much,  
I doubt I can love in a manner as such.

She smiled and said you foolish lovely boy,  
It were you I knew my lifelong toy.  
I am here with you because I knew,  
My delicious chocolate my tasty chew.

Akhtar Jawad

## **New Morning, New Light**

Oh! Abstract creativity!  
All praise and dignity!  
I'm merely a dress,  
With strain and stress,

Wear me, wear me,  
Why don't you see?  
I am in darkness,  
I need your brightness.

I want to be brightened,  
Please make me enlightened  
With a silky pious light,  
In this moonless night.

So short is the life!  
And age is the knife!  
I had always been waiting!  
In your book my rating!

The new sun so bright,  
Making myself a light,  
Making me enlightened,  
More shining more brightened,

New morning of creation,  
With a new generation,  
Decorating, the souls in painful distresses,  
With colorful dresses,

Shall awake in descendants, confident and sure,  
Like a rainbow after rains.  
Having remedy and cure,  
No pains, no strains.

(Being inspired by Ruma Chaudhry's Bengali poem 'Alor Prokashay')

Akhtar Jawad

## **No Sir, It's 21st. Century**

No Sir, I regret,  
I can't fight this war,  
This is not the age of chivalry,  
When decisive was cavalry,  
When morale was to physical,  
Is as eight is to one,  
This is not the age of valor,  
No more miracles,  
No more wonders,  
In the past, battles were won,  
On the playing fields at Eton.  
This is the age of ground realities,  
Why not you realize,  
Modern wars are total wars,  
Bringing death and destruction,  
To innocent women and children.

Many nations have weapons,  
So furious so deadly,  
They can destroy in minutes,  
Entire human race,  
And being a human,  
I can not face.  
Your terror can't be lasting,  
Every thing has an end,  
Your terror gave birth,  
The illicit children,  
The proxy wars,  
Returned on innocent,  
And helpless people.

You will lose ultimately,  
This war is futile,  
You shall leave behind,  
Hates and distances.  
Our coming generations,  
Will face the consequences,  
As we are facing.  
The deeds of the past,  
Reflected and refracted,  
Burning body and soul.  
Don't put the clock back,  
Please learn the lesson,  
Of coexistence.  
It's the path of survival,  
You preach me to join,  
A war self imposed,  
No sir, It's 21st. century.

Akhtar Jawad

## **Nobody Is Alone**

How alone was Adam!  
When he was thrown away,  
In the lonely world,  
Separated from Eve.

How alone was Abraham!  
When thrown in the fire,  
For speaking the truth,  
About His creator.

How alone was Moses!  
An infant, floating in water,  
At the mercy of waves,  
Appearing unkind.

How alone was Jesus!  
When he was betrayed,  
And sold for only,  
A few pennies.

How alone was Buddha!  
When under a tree,  
He was hungry and thirsty,  
In search of truth.

How alone was Krishna!  
An infant like Moses,  
Was forced to migrate,  
And leave his parents.

How alone was Rama!  
When his wife was kidnapped,  
And he had no men,  
To fight with Ravan.

How alone was Muhammad!  
When he was confined,  
Hungry and thirsty,  
In a hill nearby.

How alone was the man!  
When Columbus sailed for India,  
And saw the islands,  
Named it West Indies.

How alone was the man!  
When the ships had to follow,  
The Cape of Good Hope,  
To bring the spices from East Indies.

But the days have changed,

The distances of months,  
Are reduced to hours,  
And hours are reduced to a few minutes.

The extremists should realize,  
The waves of voices,  
Are spread in air,  
Within a few seconds.

God has been with all above named,  
And He is still with weak and helpless,  
An attractive voice if made silent,  
Becomes more loud.

Innocent men, women and children,  
May appear alone and helpless,  
It's a matter of time,  
Hyperbola of time!

Your time is over,  
The stretched divine two hands,  
One for covering the weak and feeble,  
And the other for your neck,

I see you may not,  
Someone is descending,  
Smiling in the stars, moon and sun,  
On the passing show.

With your flush with your bone,  
You'll regret your violence,  
You will pay for it,  
Nobody is alone.

Akhtar Jawad

## **Oh Lovely Eve An All Time Need**

May I make a pen picture?  
I've seen you, though not seen.  
Don't get worried, not a lecture,  
Just a poem, neat and clean.

Sometimes I think,  
You're like my mother,  
Stern but loving, for me she was pink,  
Protecting myself, may be whatever.

Sometimes I think,  
You're like a sister,  
Helping in assignments making me shrink,  
Relieving my fever.

Sometimes I think,  
You're like a daughter,  
Always worried for, remaining in link,  
With a sick father and a sick mother.

Oh lovely Eve! an an all time need,  
Adam can't survive without your beauty,  
Beauty of your feeding, yes indeed,  
Beauty of mother's fatigue and duty.

Oh lovely Eve! an an all time need,  
The helping sister, the help you provide,  
Beauty of your help, yes indeed,  
A mother inside.

Oh lovely Eve! an an all time need,  
The serving daughter, the service sponsor,  
Beauty of your service, service indeed,  
No simile, no metaphor.

Oh lovely Eve! an an all time need,  
You are a friend, linked on computer,  
See you in your poems when I read,  
Wish when I meet you, see you greater!

Akhtar Jawad

## Old Is Gold

Neither you're a teen aged girl,  
Nor I'm a naughty boy,  
The romance with its twist and curl,  
And the youth with all its joy,  
Has gone, leaving cries,  
The shine of the hair,  
And wine of the eyes,  
From the ocean of despair,  
Sometimes rise like a wave,  
Turn again me, a knave.

Your cheeks are pink,  
But your lips are dry,  
Just need a link,  
You can still fly,  
Think like girls.  
You have gems and pearls.

Do you know noble metals,  
Aren't dissolved in acid,  
And the dried rose petals,  
The emotions, may be placid,  
When turned in storms,  
Shake all the norms.

Don't behave like an old,  
I am silver you're gold.

Akhtar Jawad

## Politics

The common people,  
Are extremely sentimental,  
Of their religious beliefs,  
If they go through the history,  
With an approach of truth,  
With a common sense,  
With an open heart,  
Their religious sentiments,  
Were always exploited,  
For imperialistic designs!

Now this job,  
Has been undertaken,  
By the selfish politicians,  
Not sincere to their believes,  
Not hungry of truth,  
Not thirsty of love,  
No care of the nation,  
Not worried for the people,  
But the ignorant people,  
Are worried for them!

My dear ignorant friends,  
Especially the youths,  
How lovely is your life!  
How precious is your time!  
Read and think and learn,  
Don't waste yourselves,  
In the ugly games,  
Of the dirty politics.  
Lit the candle of knowledge,  
And march forward.

Akhtar Jawad

## Queen Of Night

The day was hot, unpleasant, irritating,  
The heat strokes were increasing and increasing,  
The sun on the climax, too much radiating,  
And the comforts, were decreasing and decreasing.

The insane bird was flying and flying in a search,  
His nibs were opened his tongue was dry,  
He was tired and hungry and thirsty so much,  
The search of love, motivating to fly.

Ignorant was the bird, flying so much high, so high in the sky,  
Ignorant of the fact, someone waiting on the earth,  
Stealing her body and shy and shy,  
Not exposing her growth, not showing her worth.

In a garden of roses, jasmine, and more,  
With a fountain to relieve the sun and its heat,  
Many other things to watch and adore,  
Withstanding a wall so beautiful and neat,

The Queen of Night, with the drunken petals below the forehead,  
Kissing each other and dreaming and dreaming in day light,  
The dreams of a virgin, a mystery never read,  
To smell and blossom in a moon lit night.

The bird fell down on the feet of her love and lib,  
And slept whole day, whole night untouched,  
Crawling and crawling in the lower nib,  
The dew of her flowers, only two, he was loved.

The bird could not go at an any other place,  
For the rest of life, made a nest in her arms,  
Beautified by the queen with the charms of her face,  
He is safe in sun, in the rains and storms.

Akhtar Jawad

## Rape of Rivers

A river is a fall from a mountain of glaciers,  
Its breasts are full of wealth and treasures,  
It starts with a cry of water fell on earth,  
It ends by merging in the ocean of death,  
And it rises once again as the naughty clouds,  
With a nudist approach comes out of the shrouds,  
And engages everyone in music and dance,  
The life in rains is a model of romance.

