Poetry Series

Shahzia Batool

- 148 poems -

Publication Date:

October 2013

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

Poems are the property of their respective owners. This e-book was created by Shahzia Batool on www.poemhunter.com. For the procedures of publishing, duplicating, distributing and listing of the poems published on PoemHunter.Com in any other media, US copyright laws, international copyright agreements and other relevant legislation are applicable. Such procedures may require the permission of the individuals holding the legal publishing rights of the poems.

(Anti-) Ageing!

A gentle soul once asked me here
to delete my Age and edit profile
I read it and just passed a smile
I do respect her but I ask:
What will happen if I do?
Where will go my achievements then?
Which are knit in the web of years?
The ones that I feel so proud on?
Experience of my daily use?
I just look back at mile-stones:
From cupboard love of childhood phase,
Tender touch of youthful age,
Somber glow of growing years;
A time there was when i was bright
Writing poems in moonlit nights,
I used to join my hands in faith,
Standing westward kept on praying
The sun used to sink
in the cups of my hands,
The fruits of prayers I earned a lot
Some I kept and some I lost;
Ageing, Friend! is not a loss,
Passing years are not a waste
Every age has a different taste! ! !

Shahzia Batool

A Child's Supplication!

O Maker of this universe! ! ! ! !
Sought in silence, prose and verse!

Teach me Lord to sing Thy Praise
On strings of these my humble lays

O Knower of all black and white
Pour on us Thy heaven's light

Thou knowst our deep folds and layers
Unto Thee I send my prayers

Bless the sick with healthy life
Help the ones who are in strife

Grow us strong to serve the nation
with progress, peace and education

Ignorance sweeps us with its might
Help us remove it by our light

Leave us not our Gracious God
Save us from all evils odd

Grace our minds with blessings Thine
We wish to stay forever Thine

Desert us not, O worthy Lord
The path is thorny and so broad

Our hands are seeking for Thy mercy
Bless us withThy boundless mercy

Bless my parents and my teachers
Friends and siblings, all Thy creatures!

Ameen! ! !

Shahzia Batool

A Fruit-laden Tree!

This thought is upon a fruit-laden Tree
Whose fruits and shades for all were free
It looked at many a rich harvests
Experienced many a droughts
It bore the pangs of scorching sun,
Raining, hailing and snowfall
It witnessed the reigns of many a kings
it sung the notes of many a seasons
Heard moral tales of rise and fall
It was the friend of the big and small
It read of many a coup de tat
Seeds and tender infant plants
Grew under its cool and bounteous shades
Many a travelers took rest and relief
Under its fertile boughs and leaf-arcades;
Last night, the death angel claimed its claim
Now tender plants will grow in pain
Face to face with sunlight and rain
But, the up torn tree will never be rooted again!

Shahzia Batool

A girl of Nine!

I neither claim to be a perfect being
nor a person free of flaws
my heart is made of rebel stuff
it does not follow laws
somewhere inside I keep a child
who does never grow
She has her silent tantrums wild
which mostly unattended go
In me resides that girl of Nine
you can say second self of mine
she is in contrast with me
when all leave, she lasts with me
she's always clad in painted frock
and loves to watch the birds' flock
painted hair in pony-tails
silky-textured ribbon tied
same in nature Maggie-like
sharp in wit and moods wild
up a second, down the next
mercurial creature knows no rest
always in some search and quest
sighs with others when others sigh
smiles with others in times of joys
never follows what I say
unlike me she likes to play
I am sober, tender, mild
she is naughty, wittily-styled
I'm mature, she is wild
I've grown up but she is child!

Shahzia Batool

A Glimpse!

The sun rays have left the garden croft
Yet evening seems so far away
everywhere is a placid stasis –
a mental illusion
time never stops for anyone
we feel it stuck
we see it flying
it neither stops nor ever flies
right now it moves on a steady gate
the grayness falls all around
in mind are flashing many scenes
lost somewhere in the vales of past
carrying with it all the joys
the memories of my dear toys I never played with
but always kept them safe in shelves
away from all the girls and guys;
among those toys I loved the most my lovely doll
my pink pet pup of soft fur
my planes, my trains, two teddy-bears
I still feel sad for the orange deer
Pricked to death by a pointed pin
My heart still waits for the parrot I let out from the cage
Out of pity
And saw it flying with a child's wonder
Thinking… "did I deserve it? "
I still recall that sleepless night
The next day school was the saddest day…
The passing time is a wonder doc.
I did not feel that aching stop
I did not know it stopped or shifted to some new grown pains
The nature and complexion changed
The morale of the story is
It's the worth bargain when we get the pain in such exchange
In fret and strife, it's the salt of life…
The evening has fallen deep now
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
Thank God, the home is not far away! ! !

Shahzia Batool

A Kid's Oath!

(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 New Song of Innocence & Experience!

A wounded child waved to him
He stopped his car with a caring heart
Before he knew it
An armed and tightly muffled man
came from the dark in the rear
Knocked him down on the hard ground
The next moment when he came to his senses
Found himself alone
The man and the child in the car were off
he saw upwards
As if to search for his late father
An honest face emerged
in the flakes of moonlit clouds
He heard him speak some silent words,
"My Son, I know the times are bad,
Don't look with these complaining eyes
My lessons that I taught to you
are still but right
Keep intact your innocence
And leave aside your foolishness
Just use your brain and think before the act of mercy
Where to stop, where not to stop…
I gave you all the gift of trust but
Certainly not the blind one…

Shahzia Batool

A Poem... By Ramesh Rai!

Life cannot be scribed into words
Or else I would shift the whole of it
By my pen on the paper
Then I would sign it, and say
Take it
This is my life!

Life cannot be embellished by cosmetics
Or else I would décor my life
By carrying it to some parlor, and say
How beautiful life is!
Life is a feeling
which breathes every moment
And aches with desire to live!

Life is ready to face
When problems come
Or else what is that life
In which there's nothing to do?
Life is to live
Life is to die
Someone lives after death
Someone dies while living
Die only those
For whom life is a burden
The purpose of life is not fulfilled
Only by ascending gallows
It is fulfilled if one gives something substantial to the world
While dying! ! !

Shahzia Batool

A Quatrain (urdu) !

Dekhti aankh ki hadon mein nahi
dil ki gehrayyon mein pinhan hun
wo meri yaad mein nhi shamil
abb mein tanhayon mein tanha hun!

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

A Sterling Man! ! !

Riveted are my mind's eyes
at the glitter of the stars
in the glistening lake of blue,
and wish to see in the skies
the Man whose double's hard to find
who is lost in deadly jaws
of cruel Nature's iron laws;
but in vain, you know because
the ones once gone never return...
though visit but in injured thoughts,
wishes bleak and weary dreams...
so does my gentle loving Father
whom i always yearn to see
whom i always love to talk
whom my eyes do ever seek
with the moon, amidst the stars
a sterling Man indeed he was! ! !

Shahzia Batool

A Wasted Ride!

That hide and seek
of shade and light,
that misty dawn
with cool poise,
smoky eyes, cold hearts,
that tired glance
which blurred the scene,
that journey dark
in frozen fog
and that too
without the sustenance,
neither the mile-stones guided
nor the destinations reached,
I was faced with time-constraints
either to wait for someone
or to search myself, now
I stop mid-way
and look at my hands
i find there just a truth wide
all regrets for a wasted ride!

Shahzia Batool

Aao baaten karen! (Urdu)

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

After it rained!

Roof-tops quickened
by juvenile shouts
kites are flying
against the sky
drawing strokes
of brilliant art
canvas sky
and artist breeze
changing patterns
now and then
flaked,
patched,
and barred clouds;
deep-delighting
wafts of breeze
fluttering, floating,
gliding birds;
haughty sun
is not so hot
throat of soil
is not so slaked
veins of leaves
are no more parched
peace-treaty
duly signed
between the heaven
and the earth,
life resurrected
after it rained!

Shahzia Batool

All Is Not Lost!

Good dreams are bad friends
Rendering reality more painful than ever
Stung by them
I suffer from my split being
The rebel self;
When words deceive
The silence offers shield to me;
I wonder why
Whenever
To sow the seeds of love
I put the dibble into the soil
The land hits me back by its hardness
It gets dried up-
My hand stops impulsively
But eyes never stop dreaming
What if
The efforts to grow love stay unresponded
Perhaps
The need to soften the soil has grown to double;
How a wish for a gentle rainfall
Makes a mockery of my desires
As the water rushes inside and floods away
The dear belongings of my heart-
The blows of despair
Try in vain
To drive away the clouds of joys
From my hope-skies,
But all is not lost
Since my eyes never stop dreaming!

Shahzia Batool

Amma k naam...! ! ! (Urdu)

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

Ankhen (Urdu)

Jaagti
sochti hui aankhen
Noor mein
dolti hui aankhen
Jaanay kiya kuchh
chhupa k rakhti hen
khwahishen
rokti hui aankhen
iss jahan ko
baha bhi sakti hen
bund-e-gham
kholti hui aankhen
sub dilon ko
mila k rakhti hen
silsilay
jorrti hui ankhen
Raaj
Her saltanat
Pe karti hen
Her samay
Bolti hui aankhen

Shahzia Batool

Answer me!

