Poetry Series

Shahzia Batool

- 47 poems -

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Shahzia Batool (december 1)

a peace-loving democratic nature...M.A-English literature(Punjab university) ,1996...PGD.Linguistics,2006...Currently doing PGD n Masters in Teaching Of English as a Foreign Language...teach Language n Literature at Masters level...awarded with gold medal as a resource person of literature..by the Holy Grace of Allah....compose poetry in English n Urdu...

i have been working as an examiner in Punjab university; and as a curriculum-designer n a resource-person in the university of south-asia..

during teaching of literature i have been working as a director of english plays: the taming of the shrew, the winter's tale by shakespeare and the last scene of Doctor faustus by marlowe which got the 1st prize in competition...i got my own poem 'phantasmagoria' enacted on the stage...i have been working as a chief editor of college literary magazines..i have written book review of Dickens 'a tale of two cities' an article on my parents i.e Embers of love...i also composed Shakespeare's tragedy 'Hamlet'in closed couplets

organized a literary society; murder scene in othello n death-bed scene in doctor faustus...(top position in the event Poets' Extravaganza...)

My Strong beliefs:
essential goodness of Man; no bias; peace for all

am here on poem hunter as a learner of poetry n the field of criticism...

A Kid's Promise!

(composed on Universal children's day-2011)

I'm a lovely kid of my small house
With sprightly, sparkling eyes...
Holding my computer's mouse
aspire to shine and rise...

With extra care i take my food
And play my games, but then...
i get scared of Mamma's mood
When someone takes my pen...

When Papa says, 'you'll have to work',
I keep on studying books...
When Mamma says, 'it's time for rest'
I pass her grateful looks...

I'm fond of juicy, chocolate creams,
And want to be a Sultan...
My glittering eyes are rich with dreams
I see for Pakistan....

I love my lovely home and school,
And love my friends and teachers...
I'll guide and work and follow rules
And make my better future... :)

Shahzia Batool

A square deal

Pardon me, my Pakistan!
land of hopes and finest dreams!
where gently flow the shining streams
and youthful rivers...
I know...that i am miserable...
I promised much to do for you
a lot of work...
but i admit
i could not do
the least of it.
O vale of smiles!
when i say in deep despair, ' i love you not ',
believe me not...
I accept we made you messy
I accept we did you wrong
I admit your urban scenes are full of horrid savagery;
but...Pakistan!
all of us have really drawn
tasty victuals from your soil...
we enjoy the air of freedom.
despite the mess and ethnic strife,
stale, stagnant economic life,
you are still a gift of God
a perfect thought
of our Quaid,
our savior, hero, able-guide -
now i realize
that i should work
with extra toil
in response to all your favors
this will be a square deal
IF we think and IF we feel...

Shahzia Batool

Aao baaten karen!

Aao rang e shafaq!
Shokh rang e shafaq!
Mil k baaten karen,
Uss ki baaten karen...
Ik naey rang say waqt ko rok len,
Ik naey taur say her guzartay huey pal ko awaz den,
Or dhalti hui raat ki nabz ko thaam len
iss tarha
k kisi ko khabar bhi na ho,
Iss tarha
K koi shor bhi naa macchay...
Or shamma bhi baaton me shamil rahay,
Mah o anjum bhi jhuk jhuk k suntay rahen,
sir ko dhuntay rahen,
khwab buntay rahen,
kyun naa rang e shafaq!
Shokh rang e shafaq!
Ek fursat say aankhon me raaten karen,
Mil k baaten karen,
Uss ki baaten karen...

Shahzia Batool

Aao suraj ko ufaq paar utarta dekhen!

Kuchh naya kaam karen
or sochen
khud ko be-rubt khayalon k hawalay kr den
phir ye dekhen
kahan, kis tarha se kia hota he...
raat aati he kahan se
abhi chal kr dekhen
chaand ko dusri janib se palat kr dekhen
yeh jo rukhsaar-e-falak pr he shafaq...kesi he?
aao dekhen k dhanak rang ki shokhi me neha'n
raaz kia he k jo heraan kiye deta he?
neend wadi me yeh khwabon ka basera he kidhar?
khwab kia cheez hen
chal kr unhen choo kr dekhen
chandni shab ko chanaaron pe bikharta dekhen
aasmanon ko bahaaron me nikharta dekhen
aao suraj ko ufaq paar utarta dekhen! ! !

Shahzia Batool

Amma k naam...! ! !

Janay kiskis tarha mushkil se sambhala mujh ko!
Meri maa tu ne boht pyar se paala mujh ko.....!

Apne kirdar se, guftaar se taaleem kia
Neik seerat bharay afkaar se taaleem kia
kia sahi, kia he ghalat, nok palak batlai
Ye namaz or dua tu ne hamay sikhlai

Tu ne kundan ki tarha se he ujaala mujh ko!
Meri maa tu ne boht pyar se paala mujh ko!

Tarbiat din ki aulad ko aamaal se di
Roshni tu ne sahi raah ki afa'al se di
Zer e taameer sahi, me teri taameer to hun
Aaj me jo hun teri zaat ki tasveer to hun

Tu ne suraj ki tarha shab se nikala mujh ko!
Meri maa tu ne boht pyar se paala mujh ko!

Kese pehchaanay teri zeest ka unwaan koi
Bistar e marg tha ya jang ka maidaan koi
Itni takleef sahi dil se magar sabr kia
lub se shikva na dia, sham o sahar shukr kia

Kon mushkil me bhala de ga sambhaala mujh ko!
Meri maa tu ne boht pyar se paala mujh ko!