But the river's story isn't so much simple,  
Many attractions she keeps in her dimple,  
It is full of thrills and many adventures,  
It is mother of old and ancient cultures,  
During fall and flow it gathers many rocks,  
It opens many doors it breaks many locks,  
Many plains it makes and the land fertile,  
Civilizations were grown on the breast of reptile.

When the roads were rare it allowed the ships,  
To float for the trade by kissing her lips,  
It allowed the humans to make the canals,  
And the dams they make that are just like walls,  
Separating the neighbors and indulging in disputes,  
Thread for peace that spreads from the flutes,  
The peoples should resist this war of the future,  
And save their common and beautiful culture.

Water is the basic need of all,  
And shouldn't be kept in locks of a wall,  
It's your life and of mine as well,  
For your paradise don't build a hell.

I wish you a happy and prosperous life,  
Let us share water without any strife.  
Let the rivers flow and reach the oceans,  
Their beauty is lost by dam's interruptions.  
Rape of rivers has become an adventure,  
A war of water I see in the future.

Jointly look for means of energy,  
Killing of rivers may cause an allergy,  
This allergy may destroy the whole of earth,  
All its resources and all its wealth,  
Nothing will remain for war and strife,  
Causing sorrowful end of the beautiful life,  
Save the planet and its natural face,  
Let the rivers flow with the natural pace.

Akhtar Jawad

## **Reflex Action On Sneha Celine's Unexpected Kiss**

I was mesmerized and amazed,  
Smiled, smiled and smiled again,  
A simple language, understood without any strain,  
I moved to another page, still I am chased.

The feelings and the sentiments,  
Of a girl and her maiden kiss,  
A long awaited pleasant bliss,  
Decorating her face with ornaments.

It's not only she,  
I have enjoyed this kiss,  
Lucky enough, did not miss,  
It's a poem for you, it's a poem for me.

Akhtar Jawad

## Sapne Dekhte Raho

Sapne dekhte raho,  
Aur unko sochte raho.  
Aur unse khelte raho,  
Aur unko tolte raho,  
Aur unko bolte raho,  
Sapne dekhte raho.

Nahin to jee na pao ge,  
Yeh dukh na bhool pao ge,  
Yeh sapne jab sunao ge,  
Kavi ka man pao ge,  
Inhi se geet bhi racho  
Sapne dekhte raho.

Muhabbaton ke khawab ko,  
Kabhi nahin jawab do,  
Inhein to bas gulab do,  
Shabab do sharab do,  
Piyo pilao aur piyo,  
Sapne dekhte raho.

Yeh sapne hon jo peyar ke,  
Ya ma ke hon dular ke,  
Ya dharti ke nikhar ke,  
Khizaon mein bahar ke,  
Sapnon ke liye jiyo,  
Sapne dekhte raho.

Yeh sapne shanti ke hon,  
Ahinsa kranti ke hon,  
Maliha Malti ke hon,  
Ya Ravi Tapti ke hon,  
Sapnon ke liye maro,  
Sapne dekhte raho.

Akhtar Jawad

## **Shazia Batool, A Butterfly**

She is a butterfly,  
In a garden where there is no water,  
A poetic daughter,  
She is a bit weak, I can listen to her cry.

She, along with many is denied of rains,  
But I hope the heat strokes will come to an end,  
Weak men like me, have developed a trend,  
Raising voices, that will bring water and grains.

And soon we shall see spring every where,  
Watery flowers, flying butterfly,  
The heat will go with a cloudy sky,  
She will dance again here and there.

Akhtar Jawad

## She

The first letter of she stands for the soul of God  
Yes it was Eve, with a shy smile and a nascent nod,  
I am ready my Lord, for all the fatigues and all the pains,  
No question, no hesitation, and no refrains,  
Not for Adam and pleasure of life,  
I know with Adam I shall face strife,  
Just to represent your virtue of creation,  
Just to spread my lovely generation,  
Just to hear that mother is God,  
From my side have another nod.  
And God bestowed her with His soul and affection,  
And she performed her duty with perfection.

The second letter of she stands for home and house,  
Yes it was Eve, with a firm smile to be Adam's spouse,  
I am ready my Lord, for all the fatigues and all the pains,  
Withstand, I shall the stress and strains,  
To keep the house and look after my children,  
I shall bravely face whatever may be burden,  
And God bestowed her with His supervision,  
And she performed her duty with perfection.

The third letter of she stands for elitism,  
Yes it was Eve, with her charming smile to act as a prism,  
I am ready my Lord, to receive your light and make the rainbows,  
With my coral lips and my crescent like eye brows,  
In my house to my husband and to my lovely offshoots,  
To produce the fruits that I suck from the roots,  
The roots stretched from the earth to the heaven,  
I shall leave no stone unturned, unshaken.  
And God bestowed her with His lovely incarnation,  
And she performed her duty with perfection.

Akhtar Jawad

## **She Came In My Arms**

Winter was decaying,  
Summer was delaying,  
Mild rain showers,  
And budding flowers,  
Spring season,  
Made for human,  
Clouds, but broken,  
Breeze, not frozen,  
Stars were glimpsing,  
Scene was addicting,  
Sky was peeping,  
Hearts up-creeping,  
Stars skating,  
Moon was dating,  
Although shy,  
On the floor of sky,  
With amazing appeal,  
Saying can't you steal,  
Some moments of joy,  
Dear moon, handsome boy.

Moonlight, behind,  
So jealous so unkind,  
Decided to fight,  
With all her might,  
Stars and ally,  
Clouds in sky,  
Up came a friend,  
In order to defend,  
Their friend's legal right,  
In lovely wet night,  
Wind then attacked,  
And clouds were sacked,  
The battle was over,  
And the soil turned silver,  
The illusion was removed,  
The moon unmoved.

A touch on my shoulder,  
Loving and familiar,  
A slap on my cheeks,  
My head on the peaks,  
My newly married bride,  
With a heart full of tide,  
She came in my arms,  
With all her charms.

This poem is misunderstood by many friends. This a story of me and my wife. I was 22 and she was 16. We were newly married. I had tried to explain the charms of early marriage. I am not advocating early age marriages but the fact remains that I was

married at an early age. I just want to share my experience. However, I have edited it.

Akhtar Jawad

## She in Desert

A day in desert with a lovely woman,  
May I describe it, yes, I think I can.  
Her long brownish hair is spread at night,  
Moon and stars are the sources of light.

And so her eyes and her beautiful face,  
A source of peace and gorgeous grace,  
Half hidden in hair appear like the moon,  
Nature has gifted me a lovely boon.

The desert lacks flowers, the desert lacks rains,  
But she is a beauty having no strains,  
As she is enriched with the lovely cheeks,  
Not black and barren, hills and peaks.

Her lips like petals of a lovely rose,  
The style of sleeping in a sexy pose,  
The landscape is same as at home,  
As if she's sleeping under same old dome.

Her body has beauty of dew on trees,  
The movement of breasts with frequent breaths,  
The stretched branches of round lovely arms,  
Reminds me quakes and reminds the storms.

The stars are dancing and the moon smiling,  
The night is romantic and the breeze exciting,  
A day in desert is hot and tiring,  
The artificial cold is at all not inspiring.

Everyone went out, passed night in roaming,  
And the day so hot, is ruined in sleeping.  
But the nights of desert have beauty and charms,  
And arise inside many unseen storms.

The joy of a woman is a gift of nature,  
And first plantation in soil of His creature.  
Pass and enjoy and wish and dream,  
Wherever I am I need her stream.

If she is with me I need nothing more,  
The life is worship in her love and adore.  
For love only love is purpose of life,  
It is not a war or quarrel or strife.

Ganges or Ravi or Sindh have huts,  
Have beauty of movement in the lovely cuts.  
What else I get is fruitless and futile,  
I don't need pyramids of the Nile.

Akhtar Jawad

## She Will Not

She started writing poems,  
I read her poems,  
I know only one thing about her,  
She is just seventeen.  
And a college student.  
Probably she has none,  
Who can listen to the voice,  
Of her broken heart.  
Being deceived in love,  
The strains of her feelings,  
Burst out like streams,  
In pretty nice poems.  
Like the violent waves,  
Of a hot stream,  
I see tear in her eyes,  
I feel pain of her heart.  
Like the dry petals of a rose,  
Faded in sun shine,  
Too early,  
And premature,  
And couldn't survive,  
Till the full moon light!  
When wisdom of sky,  
Is scattered in the night.  
The petals about whom,  
Shelley wrote are heaped,  
For the lovely bed,  
Of his beloved who has gone.  
And memories of beloved,  
On the bed of emotions,  
It is love itself,  
That slumbers on.

