Poetry Series

Xoubiya Jamali

- poems -

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Beloved's Call

Sleeping on the river's bank,
I heard of Mehar's glory,
Bells aroused my consciousness,
longing took its place,
By God! fragrance of Mehar's love to me came,
Let me go and see Mehar face to face.

Shah Abdul Latif

Xoubiya Jamali

Circle Of Denial

[Circle Of Denial]

Love survives the trace-less jolts,
Of distrust, fear,
And ravaging desirs.
Yet, the circle of denial,
Thrive at cost,
Of feelings,
And sombre thoughts.

Monster rages,
Leaves smooth sailing ferries,
In hulls.
And the edifice,
Of love crumbles apart,
Within hailing distance,
Of glory.

Xoubiya Jamali

Darkness

Tonight,
darkness enveloped
my whole existence.

I felt,
being in a better position,
and satisfied that nobody
peeps into my perfect world of misery.

It as i, myself,
would have been ignorant
of the fissures drawn within me.

Xoubiya Jamali

Defeat.

when i was
small, insensible, and ignorant entity:
i used to chant slogans
of victory. the slogans
which never brought any intimation of defeat. i was up beat,
sole victor - saladin and richard of my time.
when i grew young '
i became the candide - the fatalist,
hamlet - the unhappy go un-lucky,
and slained symbol of time.
when grew younger, i tried
 to conquer the glories of life.but i had tryst with the moments of disgrace \ the moments of defeat less fall.
i could not with stand the test of time, , test of life, test of my youger desires.
lo and behold! the young ones,
more better is to bear
than to inflict the glory of defeat.
surely, you can not be destroyed,
but can be defeated.
the defeat which revives the history nimble footed return from the land of slayers and martyres.

Xoubiya Jamali

'Deprivation'

A long time ago
I pledged to hand-over my body
To waves of mighty river Indus.

I wished
The river that blessed
The body of a sage
Shall embrace me.

Now
When i want to die
I have no pure place to jump into.

Where should i go?
The river has dried up.
How shall i be
Able to take my last eternal bath.

Xoubiya Jamali

Distance.

The sea-shore
was twenty steps away
from the door-step of my house.

Last night,
i found it one more step-away.

I sat upon the door,
and followed up the reason.

The sea-shore
was still linning-up
the previous point.

It was
my house which moved away.

Xoubiya Jamali

Eve

Eve,
Wrapped in the wrong body,
fights with the coincidences.

some times,
She gets slaughtered in the sleep

some times,
Axe falls on her
accidently.

some times,
A wandering bullet
consumes her breath.

some times,
Stove-burst becomes a funeral pyre.

samiya wonders,
why a young boy has never been consumed by co-incidences?
what's in her body that charms the bullets, axe, stove-burst?

whiff of air whispers!
'you are trapped in the wrong body.'

samiya wonders!
'what's wrong with her own body? '

Xoubiya Jamali

Haiko - In Urdu / Hindi.

Aaj
Jab woh chand ki terh
Sir pe kharri thi.

Mein zameen per
Os ke nishan dhoondta raha.

Jab os ki galli sunsan parri thi.

By. Wali Jamali

Xoubiya Jamali

Her Love, Loves Her.

She concedes
Her joy to morning breeze
Her happiness knows no bounds.

She sprouts
Like a blossoming petals
Leans to the corridors of wind
And whispers
My love, loves me!

Xoubiya Jamali

I Have A Sister

Every Morning,
When i open up my eyes
Love-wrapped whispers greet me.

In the grim moments of the day
The unseen power of her love guards me.
She wards off all ominious un-cannies
With her pitched supplications.

She bleeds in my love.
She flies in my love.
She blossoms in my love.

Lo and Behold! I have a sister.
As sweet as a Raspberry.
As gentle as morning breeze.
The un-matched is her love for me
And none equals to my Adi.

*Adi: Sindhi substitute for sister.

Xoubiya Jamali

I Know That

I know that i love you
I know that you will desert me
I know that print-marks on your neck will vanish.

But,
I will be there
Waitnig for you
Till monsoon comes
To water the my daisies.

I know that
Torrential rain will erase ploughed-lines
And the marks of the bullocks.
My fields will get watered-down
Like your lips had before.

I know that
Next season
My un-kissed lips
Will have a different tase
And your neck
Shall have no imprints of love.

But,
You like a barren-field
Will stay bare and un-touched
To wait for caresses.

This time
Monsoon may strike back

But,
Not I.

Xoubiya Jamali

life is calling.

The streets are empty,
Dogs have migrated to near by town.
The sons of adam have lost faith in this ghost -stricken city,
Where blood has replaced water,
The meat has been subdued by human flesh.
Would they still have dared to live?
Certainly not! Absolutely not!

It is now being announced that city has changed.
Streets have given rise to the rose-buds.
The bushes are long gone.
Dogs have decided not to rip apart a thrown child.
Man has sweared not to quench thrist with the blood.