Akhri baar kalejay se mujhe liptana
Kese bhoolay ga kalaavon ka hamay pehnana
Mere naa cheez se haathon ko lagaya lub se
Dil Batool ab bhi yehi bol raha he tub se

Meri maa tu ne boht pyar se paala mujh ko!
Meri maa tu ne boht pyar se paala mujh ko!

Shahzia Batool

Anarchy

I want to make it quite clear.....
my heart is not a thoroughfare.
i long for never-never land
for honest people, nice and fair.

no joys i find in shallow world
im fed up of this love-sick air.
wipe out these tears and hold the grief
i don't have too much time to share.

but darkness can't be a horrid thing
sun shines through this mist of despair.
friends oft misinterpret my love
they judge me but by surface layer.

so time is up, so words are spent,
so i intend to go, ...but where?

Shahzia Batool

Anarchy ii

I have been searching all this while;
miles n miles,
I know not where i lost my smiles...

My heart's been over brimmed with fears;
years n years,
Oh God! where i have lost my tears...

My soul's been groping since the birth;
on skies n earth,
I'm flustered where i lost my mirth...

I daily shriek to shake the skies;
twice n thrice,
do try to cry, but where are cries...

I have been trying to kill the pain;
but all in vain,
M y God distill some blessed rain...

O Lord! do help me change my mind;
You Just n Kind!
so rest n peace my soul may find...

Shahzia Batool

At a Locksmith's

Excuse me Sir!
excuse me please,
I've heard about your too much fame
you claim to make amazing keys
in perfect ease.
Now prove your worth
and pray tell me,
if there 's any master key
by which one can unlock the door-
of iron hearts...

Shahzia Batool

Come Along!

come along with me
my enemy!
sing a song with me,
my enemy!
if you have any sight:
sharp and keen-
have a look at the trees:
tall and green -
take breath in breeze:
fresh and clean-
suppress your thoughts:
foul and mean-
and don't try to do any wrong with me
come along with me...

i find this eve:
calm and serene-
so soft this grass is velvet green-
for a friendly move
it's a perfect scene'
so why speak a word so strong with me
come along with me...

be glad and smile like a rose
of spring...
forget for a while every sad thinking...
only friendly style
is a finest thing...
so let's go and walk for a long with me
come along with me...

step one:
let's leave all bad stuff.
step two:
let's shake our hands in love.
step three:
witness new dawns with me.
come along with me and turn my FRIEND
come along with me...

Shahzia Batool

Come Back Home!

Come back Father!
come back Home!
see your daughter
come back home
request is long,
though words are meager,
heart is tired,
eyes are eager,
to see you again
but cannot find
a single glimpse of your face
full of grace...
O! kind and tender!
come back home...
with your image
dreams are pregnant
dreams are rich
but inadequate,
for this craving heart.
i have portraits of your figure fine
but these photos are unkind.
they don't let
your tender hands
reach my head.
so come back home...
why don't you hear
my mute cries...?
tho' these are knocking
upon the higher skies.
don't you know
that in my heart
your memory lies.
my anxious soul
and silent sighs
call you Father
come back Home...
see your daughter
come back Home...

Shahzia Batool

Discovery

I remember well
that enchanting moment
when Fate got kind to me
and gave me a chance
to discover You in me,
then, at once, I found You
in my isolation,
my thoughts and my dreams-
dreams that got rich...
since then, I remained
no longer isolated
in my isolation...

Shahzia Batool

Distance

My mind
with all the precious
treasures of memories
travels a lot...
but the distance
of its journey
is from
myself to yourself...

Shahzia Batool

Do not say Goodbye again!

Don't increase
my suffering, pain;
do not say goodbye again!
'I love to see you all the time, '
this says to you
my eyes' rain.
do not say goodbye again!
my eyes have seen the shocking scene
of going away
of many friends...
but calling them, requesting them
was all in vain.
my only Friend!
you ought to know this fact
that on my heart's realm
but you still reign
'i love to see you all the time'
this says to you my eyes' rain...
do not say goodbye again...

Shahzia Batool

Ek chhota sa kaam kr dena! ! !

Janay walay musafiro mera!
ek chhota sa kaam kr dena
dur basti me rehne walon ko
jaa k mera salam keh dena
or kehna k yeh jo rishte hen
dil k mazboot bandhanon me aseer
gardishen maah o saal ki in ko
ab kbhi bhi na tor paen gi
chahay jitni bhi durian aen
chahaton ko ghata na paen gi
ay musafir tu meri janib se
uss nagar k tamaam logon ko
mere dil ka payam de dena
dur basti me rehne walon ko
jaa k mera salam keh dena...

Shahzia Batool

Encomium For Holy Prophet S.A.W.W

A humble tribute laid for Thee.....

All respect and love are due to Thee.....

O cynosure of many a world.....! ! !

Creation BE! Only for Thee.....

Thou art the cause for HIS design.....

our puny earth but an ensign.....

Heaven is sold as thy love's price.....

even He's willing to trade for Thee.....

the grades of angels. He put on high.....

forever in love their praise be Thee

Thy name's carved on the pearly gates

And so their stature raised for Thee.....

to proclaim this praise an honor for me

all that's Holy stands to pray for Thee!

My gratitude to Saadat Tahir for his substantial guidance here!