The sweet little girl,  
At this stage of age,  
Can't realize,  
It's at all not love.  
Just an attraction,  
That will not last long,  
I advised her and wrote,  
To forget the play boy.  
Concentrate on studies,  
And should keep writing,  
Her lovely poems,  
On her friends and games.

Oh God! Why did you give us a heart!  
Oh Nature! Why do you call!  
I know it well,  
She will not! Not at all!

Akhtar Jawad

## **Shyness of a South Asian Woman**

She came down to the earth from the high skies,  
When she opened her pretty and innocent eyes,  
She was found in a field of richly yield,  
She remained in love with her soil and field.  
She was brought up by a king with a great empire,  
Never lacked anything, no need was dire.

A princess was she and a palace her home,  
Touching sun and moon, was golden, its dome,  
Diamonds and pearls were toys for her,  
Spoons were gold and plates were silver,  
She was found in earth and she rules the earth,  
She was pious and pure and a symbol of worth.

She was very shy and innocent and an ideal wife,  
Like a shadow she followed her husband, all life,  
For a period of fourteen very painful years,  
Without an smile but full of tears,  
She lived in the forest whereat kidnapped,  
But remained untouched, and couldn't be cracked.

While she was going to the forest on foot,  
Nimble footed, no slipper, no boot,  
A woman on way asked about her companion,  
Who was that handsome and her relation and union,  
Moved eyelids, smiled but didn't utter,  
And she knew who he was and why with her.

Akhtar Jawad

## Silence on Gaza

Chand sahma hua nikla hay sitare chup hayn,  
Woh andhera ke jahan bhar ke nazare chup hain.  
Ab to badal bhi bahut door kahin per barse,  
Dharti pe bahte huye khoon ke dhare chup hayn.  
Ab to bas aag barasti hay who mausam aaya,  
To jo khamosh raha sare ke sare chup hayn.  
Aise sannate mein mazloom ki siski na suni!  
Lag gai ho gi kahin aankh bechare chup hayn.  
Jinki kilkarian sakit hayn tabassm na raha,  
Moh lete the jo dil ko woh ishare chup hayn.  
Barbaraiat ke is afreet ki had hay na hisab,  
Zindigi doob gai aur kinare chup hayn,  
Tum bhi khamosh raho kaun sune ga Akhtar,  
Jinki awaz mein dam hay who dulare chup hayn.

### English Translation

The moon is frightened and the stars are silent,  
The darkness is on its climax and scenery is silent.  
The clouds are avoiding to rain at Gaza,  
The blood flowing in the streets is silent.  
A strange weather, it's raining but fire,  
Oh God! You kept silence, everyone is silent.  
Quiet everything even then cries are not heard,  
Perhaps slept, the helpless persons are silent.  
The children have forgotten laughter,  
Their heart catching actions are silent.  
The dragon of barbarism has crossed the limits, unaccounted,  
Life is drowning but the banks are silent.  
You should also keep silence as none will listen to you,  
Those having a powerful voice, the beloveds, are silent.

Akhtar Jawad

## Smile of a Defeated Woman

When I go to the market, to bring something,  
My soul listens to a calling ring.  
Often I stop at a shop of snacks or sweets,  
And purchase some thing to listen to the tweets,  
Of a beautiful bird who is free to sky,  
But she does not fly, I don't know why?  
And prefers the cage, as her lovely home,  
With all her outrage, reading verses of a tome,  
Not talking with me, watching TV all alone,  
Either lying on the bed or busy on the phone,  
She was never like this, but now she is sick,  
Her BP often high, she is burning like a wick,  
A patient of thyroids, her son is away,  
Misbehaved by wife of her son every day,  
Although I cook food for me and my wife,  
Helpless she cries, after every-day-strife,  
Not happy with me, being her spouse,  
I couldn't give her a peaceful house,  
And this house belongs to my son not me,  
We cannot escape although we are free.  
I worked honestly and worked too hard,  
I haven't got yet my God's reward.

Leave it anyway, I purchase something,  
For the bird many things I cannot bring,  
When I give it to her, she smiles with her writ,  
I was thinking of it but didn't tell it.

Akhtar Jawad

## Someone

When a child starts,  
Speaking few words,  
It's language of love,  
Is language of God,  
Free of dirt.  
A message to creators,  
And caretakers,  
You are now returning,  
What you got from your parents,  
And I too intend,  
To return this love,  
To the next someone.

All praise to Creator,  
For the lovely instincts,  
To love and protect,  
Whatever we create,  
Even plants and trees,  
And wild animals,  
The biting crawlers,  
Virus and germs,  
Are blessed with this love,  
Sacrificing and kindhearted,  
And reminding us,  
There is someone.

In the hearts and souls,  
In the sun in the moon,  
In the days and nights,  
In the mountains and deserts,  
In the rivers and oceans,  
On the earth and above,  
Life would have been impossible.  
Without someone.

Papa, Mama, and other simple words,  
Have a charm and beauty,  
And a call for duty,  
And the mother when responds,  
And feeds her child,  
She is a queen with a writ,  
And a book of God,  
That is written in a language,  
The child understands,  
He can read and write,  
And speak and amuse,  
The language of someone.

And do you know?  
As long as child,  
Is innocent and pious,  
Loving and loyal,

Free of sins,  
Generous and kind,  
In love witch is blind,  
He is a virtual son,  
Or a virtual daughter,  
You may call someone.  
It's your thinking and choice.

Akhtar Jawad

## **Sometimes Knave Like A Youth**

I think like a youth,  
Sometimes ink like a youth,  
Not yet red like an old,  
I am pink like a youth.

I behave like a youth,  
Sometimes knave like a youth,  
Not shy like an old,  
Bold and brave like a youth.

I am hungry like a youth,  
Sometimes angry like a youth,  
Not careful like an old,  
Watch pantry like a youth,

I act like a youth,  
I react like a youth,  
Not calm like an old,  
Much exact like a youth.

(Being inspired by Shalom Freedman)

Akhtar Jawad

## Somewhere Else

I always saw her alone,  
She came to the park,  
Every day in the morning,  
And again in the evening,  
She slowly walked,  
With a walking stick,  
The smile less lips,  
Never left each other,  
But spoke many words,  
I couldn't listen to.

She silently watched,  
Beauty of roses,  
Beauty of Jasmine,  
None she talked,  
The silver white hairs,  
And her skin of the wrist,  
And that of her cheeks,  
Like an abstract art,  
Told many stories!  
That I couldn't read.

The sobers eyes,  
Behind spectacles,  
And small ear rings,  
Long sleeves of her shirt,  
The heel less shoes,  
The old styles,  
A motherly outlook,  
Above all her silence,  
Indicated a pain,  
I didn't know what?

Then came a day,  
She was not alone!  
With her,  
Were two children,  
A boy above twelve,  
And a girl under twelve,  
She was smiling,  
She was loudly calling,  
The vendors of the park,  
For ice Cream and cold drinks,  
For pop corns,  
In response to the quakes,  
Of the ducks in the pond.  
I didn't ask her,  
She told me herself,  
My grandchildren,  
After a decade,  
From United States,  
Have come to see me,

They are settled in states.

A few more days passed,  
In the like manner,  
But then she didn't come,  
To the park for walking,  
After a few months,  
I started thinking,  
Has she gone,  
To United States?  
Or somewhere else!

Akhtar Jawad

## Standing Close to an Eucalyptus Tree

After many years of separation,  
I was once again standing,  
To feel the fragrance,  
Of my loving sweet heart,  
You are still standing,  
All your old leaves,  
Have seen many autumns,  
And thrown somewhere,  
Like an uncalled garbage,  
I see new leaves,  
But your stem is the same,  
Where is my name?  
Where is her name?  
The two names are still together,  
The terror of time,  
Could not separate,  
The sign of love,  
Two hearts stitched,  
With an arrow,  
And drops of blood,  
Dropping down!  
I see new names,  
But the two hearts,  
Are still singular,

Time!  
Oh my worst enemy!  
How you dare to de-shape!  
The sign of love,  
Don't you know?  
You ruined the hearts!  
And don't you know?  
Heart is seat of God!  
You kept our names,  
I am thankful to you,  
But the calligraphy,  
You spoilt its beauty,  
Now a childish write,  
Probably you are right,  
This childish attraction,  
This teen aged romance,  
Deserved this treatment!