After the death
of the last man
in a series of wild revenge
between the two families
which lasted till three generations
to the date
now the courts are set
comprising elders of the clan
invitations are sent to widows
for the peace-settlement
- - - - - - - - - - - - -
what is peace?

Shahzia Batool

Apple (inspired!)

Sometimes i think
is it good or is it bad to be an apple of one's eyes?
if there was no apple
then God would have selected some other fruit for the existence...

Newton should be grateful in heaven
God does not grow water-melons on trees
or else no Newton, no Gravitational theory...

i see injustice on your part
to have forgotten Blake's Poisonous Apple of grudge
in your poem
as we all implant a poison tree...

Apple of technology
Is an apple of discord among the school kids
Of white-collared parents,
So I don’t like it…

A deceiving fruit
Glossy skin and shine
But is there any guarantee inside?

But even then we need it
If we want to keep the doctor away,

And we need it too
If we want to arrange our poetic images
In an apple-pie order
Just to convey to the reader
What we want…

to all my siblings, there’s my request
For some day If I be your guest
Do not offer to me the BiGG Apple
It’s better to have a simple glass of water
Mixed with purity of affection! ! !

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

Bagh-e-dil! ! !

Bagh e dil pur bahaar rakhtay hen
khud pe hum aitbaar rakhtay hen

wusaten aasman ki chhoo na saken
hum wo oonchha waqar rakhtay hen

wo hen kum zarf jo khizan me bhi
aarzuey bahaar rakhtay hen

kitnay nayaab hen jo dunia me
khwahishon pr mohaar rakhtay hen

be-panaah zarf he gulaabon ka
apnay daaman me khaar rakhtay hen

kitnay nadaan hen wo bashar jo sada
dil sar-e-rahguzaar rakhtay hen....

Shahzia Batool

Bonding!

Smelling the flower
on the laden twig of a plant
is your real bonding with Nature, and
not plucking it, for
more than the top of your dinner-table,
more than your mistress' long tresses,
more than your aesthetic taste-buds,
let the buds stay on the boughs,
do not make the Nature barren
for the mere selfish satisfaction
and pleasure!

Shahzia Batool

Child Labour

Just hard life
bitter strife
Selling balloons
not playing with them
driving carts
of ice-cream sticks
not tasting them
wiping the screens
breaking the stones
picking the cocoa beans
not eating the chocolates
facing snubs
and harsh looks
no pen to write
no bags, no books
dreamy eyes
vacant stares
wishful thoughts
feet bare
I hear Blake
speaking pity
from heart's core
just take care
lest you should drive
an angel from your door!

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

Confidence

Go
anywhere else in the world
if you can,
but listen
you can't cross
the boundaries of my heart
as your smile is synonymous to life
your person has the warmth
of summer in the dead cold of winter,
the one, whose bonding is gaining grounds with me
and the roots are getting deep and strong!

Shahzia Batool

Cries from the Cage!

We are but the captive Birds
Craving for consoling words
Our own Garden,
The orchard of Heaven
Is made our cage
The perennial prison,
for nothing
but
a fake reason;
The glowing,
rising sun is captive,
imprisoned are the moon and stars.
You gave us food
and things to eat,
but cut the feathers,
bound the feet.
Our soil is pure
like a martyr's blood.
Our feelings are in deadly flood.
Round the clock we raise this slogan:
freedom, freedom-
It's a cry of souls imprisoned,
But souls awakened,
Hoping that one day
We'll be able
To tear down the veil
between our cry and the sky...

Shahzia Batool

Dawn!

Memories dawn on me
at the nightfall, have you seen
where's gone the darkness?

Shahzia Batool

Dear Father! ! !

A person, honest,
loving and kind
Save you dear Father
is hard to find;
without your love
there is no way
this life is like
a tragic play.
I pass my time
with no interest,
this world is but
a place of distrust.
No sugar there is,
no salt, no taste,
things are just
an utter waste.
Carefree was I
in your life,
never knew
the pain and strife.
memories are
my only treasure,
in which i seek
my only pleasure.
After you
i lost my Mom
now house looks
like a dismal dome.
May your Home
be really bright
with brilliant,
blissful, heavenly light.
(Amen)

Shahzia Batool

December! ! !

Ab k phir December hay
khirkiyon k pardon say
jhaank kr zara dekho
kesa sard mosum hay
bheega bheega manzar hay
soi soi shaamen hen
hum hen or yaden hen
kyun na apni yadon say
gard jharr kr dekhen
soey soey jazbon ko
phir ubhaar kr dekhen
sath sath ye puchhen
zakam zakhm yadon se
khoon to nahi rista?
dilfigaar sapnon ko
chot to nahi lagti?
Phir jab in sawaalon ka
jo jawab bhi aey
uss ko maan lena hay
kyun k ye to hona hay
kyun k phir December hay.
Aasman pe kia dekhen?
dhund ki hukoomat hay
kuchh nazar nahi aata
urr chukay parinday bhi
sard sard podon se
phool bhi to ghaiyb hen
aik wo jo gulshan mein
khush gulu si koyal thi
wo bhi ab nahi gaati
kyun kharray darakhton pr
chhai ye udaasi hay
zard zard pattay hen
kis qadar khamoshi hay
aik sard mehri hay
Ghaur se zara dekho
doobta hua suraj
apni be-zubani mein
keh raha hay dunia say
iss gulab manzar say
doobnay ka ye lamha
kisqadar sitamgar hay
kia kahen December hay
zeest ki kahani ko
sochh ki rawani ko
rokna hi behtar hay
khirkiyon k pardon say
jhaank kr zara dekho
bheega bheega manzar hay
ab k phir udaasi he
Ab k phir December hay.

Shahzia Batool

Didi!

I live moment by moment
no saving, planning, scheming for future
my present is my treasure
my present is my life
what is there behind my words
is simple, tender, gentle heart
i'm thirsty for the nectar of love
brewed in the cellars of pure affection

am i wrong if i show my parched tongue
in need of the honeyed word my ears heard once
and my eyes read many times addressed to me?
my heart knows no policies
no politics
a kind and mild heart
alive and wild heart
a pure and child heart

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

Donation!

A touching scene
earth in tremors
sea in flood
rescue members
nowhere seen
a begging girl,
in fact in need
horrid state
of poverty
a Flatterer comes
shouts aloud
All of you
stand in a queue
mam will come
and give you funds...
a mom cries
my child is dying...
flatterer shouts
No Help!
No Fund!
till... Camera comes…! ! !
Shahzia Batool

Dreams

Unsubstantial world
Precursors of reality
Either true or false!

Seen with open eyes
Building castles in the air
Ending in surprise!

Weaving different web
Transporting the wavered mind
From the fret of life!

Shahzia Batool

Dua! ! !

teray chehray pay mein gul rang nazaaray dekhun
muskurati hui aankhon mein sitaray dekhun

maand na hon kabhi chehray pay khushi ki kirnen
teri nazron mein hama waqt sharaaray dekhun

yeh dua he teri raahon mein bhanwar na ho koi
teri nao ko mein darya k kinaaray dekhun

teri khatir mein Khuda say yeh talab karti hun
jis qadar dost bhi dekhun wo tumhaaray dekhun

apnay bandhan pay kabhi bhi na koi aanch aey
iss jahan ko teri chahat k sahaaray dekhun

raat andheri ho ya pheli hui mahtab shaben
aasman per teri taqdeer k taaray dekhun

jis dagar per teray jaanay ka guman ho jaey
uss dagar ko na kbhi khof k maaray dekhun

teri aamad ka pata inn se hi lug jata he
mein badaltay hue mosam k ishaaray dekhun

azal say behtey huay jharnon ki maanind Batool
dosti k sada behtay hue dharay dekhun...

Shahzia Batool

Dua! ! ! (urdu)

Dua ke ehteraam mein
Dua k faiz kiya likhun
Dua se hi hayaat
Or dua se hi sabaat he
Dua se hi jaha’n mein
Sub nizaam ko farogh he
Dua hi mohtaram he
Or dua hi ehteraam he
Barho zara samet lo
Kahin se gar dua mile
Faqeer ki yeh fikr he
Dua hi Rab ka zikr he
Dua se hi museebaton
Ke marhabon ki maut he
Dua hi josh-e-Haidery
Ki thoss Alhadeed he
Mohammad-e-azeem ne
Bataya wo sabaq he yeh
Jo apni zaat-e-Pak se
Sikhaya wo amal he yeh
Yeh Fatima ki ungliyon
Ki tasbeeh-e-mubarika
Siye jo Darzi-e-Jinna’n
Barang-e-surkh-o-sabz
Yeh Dua-e-Syeda Hassan
Hussain ka libaas he
Dua hi dast-e-Qambari
Mein oont ki mohaar he
Kaneez-e-Fatima ke
Mojzay se jo ataa hui
Kalaam-e-pak mein likhi
Azeem Hal ataa he yeh
Dua Ali ke faiz mein
Kabeer bhi sagheer bhi
Dua Hassan ka rizq he
Yeh jang he Hussain ki
Saheefa-e-Sajjad mein
Dua hi hukmaraan he
Yeh Paanchwen Imam k
Sabar ka imtehan he
Jo Sadiq ik imam hen
Yeh unka bhi kalaam he
Dua bahisht-e-Karbala
Dua hi Kazimaen he
Dua hi Mashhad-ur-Raza
Ki jaaliyon ka mojza
Taqi ki barkaton bhara
Dua hi ek jaam he
Naqi ne haath uthaey
Unko Askari ataa huay
Namaz-e-shab mein Askari
uthaen dast-e-pak jo

Jahan mein Hujjat-e-Khuda
Ka mustaqil zahoor ho
Dua Sagheer-e-Karbala
Ki muskurahaton ki daen
Dua Alam k saey mein
Jahan ka behtareen nizam
Dua kalaam-e-asr he
Dua ke faiz kiya likhun
Ke Hajj ki or zakaat ki
Som or salaat ki
Dua hi zaib-o-zain he
Namaaz ki bahaar he
Aqeeda-o-amal me
Iss se behtareen or kiya
Yeh Karbala-e-asr mein
Ata-e-Kirdgaar he
Museebaton ki jang mein
Dua hi Zulfiqaar he
Azeem naad-e-Haidery
Ke vird ka husool he
Batool ke qalam pe
Rahmaton ka yeh nuzool he! ! !