Shahzia Batool

Ghazal

(prize-winner in poetry competition
HIKC Lhr 2007)

Sitam ka baar uthaanay me kuchh kami na rahi
Bujhi he pyas kuchh esi k tashnagi na rahi

Nigah e naz ki jumbish pe jal uthhay taaray
'Phir us k baad charaghon me roshni na rahi'

Ajeeb silsila e ishq ki yeh manzil he
Mila Khuda to tamanna e bandagi na rahi

kuchh ese pal thay k mehfil ki jan thay hm bhi
Or ab yeh haal k khud se bhi dosti na rahi

Kahan kahan pe hukoomat he uss ki yadon ki
Wo kia gaya k gulon pe bhi taazgi na rahi

Guzar sakay to nhi jaan se pr tumharay baad
Rahi zaroor, , , mgr wesi zindagi naa rahi! ! !

Shahzia Batool

God's Laws Are Free Of Flaws

(ALLAH CREATED THE SEVEN HEAVENS
IN HARMONY.YOU DO NOT SEE
ANY INCONGRUITY
IN THE CREATION OF THE REHMAN.
THEN LOOK AGAIN,
CAN YOU SEE ANY FLAW..? ? ? HOLY VERSE)

The moon belongs to none
it shines but for all-
spring relates to persons
of stations great n small.

Breeze passes all the ways
it never goes on strike.
the sun casts its rays
on kings n clowns alike.

Buds smile to none
not even to bees
but their pleasant fun
everybody sees...

seraphim do give applause
God's laws are free of flaws!

Shahzia Batool

How Do I Take You!

How do i take you?
Apollo's early laurel bough,
at the dawn of creativity! ! !

What i might not do...
if the harsh blows of rough winds
with their sullen severity do try
to nullify you...! ! !

What i might not wish...
when as tender buds your phrases bloom
and showers of praises come
as a divine downpour
to vivify you...! ! !

I leave my house-wife's cares,
and all professional clap-trap
at the feel of the sound
when sitting on the edge of the river of Fancy
you play your guitar
and fill the aura with your florid melodies
unending
waves upon waves come n drench your feet
and you keep on pouring forth your flowing soul...
at such moment
i just wish all the world to be all ears
to your rich music
to satisfy you...! ! !

Whenever you long for peace n rest
may springs come n calm you,
morning sunrays warm you
stars come down n play with you
joys do enter tip-toe in your world...
do take my wish as it's for you...

How do i take you! ! !
like a maiden dropp of pleasant rain
in the age-old barren desert of my life...! ! !
you are my personal Kashmir...
i really wish to wage war with India
to occupy you...! ! !

Shahzia Batool

I Wish!

Where are you?
where are you?
i call you
recall you
here call you my tears
i wish you were here!

where are you?
where are you?
i need you
and miss you
it's spring everywhere
i wish you were here!

where are you?
where are you?
i seek you
i just want to meet you
but you are nowhere
i wish you were here!

it's blowing
it's raining
it's fine everywhere
i wish you were here!
i wish you were here!

Shahzia Batool

Inaam

Salam bhejun!
payam bhejun!
mein unn nigaahon ko ratjagon ka inaam bhejun!
inaam essa
jo unn k andar k saaray rang
or saray mosum
udass kar de
phir unn k andar
udass lamhon ki yaas bhar de...
ab unn ki marzi!
wo iss ko ik inteqam samjhen!
inaam samjhen!
payam samjhen! ! !

Shahzia Batool

It's really great to see you around!

When jolly birds fly in the air
and breeze plays with wanton hair
when dreams meet with eyes' glare
and every place has an air of fair

in my mind you can be found
my eyes want to see you around.

when eve approaches by and by
when stars intend to shine on the sky
when carefree aanchals freely enjoy
on wings of air i don't know why?

i feel myself severely bound
in this wish to see you around.

when the moon shines and looks kind
and sweeps away the worries from the mind
when it encounters the blows of wind
trees look smiling because they find

the beauteous weather all around
and then i want to see you around.

it may be fine or may be bad
whether birds sing or sit so sad
everyone feels grim or glad
whether fun of weather makes one mad

it's always great to see you around
it's really great to see you around

Shahzia Batool

Let's See The Sun Descending! ! !

Come, my friend!
on the edge of life!
Let's do something new and think,
and unfurl the brave new world;
hand over ourselves to odd and clumsy thought-strain
then let's see what happens? and where? and how?
where does come the night-fall from?
let's go and see!
let's turn the side of the globe of the moon...
let's solve the mystery of the rainbow palette,
on skies and sands alike, , ,
that keeps us in all amazement...
where is the dale of deep sleep you know?
where dwell the slumbers sweet?
where do the dreams of joys come from?
let's go and touch those abstract dreams...
let's go and see the moonlit night
covering tall trees
let's go and see the skies in spring
let's go and see the sun descending
on the other side of the world...! ! !
come on my friend! ! !

Shahzia Batool

Life Is What You Make It!

What you feel
What you think
i know that i don't know...
What you like
What you dislike...
i confess that i can't guess...
Yet i find
your stony heart
is rocky hard
To fairies' hymns
And mermaids' songs;
chirping birds;
To gardens' charms and smiling buds;
but i know
this life is tough
And full of pains n spiky thorns...
so close your eyes
And do realize
To make this life:
soft and rosy,
sweet and cozy,,
you should change
your frame of mind,
And be at once
So nice and kind...! ! !

Shahzia Batool

Limits

Don't fly
Butterfly!
stay a little and enjoy
tiny buds
and fragrant flowers
that's the only world for you
given by the Gracious God...
so don't try
to cross the limits
'cause you are too little to vie
with the blows
of mighty winds
so on your wings
don't rely...
'cause your pretty wings are made
just to roam
from
Flower to Flower
which are your limits
and Destinations
but...not the sky...