O' outsider! Do you still fear murders on the streets?
Do you still fancy that thrown will not be ripped apart?
Do you still see the doom of life.

Alas! niether you are willing to come to this world.
Nor the deceased to get the rebirth.
Where are you, the sons of adam?
Life is calling you.

Xoubiya Jamali

Maa [We]

[Maa* - We]

We, who carved,
the picture of goddes
on our wax heart
have been granted pain to bless us.

[Wali Jamali: Translated from Balouchi]

* Maa is a Balouchi word meaning 'We'.

Xoubiya Jamali

March Ahead.

March in the hot and cold (weather) ,
There is no time to sit down.
Lest, there should be a darkness.
And you don't find the
Foot-prints of your beloved.

Xoubiya Jamali

Mind Your Liberty, Please.

There is a place,
where ink screams
mind your pen, please.
This is land
of silence,
.....deadly silence,
they won't like any written spree,
beware.....
cap your pen, please.

Love's season departs,
hoopooe sings
melancholy songs.
but!
the order of the day bans loud-hailers,
mind your tongue, please.

Winds are spreading
the call of carnage.
beseech your head(s)
and.....
submit over-hanging, loosely-tied freedoms.
lest.....
they may be banished off the space.
mind your movements, please.

Xoubiya Jamali

Mohabatun Main Shumaar Kaisa - Urdu Poetry

Mohabatun main shumaar kaisa?
- By. Shah Bano

Mohabatun main shumaar kaisa?

Yaqeen kaisa?
Gumaan kaisa?

Arooj kaisa?
Zawal kaisa?

Sawal kaisa?
Jawab kaisa?

Mohabatein tou mohabatein hain,
Mohabatun main hisaab kaisa?

Shah Bano is a young talented poetess. She has strong sense of observation and judgement. She likes to be seen in words. Her poetry is a vigorous evidence of her sensitivity. God bless her.

Xoubiya Jamali

Renewal Of Pledge

You may have memories
Of our last meeting at River Indus.
standing on the west bank,
I held your hand
And kissed it softly.

You asked, ' how deep is your love? '
I said, ' Not deepr than this sacred river! '
You shouted, ' how this could be? '
I nodded, ' yes, it's true.'

I have renewed
My pledge of love with it.
You know, it was there,
Much before you.

Xoubiya Jamali

Shadow-Dancing

A swinging female dancer
With divine gestures
Leavesmarks on the sand dunes.

She touched -
It felt like nothing.
She moved -
It tapped not.
She swung-
It produced no sound of whiff.

She was an opaque
So marvellous
So composed
So ryhtematic.
Divinity - her display
Silence - her clamour.

She,
A shadow of a bruised
Painfully crafting divisive lines
To earth the cracks so wide open.

An attentive spectator murmured
your are singing deity - a Nirtiki-
Dancing like standing daffodils
On the field front
Like a profound shadow of insubstantial pageant.

Xoubiya Jamali

SUR GHATU - THE SHARK HUNTERS.

Ghatu-XXIV
(Shark-Hunters)
1

Even the wise confounded got
and heroes lost their wits-
Those who went out to face the sea,
were caught by current's plot;
Of 'Ebb and tide', they all forgot
what they had learnt before.

2

A power weird is in Kolachi,
lost is who enters there;
No one brings news who does ens'nare
the nets and keeps them down.

Shah Abdul Latif. (Translated by: Elsa Qazi.)

Xoubiya Jamali

Sur Moomal-Ranno

Beautiful like the roses sweet
are robes of damsels fair...
In Jasmin-fragrant coiffuers they
have piled their long, fine hair.
From Beauty so entrancing, love
is kindled everywhere;
Wondrous show, damsels spinning there
on-lookers dumb-struck gaze.

Shah Abdul Latif Bhitai.

[Dr. Elsa Qazi, A German scholar, who has translated this poem from sindhi language. she has extensively researched about the Latif and came to this conclusion that he is by far a true Romantic and natural poet whose songs can be sung with warmth and ecstacy. Dr. annie marrie schimmel - harvard professor emiritus- has also called him one of the greatest poets ever born in this plannet earth.]

visit this link for his songs being sung by his Faqir's (disciple) :
http: //www.apnaorg.com/music/bhittai/

Xoubiya Jamali

The Balacing Act

Last december,
In a cold wintry night,
I approached a girl.

A teenage girl,
Red-lip(-ed) .
Red cheek(-ed) .
Brown hair(-ed) .
Stood up and walked away with me.

Having touched her icy body,
Smelling fragrance,
And tasting the sweetness.
I happily granted
Her a baksheesh.

She smirked.
And politely thanked.
And inquirerd,
How satisfying did you find this sister?

Making me hell-bound
She trudged off the mud-yard briskly.

[Wali Jamali]

Xoubiya Jamali