Like your fragrance unchanged  
Still fresh and exciting,  
Appearance of your leaves,  
Like green girls,  
Of sweet sixteen,  
Sexy seventeen,  
Nice nineteen,  
Or exciting eighteen,  
Have many new,

And lovely stories,  
Stories of love,  
But mostly romance,  
Some ended with time,  
Like that of mine,  
And some,  
Tragedies of Shakespeare,  
May be a few that are,  
Still going on,  
With the same passion,  
But made up,  
In a beauty parlor,  
Conjugal affection,  
With a lasting life!

Do you remember?  
The sweet cold winters,  
An exciting call,  
Of the naughty nature,  
That brought girls out,  
Of the common room,  
For hot sunlight,  
Or a desire to expose,  
Their teen aged beauty,  
To the thirsty eyes,  
To the hungry souls!

It's now evening dear,  
Here I am alone,  
And the sun,  
Is about to set,  
Is not happy with me,  
I don't know why,  
And now I remember,  
William Wordsworth,  
Had described this sun,  
As a melting orange,  
Perhaps the sun,  
Is giving me a message,  
It's evening of your life,  
Your youth has melted,  
Now leave the place,  
For moons and stars!

Akhtar Jawad

## **Suddenly My Friend Came Back Once Again**

Pleasure and pops,  
Music and hip hops,  
Went on as it was,  
Melody! nay stops.

Greenery of crops,  
Busy women in lops,  
No change in charms,  
Beauty! nay stops.

Crowds at shops,  
Quarrels and bops,  
All evils at its place,  
Anxiety! nay stops.

Success and flops,  
Creeping on the tops,  
Efforts and improvements,  
Journey! nay stops.

From the board, send was missing!  
But for me, a legend was missing!  
You may say, just a friend was missing,  
Inspiration I missed, a trend was missing!

The trend to smile with love and beauty,  
I smiled every day like a well-paid duty,  
But the old smile came back, no refrain,  
Suddenly my friend came back once again!

Akhtar Jawad

## Superstitions

I can't forget my college days,  
Saint Andrews' College,  
A sea of knowledge,  
Lighted my ways.

The moto of the college, a verse from The Book,  
Prove all things, hold fast that, which is good,  
In the heat strokes, saved me like a shed and a hood,  
Spread wisdom on the souls like a neat cool brook.

Its lawn with thick green grass,  
The eucalyptus tree near girls common room,  
The noise of girls, boom boom boom.  
Without a smile one can't surpass.

The morning starts with assembly in a hall,  
Scholars on the left and girls on the right,  
White collar boys, a lovely sight,  
No indiscipline, not at all.

Constrained by instincts of teen age nature,  
Waiting for the procession and watching the girls,  
Their pretty faces, the curves and curls,  
Enters the principal followed by teachers.

All stand up without any lack,  
The principal then reads, the prayer of the day,  
Reads announcements, or something to say,  
When assembly is over the procession goes back.

The students move to classes in a dignified manner,  
Besides the subject they learn many things,  
This is the place where thinking gets wings,  
The brains turn into a truth scanner.

Besides many things I learned here,  
What are the superstitions,  
Nothing but illusions,  
Spread from one to one another, here and there.

Every evening I used to ride,  
With a friend on my bike,  
To a place of like,  
Outskirts, setting noise aside.

One day we saw two giants at a height,  
Demolishing a wall, a building or so,  
Terrifying sound, their to and fro,  
Really it was a scene of fright.

My friend shouted, you aren't King Richard,  
Run away you fool, it is super natural,

For us it may be, very much fatal,  
Frightened though but I went forward.

And what I saw a truck of bricks parked at the edge,  
Two men, engaged in unloading, were seen,  
The dust had formed a big screen,  
The street light behind magnifying their image.

Akhtar Jawad

## **Terror**

Terror is instinct, seen in dejected,  
In the weaker creatures,  
Who can't face the powers,  
And strength of flash-eaters.

Terror is the weapon, first invented,  
To fight the nature,  
To assist in adventure,  
To raise the treasure.

Terror is thirst, widely accepted,  
To rule the earth,  
To exploit others' wealth,  
To put him on death.

Akhtar Jawad

## **The Bird of A Ship**

She was not in a cage, and was free to fly,  
She was the bird of a ship, open to sky,  
Still unhappy, and her songs were sad,  
Days and nights on the ship, were bad.

She decided to fly to a land of flowers,  
For Having fresh food and pleasant showers,  
One day at the dawn, she left her home,  
The flight didn't lead to an island of dome.

Hungry and thirsty with the tired wings,  
She came back to pollution and pings,  
Life is life it's never too bad,  
Much love she had, many joys she had.

Forgive me My God! I am often frustrated,  
I am back to your kindness, under rated!  
Where else my soul can get rid of pain,  
Like bird of a ship, I am back once again.

(Based on two lines by Kabir Das-(Translation by me)  
of pain, Like the bird of a ship, I am back once again)

Where else my soul can get rid

Akhtar Jawad

## The Engagement Ring

Oh! black clouds,  
Go from here,  
I don't want thunders,  
I don't want lightning,  
I don't want rains,  
My beloved is away.  
When he left the village,  
I was just thirteen,  
But I am now sixteen,  
And I now understand,  
The meaning of the moon,  
In my ring finger.

All the girls of village,  
Are singing folk songs,  
On the swings that are hanging,  
In the mango trees,  
And behind a large tree,  
I am standing all alone,  
I feel something,  
In my body and soul,  
My eyes are wet,  
My age I regret,  
As I now understand,  
The meaning of folk songs.

Being burnt in the fires,  
Of my dreams and desires,  
I am now aware,  
Of the mystery of life,  
What I want from you,  
What you mean for me,  
Why I wait for you,  
Why I seek you dear,  
Why tears in my eyes,  
Why annoyed of skies,  
These rains blow the flames,  
Of your love, my love!

And the red stone,  
Of my golden ring,  
Appears to me,  
A drop of blood,  
That has frozen in a shape,  
Of a human heart,  
A symbol of a feeling,  
And a thought if you,  
Were here in the rains,  
I and you,  
I can't say any more,  
But I now understand.

Akhtar Jawad

## **The Game of Chess**

The king is the weakest of all and helpless,  
Faces all the pains and strains and the stress,  
Just like a president in parliamentary form of Governments,  
Like a rubber stamp affixed on all documents.

And the queen, which can move in two different ways, is might,  
Controls the game from her place, and being might is right,  
Source of power of an underdeveloped nation,  
In a five star hotel who are God's imitation.

And the bishops with an oblique order of march,  
Two eyes on two different paths, like a broken torch,  
Just like the religious politicians and extremists,  
They support and patronize the violent terrorists.

And the horses that play games unique,  
One step forward and the next oblique,  
Just like a newly born baby in politics,  
Not aware of the principles of morals and ethics.

And the rookies blind, thoughtless, animals of a zoo  
Jobless followers who have nothing to do,  
An emotional, angry, and insane generation,  
That's powerful, decisive but a thread to federation.

And the mates who are helpless people of the nation,  
Who can vote for the leaders but cannot call explanation,  
But if they move and move straight and touch the goal line,  
They become a queen, and on the board they shine.

Akhtar Jawad

## The Hungry Cat Kalua

She was born in the house, adjacent to ours,  
She had a sister and another one,  
The other one expired at an early age,  
But the two survived.

Her sister was white,  
Beautiful and healthy,  
They used to visit our house,  
In search of some food,

My daughter was kind on cats,  
And so were my grand children.  
They named the black cat as Kalua,  
And the white one as Malua,

For some reasons my neighbors,  
Left the house on lease,  
Kalua and Malua migrated to our house,  
For shelter, being helpless.

Whenever my daughter gave food to them,  
They fought like dogs to have more food,  
The winner was always Malua,  
And the loser always Kalua.

The dejected Kalua left the house,  
But was often seen roaming on the road,  
How could one forget the place of his birth!  
A place where he is grown up and socialized!

Malua was the monarch in our house,  
My wife had a soft corner for the white cat,  
Probably because no one loved Malua,  
Or because she was whitish I am brownish.

The time passed quickly,  
And Malua became an adult,  
She started dating,  
And I was annoyed of the male cat visitors.