Shahzia Batool

Love

Real Love is like a tumor,
grave and deep and so intense
deadly, fatal, malignant
it comes out
when it gets
INCURABLE! ! !

Shahzia Batool

M.Phil *

Kitna mushkil he nigahon ka muta'ala kerna
wo nigahain
kisi naqqad k thesis ki tarha
apne mazmoon o matan me zara mushkil hi sahi
kaash un gehri nigahon k muta'alay k lye
un pe likhi kisi sha'ir ki kitaaben mil jaen
kuchh hawalay mil jaen
un ko parh lun
to nigahon ka samajhna bhi sehel ho jae
aur masla kisi hd tk mera hul ho jae
kaash pur soch nigahon k muta'alay k lye
ese ghambeer se topic pe maqalay k lye
library mujhe mashhoor koi mil jae
rehnumai kisi ustaad ki haasil ho jae
iss tarha
parhtay hue tay me manazil kr lun
un nigahon k muta'alay me me M.Phil kr lun
:)

Shahzia Batool

My heart is slave of morning scene

serene is the dawn and calm mind...
soft is the grass with drops of dew
clouds are grey on the sky blue
flowers fresh and trees look kind
breeze is never so soft as now
unmindful of all it's jollity and fun
heedless of all, it constantly runs
innocent buds will face it-but how?
birds are singing without any fear
using jargon take God's name
the sun is peeping through its frame
in such moments HE looks near
my heart is slave of morning scene
finer, fragrant, cool and clean...

Shahzia Batool

My Pen!

While writing rhymes and playing with words...
My wanton pen enjoys a lot;
expresses each n every thought...!

Shahzia Batool

My Teachers! ! !

My Teachers are the towering trees
casting shadows,
cold n thick;
under which i feel
a comfort, pleasure, endless ease...

I dive deep,
n daily dive
into the ocean
of their wisdom full of knowledge
which, by any manner of means,
stretches broad as skies
n deep like those seas...

My Teachers are those perfect guides
who taught me how to love n live,
never to take
but always to give
n give, just give
n keep on giving...
n taught me that, 'for to be social
is to be forgiving.'...

i feel honor,
deep pleasure
offering homage
to my great n worthy teachers,
to my honored second parents...
this is true, O God Almighty!
they purified n sustained
my raw n stubborn cruel self...
they are, O God! your gifted beings
they crafted my inner features...! !

(thanks saadat for worthy suggestions)

Shahzia Batool

Nostalgia!

Mera awaaz dena...
Aur uska lot kr aana
Gaey waqton ki baaten hen...! ! !

Shahzia Batool

Ode On A Grecian Urn

(By Keats...Urdu Translation)

Stanza 1:

aey bekaraan sukoot ki naakatkhuda dulhan!
khamoshi aur waqt k paalay hue farzand!
taareekh daan he tu gulistan dayaar ka!
behtar meri nazam se he tere bayan ka raaz
kanda tere wujood pe jo daastan he
kis ki he? devta hen koi? ya koi bashar?
ye kon se maqaam hen? kesi hen vaadian?
ye sharm aur haya k jo paikar hen, kon hen?
deevangi ko chhootay hue fard kon hen?
kesi nijaat ki he ye koshish jo he ayaan?
naghmaat chhairtay hue aalaat hen yahan
ye be-panah junoon ki kesi hen shokhian?

Stanza 2:

sur jo sama'aton k lye hen, wo naghmageen,
per un sunay suron ki halaavat, kamal he;
ae baansuri! tu geet koi chhair tou sahi
jo rooh k udass chaman ko nikhaar de...
ae khoobru javan! darakhton ki oat se
gaata rahay visaal k naghmay khushi khushi
chakkhaen darakht saray bahaaron k za'aiqay,
ae Aashiq e dilair! tu jurrat k baawajood
manzil k aas pass ponhochnay k bawajood
mumkin nhi k manzil e maqsood paa hi lay
lekin na ho malool k uska hilaal e husn
maddham na par sakay ga tere ishq ki tarha
tu chhahta rahe ga, rahe gi wo yun haseen!

Stanza 3:

kitni ho shokh o shang, ae sarmast tehnyo
pattay hi jhar saken ge na jaey gi ye bahaar
khushyon k raag chhair zara matrab e chaman!
rukta nhi jo wajd me gaatay hue kabhi
thakta nhi he nit naey naghmay suna k tu;
khush he boht hi khush, ye mohabbat he khushkhisal
lekin abhi wisaal ki manzil se dur he
taaza he aur khuloos k jazbon se chhoor he
jazbay jo zindagi ki hararat se hen bharay
in k ataa kiye hue hen zakhm bhi haray
wo jhonkte hen dil ko ghamon k alaao me
aakhir k qalb khud se dharakna bhi chhor de
sookhi hui zubaan ho tapta hua badad

Stanza 4:

ye kon sa juloos he? ye kon log hen?

ye kon se nagar ki taraf in ka he safar?
ae padri bata jo chalata he bhair ko
jo daalti he dur talak aasman per
qurban gah ko jaatay hue dukh bhari nigah
resham libaas, phoolon ki mala galay me he
mazloomiat tou phir bhi tapakti he haal se...
wo kon sa sheher he jo darya k pass he?
aur wo pahaar jis pe he girjaa bana hua?
khaali he shehr, log kahan per hen? kia khabar?
aur ae sheher! kabhi na tere log aen ge
galyan teri udas rahen gi sada magar
koi bhi aik fard na ae ga lot ker..