Shahzia Batool

Eid Greetings!

To all survivors
of natural calamities,
to all sufferers
of man-created disasters,
to all affectees
of power-outage,
water-crisis,
law & order,
to all fellows
who have survived
price-hike
as a shooting star,
economic-depression,
suicidal attacks,
(though who knows
what next?)
to all prisoners
who are not criminals,
to all sick
fighting for life,
my learned Teachers,
my all able students,
my poet-friends,
my gentle readers,
in the country,
across the borders,
I offer you all
Eid-greetings!

Shahzia Batool

Ek Aarzoo!

Dukhon ki chhaon mein
Taaron ko saibaan kr k
Gulon se rang chura k
Mein roshnai karun
Jo bus chalay
To tuloo-o-ghuroob ka manzar
Falak pe bikhri hui ek daastan ker dun
Hawa k dosh pe
Aanchal ko baadbaan ker k
Jo bus chalay
To mein baadal k naqsh-e-paa pe chalun...

Shahzia Batool

Ek chhota sa kaam kr dena! ! ! (Urdu)

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

Ek nazm!

Yeh Bata shoes pehne hen
Yeh pony-tails bandhi hen
Abhi khanay ki table per
Jo yeh dice banaya he
Tumhe bus yeh sunana he
Me ik azaad chirya hun
Mujhe tum chehchahanay do
Mujhe ab chup nhi rehna
Magar yeh kehte rehna he
Me khul k le sakun jin ko
Meri apni bhi saansen hen
Meri apni bhi neenden hen
Jo azaadi ka jazba he
Kabhi wo mar nhi sakta
Qafas qaidi k sapnon ko
Kabhi sir kr nhi sakta
Mujhe ab chup nhi hona
Yeh tum se kehte rehna he
Mujhe azaad rehne do
Mujhe azaad rehna he

Shahzia Batool

Elections-2013

Tall claims and vain boasts-
a nation sits in paper-boats
of false vows and fake oaths

Shoutings, howlings of big names,
TV anchors all aflame,
Foul exchange of angry blames

little Pond and huge whales,
swallowing rights on large scales,
leaving us to groan and wail

Those we've never seen before,
beg for votes from door-to-door,
on their knees, nay, all fours

taking risks there is no room-
who is making fool of whom?
Let us see whose fate will bloom

This alone, our dire need:
Save us from all fraud and greed-
Bless us, God, with honest lead!

Shahzia Batool

Elections-2013 (ii)

Having killed the giant after fighting hard, Hari came back victorious,
and slept sweet and sound sleep, but to his dismay, the next morn he saw, alas!
the giant grinning cunningly occupying the throne!

Shahzia Batool

Embers! ! !

Whatever cool,
calm and serene was there in life,
it was there only when they were alive
my parents!
Life was life
worthy and worth-living
and now when they are no more
it has become a compulsion
and an obligation
'how time flies when one has fun'
and how it stops,
gets static to the limits of suffocation
when the essence of life is just taken out of it.
When they were there with me
with all there being shedding all affections
life was easy;
now when they are no more,
death has become easy.
Death is no parting,
as is assumed,
for they say
meeting with the dead and gone
is much much possible,
the bare fact is that
though i cant see them
but it's gratifying enough
that at least they can see me;
they are not going to come,
but i'm expected to go and meet them
sooner or later

What is Death?
an antonym of life? ,
a law of nature? ,
a parting-agent marking a line of separation
between the living and the dead? ,
or a divine order?
whatever it is, it's not strong enough
even to create a few seconds worth separation of us
from our dear ones.
They are more close to us,
we are more close to them.
'our dead are never dead to us
untill we have forgotten them.'
Life without them is like a tedious journey
barefoot under the rotten sun
O! for the faces
that are gone and hidden
within the entrails of the sodden ground!
O! for the precious lives
that are vanished
and slipped out of our hands

like grains of sand
the death-angel WAS there
in our own house
and no suspicion, no fear
since the grip on life was that strong but
at that very moment,
the string that held us together broke down
Nothing is left now
but grief, grief and a long-lasting emptiness
which will never come to an end...
Regrets...
for the calls not responded,
regrets...
for the moments not spent with those
whose eyes just looked forward for the company...
'Death! be not proud! '
if you were really a mighty being,
you would take the memories with you too,
but here you are not strong
rather very weak;
now did you get to know your worth?
Death, you cant kill.
you can hide aface but
not the memories of that face
that i cherish
and will keep on cherishing
forever;
my still hot
unextinguished embers of love
will never be cooled down,
though i'm alive
but the life has lost its colours!

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

Encomium ii (urdu)

Karri dopeher mein rahmat ka saibaan likhun
K roz e hashr k sehra mein gulsitan likhun

Wo jin k naam ka lena sawab ho jaey
Mein aa'n Janab ki azmat ka kia bayan likhun

Uss abr e doulat e rahmat ki chhaon sir pe rahe
Ussay mein nur kahun, sukh ka aastan likhun

Kitab e dil ka hr ik warq ba wazoo kr dun
Ali ka bhai likhun, Fatima ki jaan likhun

Palay hon jis pe Hassan or Hussain bachpan mein
Mein esse dosh ko shafqat ka aasman likhun

Woh jis k khiltay hi jannat mein phool khiltay hon
Mein kia tabassum e be-misl ka bayan likhun

Batool naat e Muhammad ki roshni he boht
Mein zikr-e-pak ki mehfil ka kia samaan likhun!

Shahzia Batool

Enigma! ! !

When sun rays meet
with falling rain
they create
a lovely band
of finest hues;
when dew drops greet
an infant bud,
then at once,
it smiles
and blooms;
but
nothing happens
when drops of tears
fall on heart,
no display
of Nature's laws
we find there,
no fruitful show
like a smiling flower,
gleaming rainbow,
and the like appear,
no harmony reflects
from the meeting
of our outer weather
with inner season
why is it so?

Shahzia Batool

Euphrates' Regrets! ! !

My wandering waves are weeping still
On those who died for God's Will…

I still recall some children's cries
Which shook and shattered the seven skies

These cries echo even till today
And remind me of that gloomy day

When Hussain was ready for great sacrifice
He called His martyrs in heart-rending voice

I witnessed the scene when He demanded water
I regret I could not provide Him water

I was in shackles, I was imprisoned
My waves, my shores were all imprisoned

It's no use crying now He has gone
With friends and kinsmen, sad and forlorn

I feel I can't face His Grand Father
'cause while dying He was in want of water

His brother is my lord so brave
Whose flag is hoisted on my wave

Oft I recall those cries that burst
My ears with feeble shouts of 'thirst'

My days are destined but to cry
On slaked tongues and throats dry

I can't excuse myself my God
I still regret my Lord, my God!

Shahzia Batool

Faith!

Do you want to know?

What faith you follow?

Pray do not go for names and labels

Labels do not really matter

As religions do not go by brands

But goodness, substance, quality!

For what good do labels do?

Can anyone say he follows that brand of faith?

Where lies are not told,

In which hearts are not broken,

Where honors are safe from brutal hands,

Cheating is not Neatly done

Brothers do not kill brothers

Where devils do not appear divine

Where sham wars are not waged by killing the innocent?

Are we not taught that killing a human is killing the humanity?

True following of goodness norms

Forms the figure of your faith

Actions will be valued as good

If intentions will be pure

where caste and colour, race and creed

are not really followed

Do you want to know?

What religion you follow?

Well, seek for it in the fairness you think

and the goodness you do

faith is the fusion of pure preaching and fine following

We’ll justify being the human beings

If than all things we place the faith above

By staying good for following

Just goodness, peace and love! ! !

Shahzia Batool

Feel Of The Moment!