My grand children sometimes asked,  
What are they doing?  
How could I explain,  
Their romantic love scene.

And then came a bad day,  
Malua was hit by a fast moving car,  
Was severely injured,  
And could not survive.

My wife was sad,  
For her tragic end,

But what she could do?  
Ironny of fate!

My grand children called in now Kalua,  
And she came in as she followed them,  
Their universal language,  
The language of love.

The time passed more,  
Kalua got a male,  
And I was surprised,  
Only one male cat.

The male cat started living in our house,  
We call it, a son-in-law at home,  
A happy couple,  
With a pleasant life.

I noticed an amazing behavior,  
When Kalua was given some food by the children,  
She always called her male,  
To share the food.

Then came another bad day for the cats,  
The male of Kalua left the house and was never seen again,  
Kalua now passed life like an Indian widow,  
And I noted she was carrying.

And today in the morning,  
Kalua came down and sat by the door,  
And started crying,  
Crying of hunger.

I don't like cats,  
Like my daughter and children,  
My wife was sleeping,  
And my daughter is in Jeddah.

There was no one to help,  
And the cat was hungry,  
Needing more food,  
As she is carrying.

I opened the freezer took a piece of mutton,  
Being ashamed I took one more,  
And I went to Kalua,  
Who ran away when she saw me.

As I was never, kind to her,  
And I have been, a sight of fear,  
And sometimes I, a man of terror,  
How unjust! How unfair!

Then I spoke the universal language,  
The language of love,  
Kalua rushed to me,  
Took the pieces of meat.

I am also like this cat,  
Of course not carrying,  
But left my birth place,  
In search of bread.

Why circumstances force someone,  
To leave the birth place, the native land,  
Why in the world there are immigrants,  
Emotionally divided in two different persons?

I can't forget my place of birth,  
Fearless I say, I still love She,  
But I can't ignore my place of shelter,  
Where I asked for one and got two breads.

I can wish, I can dream,  
The both may live long!  
With peace and prosperity,  
Like idols of love and coexistence.

Akhtar Jawad

## **The Ignored Child**

You sweet little fairy,  
Why are you so angry?  
Why don't you speak?  
Why your rage on the peak?  
Why don't you smile?  
You want my mobile!

You flying butterfly,  
Why do you cry?  
Don't waste these pearls,  
Like foolish mad girls,  
Don't make noise like a hen,  
You want my pen!

You pink rose flower,  
At this midnight hour,  
You're still awoken,  
My room is shaken,  
Do you feel ignored?  
You want the key board!

You lovely little angel,  
After changing your angle,  
You opened my kit box,  
Like a bull like an ox,  
With a hammer's stroke,  
Corner table you broke.

You have taken my mobile,  
And made it a projectile,  
You have taken my pen,  
On the wall you've written,  
Now get out, I swear,  
Thanks God no answer!

You're a sleeping bliss,  
Let me have your kiss,  
On the bed your piss!  
My wife, now I miss!  
She has gone somewhere,  
Daughter-in-law is here!

Akhtar Jawad

## The Last Smile

To me, my mother told,  
When she saw me after my birth,  
And touched my cheeks,  
I smiled and she prayed,  
Oh God! Keep this smile forever.

I don't know,  
If I really smiled,  
Or it was an illusion,  
Of a loving mother,  
But that is not important,  
Important are the prayers,  
Of mothers who pray,  
Who pray for smile,  
Of a newly born infant!

Let him live in peace,  
Let him think of peace,  
Let him work for peace,  
Keep him away of wars,  
Keep him away of hate,  
Keep him to love,  
And for love.  
When a mother prays,  
For her infant,  
She in fact,  
Asks her soul,  
To carry this,  
Electromagnetic waves,  
That doesn't need a medium,  
For propagation,  
And these waves,  
Touch the hearts.  
Hearts of friends,  
Hearts of enemies,  
And even,  
The non-living matter,  
When touched by the prayers,  
Is bestowed upon a heart,  
To listen to the prayer,  
Of a mother in pain,  
Having just delivered,  
A baby so sweet,  
At least for the mother,  
After pains of hours,  
After fatigue of months!

The angel of life,  
Is touched by the prayers,  
And is back to skies,  
Shows a telescopic view,  
Of the newly born infant,

To the angel of death,  
And asks him to smile,  
At the time of death,  
Of the child in view!  
And his friend smiling nods.

My dear children,  
I am hopeful,  
I intend to return,  
The smile of the angel,  
When I see him,  
My last thinking,  
Will bring peace to me,  
That my belief,  
Of a life after death,  
Was a truth,  
Is a truth,  
And will remain a truth.

If you see my body,  
Smiling after death,  
Snap it and preserve,  
And propagate,  
As a witness of the fact,  
There is a life after death.

Akhtar Jawad

## The Mirror

Every morning every evening,  
She stood, all alone,  
In front of a mirror,  
And combed her hair,  
Checked her turn out,  
And liked her image,  
Up to a certain extent,  
But not too much!

When someone told her,  
You are beautiful,  
Your hairs are silky,  
Your complexion is milky,  
Your deep brown eyes,  
Like that of a deer,  
Your soft pink lips,  
Are buds of roses!

Your cheeks are rosy,  
And a mole on it,  
Is to protect the innocence,  
Of your untouched beauty,  
Like a lovely talking doll,  
When you speak to me,  
My heart listens to,  
A tune of flute!

Your face is a moon,  
And your rounded arms,  
With bangles in your wrist,  
A garland of flowers,  
And your ear rings,  
With tiny diamonds,  
Are the shining stars!  
You are nature's work of art.

Your charming body,  
Like a milky way contains,  
Many hidden suns and moons,  
And when you walk on earth,  
It appears to me,  
A wave is moving,  
A mermaid is swimming,  
In an ocean neat and clean!

Nature has provided,  
The wealth of attraction,  
The worth of appeal,  
A shy smile,  
And an age in which,

All girls look fairies,  
The only thing you lack,  
Is a ring in your finger!

The shy girl, next morning,  
When stood for combing,  
She said to herself,  
It's not my mirror,  
It cannot speak,  
And, describe me,  
My mirror is the boy,  
I met yesterday!

Akhtar Jawad

## **The Night That Comes Only Once**

In dark it's brighter,  
These are eyes of love,  
That sees in the dark,  
The treasure of beauty,  
Hidden deep inside,  
In a mortal body!  
And tonight's beauty,  
Shall become a memory,  
A lovely memory,  
Everlasting joy,  
To call back the youth,  
In the cold nights,  
Of the sadist age,  
That will not spare.

Let the title of this night,  
Be a silence of nature,  
That speaks through the hearts,  
And her words scatter,  
As moon and stars,  
As clouds that embrace,  
In the distant skies,  
The smiling moon!

The winds that blow,  
To see the dance,  
Of The Queen of Night,  
In the white bridal dress,  
And enjoys the fragrance,  
Of charming flowers,  
Like the fragrance of a maid,  
That can make insane!

The leaves of the trees,  
The waves of brooklets,  
Do not speak,  
But the wind touches them,  
And the body language,  
Of the silent beauty,  
Writes a poem of love,  
A lyric in fact,  
A melody immortal,  
And sings a song,  
On the music of winds  
Just listen to it.

The nights of nature,  
Will continue to come,  
The moon will be kissed,  
The stars will watch,  
But this virgin night,  
Comes once only once,

Let the lips talk the lips,  
And keep them engaged,  
Let the title of this night,  
Be a whispering silence.

Akhtar Jawad

## **The Poor Child**

She blames him,  
He blames her,  
And the child is stranded,  
Mentally divided,  
Marriage is breaking,  
A love marriage!  
They loved each other,  
And found their lives,  
Like a full moon light,  
And lovely words,  
Scattered in their way,  
As twinkling stars!  
Perfumed letters,  
Hidden in drawers,  
On colorful papers,  
Are still there!

The child can now read,  
He can write as well,  
He has watched many movies,  
Based on love stories!  
He is used to computer,  
And internet,  
And knows many things,  
That we came to know,  
At a much older age!

We grew up,  
In a joint family cage,  
Besides the parents,  
Grand fathers and mothers,  
And so many others,  
Had an eye on us,  
Under a blue moon,  
We enjoyed loneliness,  
Our lives were designed,  
In the way they defined.  
Got a low mental age,  
In the lovely cage!