Stanza 5:

ae dil nasheen zarf e yunani! k jis pe hen
mardon aur aurton k banay marmareen wajood
poday hen aur kuchh hen tarasheeda daalyan
ae paikar e sukoot! pareshan na ker hamey
roz e azal k jesa he mubham tera wajood!
ae sang e sard! tuh mein haraarat nhi koi
tu aanay waalay daur k logon mein ho ga jab
insaan k dukhon ko tu dekha kare ga jab
phir khud karay ga pand o nasaeh misaal e dost:
'bus husn hi to such he yahan, such hi husn he',
gar jaantay nhi ho to phir jaan jao ge
iss raaz hi ka to tumhe idraak chhahye...

http: //www.poemhunter.com/poem/ode-on-a-grecian-urn/

Shahzia Batool

Phantasmagoria: (The Nightmare)

O what a horrid dream that was!
(though not quite sure)
I found myself in an ancient tomb-
pyramid perhaps-
where reigned a mystery all around;
what a place it was!
yes a grave it was!
the terror of the atmosphere
ceased my thinking faculties...
when suddenly
my eyes were bound to see that scene:
in a box of glass-clear and clean
(from dust of time) i saw something...
but what was that much ugly thing?
a man perhaps?
and dead perhaps?
O what was that?
was he moving?
yes he was!

And then changed
that gruesome vision...
HE was back to life again
to rule, to kill, to fight again-
I found Him couched on a gold throne
placed on human skulls and bones;
He was dressed in a pharoah's dress
o yes, infact, He was a pharoah
everybody there was harrowed.
people were so mute and dumb
on hearing the sound of beating drums.
And who was that?
O goodness heart! yes, that was I
in stranglehold of iron chains,
in endless pain'''
His court was full of savage creatures-
men perhaps...
with frightened, dismal, downcast eyes.
and then I heard
the shrill voice of kingly man;
but what He ordered to His slave
was greek to me...
then suddenly
the sound of drums grew more intense-
and then...O God! ! !
a tall and savage slave,
whose eye-balls threw the flames of fire,
raised an odd but savage slogan
came to me...
drew his bare and deadly sword
and raised his giant-like hands
to cut my head...

I tried to cry:
O goodness heart!
help me in distress my God!
have mercy God!
I cried
and wept
and prayed to him:
just spare my life
don't cut my head,
don't take my life...

Aye what is this?
who pressed my head
and fingered hair with gentle love?
My gracious Maa?
yes, no one else but gracious Maa...do i live?
O yes I do-
am I saved?
O yes i am...
that slave with deadly sword was gone...
thank goodness the dream was gone...
and I am in my mother's room,
free of horror, free of gloom...
my dear Maa!
my gentle, kind and loving Maa!
give your blessed hand again!
take me in your lap again!
thank God
I am back again...

Shahzia Batool

Playmate!

Fortune thinks
We are kids
So She always plays with us
Dodging, blind and guessing games;
See-saw, hurdles, hide-n-seek;
Her swings of different, different nature,
Makes the life as a roller-coaster
All Her games are really strange
Never aught of our own choice;
That is why
She dodges us;
But She is right
'cause we are really foolish kids
Ignorant of her cunning tricks.
In this state
When we yield,
She conquers us and wins...

Shahzia Batool

Quatrain

Dil ko Allah ki ibadat pe jo mayal krtay
Rooh kisi darja e aizaaz pe faa.iz hoti
Uski ankhon k samandar me utar jatay..agar
Khudkushi mazhab e islam me jaa.iz hoti

Shahzia Batool

Shaam K Baad!

Hum jhatak detay hen ehsas tera shaam k baad
phir bhi kyun lgti he be-aas nigah shaam k baad

dil sar-e-shaam hi iss tarha sulag uthhta he
jis tarha taaq pe jalti he shama shaam k baad

yeh to naadan say bachhay ki tarha rota hay
mangta rehta he subho ki faza shaam k baad

jaanay kis khass khilonay ki talab hay iss ko
dil ko bhaati nhi taaron ki zia shaam k baad

koi sa'yil ya farishta he khuda hi janay
dard lehjay me jo deta he sada shaam k baad

mujhko charhtay huay suraj ki tarha kafi hay
jalta rehne do koi ek dia shaam k baad

seh peher tk to zamaanay say mila kartay hen
khud say hoti hay mulaaqat sada shaam k baad

in hi lamhon me ibaadat ka maza milta hay
kyun k milta he haqeeqat me khuda shaam k baad

khol kr arsh k taalon ko khuda betha hay
kese lotay gi bhala maa ki dua shaam k baad

dekh kr teray charaaghon ko palat jaati hun
mujh se kehti hay meri dost hawa shaam k baad

abr barsa nhi dil khol k shayad uss ko
ghairat-e nafs ne ronay na dia shaam k baad

itni heraan Batool aj hay khud pr kyun k
aaj hr giz na ussay yaad kia shaam k baad...

Shahzia Batool

Thank God!

My carefree life
is full of charms
not perturbed
and really calm
with a kind of rest
extremely best...
so i enjoy it
round the clock
with mornings fresh
and evenings cool.
my eyes are full of finest dreams
my favorite ice cream- chocolate-cream...
and i am owner of Myself-
my likes are mine
dislikes are mine
and...furthermore...my Heart is mine
so Thank God i am not in love
thank God i am not in love...

Shahzia Batool

The Golden Phase...

Rhythmic,
calm and golden phase
of human life...
is student life,
with carefree days
and restive nights,
friendly moves
and harmless fights...
when eyes enjoy
much charming dreams,
when mind is free of all the pains,
all the losses, all the gains
when innocent heart
knows no laws;
but this fair phase so swiftly flies
and leaves the traces
on our minds
as the love of good, old days: -(

Shahzia Batool

The Last Ride Together!