I look upwards but can't guess what the time is
3. Pm or 4.pm?
The day is waning
The dull quietness is ruling everywhere
Silently
It’s all void of sound, noise or any voice
The stillness is ominous
(ominous... perhaps is not a right word,
you might call it...intuitive)
The shadows are falling oblique
Sometimes get elongated
Then vanished
The sand-grains in the glass
Are on the move
Constantly
No one can dare to stop
The twilight from coming
And enveloping all the scene around
Soon all the colors of nature
Will hide themselves
Behind the ruling gray
Yet all is not dark still
So nice it is to have a walk
On the soft shoulders of the rustic roads
Neither dark nor bright
And to explore the mystic ruminations
Falling so intuitively
Never forget to keep the pen and the pocket-diary ready
For capturing such creative moments divine
The human company is not wanted as it might kill
some feel of the moment
By the prosaic talk of the here and now
Keep looking straight
The way is at a risk of losing
The shadows of the avenues of the side trees
Are printed on the road
Some will see the nightfall
As their final stop
Some will be on the move
To witness the next dawn breaking
Or beyond
The river-bed on the west
Is ready for the tired sun for a night sleep
We shall wait for the bright dazzles of the new dawn
Just a night away
The company of the lighted bulbs
Is pleasant enough to bear the unbearable wait…
- -
On the books-strewn bed, with the dream-filled pen
A new poem will fall tonight
the mind is ready to receive! ! !

Shahzia Batool

Fond Paradoxes ii

War is like Peace
in which lawlessness prevails
no comfort but terror without ease.

Evening is like Morning
having twilight of the same hues
both mark the end of each other.

Peers are like foes
a snake in the grass
seeking for self-concerns.

A lie is like the Truth
spoken with an evil base
causing end to the smile of hearts.

Gloom is like Glee
bringing tears to eyes
two wheels moving on the same axle-tree.

Education is like stark ignorance
teaching doubts while growing faith
in fortune-teller rather than fortune-Maker.

Shahzia Batool

Fond Paradoxes!

Night is like Day
always on the cycle
over-bearing on its turn;

Truth is like Fiction
gazes us into the eyes
shocks us unexpectedly;

Sleep is like Vigils
in joys, fears, pressures
you can't go into oblivion;

Reality is like Myth
stirring, amazing, incredible
for its twists and turns;

Love is like Hatred
one gets obsessed
with its ruling fever;

A Pious man is like Satan
if keeps his goodness inside
and does not spread it;

Pain is like Pleasure
weaving fabric of life
in equal motifs;

Age is like Youth
demanding though dependent
but having a rule of its own;

Life is like Death
if spent like evil
harming others around!

Shahzia Batool

Fruit of Soil! ! !

Luck is the same
for Man and flower
I think they have
The same birth star.

Flower and man
Man and flower
Start their lives
From lap of soil

Pass through the stages
Of their lives,
Get their nourishment
From the kind soil;

So soil is the mother
Of man and flower
Their start and end
Both are same
Their only difference is
in their names.

But when Time comes
They get withered.
And again lie back
In the soft and kind
Lap of soil…
.

Shahzia Batool

Ghazal!

Arzu-e-sahar mein kiya karti
zindagi ko basar mein kiya karti

ashk behnay mein ik tabaahi thi
rokti na agar to kiya karti

mujh ko urrnay ka shoq tha hi nhi
baadalon per safar mein kiya karti

shehr veeraan, manzilen ma'adoom
aur tanha dagar- mein kiya karti

essi cheezon ki uss ko qadr na thi
apnay dil ko nazar mein kiya karti

saray shikway, gilay sbhi such thay
maanti na agar to kiya karti

Dil ki baazi mein haar behtar thi
phir bhala jeet kar mein kiya karti

Shahzia Batool

Ghazal! ! ! (Urdu)

Arsa e zeest ko sadiyon ka safar jana hay
Phir bhi ik roz tou hr shakhs ko mr jana hay

Meray Mabood tamannaon ka ambaar lye
Dar Tera chhor kar ab aur kidhar jana hay

Jald ponhchay khabar e khair musafir ki k phir
Sham ki qabr mein suraj ko utar jana hay

Kitnay dilkash se hua krtay hen aksar lekin
Ankh khultay hi tou khwabon ko bikhar jana hay

Saans chalti hey jisay dekh k hur dum apni
Uss ko duniya ki tamaazat mein shajar jana hay

Yeh jo manzil tumhe lagti he yeh manzil to nhi
Akhir iss se bhi kisi pal mein guzar jana hay

Dil agar mujh se lagao gay to pachhtao gay
Mein musafir hun mujhe laut k ghar jana hay

Ghair mumkin nhi dunya men koi kam Batool
Jo kisi se nhi hota hay wo kr jana hay...

Shahzia Batool

Ghazal! (Urdu)

(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!

With rest misplaced, and
peace missing too,
dreams lie floating on the restless surfs,
hoping for a glance of mercy;

despite Your blessings countless
You guided me, and held me strong
I wonder why then I stay at a loss
God!
you help me fight back the evil that tempts
the evil that lasts with me
as a constant though unwanted companion

God!
empower me
despite swimming skilfully
the waters threaten and victimize me
waves and ripples know me not
what is this sense of alienation?

You have given me a deep sight
bless me with an insight too

God!
enrich me
despite keeping a stern eye
on my mistakes
serious losses occur
sometimes reparable, sometimes irreparable

God!
guide me, bless me, forgive me

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

Grandeur of Life! ! !

When pearls of tears
linger on long lashes,
look like dew-drops on flower-petals
glittering in the sun,
then -and only then
the gloom looks great;

When heart feels fresh
and mind bears glimpse
or holds the treasure of memories
of the departed ones,
then-and only then
the pain seems superb;

When a bruised heart smiles
and this smile creates hues,
bright more than the colored stripes
of the magical rainbow,
then-and only then
the glee looks grand;
and these facts form
the grandeur of life! ! !

Shahzia Batool

Hamesha yaad rakhti hun!

Mera her roz
ik taaza tajurba le k aata he
naya sooraj
nai kirnen
nai umeed laata he
nai kirnen meri khirki k pardon per
kharri dastak sunaati hen
meri aankhen jo khulti hen
hamesha yaad rakhti hun
k kiya kiya kaam karnay hen
hamesha yaad rakhti hun
k pal zaaya nhi karnay
kaheen pauday na piyaasay hon
agar maali nhi aya
tau unko kon dekhe ga
agar mainaa k piyaalay mein
koi daana nhi ho ga
bechaari keh na paey gi
hamesha yaad rakhti hun
mujhe bhi muskuraana he
hamesha yaad rakhti hun
k tum ko bhool jaana he!

Shahzia Batool

His Last Breath! ! !

Have mercy Lord!
help me in unlearning thoughts,
weary, injured, bleeding thoughts!
I can't forget that painful time,
that horrid sight,
that silent, solemn, moonless night,
when mind was full of unknown fears,
shaky hopes, and wishful prayers...

Have mercy God!
can I forget
those passing moments
when he was counting his noble,
worthy, lively breaths-
those lively breaths
which were losing by and by
the warmth of life.

Then passed the time
and passed the night
there came at last his last breath…
with the birth of the day
a Sun was dying
to rise again
in a blind vale,
the valley of the pious souls…
since then O Lord,
my eyes are probing in the dark
to see him again
but all in vain…
Much time has passed
But still my mind
Is conscious
Of the ups and downs
Of treasured but his last breath

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 down
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 and calm you,
morning sunrays warm you
stars come down and 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 refuse to suffer!

Do not make the cross ready
on the gallows of sufferings,
The soul is unwilling to bear any agonizing pain
not even ready to surrender
the last fertile seed of life;
In the pitch dark some stars glow,
after the last storm
the first bud is ready to bloom,
Life's lil fountain keeps some flow
though in the phase of still-birth,
Some sparks are tingling bright inside,
Some forgotten desires still exist,
Some shreds of joy are still not dead,
Let not hope extinguish clean
See! The sun resurrecting
after the dark crucifixion of the last long night
followed by a bounteous downpour of Blessings Divine
for sure, when He does not forget
to nourish the slightest visible vein in the leaf
of some forgotten tree
How can I be left deserted?
I lay my hand
on string of desires and beads of prayers...
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
I refuse to suffer! ! !

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

If God sends my Maa for a while!

I shall lay my head on her knees
Believing that God must have cured her arthritic joints in heaven,
Then she will brush my hair with her fingers
And I shall tell her all my soul suffered from;

I shall complain of the bouquet of roses
That pricked my hands despite the silk-ribbon
And scotch-tape woven around it carefully;

I shall tell her the tricks of the winds
Blowing roughly on me leaving all others
And of clouds that shower benign rain
On all others leaving me,
Though I stand under them with a bowl
In my hands raised skywards
Which stays dried up;

I'll feel she smoothes my hair
I am relieved, and her sweetness has removed
The wrinkles of my crumpled soul successfully…
I shall feel an urge to tell her
That I miss the apple-jam she used to prepare for me
In a sauce-pan,
And that I have left eating the soaked and peeled off
Almonds and raisins with a glass of milk;

I shall clarify that I am telling her all
Because I don't tell
Such things to anyone
Not because they won't listen to this
But because I have lost my tantrums wild
Somewhere in the fields of my childhood;

I shall ask her
Does she listen to my voice while I recite prayers
On her grave?
Does she see when my brother removes the frozen candle wax?
And washes the tomb-stone?
Or showering petals on her earthly-bed?