But a modern child,  
Is now socialized,  
By machines that speak,  
Show the depth and the peak,  
But have no passion,  
No sentiments no emotion,  
Neither have they hated,  
Nor have they loved,  
The child is having,  
Much more mental age,  
Than his actual age!

How can you expect,  
From the child who has read,  
Love letters of his parents,  
Colorful fragrant,  
And is watching now differences,  
The rash exchanges,  
Shall he be socialized,  
As a normal man!

Akhtar Jawad

## **The Saint Mother**

I didn't find any other,  
Any one better than my mother, .  
But my wife is also a mother,  
My daughter is also a mother,  
My grand daughter with her doll looks like a mother,  
Every woman is a mother.

Even if she could not give birth to a child,  
She is never cruel, never unkind,  
She loves children of her brother,  
She loves children of her sister,  
Her love becomes universal and spreads like air,  
Every woman is a saint mother.

Akhtar Jawad

## **The Spray**

I brought deadly spray,  
Poisonous and suffocating,  
With a smell too irritating,  
The spray killed the insects,  
But its aftereffects!  
Breathing problems,  
That annoyed me,  
More than the insects,  
The insects were killed,  
And I survived,  
But my precious life,  
Was reduced by,  
Many days!

What could I do?  
Was it written in my fate?  
Is it a cycle by Him?  
A check,  
On growing population!  
The law of nature,  
Survival of the fittest,  
Is it still enforced?  
If it is so?  
Let the insects prepare,  
To be destroyed anytime,  
By spray of weapons,  
The nuclear weapons!  
And let the beasts survive,  
To face breathing problems,  
On a barren earth,  
With no milk in her breasts!

(This is my 200th poem submitted on poemhunter.com and it is written on a possible destruction of human race by nuclear weapons)

Akhtar Jawad

## The Worst Man

'La', an Arabic Word that means,  
There was nothing that could be seen,  
There was nothing that could be heard,  
There was nothing that could be touched,  
There was nothing that could be smelled,  
There was nothing that could be tasted,  
There was no heart to feel,  
There was no brain to think.

'Ilah' another Arabic word,  
The creator it means,  
The master it means,  
The ruler it means,  
The lawmaker it means,  
The law enforcer it means,  
The caretaker it means,  
There was none to accept or refuse the writ,  
None to be subjected with the said properties.

'Illallah.' No one else but the God.  
Ancient, no begin,  
Immortal, no end,  
Like infinity,  
No doubt existed,  
Not a master at all,  
Not a ruler at all,  
Not a lawmaker at all,  
Not a law enforcer at all,  
Not a care taker at all,  
Because he hadn't created,  
Any thing, any soul, nothing at all.

Love was there, the eternal truth,  
He was nothing but love,  
Having no one else, fell in love with Himself,  
And wanted to see His virtual image,  
Confined in a point,  
Having weight infinite,  
And a volume that was zero.  
So forceful was love,  
And still it is so,  
The point exploded and started spreading,  
It is still spreading.

Universe came into being,  
Black holes and galaxies,  
The two rival forces,  
The second for beauty and life and love,  
The first for destruction, ugliness and sins,  
The beauty is felt by seeing its contrast,  
The love can't be felt without hate,  
So beautiful was it,

May be called muhammad,  
A word that means worthy of praise.

God wanted to keep intact His beauty and the love,  
He created Adam and Eve to guard,  
To guard and love His virtual beauty,  
To love all living non-living creatures.  
As he wanted to keep it safe and sound,  
The sons of Adam were made responsible,  
To do all acts for increasing the beauty,  
He sent His messengers avatars some say,  
With the message of love and laws for men.  
And the last of messengers, the worthy of praise,  
Was given the name, Muhammad it is,  
With the laws describing punishment and reward.

Good belief is it but what I see,  
Those not believing in it,  
Are trying to make this earth,  
More beautiful,  
Fighting with disease,  
Serving the humans,  
Serving the animals,  
Inventing luxuries to make the life,  
More peaceful more pleasant.  
With tolerance they preach,  
Live and let others live.  
The charter of U.N.O., last sermon of Muhammad.

While the believers are engaged,  
In killing each other,  
In the name of religion,  
In the name of sect,  
In the name of language,  
Abusing the children,  
Raping dead bodies,  
Pulling out of their graves,  
Every one is running to have more money,  
May be a Mullah, a justice, or a leader,  
May be a general a doctor or a teacher.  
Instead of making a welfare state,  
Working hard, to make, a hell-fare state.

One who does not believe in a religion,  
Is a bad man,  
One who believes but hates others'  
Is worse than him,  
And one who believes in a religion so well,  
But does not act in accordance with it,  
Is the worst man on the face of this earth.

Akhtar Jawad

## **To a Muslim Assalam to a Hindu Ram Ram**

I want to die at the place of my birth,  
No soil is better than that soil on this earth,  
Colors of that soil have a rainbow in it,  
Any other soil for me is misfit,  
Smell of that soil inspires my soul,  
Everything of that soil suits me as a whole.  
But I know I can't go there,  
It's almost same I live now where,  
The culture of this soil is alike and same,  
Whom should I name and whom I blame,  
For the walls we built for the wars we fought,  
Were short sightedness and narrow minded thought,  
These are the questions to be answered in future,  
Nobody could divide our ancient culture,  
Music of Khusro and message of Nizam,  
To a Muslim Assalam to a Hindu Ram Ram.

Akhtar Jawad

## Translation Of Jay Shankar Prasad's Beeti Bibhavari Jag Ri

The night starry,  
Is coming to an end,  
In the sea of sky,  
The queen of night,  
With the hands of dawn,  
Drowning pitcher of stars,  
The birds are twittering,  
The lotus is waving,  
Her wet night gown,  
The elegant creeper,  
The morning virgin,  
Has filled her vessel,  
The empty pitcher,  
With the wine so tasty,  
The crown of wines,  
And you lazy woman,  
Ignoring all this,  
And wine of the nature,  
Yet your eyelids,  
Meeting each other,  
Still sleeping,  
Your eyes filled with,  
A bird's eye view,  
Only!

Akhtar Jawad

## **Tum Bhi Muhabbat Kar Ke Dekho**

Tum bhi muhabbat kar ke dekho aaina acha lagne lage ga,  
Jeena to phir jeena hi hai marna acha lagne lage ga.  
Mur kar dekho kaun hai peechhe, shayed koi apna hi ho,  
Apna agar mil jaye koi to murna acha lagne lage ga.  
Kiski nigah tumper hai jami, keyun tumko woh takta hai sada,  
Aankhon mein uski jhank ke dekho takna acha lagne lage ga.  
Shayed kahna chahta hai kutch, sun to lo keya kahta hai,  
Mujhko yaqeen hai sun kar uski sunna acha lagne lage ga.  
Khamosh raho aur kah na sako kutch, han aksar aisa hota hai,  
Lekin bolti aankhon se kutch kahna acha lagne lage ga.  
Tanhai se khelne wale tanha Khuda bhi rah nahin paya,  
Dost ka sang ho phir to tanha rahna acha lagne lage ga.  
Yun na akele chal pao ge rahein katin haiy lamba safar hai,  
Hath mein lelo hath kisi ka chalna acha lagne lage ga.

Akhtar Jawad

## Two Moons

When I see you moon,  
A blessing and a boon,  
Reflecting light of the sun,  
With your showering gun!

Being filtered and transformed,  
What a job you performed!  
I wonder on filtrates,  
I salute to your dates,

When you are in your teens,  
Your writ like the deans!  
How neat and clean!  
Like a girl of sixteen.

You made me lit,  
How pleasant is it!  
How romantic is now night!  
It's magic of moon light!

Where devils have gone?  
Where evils have gone?  
Oh! Moon your sacrifice,  
How kind and nice!

How you manage this magic?  
Making heart so static,  
And the thoughts that in,  
Are free from the sin!

In her eyes my face,  
With glace and grace,  
Its image was so nice,  
I saw twice or thrice.

Then I asked sweet heart,  
I wonder on your art,  
It has made me what,  
That at all I am not.

How it happened so quick!  
In the twinkling of your eyes,  
From a ditch I arose,  
And touched the skies!

She smiled and replied  
It's love that makes,  
It removes the dirt,  
And flaws and fakes.

I keep all of that,  
And reflect your charms,

Because I love,  
To remain into arms!

Oh! Moon, I now know,  
You are in love,  
Would have kissed you dear,  
Could fly like a dove!