Dur hona he naa guzeer magar
hey jo janay me thori der agar

aao kuchh dur mil k sath chalen
aao kuchh der tk to sath chalen

chaand ko, kehkashan ko, taaron ko
or khilti hui baharon ko

or khud apne dil ko dhoka den
mil k tanhayyon ko dhoka den

un ko ehsas bhi na ho paey
raaz afsha kaheen na ho jaey

hum me pehle si dosti na rahi
raastay hen alag magar phir bhi

koi herat, qalaq, malaal nhi
mere dil me tera khayal nhi

iss lye khud fareb khanay se
sir ta paa dukh me doob janay se

laakh bahtar he in ko dhoka den
apni tanhayyon ko dhoka den

aao kuchh der mil k sath chalen
aao kuchh dur tk to sath chalen

asma'n se barastay baadal ko
mouj ko, kashtiyon ko, saahil ko

apnay hi aansuo'on ko dhoka den
sub ko hum muskura k dhoka den

aakhri pal hen hans k sath chalen
akhri baar mil k sath chalen! ! !

Shahzia Batool

The Tragedy Of Hamlet, Prince Of Denmark!

I write with sorrow -real and stark-
'The Tragedy Of Hamlet Prince Of Denmark'

Like Othello, The Tempest and king Lear
It's a marvel by the pen of Shakespeare

Who paints the perils of his life...
Stretched by caution, crushed by strife

He cries for the matters of the Prince
Laden with sorrows, full of sufferings

Caused by the death of Hamlet, the king
Whose love was the song he used to sing.

His mother, the queen named Gertrude
Was frail n fickle but not so rude...

Again she married Claudius, the rake,
Her brother-in-law for passions sake;

Began new life with joys and rest
Which was for all a damned incest...

Black robe clad young Hamlet alone
Was tense for the honor of Danish throne.

His mourning thoughts eclipsed his looks
Fondness for books n sports forsook...

Being in grief he lost his mirth-
Lost the pleasures touching his worth

A horrid rumour reached his ears,
shook his mind, enhanced his fears

Based on a report of three sentinels
That a ghost appeared from flames of hell

Resembling the warring late Monarch
Who fought Fortinbras, an enemy of Denmark.

No sooner he heard about this wonder
decided to watch it despite the thunder.

With guards he reached the post n then
The clock struck one and shocked the men

The ghost then appeared, beckoned the son
Who trod ahead and left everyone...

He followed it in fondness and fear

in a really tough and tense atmosphere

The heaven and earth did try to observe
His limbs as hardy as Nemean lion's nerve.

At once the Ghost disclosed with frown
That Claudius killed him for his crown

By pouring potion his life he stole
Then Queen and throne gained as goal.

So slept the king by the brother's hand
And left forever this mortal land

For the Queen he said, 'despite her dodge
Leave her to thorns, in her bosom lodge.'

After narrating the murder so foul
The Ghost, in pain, began to howl

Demanded from him revenge of the act
If he had, by nature, a gut to react

The Prince, then, tried to check his might
Found himself as unable to fight

Lacking stimulus to take revenge
His teeth and fists, he used to clench

At last decided in utter sadness
To leave his rest by putting on madness

Wished he hadn't been born at all
To set things right whether big or small.

Now rise the curtains in room of Polonius
The state's counselor, old and loquacious

Beside a son, he had one daughter
Whose love for Hamlet, he used to slaughter

Possessing a heart precious as pearls
Fair she was of all Shakespeare's girls

Like gorgeous Perdita, but unlike Cordelia
Submissive she was -the fair Ophelia

Reported she once to her father with fear
About the Prince's odd behavior

Who strangely came in her private closet
With sleeves inside out, eyes out of sockets

Made with sighs some painful sounds
cast a glance so piteous, so profound

Her heart bled at this odd view
But the old man found another clue

He termed it as an ecstasy of love
In stature though Hamlet was far above

He thought it fit to tell the king
that the Prince was out of reason's ring

He took her hand and left the room
To put his daughter's fate in gloom.

Right away he went to the Danish court
To tell the royal pair of this report

In short they decided to secretly spy
And used his daughter as a decoy

But Hamlet was a sane insane
He understood their efforts vain.

Maltreated her despite his love
Though knew her well as pretty dove.

By manner changed, he broke her heart
Like actor's good, he played his part.

Ophelia was compelled to think
Of their past love and worthy link.

So cautious then young Hamlet was
Of Guidenstern and Rosencrantz;

'Cause they were sent to check his mind
By the Queen and king seemingly kind

They felt themselves so much helpless
Bent their heads and did confess.

Then Hamlet said to them, 'on earth
I know not where I lost my mirth.'

For cure of mental grievous layers
The Prince was told of city players.

He keenly took interest in them
With open arms he bade welcome.

The players had prospects shining bright
In whom he used to take delight

Requested he to an actor boy
To recite the tragedy of the king of Troy.

That passage was a fiery one
Impressive was its tragic tone

The scene incited him to think
Of Hecuba and the player's link.

If he had his pains and fears
he'd have drowned stage with tears.

For making Claudius his only prey
The prince conceived a plan to play

Based on one Gonzago's life,
Stung by treachery of his wife

Just to avoid certain mishap
He named it as a mousetrap.

The play was the only pregnant thing
To read the mind of the guilty king.