Yes, I shall tell her
That cooking shows are no more interesting now;
That all the tragic tunes interpret my heart
And all the sad songs sing of my soul;
But, will it be wise to tell her all
That might cause pain to her?

I shall have no idea of her allowed duration with me
So, I won't tell her, or ask from her anything
But this, that we all are settled in life,
And that I am happy
And then I shall smile

as big as a smiley-sticker, ear to ear
and I won’t let her know
-
-
-
that my pen bleeds still…

Shahzia Batool

Impasse!

I offer prayers
to God Almighty
renew the promise
of my soul
at every smallest
sin of life
repent, atone
and daily sign
the deal with devils
then ask forgiveness,
mercy sweet,
then daily gain
some fatal apple,
and daily lose my Paradise!

Shahzia Batool

Inaam! (Urdu)

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

Jayakrishnan Aluva! ! !

Extra special diamond Soul
Plays a strong and silent role

Joys and pains of life conceives
Filth and fairness both perceives

His gem being gets always thrilled
At lovely scenes beauty-filled

His pictures capture sunset shades
Blows of breeze in valley-glades

Starry-gloss and moonlit shine
On cedars, willows, Oaks and pines

Fragrant, fruity, citron trees,
Buds, blossoms, birds and bees

Burning edge of turquoise sky
Singing floating birds on high

You glut your sorrows on his page
Set free of dolor, passions, rage

Good or bad he nothing hides
Shows with care both the sides

Havoc caused by summer-rains
Watered streets and blocked drains

Pics of thirst, hunger, wants
Terror scene that really haunts

All life stirring he observes
Feels the pain on noble nerves

Shahzia Batool

Kabootar Se Computer Tak!

Kabhi esa bhi hota tha
Baharen jb bhi aati thiin
Tou apne sath jazbon ki nai faslen ugaati thiin
Hawaen geet gaati thiin
Fazaen muskuraati thiin
Wohi lamhaat hote thay
K jb ghamgeen nigaahon se jo dard aamez behte jam aate thay
Kabootar kaam aatay thay
Naey paigham laatay thay
Inhi lamhaat mein pinhaan hua krti thiin sub khushian …! ! !
Ab esa daur aya he
K sub k sub sada hr waqt hi log on rehte hen
Aur internet pe hr dm use laakhon phone hote hen
Dalail mein Faraz o Faiz o Ghalib note hote hen
Yaheen pr keats or Shelley k naghmay quote hote hen
Dilon pr kuchh naey jazbaat download hote hen
Ajab yeh khail hota hey
Gilay E-mail hote hen
Kabhi akhtar shumaari thi
Kabhi aankhon mein raaten thiin
Kabhi taaron se baaten thiin
Ab MSN pe chatting he
Kabhi FB pe tagging he
Kabhi qaasid k nakhray thay
Ab internet pe messengers ki taaza baharein hen
Magar ab kuchh bhi ho jaey
Zaraaey change ho jaen
Wisaal o hijr k naghmaat jis bhi rang, jis aahang mein ubhren
Kabootar ho ya computer
qareenay guftgu k jis shakal mein bhi badal jaen
yehi mehsoos hota he
muhabbat km nhi ho gi
muhabbat km nhi ho gi...! ! ! .

Shahzia Batool

La Budget Guillotine!

Be prepared, ye mortals!
for old though renewed sacrifices
dreams, desires, hopes, plans,
cuts,
hurts,
burns,
from the old man of hundred and ten
to the young kids under ten
all red wine
on the shrine
of la budget guillotine!

Shahzia Batool

Lagi ik Umr!

Lagi ik umr lekin
phir samajh mein aa gai mujh ko
mukhalif samt chalti
her hawa batlaa gai mujh ko
k apni zindagi jeenay ka yeh
behtar qareena he
saharay dhoondna chhorro
saharay baantnaa seekho
keh yeh roshan haqeeqat he
sahara dhoondnay waalay
sada tanha hi rehte hen

Shahzia Batool

Let's See The Sun Descending!

Come, my friend!
on the edge of life!
Come 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
from 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

Life!

A merry-go-round,
terrifying roller-coaster
see-saw, hurdles bound!

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 *(Urdu)**

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

Million Daffodils

My vision is the azure sky
And dreams are Paradise
My dwelling is behind the wall
I'm hidden to probing eyes
My nature unpredictable
My favourite subject Moods
I listen to silent melodies
And relish simple foods
Sunset is my favorite poem
Daily writ by Nature
Every day I keep on learning
Life is my teacher
I'm fond of reading worthy poems
And wish for writing so
My muse is mostly kind to me
And fills my pen with flow
I do not know the heavy words
But choose the simple ones
My themes are taken from the life
Of flowers and of guns
If journey stops on the way
And then comes my Exit
Requesting you do not forget
My simple, tender writs
Being complex as Algebra sums
Best minds will solve me right
So take care in your ways of life
And do not take me light! ! !

Shahzia Batool

Mun aangan ka mosum! (urdu)

Lo hijr k lamhay sir per hen
Kbhi chup hon gay, kbhi roein gay
Aur jaag jaag ker raaton mein
Ashkon k haar piroen gay
Bus sochh mein ghaltaan rehtay hen
Aankhon mein shab guzarti he
Hum khud se puchhtay rehtay hen
Kyun raat ki raani ki khushboo
Mun aangan ko mehkaati he
Kyun iss aangan mein yeh kaliyan
Khilti hen roop dikhaati hen
Kaliyon per shabnam saj saj ker
Soey huay phool khilaati he
Kyun phool mehektay jaatay hen
Kyun titli urrti jaati he
Kyun koyal kookti phirti he
Aur punchhi naghmay gaatay hen
Iss baagh mein kitni ronaq he
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

Lekin yeh andar ka mosum
Kyun itna badla badla he
Or dil ki veera’n nagri bhi
Kyun muztar muztar rehti he
Yeh tanha tanha khamoshi
Hum se kiya kehna chahti he
Kyun yaad kisi ki aati he
Or iss be naam si yaad me yeh
Aankhen kyun num ho jaati hen
In na maalum si yaadon ki
Aakhir koi pehchhan to ho…
Phir ek sawal ubharta he
Kyun andar baahar ki rut mein
Tafreeq rawa ho jaati he
Or dil mera yeh puchhta he
Wo kon naseebay walay hen
Jin k mun aangan ka mosum
Baahar ki rut k jessa he?

Shahzia Batool

Mushkil hay! (Urdu)

Qadam
jama kar
zeest me
chalna
mushkil hay
Girna hay
aasaan,
sambhalna
mushkil hay

teri yaad
boht hay
lekin
such yeh hay
teri yaad me
taaray
ginna
mushkil hay

jin mein
sada
ashkon ka
samandar
behta ho
unn aankhon
ka parhna
kitna
mushkil hay

Har har gaam
pe jiss k
yaden
bikhri hon
essi raah se
roz
guzarna
mushkil hay!

Shahzia Batool

My Dearest Foe! ! !

Sometimes
that is
really pleasant
to wander
in the barren deserts
of feelings
and imagination,
but not of course
with everyone;
My dearest foe!
it's only you
for whom i bother
to bear the sufferings
of such a journey...
that's very nice
at every moment
to think of you...

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 Scattered Thoughts i

Did I ever say I'm always right when I never was?

Should I blame others when I could not understand myself?

I'm a piece of jigsaw puzzle

which can never fit into any frame.

I don't know why do I always get failed in telling what I feel…

Am I wrong if I wish to be liked for what I am,

And not for what you like me to be?

Why do I excommunicate myself

when get angry with the world?

Am I the criminal most wanted,

or the hated judge though I never did crime or passed any judgement?

God! Save me from my getting lost in the dark…

Would it be difficult for me to get rid of the pain that lasts,

The thing that hurts,

The flame that burns?

I am neither Cleopatra nor the queen-bee,

But why then when no cries were heard

And no blood was spilled

Even then the soul got crucified?

The cemetery is the peacefullest place I've ever seen

With so much life

Lying scattered, entombed…

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

Long before I've left the deception of knowing myself! ! !

Shahzia Batool

My Scattered Thoughts ii

i experience daily growth, daily change
some addition, some subtraction,
some division of spirit, multiplication of all my selves
some positive, some otherwise
(negative is a harsh word but is there any harm in admitting it?)
but it keeps me going...this change, this growth
what i was, i am not, somebody said,
what i am, i shall not be
but one regret will be there,
i shall lose the essential Me, i love the most, yet i'm not a narcissist
the world is a great teacher,
though the world is a bad teacher...
- -
why is the subject of Life compulsory?

Shahzia Batool

My Scattered Thoughts iii

I run into the wild noise of the world around
when get troubled by the pangs of this stormy silence...
suffering from the deafening of ears
to the melodies of the spheres around,
I pity myself
though I've always been holding a placard against self-pity...
why is soaring high so difficult
especially when heels are deeply dug
into the fine dust of broken dreams?
Mild pain is the vital sign of life!
can any of my multiple selves tell me what do i want?
For making my tomorrow fearless
I keep on watering fears in my Present, so I know it,
a moth of peace striving against the storm-currents, but
is the diagnosis cure?
do not let my warmth exhale
as I don't want to turn into a stone-cold being please!
I suffer in the desire of not to suffer any more, in any way...
what i wish, gets inside out and upside down...
a true anarchy!
let me stay as remorseless God!
today You are not away from my mind,
not even for a second, (the consolation enough!)
though no better image can reflect
out of vacant stares meaningless...
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
do i make any difference?