Akhtar Jawad

## Urdu Translation Of Eesha Syed's Poem - Eye Love You

Jheel si gehri meri pak nigahen dekho,  
Sard mehri tumhen inmen na nazar aae gi.  
Ghussa aata hay magar surkh nahin hoti hoon,  
Bekhatar hay yeh nigah kutch bhi na kar pae gi.

Arghawani meri aankhon men muhabbat dekho,  
Fakhta amn ki inmen tumhen dikh jae gi.  
Meri aankhon se bikharte huye dane hain tere,  
Jab bhi aae gi yeh dane tu unhin pae gi.

(Eesha is a great promising poetess. Being junior to her in the field of English poetry I can't write her critical appreciation. Her thinking is high, writes poetry from a peace loving heart and believes in coexistence. All these facts have groomed her personality and her personality is reflected in her poems. Obviously it adds an element of beauty in her poems. I wish success and a lovely peaceful life to this sweet little child.)

Akhtar Jawad

## Urdu Translation of Yogiraj Biplab's Just A Sincere Friend

Ek sache dost ko main dhondhta hoon,  
Jisse apne dil ki baten sab kahoon,  
Woh ke jispar main bhaosa kar sakoon,  
Dost aisa, dil se acha main kahoon,  
Sathi ho jo zindagi ka ek aisa dost ho,  
Main jise chahoon hamesha ek aisa dost ho.

Akhtar Jawad

## **We Are Nothing but Jokers**

Our justices and leaders,  
Are our reflections,  
If the people are just,  
Justices are honest.  
If the people are sincere,  
They get great leaders,  
When the people honor law,  
The law is enforced.  
Where people are democratic,  
Democracy flourishes.  
When people love peace,  
The peace prevails.

When war hysteria becomes,  
A one day cricket match,  
War is imposed,  
Upon the sick people,  
Not aware of consequences.  
And they face its evils.

When the people agitate,  
And demand something,  
Beyond and above,  
Constitution and law,  
They are destined to cry,  
For another decade.

If our leaders are corrupt,  
We are also dishonest.  
If democracy is a failure,  
We are undemocratic.  
If judgments are funny,  
We are nothing but jokers.

Akhtar Jawad

## **Weak and Feeble Voices and Cries**

Weak and feeble voices and cries,  
Touch the heart of seven skies,  
The sky is shaken and it responds,  
Cruel and unkind are checked with bonds,  
But some time to improve the behavior.  
He loves His art and He is the savior.  
The riders are warned to control their carts,  
Earthquakes and tsunamis are nature's thwarts.  
Time and again the warnings are issued,  
If the atrocities are still, so much, continued,  
A rock very big proceeding from space,  
Changes the planet with a new lovely face.  
The silent and unconcerned ugly men like me,  
Do not survive to watch and see.

Akhtar Jawad

## **What I Need**

Beauty is scattered,  
Even in a particle,  
Below my boots,  
What I need,  
Just the eyes,  
That can see.

Pretty is the man,  
Even my enemy,  
Critical and violent,  
With a reason or not,  
What I need,  
Just to react friendly.

Lovely is someone,  
That hates me always,  
Condemns all my acts,  
What I need,  
Just a loving heart,  
That can love him, too.

Light is flowing,  
In all the rivers,  
Seen or unseen,  
What I need,  
Some courage to swim,  
May be it water or the fire!

The ocean is the same,  
From East to West,  
Different names at places,  
What I need,  
To fall in the ocean,  
And forget myself.

Akhtar Jawad

## **What Is Life**

A friend once asked,  
What is life?  
My lovely friend,  
Your belief is your life,  
And your thinking is your belief,  
And your God is your thinking.

If you believe about death,  
It is ultimate and final,  
While having experience,  
You can't describe,  
The last moments of your life,  
Will be hell for you.

How grieved will be you,  
To think and regret,  
You will be no more,  
Not on the earth,  
Not at the sky,  
You are going to dye, for ever, for ever.

But if you believe,  
Your body is mortal,  
But your soul is immortal,  
And death is nothing,  
But the soul will get,  
Another form of life.

Your body may be impure,  
Do not worry, be confident,  
If your soul is pure,  
It has three basic colors,  
Keep it in your mind,  
Your body is mortal.

The three primary colors are,  
Faith and love and sacrifice.  
These colors make all other pretty colors,  
So lovely so nice so beautiful indeed,  
And if your soul is beautified,  
You will see a rainbow, in the final moments.

Akhtar Jawad

## What Is Soul

We have very little knowledge of soul,  
I think there is a network of souls,  
Its nucleus is God,  
Initially all the souls were concentrated in the eternal soul,  
Now we have come out of the nucleus,  
And rotating in our orbits like electrons.

Although we had been a part of God,  
But now we cannot be called a God,  
Sufis give an example,  
A bucket of water taken away from the sea,  
Does not remain the sea at all,  
Will be a sea again, if throw back it.

We are familiar with normal electrical circuits,  
Wherein electrons flow due to potential difference,  
The potential of God is infinite,  
And that of us very very low.  
The eternal electrons, immortal eternal energy,  
Are flowing all over the universe.

Electrical current is rate of flow of electrons,  
Eternal current is rate of flow of eternal electrons,  
Its quantum varies from place to place,  
And from person to person,  
From things to things.  
Almost zero in non-living things.

An eternal electron is unit of soul,  
All souls are attached with each other,  
And together they form an eternal website,  
That is why when I pray, to have your love,  
If my love is true and powerful thus,  
The signal is conveyed so nicely to you.

It affects your thinking softens your heart,  
And a soft corner is created inside,  
You start thinking of me, day and night,  
You are more and more and more impressed,  
And you fall in love with me at last.  
So my soul conquers a soul for me.

When I start believing in Almighty God,  
My thinking is governed by impulses,  
Of eternal electrons from a source, divine,  
Flowing from God towards myself,  
And what I think, I tell it to you,  
I can think, so I have a soul.

Akhtar Jawad

## **When It Is For Truth**

Qabile zikr bas wohi hay qadam,  
Jo uthe haq ke kharzaron mein,  
Jo chale such ki rahguzaron mein.

Koi bhi shakhs kuch nahin lekin,  
Doosron ke liye jo ho betab,  
Phir wohi shakhs ban gya nayab.

(Urdu translation of a poem from Gajanan Mishra)

Akhtar Jawad

## Who Is In A Cage

I went to attend a meeting in a park,  
A meeting of a leader, the ruling power,  
Addressing the people, both in dark,  
Promising to make a bright future.

The leader delivered his emotional address,  
Looking angry and in a tone of rage,  
Grievances of the people he must redress,  
A leader secured and confined in a cage.

Promising to finish the energy short falls,  
Promising to remove religious insanity,  
Promising to punish the lawless jackals,  
Promising to re-build federal integrity.

And a lot of many other promises,  
Regretting he couldn't do anything,  
Because he inherited a state in distress,  
An empty treasury having nothing.

The innocent people were excited,  
Their leader, not merely a leader, a saint and sage,  
Long live, long live, slogans they shouted,  
The leader or the public, who is in a cage?

Akhtar Jawad

## **Why Don't You Smile**

Why don't you smile?  
Let your lips be dancing,  
It's really fertile,  
It's peace enhancing.

Even from the sand,  
And hard stones,  
If the smile is grand,  
If pleasing are the tones,

It can blossom many flowers,  
In the barren islands,  
A few loving showers,  
And hands in hands,

Not laughter so loud,  
Just a mild smile,  
Getting rid of proud,  
Can change your profile.

At your pretty lovely face,  
With the lips so nice,  
Put love and grace  
Once or twice or thrice,

Loneliness you complain,  
Try it again, and again and again,  
You shouldn't refrain,  
To remove your strain,

Your love they deserve,  
All hearts are fragile,  
No need to reserve,  
Your beauty of smile.