Now Guildenstern informed the king
That he didn't notice anything

And could not find any proof
Because with a craft he kept aloof

Asked the Queen with motherly passion:
'Did he talk in a normal fashion? '

The servants of the royal court
Replied and gave that new report:

'To stage a play the Prince intends,
Invites your grace with all your friends

To watch the play arranged by him'
(In fact to be really caught by him.)

The king replied with a cunning art
That he would go with 'all his heart.'

With all the lords he left the scene
Along with the pretty foolish Queen.

Now Hamlet appeared on the stage

With a tinge of sorrow and of rage

He knew not whether to live or die
His mental state had gone awry.

While he was lost in painful thought
Then all his gifts Ophelia brought

Tried to give them back to him
With teeming eyes and voice so dim

She said that, 'for to the noble mind
Gifts lose worth if giver is unkind.'

The genius prince advised the girl
That 'honesty is like a pearl

So save your pearl and be a nun
Leave this world and everyone.'

With changing tone he said at once:
'Not now but I did love you once.'

The girl in her excess of grief...
lost her comforts and relief...

Recalled with pain his state of mind
So fair and fine, so nice and kind

She thought of Hamlet's wretched tone
That a noble mind was overthrown

Who, once, was a flower of the state
The glass of grace and finer taste

But he had lost his wisdom's range
She sobbed and wept over this change

Then entered the king with crafty men
And hurriedly disclosed his plan.....

To send the Prince in stark exile
By art, by force or by some guile.

Now Hamlet had the only way,
To check the king, he staged a play

The scenes, in fact, did resemble
His father's murder by his uncle

The players did enact on the stage
At which the king expressed his rage

He left the hall with temper lost
with shivering heart and senses frost

The play removed his outer layers
And credit went to all the players

There wasn't anything to hide
Hamlet was quite satisfied...

His heart and conscience had no fear
The great confusion was now clear

He got a message from the Queen
Who was under impact of spleen

Meanwhile came the king so stern
With Rosencrantz and Guildenstern

Ordered them to leave the land
With Hamlet and a dispatch by hand

They promised and then left the king
With aching heart and eyes running

When the king was left alone there
In melancholic atmosphere

His conscience started pricking him
In prayers he tried to utter a hymn

His prayers were full of confession
With no prospects of his salvation

So bad and foul was his offense
He found no shield for his defense

His sin was foul as black as death
He prayed to God with broken breath

When Hamlet saw him lost in prayers
Thought of his incestuous pleasures

He thought, 'I 'll kill him for his crime
That would be much better time

While he would be asleep or drunk
Or in rage he would be sunk....'

While thinking this, his flaw subdued,
Delayed his act, and left the lewd;

Proceeded to his Mother's chamber
To speak bitter words like dagger

Present was Polonius there.....
Of his fate quite unaware.....

Hid himself behind the curtain
Neither life nor death was certain.

Hamlet called her not his mother
but loving wife of husband's brother.

His rashness caused her louder shriek
Harassed the Queen as a freak

Severely tried to show her a glass
The Man was shocked behind the arras

That voice raised in him a storm
He stabbed at where the cry came from

The man (behind) , cried again
In painful voice, 'O, I am slain.'

So justly killed was the king's friend
And act of spying became his end.

Hamlet's thoughts were not sinister
But he became his scourge n minister

By dagger words he op'd her eyes
His wretched voice shook the skies

Convinced her, and disclosed atlast
He wasn't mad 'but mad in craft.'

He told her in his accent flat:
'I must to England, you know that? '

He painfully this news revealed
That letters of the king were sealed

Then dragged the body of the man
In grief there did Queen remain...

She told the king of 'the heavy deed, '
So then he started taking heed.....

He said, 'I see it writ on wall...
His life is full of threats to all.'

By ready hands at once he wrote

To the king of England a cunning note

Touching Hamlet's present death
Till then he wont take joyous breath.

For those who know Shakespeare's art
This story has another part.....

Young Fortinbras came there at last
For Hamlet served a big contrast.

That tender Prince, a man of mission
Was burned by fire of great ambition

Without any reason-big and sound
Went to Poland for a patch of ground;

Suffering from the thirst for fame
Not profit but for the sake of name.

This act opened Hamlet's eyes
The hidden flames began to rise.

He thought then that, 'from this time forth
My thoughts be bloody or be nothing worth.'

A gentleman informed Gertrude
About Ophelia's madness as a fruit

Of her father's sad demise;
Entered she with half-shut eyes.

Nobody there could bear so long
The grief reflected from her songs.

A noise was heard from outside the hall
Which confused every big and small.

The mob was crying against the king
By, 'Laertes shall be the Danish king.'

Laertes full of fiery passions.....
Ordered them to have patience

Entered with full zest and wrath
From the mouth flowed angry froth

Blamed the king for the father's murder
Spoke to him with a mighty thunder.

The vile king was good at game
Laertes, by him, was easily tamed

By cunning words turned all attention
Towards Hamlet moved his tension.

Hamlet, who was sent to England,
by chance couldn't reach that land.

Piracy -an ugly, criminal act,
Became for him a lucky fact.

He left his ship to fight with pirates
His 'fellows'unknowingly then left.

He got saved from being killed
By king of England 'against his will.

England killed on orders stern
Rosencrantz and Guildenstern-

On fortunes favors who can depend?
By hands of justice, they met their end.

He told it all to Horatio-his friend
That there's a power that shapes our ends.

On the death of both these men
He said that life is like to say 'one'.

Then, Dear Readers! towards his goal
Started moving his ' prophetic soul.'

Claudius made, then, a plan to snatch
His life, he arranged a fencing match-

Sent his message by a courtier
To prepare his dagger and rapier.