Shahzia Batool

My Scattered Thoughts iv

The journey of life
is spanning o'er centuries
even then everyman has to submit himself
to his final end...

My God!
carrying the loads
of unfulfilled aspirations,
where to go leaving your altar...

wishing to receive the happy tidings
of the one reaching home safely
before the sun lying down
into the grave of evening...

Time is but a flowing stream,
never stopping anywhere, but a moment will come
when it will be falling into the ocean
of timeless eternity...

How cute the world of dreams are,
unless you open your eyes; a humble supplication
don't stay attached to me, for i don't wish to see you
in regrets, for carrying the gifts of hopes in hands
i'll be back to my home...
i wish to do all left undone by the rest...
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
is anything impossible in the world?

Shahzia Batool

My Scattered Thoughts ix

We could neither live nor die together
now we are neither alive nor dead
we could not cross the bounds of ceremonies
still the dear ties did not end
if not grown
the dark shadows of the long moments
of the sad evening
veiled the poles
the kids who could not trap the butterflies
got tired running in vain;
a few moments were left there
in your arrival
but the Ones who waited for ages
lost the game
and passed away;
God! bless me with an art
so that I can scribe a name in an invisible ink
deceiving all the probing eyes;
I wonder how they could touch the zenith
of the success in trials of the world
who could never ascend the heavens of hearts;
No reliance on the arms
that could not shed the weakness;
hey, you!
veil yourself so opaque
never letting others read the book of life
in your eyes, not even
the inscription of dedication! ! !

Shahzia Batool

My Scattered Thoughts v

After having lost
the confidence of claiming
the colours of life
would you please let me sit quiet
just for a while?
- - - - - - - - - - -
for i am short of words!

Shahzia Batool

My Scattered Thoughts vi

The clouds of carelessness
curtaining my skies
are again benumbing me
into an emotional stasis,
a marble-cold indifferent mood-
the one i despise myself,
but yield to, quite helplessly
whenever it tries to overpower me
with its pressing demands,
i could never say NO...
Mood-the master, I-the bond slave,
though that is how I,
the masochist pharoah
execute the world by my silence
just for the commission of the crime
of misjudging me,
stop sermonising,
my moods and my seasons
defy even ME, so who are YOU?
Dont search in the ashes
sparks are still burning there
inside hidden from all eyes,
the result declared, and
you got failed
for not performing
the feat of understanding me,
for how can you?
when i myself could never...
- - - - - - - - - - - - - -
is it raining somewhere?

Shahzia Batool

My Scattered Thoughts vii

Would you like to let me try
to read the book of your life
though it's not written in my own language
rather it seems to be written in Greek?
i am sorry, how can i read
these alphas and omegas of your life?
but, let me take another try,
would you like to let me stay
to explore the realm of your mind so vast?
though i don't claim to perform the feat
i just wish i could read the starry dreams
scattered on the skies
of your closed eyes
would you let me break the seal
of your obstinate soul,
the marble, stone, cold soul?
once broken, you will remain
no more hard, because
i am there to pick the shards
of your torn heart-but
No, my apologies!
let me be bold enough
to take all the tall claims back, i realise
i am a timid dreamer, (not always but now it seems so)
i wonder what this poetry is
like the old romantic 'deceiving elf'
it makes one forget the narrow bounds
of one's own courage level,
yes, let me be bold enough to admit
you are beyond me like Greek,
you are beyond me like Mathematics,
like myth,
i surrender before me
- - - - - - - - - - - -
i give up!

Shahzia Batool

My Scattered Thoughts viii

My shadow always stays with me
I never walk alone,
I have a bit of life in me
who says that i am stone?
while musing over lost time
or writing rhymes,
I do not feel the time flying
My mind is always jam-packed
with loud and stormy scattered thoughts;
I always brought
the real Me in true colors i mostly wear,
writing- and but no way out
God knows better every fact
who dictates me verse I wonder
I am bound to write at once
or keep it safe in virgin mind
Goodness Gracious!
how can I be really able
to bear the burden of my thoughts!
So do you never worry for me
- - - - - - - - - - - - -
I never walk alone!

Shahzia Batool

My Scattered Thoughts X

You talked of storms
I mentioned calm;
You were the moth of twilight
I always burned myself to illumine;
You were sure of your darkness
I was confident of my light;
I kept on sowing my own seeds to fertile
Without noticing that the crops I was working on
Would never yield fruit,
I could never believe the void attempts
on the barren land
that would ever render a rich harvest;
I thought I was made to win
But you were unwilling to accept defeat,
You never admitted, though I never denied
all violent passions and indigo dreams…

Rain has its mood-swings...
Let me make a plain for me
I was too modest to break hearts
You were too straight to perform that feat,
Your rudeness defeated my tenderness,
You always were successful in placing me on no man’s land;
We could never go together
Though I always thought
We are dyed in the same tones of bold shades;
To understand
One’s own self is not beyond reach of those
Who interpret
the exuberance of sunsets in their own language…

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! (Urdu)

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

Shahzia Batool

Obituary!

Last night
a heart died
some natural death again!

Shahzia Batool

Ode On A Grecian Urn! (Urdu)

(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

Ode to Shakespeare! ! !

O Shakespeare!
O Painter of the heart of Man!
The mysteries of Nature got revealed on your soul;
In vastness,
Your spirit is vaster n deeper than the oceans;
In insight,
Your glance is higher than the stars;
The spell by which you conquer hearts
Is inimitable
Even by scholars of wit and art …
The meanings of your phrases are universally alive
By the magic of your pen.
Elixir drips and trickles from the flow of your ink.
Every play of yours is enacted in every man's life.
Every verse of yours is an exegesis of nature.
Secrets get exposed by the style of your hand.
Pains and joys of every man
Voice out by your tongue.
Nature is your modest bride,
Beauty of your phrases do embellish her.
You are a weaver of intense images.
Meanings of your chants
Are neither constrained to space nor limited to time.
Sometimes you are out beyond the wit of sages
So universal are your Man's life's stages.
O Poet of the World!
Alive as you are
Will always stay alive;
The light of your fame will never die out…

Shahzia Batool

One Evening

...Out of some irrepressible urge of talking, I tried to talk to a sparrow, a daily guest who used to sit on my window frame and sometimes hopped on to some twig of the only uncared for tree, a loner like me. I was bold enough in my attempt as if to disturb her calm and poised loneliness, but as I called her she did not pay attention to me; I was shocked, humiliated, I felt my thoughts dying inside, and saw my ready words wasted in the air, but I thought, she must be justified, and must be occupied with the thoughts of flying back to her nest before the darkening of the shadows from grey to black, I curbed my wish and let her fly, if not me, at least she should go to her home.

The butterflies were tender though but carefree to the extent of being stubborn in their attitudes, they made me realize the alien state of my being; they did not need my love as if I did not belong to their garden, who just came there as a wanderer in search of some rare feel of joy, I read in their language the words of alienation. Then I felt really alone, and sat under the sky in wait for the moon, for I had known her to be a lonely dweller of the night-sky, the deep, translucent blue tended to darkness, I read somewhere that two loners make a good company, but when the moon ascended to my deep disappointment, there was some revelry in the celebration of her luminous loneliness…the solitary moon, the proud moon, enjoying its company among the sycophant starry maids-of-honor; I found her too busy to hear the convulsed words of a suppressed spirit of a loner; putting all my ego aside, I made signs to invite her attention but I received one message as if she said to me: "I give the light, and shine the night, I warm the heart, enrich the life, what else? ..."

Unnecessary tears started flowing from the eyes despite the struggle to keep them inside, I sat there, not completely broken though, as if supported from above, I opened the book of my joined hands and started reading the poems of fate composed in the long and short curved lines, the essence that I received stayed with me forever that though my hand was never held but it was enough that my hand was a holding one...

Shahzia Batool

Pain-Killers!

The only acceptable killers
which are not criminals
are the pain-killers-
liquid, powdered, tablet forms
kill the pain what body suffers
run in veins
killing the pains;
I do not really understand
how and when to tackle the pain,
it is said to be the sign of life too,
for corpses never feel pain
but beating and pulsating hearts,
even then, pain has to be killed too
what Huxley gives his own reason
he says pain is nothing but an opinion,
can easily be forgotten
by a lil mental diversion;
alright, but if he says right
then sunset is my pain-killer too,
what Keats means in a deep Ode
do not use the numbness things
if you wish to seek the pain
if you wish to taste its taste;
the sight of a rose is a pain-killer too
but not a recommended one,
for the prick of the thorns
as you touch by fingers
does not let you go into oblivion
which you seek by the sight of the rose,
so it is not a good pain-killer;
I seek for one, the special one
to subside this my present pain,
a tender touch, a gentle hold
i can't get it back now
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
my mom's voice was a pain-killer too...