Akhtar Jawad

## Yad-e-Mazi

Ek main hi to nahin teri muhabbat ka gunahgar,  
Is ghar ki har ek shay hai teri yad men beemar.  
Takiye se teri zulf ki khushboo nahin nikli,  
Chadar tere rukhsar ki lali se hay gulzar.  
Jisne tere honto se churai the gulabi,  
Woh jama abhi tak hay usi lams se sarshar.  
Phenke they jahan choori ke tootey huye tukre,  
Dekh aaj bhi rangeen hay wo gosha-e-deewar.  
Khoonti pe jo kamre men kabhi tanga tha toone,  
Ab bhi wohin maujood hay go sookh gaya har.  
Jalwey tere paikar ke na dekhe gaye jinse,  
Woh khidki ki palken hain usi tarah hayabar.  
Kamre ki ki fizaon men abhi tak hay basi too,  
Is dil ko abhi tak hay teri chah ka azar.  
Bahar to nikal hal ke is jal se ekdin,  
Mazi ke jharokon men kabhi jhank to ek bar.  
Woh pehla sa andaz liye bhi kabhi aaja,  
Waise to mere kamre aati hay too sau bar.  
Honton pe tabassum ho larazte hon tere hath,  
Dawat ho nigahon men zuban karti ho inkar.  
Khamosh ho too aur tera paikar ho ghazalkhan,  
Sanson se tere dil ki nikalti huyee jhankar.  
Ab bhi teri aankhon se chalakti hain sharaben,  
Ab bhi teri zulfon se moattar hay shab-e-tar.  
Katrata hay mahtab tere gore badan se,  
Hain aaj bhi phoolon ke liye khar yeh rukhsar.  
Jis dunya ne mujhse tujhe begana kiya hay,  
Us duniya se pal bhar keliye ho kabhi bezar.

Akhtar Jawad

## **Yehi Karna Hay to Insan Banata Keyun Hay**

Aag is dil mein muhabbat ki lagata keyun hay,  
Shama ki tarah se sholon mein jalata keyun hay.  
Dil ne chupke se kaha tha ke muhabbat kar le,  
Toot kar bikhra to aba ankh churata keyun hay.  
Meri nazren jo gawara nahin tujhko aiy dost,  
Chup ja pardon mein mere samne aata keyun hay.  
Chand ke noor mein phoolon ki mehek me tu hay,  
Ek jhalak apni dikha kar yun lubhata keyun hay.  
Maine jharon ke tarannum mein suna hay tujhko,  
Preet ke geet jahan bhar ko sunata keyun hay.  
Tu sitaron ke bhi us par kahin door sahi,  
Dil tere lams ko har lams mein pata keyun hay.  
Tu agar itna bada hay ke na had hay na hisab,  
Chote chote se mere khawabon mein aata keyun hay.  
Dekh maili hui jati hay yeh sheetal dhara,  
Meri dharti pe tu Ganaga ko bahata keyun hay.  
Jhulsi jati hay yeh mitti kabhi dharti pe utar aa,  
Jang ki aag zamane mein lagata keyun hay.  
Kaise insan banaye hayn darinde bhi pasheeman,  
Aag ke sholon ka darya tujhe bhata keyun hay.  
Meri betabi-e-dil tujhse sahi keyun nahin jati,  
Yehi karna hay to insan banata keyun hay.

Akhtar Jawad

## **Yellow Journalist**

When I was a child,  
I was soft and mild,  
My father quoted,  
A thinker so learned.  
A young man who is an activist,  
Wonder if he is not communist!

He wonders once again,  
Is someone so insane,  
If an old activist,  
An he is a communist!  
When I grew old, old and aged,  
Soviet Union, disintegrated.

Now I wonder, media's sons and the dads,  
Promote sensation to have more adds,  
What is coming out from the prism,  
Uni-color spectrum, yellow journalism.  
Bribes as gifts widely accepted,  
Truth and honesty completely rejected.

Don't pour water in an acid-jar,  
You are on the wrong way and too far.  
Acid jumps out, may hurt journalism,  
Make a rainbow through your prism,  
Colorful spectrum will make you charming,  
But at the moment situation is alarming.

They say politicians, wrestlers they look,  
Not read yet, and discussing a book.  
The anchors adding, fuel to the fire,  
Owners of the media pleased to admire.  
Honest journals, they need to resist,  
And welcome the yellow Journalist!

Akhtar Jawad

## **Yet I Believe In Dear God**

They say God is the biggest lie,  
God hasn't made us,  
We made God,  
No heaven, they deny.  
Yet, I believe, in dear God.  
I know the meaning of sky.  
The seven spheres,  
Of earth and atmosphere.

They say we, don't see Him,  
They say we, don't hear Him,  
They say we, don't smell Him,  
They say we, don't taste Him  
They say we, don't touch Him.  
A thing exists only if,  
At least one of our senses, witnesses it.

Watch the beauty, watch the God,  
Listen to melodies, listen to the God,  
Smell the flowers, smell the God,  
Taste the fruits, having taste of the God,  
Touch broken hearts, touch the God.  
You exist because you think,  
The eternal soul made you a thinker.

Postulates, assumptions and theories,  
Don't have a proof,  
But when applied, in a certain frame work,  
Found true and developing,  
The modern science and philosophy.  
Without the three, helpless you are,  
It's God, only God, present in your thinking,  
Making capable of discussing,  
Existence of God.

You assume,  
A quantity is either,  
Equal to other,  
Or it is greater,  
Or smaller.  
No fourth option is possible.  
Can you prove it?  
And the God, either exists,  
Or He does not.  
No third option is possible.

Read the Newton's first Law of Motion,  
A thing static remains static,  
And if dynamic goes on moving,  
Unless and until a force is applied.  
Come to the Big Bang Theory you read,  
A point with its volume tending zero,

And the weight, infinite,  
Burst and started spreading all round.  
This is how universe was created.  
The question remains, where from came,  
The force exploding, the heavy point,  
You don't have an answer, but deny,  
And state that God is a lie.  
Non-existence of God, impossible,  
The only second option, He exists.

He is present in my thinking soul,  
He has no beginning and not an end.  
He is present in love of a friend,  
He is present in service to humanity,  
He is present in promotion of peace,  
He is present in all good acts,  
To remove illiteracy, poverty and pain,  
To teach the lesson of coexistence,  
To remove the hate to remove the war,  
To save the planet from destruction,  
To teach the lesson of love all.  
I know it well, you'll still deny,  
Yet, I believe in dear God.

Akhtar Jawad

## **You Are Just For Love**

If you don't know me,  
If you don't love me,  
You haven't created me.  
I am a bye product,  
Accidentally created,  
A production loss.

If you don't know my soul,  
If you don't love my soul,  
You are yourself not a soul,  
You too don't live,  
And my life is merely,  
A property of the matter.

If you don't know my pains,  
If you don't cry on my pains,  
You don't have a heart,  
If you can't count me,  
And creatures like me,  
We are the process loss.

If you don't share my joys,  
We are nothing but toys,  
But are you a child?  
Innocent and ignorant,  
Who brings a lovely toy,  
To play and shatter.

But I know you,  
And I love you,  
You are just for love,  
I am just to love,  
Wherever you may be,  
Whatever you may be.

Akhtar Jawad

## **You'll Never Know**

There is a point,  
Where love and hate,  
Touch each other,  
And the blow of winds,  
Pushes a flower,  
Towards love of a friend,  
Hidden in in the leaves  
And branches of emotions,  
Power of passion,  
Keeps a friendship,  
Ever green,  
Alive and attractive,  
But the beautiful flower,  
Has the pride of fragrance,  
And colors of proud,  
And ego of the flower,  
Pulls back it,  
And keeps her away,  
From a lovely friend,  
Yes, a friend!  
A loving friend!  
Just a friend!  
And nothing else!  
You're still in the list,  
Of my lovely friends!

Do you know?  
I visit the garden,  
With a mask on my face,  
I watch your colors,  
I watch your fragrance,  
I appreciate your beauty,  
But,  
With a mask on my face,

I let you know,  
I shall come,  
To the garden,  
With,  
A mask on my face,  
Like a cute butterfly,  
In a night of joy,  
I shall dance with you,  
I am your friend,  
And a friend is a friend,  
You'll enjoy dancing,  
You'll ask,  
Who are you?  
I shall disappear,  
Like metamorphic camphor,  
My dear lovely friend,  
You don't know,

And,  
You'll never know!

Akhtar Jawad

## **Your Mother, Your Friend**

My elder brother was born in nineteen thirty nine,  
And I was born in nineteen forty five,  
He often faced funny words of mine,  
He is dead and I am alive.

Once I told him, you came in the world with a deadly war,  
And when I came I ended the killings of humans,  
My brother replied, yes, no doubt, you came with a bar,  
But came with you the nuclear weapons.

What he brought could be repaired and mended,  
What I brought may bring the end,  
To moon and planets you are ascended,  
And the earth, your mother, your friend!

Akhtar Jawad