Clear of guilt, the Prince at ease
Accept the challenge by Laertes.

A scheme there is in a sparrow's fall
So 'on my part, the readiness is all.'

Prepared were table, trumpets, drums-
Claudius called, 'come, Hamlet, come.'

Fencing match was a scheme in fact
In which he used then all his tact.

He really poisoned Laertes ' mind
with revengeful thoughts bloody n unkind

Hamlet spoke, ere the fight began
To laertes, 'you are a gentleman

I've done you wrong but not in rudeness
I tell you that it was my madness.'

With these words, prepared to play
There death started a game to play

Laertes struck with poisoned weapon
None could understand what happened.

He himself was wounded badly -
Thought that he was killed but justly.

Envenomed drink was also there
Which was drunk by his Mother.

All that happened for no reason
All were crying, 'treason, treason'

Hamlet, wounded, thought to avenge
killed the king and took revenge.

He cried, 'incestuous, murderous Dane!
Fall! but never to rise again.....'

Alas! he saw that sergeant Death
Had come to take his last breath..

He felt that passed the Golden moments,
'the Time is up, the rest is silence.'

Cease my pen! don't speak of glory
who can dare to read his story?

An unjust act, a foul practice-
Revenge, O Prince! is a wild justice.

With all my heart, I remember you
Would you believe that I LOVE YOU...? ? ?

Shahzia Batool

The Wasteland!

these are fruits of aimless life
joyless days and sleepless nights

I live, like a wingless bird,
useless life in lawless world

t' strictly fall in loveless passion
'tis still new trend of fashion

like screaming silence here n there
hopelessness is everywhere...

lo! the thought in thoughtless silence
feel the pain in painless violence

that is too much i'm bearing
may God save me from this suffering...

Shahzia Batool

Time

Time,
like a step mother-
often hard and often kind-
sometimes fellow, sometimes foe;
it really moves
in a continual flow...
often hits surprising blow;
causes wound and then heals it
when it pleases.
Time,
like a step-mother,
shows indifference to our matters
and scatters
wishful hopes and aspirations,
changes things in different fashions...
Time -the fellow
Time -the foe:
gives despairs
then repairs
we are targets of the Time
we are toys in hands of Time...

Shahzia Batool

To Breeze! ! !

Play not with me O wanton Breeze!
enjoy with flower-laden trees...

speak! for whom you softly blow?
tell me whom you want to please?

my friends you know are far from me
but joys of friendship never cease.

impress me not by pleasant fun
I relish not your melodies.

I value your so fleeting glee
O jolly, gentle, morning breeze! ! !

Shahzia Batool

To Keats

'thou wast not born for death, Immortal Bird! '
now live eternally
in worthy world,
in poetic realm.
thy words impress the soul,
and overwhelm
our each and every thought...
thou wast a singing Bird,
for us thou always brought
enchanting, rhythmic words...
now do a different job:
remove the veil of gloom
from caring, thoughtful mind,
do not intend to sob
in sad, indolent mood.
try not to close thy eyes
pain is the part of life-
so why escape the world?
thou wast not born for death
IMMORTAL BIRD!

Shahzia Batool

To My Toys!

Those little sorrows and fears of childhood
those little joys...
all the fetching smiles and tears
all the little toys...
Where have they gone?
where are they now?
those naughty pranks and games and song
are nowhere found.
My heart is bound to have them all.
My doll Aleena used to sing a lovely song
'Happy children! sing you now...'
My heart screams:
O, busy Life!
where have you lost my pretty doll
with hazel eyes and silky golden ponytails?
you have devoured my aeroplane,
my dog, my train, my lovely teddy bears...
for them I used to laugh, for them
I used to shed my tears
I love recalling carefree days,
I love recalling joys;
I still recall my pretty past
I still recall my Toys! ! !

Shahzia Batool

To sydney carton! ...love-incarnate!

why renounced the life, dear Syd!
tell me for God's sake!
it was worthy
it was good...
you forsook it for HER sake...she pretty!
she enchantress...
the golden-haired doll...
with a pair of blue eyes...

thought you,
'nobody on earth cares for me '
why thought this? said you,
'i might be like a useless piece of furniture,
taken no notice of '...
why said this? but care, care, care!
it's hard to see
your dreamy eyes
filled with tears.

did you ever know
that you were born to live forever?
so please compose
your weary thoughts!
and do control this bleeding heart
which seldom shows itself...

why talk like one who died young?
O recklessly indifferent Man!
now pray tell me
why killed your soul?
why burnt yourself in flaming logs of cruel Love?
yet saw your road
through whirling wheels of goddess Fate;
you died for her
and held a holy shrine in hearts.
I wish your tender soul to know
those sea deep eyes do make this call...
Love conquers all...

Ref...A Tale Of Two Cities..by Dickens....sydney...one of the best bad men in all literature
all literature...

Shahzia Batool

To The Descending Sun!

Why art thou pale
and sad and sick...
carrying no happy thought with thee...
why lost thy vigor
and zeal and zest
casting shadows-
dark and deep
but mixed with somber evening shine
like a death-bed patient's parting smile
shedding never- ending grief;
though I perceive
thy daily death is no mishap
but Nature's game of hide and seek
of sinking day and rising night.
It seems to me
thou hast the breath of God in thee
for solacing the cloudy hearts...
now comfort me, my heart and soul,
the world hast never seen!

Shahzia Batool

Who AM I?

how many layers
has my soul?
i' m obsessed with this thought.
none can have a single look;
my heart is yet a virgin spot.
but painful fact
is only that
what disturbs me a lot:
i am what i am not...

Shahzia Batool