Shahzia Batool

Pak / India ODI

The old Rivals face to face
Each resolved to win the match
Battle-ground from start on fire

Nerves stretched and b.p high
In Pak/India ODI

Gates locked, cells are off
Meetings cancelled, schools dropped
Entertainments all forgot

Phones ring but no reply
In Pak/India ODI

Any slip they can’t afford
Catch drop is career drop
Good play, and future made

A wicket falls, here souls fly
In Pak/India ODI

Fans sit with beating hearts
Tight fists uttering prayers
Flags drawn, painted faces

First run, and shouts on sky
In Pak/India ODI

High-risks, high-stakes
House-wives prayers missed
Milk boiled, breads burnt

No proper meals just eggs fry
In Pak/India ODI

Job-men, off from office
Screens stared at, drinks in front
Cold is hot, hot is cold

State of heart goes awry
In Pak/India ODI

Ball emits the flames of fire
Match is won at start of day
Win the toss, win the match

Of no use any more try
In Pak/India ODI

Newspapers crush the players
Anchors also add the fuel
Commentators fan the fire

Bad play means cricket BYE
In Pak/India ODI

My one request to all friends
Neither take the match as battle
Nor the case of life and death

Just relax and just enjoy
In Pak/India ODI

Shahzia Batool

Peace Talks ii

We all need peace
No matter our joint-skies are packed
With alarming lightening and the thundering clouds
No matter our not-gods are behaving silly
Undeserving to rule the throne of hearts
The Director of the stage of life directs only love-stories
Written in the ink of peace
We are but the loyal actors
We shall act out the role of peace
We shall sing the notes of ease
Composed on a harp of love and joy
Though we are dwelling in terrible times
But we have the voices strong to say:
We are not “the hollow-men”
We are not “the stuffed-men”
Do not try to make us cry
We say NO to the war-cry…
Raised by the thundering clouds!

Shahzia Batool

Peace Talks!

Buds protest in silent words
Birds perch quiet on the boughs
Trees hold placards 'gainst the rads
Calling humans don't go mad
Listen to slogans
loudly raised by moon and stars:
'Lift the ban from smiles of buds'
'Who can block the water-flow? '
'Do not catch the butterflies'
'At burning petals Nature cries'
All things cry in their own voice
Talking of peace in their choice
Showing different, tender means
The Clouds shower rain drops
The earth renders rich crops
The sky scatters nice shades
At dawns and dusks in valley-glades
Who does need the haughty Sun?
No one needs aggressive blows
But tender touch of gentle breeze
All hearts cry for want of peace
Stop your work and listen please
Nature dislikes human wars
which though heal the wounds
but leave the scars! ! !

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

Pope Sir, apologies!

Once upon a time
there was a Girl
with shining deep eyes
and heart like a pearl.
Enamored as she was
of pleasures of her life
she always captured hearts
she never tried to hurl.
Being a gorgeous nymph
her grace excelled the moon
nothing was so nice
as her favorite pretty curl.
Neither dazzling eyes
nor her scarlet lips
her locks captivated
the heart of an earl.
Since that moment he
was robbed of his rest
and started thinking plans
to gain the precious curl.
So frightened as she was
of vision of a dream
by which she got alarmed
to beware of a numskull.
Her dream came true
and she lost her pretty lock
she shivered, quivered, wept
in loss began to whirl.
so this was the story
Of a pretty girl,
of an Earl's passions
and a slaughtered curl.

Shahzia Batool

Professor! ! !

She
teaches us
and
scolds
our pulse
she strongly holds
her lessons
are so delicate
but
mode of teaching
intricate;
impresses us
with
stranger feats
often gives
surprising treats
with
watchful eyes
does always see
just few of us
can pay her Fee
sometimes kind,
sometimes aggressor
Life is strict
but
a great professor! ! !

Shahzia Batool

Quatrain! (Urdu)

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

Rhythm Of Life! ! !

A mild smile is but a screen
vague and opaque
we find it hard to see through it
the mist of grief
though it persists in purer feel
and harder sense;
Life, in fact is a finer blend
of gloom and glee;
so this harmony in facts of life,
aspects of life
makes it quite liveable and lovable...

Shahzia Batool

Saawan Season!

Here come now
the teeming clouds of saawan season
for weary, dry and thirsty soil
bring the message
from the worthy sacred Heaven
the teeming clouds of Saawan season...

they shower kind and gentle rain
fast in speed
but mild in temper
and change in a while entire vision
the teeming clouds of Saawan season...

but-that's a fact
with flowers' smile and pleasant scent,
with eyes' glow and hearts' glee
there's a fear and a wish beside
' May He save us from destruction
of teeming clouds of Saawan season...'

Shahzia Batool

Shaam k baad ii (urdu)

Unn ki yaadon ki
jo hoti he sahar
shaam k baad
Hum ko lagta nahi
taareek nagar
shaam k baad
Har taraf dard
chamakta he
sitaaron ki tarha
Sub manazir mein
ubhartay hen gohar
shaam k baad
Saath rehta he,
mera haal
suna karta he
Ik parinda he jo
jaata nhi ghar
shaam k baad
Mujh ko bus yaad
meri maa ki
boht aati he
Jab bhi chhati he
mere ghar pe kohor
shaam k baad
jab laga
kaam mukkammal huay
saaray apnay
baandh len ge
kisi din
rakht-e-safar
shaam k baad

Shahzia Batool

Shaam K Baad! (Urdu)

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

Signing out!

When I shall cease to breathe the vital air

The news will spread like a wild fire

In my limited circle where a very few people know me

Some of my folks will be busy receiving calls

The others dialing

Some elderly ones will check all the drawers are safely locked up

Some young ones will pick up my scattered books from my bed

It will be checked whether money enough is there

Or it will be withdrawn from the bank

for all the expected arrangements

People will work all with teary eyes

Some will ask for the time of the rites

All furniture will be set aside or removed for flooring

The work will be done

punctuated by the occasional sounds of cries

mute and quiet, sobs and sighs

rising loud when some new visitor arrives

at hearing the news of the sad demise

The sis will not be informed of all this

She'll get to know something amiss

When she'll come and find the Gate open, and meet

the people standing in the street

She'll come addressing me aloud

I'll hear her

Though won't be able to reply from the shroud

My siblings will be hugged and consoled by some

All, even the angry kin will come

In the other room

Some distant neighbors will start counting beads

For me to take with me in the long journey

When that time will come

Rendering me quiet and dumb

I shall be unable to care for my backlog, as I daily do

To complete my half-done write

To cover the Topic I started teaching in the class

To ask for the forgiveness if ever I spoke so harsh

For not keeping my word

For carrying sins of omission and commission

So if you kindly read it till the end

And do not shun this write

By merely reading the first line

Forgive me all my foolish things

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

Whenever I work on my PC, I keep

All my regular Tabs open for the next joining in, but

tonight as these thoughts are not away from my mind

Tonight out of some uncertain fear I'm signing out of all the Tabs! ! !

Shahzia Batool

So brief was the phase of colours! ! !

The One- -who never wanted to be the part of the storms
Though she knew them to be her only friend
As storms made her life worth-living...
The phase of colours was brief...yet it lingered with her...
Surrounded by the people- sermonizing...
She was in a fix for what to do...
What if her soul obeys to but her own dictates and not others'?
Her only request to the world was:
'Would you please go on your way and let me go mine? '
She longed for the time
When she would drink satisfaction to the desire...
Wild sounds outside...
Raining? She could neither see, nor hear...yet could know by the tears
Rolling down the cheeks...
A thought hammering...
When will the soul arise from the grave of yearning?
Never perhaps!
For she had accepted her being unwanted...
She was mortified...
Her last despair killed her
And none could save her
- -
The storms even! ! !

Shahzia Batool

Stuffed Toy!

He gruffed at me, and
scoffed at me
my stuffed toy!
it took centuries to make him
with all soft stuff inside
with my own hands
in a room where i make toys
to stay beside me in tough days;
now a minute past, he's lost
it's late hour of dark night
my heart misgives
- - - - - - - - -
if he's hungry...

Shahzia Batool

Suna hay... (Urdu) ! ! !

Suna tha ik nai taqdeer
ki tashkeel honi hay
Suna tha ab k aangan ki faza
tabdeel honi hay

Suna tha aasman se adl ki
zanjeer latkay gi
Suna tha her pareshan haal ki
taqdeer chamkay gi

Suna tha aashti k mehrbaan
baadal jo barsen gay
Masaiyl sir chhupaanay ki jagah
lene ko tarsen ge

Suno! hay ab kahan her waqt
jaadu ki chhari chalti
Suna hay chund barson me
koi mushkil nhi talti

Suna hay sabr ka daaman
abhi thaamay hi rehna hay
Suna hay jis k aadi hen
ussi mushkil ko sehna hay

Abhi ummeed na baandho
abhi mushkil me rehna hay
Suna hay apna ghar abb bhi
andheron me hi rehna hay

Yateemon ki tarha thehro,
hareefon ki hukoomat hay
Pareshani ki nobat kiya,
shareefon ki hukoomat hay

Khabar gardish me he wo hi
puraanay baaghban hon ge
Suna hay phir wo hi chehray
hamaray hukmaran hon gay!

Shahzia Batool

Tears

I shed my life in flowing Tears
extinguished fire of heart
I quenched my thirst by drinking them
and shed my all complaints
Oh Life, now what to say to you
these Tears are ample reason to live
if there were no tears,
the life would mean differently
neither I nor you would exist
then life would be a wilderness
then tears are the vital signs of life
which is made fertile by these tiny drops!

Shahzia Batool

Tease Me Not! ! !

Hold your speed
O wayward Wind!
Do not tease
My restive mind-

Maltreat not
These flowers fair
Subdue not
All feelings kind-

Know? i think
For someone whose
Eyes are bright
But heart is blind-

Don't disturb
The heart-sick men
Joy's something
they never find-

So stop, and
Be my friend at once
Know? my goals
Are left behind-?

Shahzia Batool

TEFL Days! ! !

The CLOSED campus of the OPEN University!
And the steel-grey pigeons on the window-sills!
Those ironical Sundays-
OFF for the Other blessed beings,
AC-frames, so cool to watch,
Walk-through Gate but a simple frame
Basement -the gloomy cave of spleen
Stepping downstairs
Might make you forget
Aeneid's journey to the centre of the Earth
Every room had two wall-clocks,
One always tells time of Yore
The only thing you won't forget
which adorns its natural features
My lovely friends n brilliant teachers! ! !

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 Elegiac Heaney Sleeps Now!

After having poured forth the poetic art,
experiencing the conflicting feeling all inside,
having the hand on a note of hope,
adorning the literary canvas by the sound strokes
of lyrical beauty and deep critiques,
listening to the sounds of nature with a greedy ear,
mourning many a dear partings in profound elegies;
after having celebrated the beauty, and the intensity
of the earthly existence,
justifying every beat of his heart,
the dear poet's eyes are closed for the world
in hope to watch more wonders to ensue after death...
- -
may his soul rest in peace! ! !

Shahzia Batool

The Enemy!

Ego does have neither mind
nor does have a heart,
but in ruling human life,
it really plays its part
It dies when it needs to live
It lives when it needs to die
Or at least just fall unconscious…

Ego has the rebel rules
A higher sense of dignity
Got from its own angle
Its own realization…
When it dies, it turns
an honored heart
Into a humble beggar
begging humbly
for attention and affection…

Ego is like a silent killer
As pulse, sugar, cholesterol
Fatal in both severe shades
Getting high or getting nil…
Ego is a sensitive, though
Not a sensible agency
Running, ruling, ruining
But never relieving human life…

It is like a central jail
guilty or the harmless souls
Fall prisoners in its confines…
To keep an eye on your "self"
Is the only remedy
Self-respect is another thing
Ego is just the enemy! ! !

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 Last Ride Together-(ii)

Parting is no wonder friend,
parting is inevitable,
the moment's come, but
if you condescend to my wish,
let us have a ride with me,
a few steps together, the last steps,
let's put on a feigned smile,
and deceive the moon, the stars,
and the blossoming spring...
let's deceive our beating hearts,
forlorn and downcast,
not to let them know my dearest,
not to let them feel that
we are no more one now
as we used to be,
parted are our paths now
no wonder, sorry, no regrets,
let's betray our loneliness,
my heart is lorn of life to me
and i've submitted to my fate,
let's betray the teary eyes,
let's betray the smiles on lips
let's betray the rain and clouds,
and waves, and shores,
let's hold hands for the last time! ! !
let's have a ride for the last time! ...

Shahzia Batool

The Medicinal Relief!

In a spark
of some unconscious imagination
Or in an intuitively telescoped montage
Of my deep vision
treading alone wretchedly
on the thorny pavements of your alienation
leading to your heart
the journey gets tough- -an infinity
during the course of which
the nights are long and tedious
the mornings bring no calm
such nights and mornings together
keep bruising the pain hidden
behind every hearty smile
in such moments of isolation
from the rest of the world,
and my own busy self
the medicinal relief I receive
by writing orphan poems with broken reeds
the feel of such writes is special to me
especially those which are written
with the eyes blurred
hands numb
heart dead
and mind not working at all…

Shahzia Batool

The Red Diary!

Past is ebbing back to me
Hopes
Hurts
Heart-breaks
Deep wounds of virgin soul
solace
Angst
Poems written in faded blue
Wise quotes
Old pics
Cafe bills
crumpled napkins
love imprisoned- stapled leaves
a world wide
petals dried
My clumsy drawer lock & key
silence
scribed
Pain
described
Foot-notes in high-lighted pink
washed out faded turquoise ink! ! !

Shahzia Batool

The Ripples

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

The Song Of Life!

Upon the unkind shores of the rough Sea
under the merciless blows of the mighty winds
you have to dig your heels deep
into the slippery sands;

'midst the ear-deafening noise of the moody Nature
the flute of life needs to compose
the melodies of existence
willy-nilly, or happily;

Do not put your fingers either on the lips of clouds
or into the entrails of your ears,
they have to whisper their solemn secrets
in the most wished for downpour
on the slaked soil of the parched ground;

the buds will bloom
the birds will sing
the hope will rule the way of the world
the Sun will do the role of the Christ
in the play of resurrection and crucifixion;

The Stars will throw their glistening glow,
life will run on the balanced beats,
think before you touch the waters
it won't be possible
to stop the ripples of reaction to be made
either of retaliation or reciprocation,
it depends on how you touch the waters
this is the theme of life this song is all about!

Shahzia Batool

The Sun Rises in The Eyes!

After a long composed travel
the eve approaches by and by
spreading its shades on everything
of cottage yard
when the queen of night
spreads its fragrance
when the moon ascends
on the distant horizons
the stars get kindled with a glow
then the phase of night
just comes on wane
the stars take their leave
bidding their byes
and the sun rises in the eyes
shifting the glow to dawn on skies!

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

Ufaq K Paar! (Urdu) -

Ufaq k paar
Qismat ka sitara dhoondnay niklen
Chalo iss baar
fitrat ka nazara dhoondnay niklen

boht se rang pehnay
zindagi humko bulaati he
Udaasi chhor kr
uska ishaara dhoondnay niklen

samandar ki tahon mein
jaa k moti chun k le aen
jo hum se kho gaey
unko dobara dhoondnay niklen

Safar dushwaar, saahil dur,
dil mein ik lagan le kar
chalo kaaghaz ki kashti me
kinara dhoondnay niklen

Karen gi mushkilen
iss baar koshish phir haraanay ki
Chalen iss baar
Qudrat ka sahara dhoondnay niklen!

Shahzia Batool

Waqt!

Waqt k dosh pe
her baat ko daala na karo,
waqt ka kiya he
theher jaey to chalta hi nhi
par laga le
to kbhi ruk k palat'ta bhi nhi
waqt rotay huay
chehron ko hansaata he kbhi
or kbhi hanstay huay
dil ko rula deta he
waqt badhta he to bus zeest ko
aandhi de kar
waqt chalta he
syah baalon me chaandi de kar
Kon kehta he
k haalaat sanwar jaen gay
waqt guzray ga,
to hum sath guzar jaen gay
waqt k dosh pe
ik roz bikhar jaen gay! ! !

Shahzia Batool

Would you do me a favour?

O traveller!
Would you do me a favour?
This I ask of you:
Just say my salam
To those dear ones
Who live in far off lands
As you pass by them?
Also tell them
That this bonding of mine with them
Is growing stronger in my heart that
Even the wheel of time and change of seasons
Can never snap it
Even the vast distances
That set us apart
Can never diminish the love we bear
For one another
In the sanctorum of our hearts
O traveller!
Carry with you
these tidings of my heart, and
say my salam
To those dear ones
Who live in far off land…

Shahzia Batool

X - Ray

Whatever on your page
whenever I just read
there surely find a sage
who has a moral creed

I decode your message
and leave there my note
comprising my homage
if you wish to connote

a good deed's to be praised
if someone reads you once
he simply stays amazed
at boldness and brilliance

Shahzia Batool

You!

I got a chance to meet You
in the feel of a moment
gripped in the crystalline abstraction
of a diamond bonding…

at my first sight,
a young sheep,
a kitten,
or a chic You looked to me;
but as the moments passed by,
I kept on exploring You
and found to my sheer surprise
a ripe mind,
a deep thought,
a razor-pen You kept and still keep…
a keen observer,
a bright writer,
a sharp critic;

I felt your soul like a lighted candle
Sometimes kindling the light
though sometimes idly burning away
but always on the flickering flame
fighting against the bold blows
and strokes of critical winds…
I felt the hardening of your heart
by constant fighting
within and without…

You made me up and happy
You made me down and sad
but never annoyed me
I likened you to Stephen D.
I likened you to the bard of fancy
I wished to write an ode to You…

Reading You is a wonder feel,
One might feel sitting either
in a submarine
or a space-shuttle..
you have always been so dead sure
beyond being challenged ever…
I witnessed deaths of ego hard
With no offence, with no blame
People let you rule their moods
Willingly...

for how they can file an F.I.R
when in all crystalline way
they love the killer…! ! !

Shahzia Batool